

Bay 12 Games Forum

Dwarf Fortress => DF Community Games & Stories => Topic started by: Heavy Flak on March 19, 2008, 05:30:00 pm

Title: **Migrursut: What Comes After The World Ends? [Epilogue] (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 19, 2008, 05:30:00 pm**

1st Granite

They’ve all been taken in by Aryn Estetar’s spell, though I really don’t see how anyone in the Mountain Homes could have resisted. He’s spun such a great tale these past weeks. An immigrant from the icy tundra’s far more North than our maps can show, Aryn Estetar’s slimmer frame stood taller than we mountain cousins. His matted blonde hair and patchy beard always struck me as odd, but who am I to go against the blind masses, those enthralled with sweet words of rewards and hard work, of Utopia.

By the end of his stay at Stukos Matul he was giving speeches in the statue gardens almost twice daily, his already towering height accented by the tower-cap barrels he stood on. He spoke at great length about what we were due, and how our hard work was only being used to line the pockets of an unjust and corrupt king. A KING who would gladly let his servants – the engineers, the miners, the masons, the craftsmen - starve because he felt that everyone deserved a meal. Not just those that couldn’t work, but those that *wouldn’t*.

Eventually Aryn’s ramblings filtered up through the usual channels, as they always did, until it caught the ear of Queen Rigoth Herself. One morning as he started his first sermon he was interrupted by the clattering arrival of the Royal Guard. A quite amicable offer was given to him: Leave immediately and you won’t be trussed and left to the goblin hordes gnashing at the border. Those who agreed with his filth should leave the statue garden now – any talk of dissension would be quashed by the Hammerer.

The son of a wealthy merchant, Aryn arrived in the country of Stukos Matul with vast wealth. This threat upon his life was all the catalyst needed. Jumping down from his makeshift podium, Aryn pointed to the streets beyond and with a rallying cry shouted, “Then follow me, follow me to a new life! We embark this evening!”

The turnout for his exodus was far less than expected. We dwarves, though hardy, are slow to uproot from our homes and even less are willing to risk their lives at the whimsical lark of some rabble-rouser. Only a scant few joined him for this trip. Myself, having nearly exhausted my... sources of income, eagerly pledged allegiance to this idealist. If word of success returns home with this letter, Aryn’s new settlement could potentially be a massively untapped resource for an intelligent, enterprising dwarf!

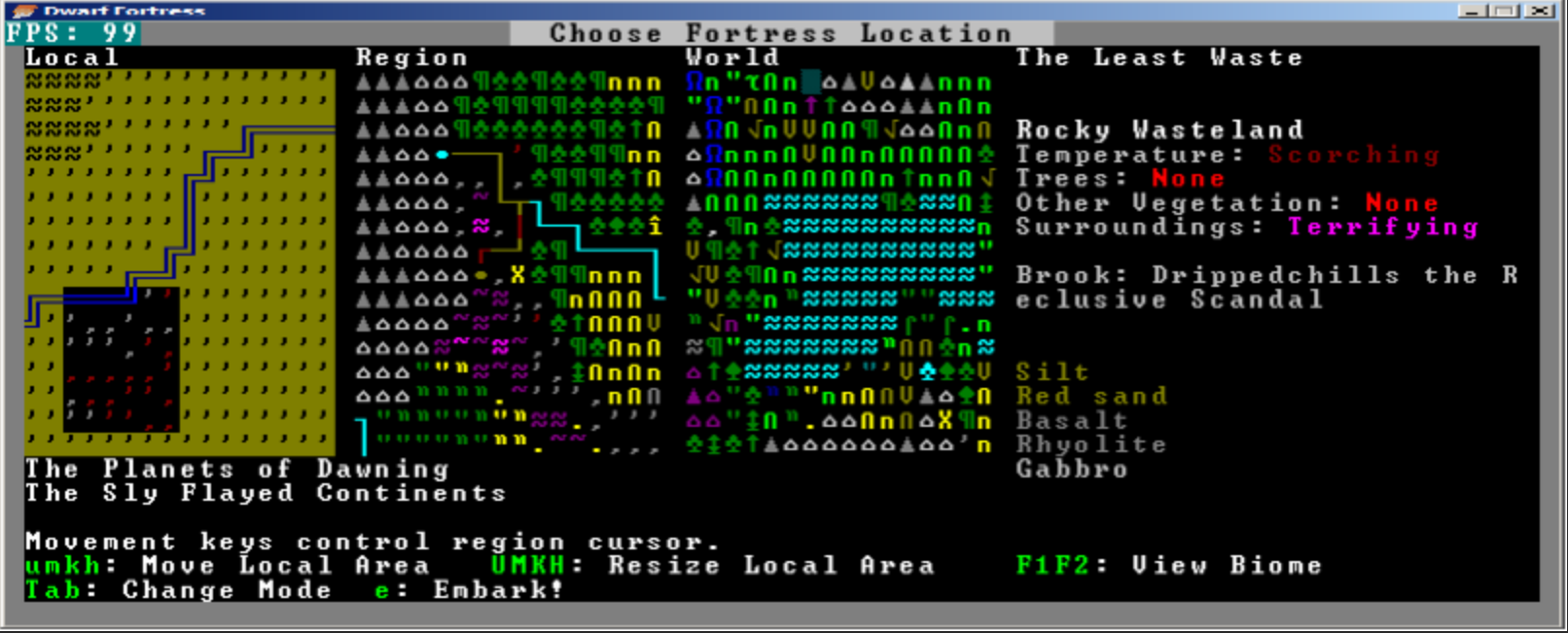
As our Miner’s strength gave way, he lost his grip on the yolk of the wagon, the whole lot of remaining supplies digging a few more feet forward to embed in the dirt. But Aryn Estetar didn’t mind at all. Jumping down from the back of the wagon, he rushed to the edge of the cliff, staring over the scorched wasteland below. His frame a slow shimmer from the heat, he raised his hands skywards and bellowed, “We have arrived. Look! Look upon your destiny! Look upon your new hopes! LOOK! Upon our *future!*”

We were put to work immediately at Aryn’s barking orders – dig out a makeshift series of shops, scrounge for food and brew drink, destroy the wagon to make beds. The Mountain Homes have been bled dry from our kind, it is time we milked these exciting new venture. Venture forth if you dare, but as soon as Gold is struck, I will be writing again. I’ll need your help to haul it all home.

Faithfully yours,
Johnny Zefonkigok
Johnny Fountainspring

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 19, 2008, 05:33:00 pm**

Another in the always popular community fortresses. Any important information will be added to this post.



- Chapter 1: Utopia in the Wastes (Completed)
- Chapter 2: Do Demons Dream? (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg191305#msg191305>) (Completed)
- Chapter 3: Of Glass and Steel (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg213328#msg213328>) (Completed)
- Chapter 4: Goodness is a Choice (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg319690#msg319690>)

Player-run Back stories:

- Kuli** (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?action=profile;u=7773>)
 - Chapter 1 (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg191275#msg191275>)
 - Chapter 2 (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg191293#msg191293>)
 - Chapter 3 (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg191323#msg191323>)
 - Chapter 4 (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg191324#msg191324>)
 - Chapter 5 (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg191382#msg191382>)
 - Chapter 6 (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg191404#msg191404>)
 - Behind the Scenes (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg191407#msg191407>)

Artwork:
I'm including all artwork done here, to make it easier to find things people have done for this story. These pictures *are* spoilers - some minor, some not. If you're new, keep in mind these will be found as the story progresses, starting with Chapter 2: Do Demons Dream?

Xofrevlis (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?action=profile;u=13435>)

- Drawing 1 (<http://img165.imageshack.us/img165/999/scan0005pg8.png>)
- Drawing 2 (<http://img254.imageshack.us/img254/1769/scan0006dw6.png>)
- Drawing 3 (<http://img159.imageshack.us/img159/3660/scan0007pj6.png>)
- Drawing 4 (<http://img135.imageshack.us/img135/4189/spiritchaserec9.png>)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **March 19, 2008, 06:53:00 pm**

Sgt. Pepper: The woodsman
Woodcutter: 7
Ambusher: 6
Axe dwarf: 7
Armor use: 6
Trapper: 6

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **March 19, 2008, 06:57:00 pm**

Rice the mason/engraver
3 points mason
3 points engraver
Edit: Was that name really randomly generated? I mean of the boss dwarf. The talky one

[March 19, 2008: Message edited by: ricemastah]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Lucid_Archon** on **March 19, 2008, 09:51:00 pm**

Lucy the Engineer

Mechanic: 8
Siege Engineer: 8

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Haven** on **March 19, 2008, 11:56:00 pm**

Archin, Hackdwarf, Miner/Grower in whatever proportion you deem fit.

[March 20, 2008: Message edited by: Haven]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 20, 2008, 06:57:00 am**

Finally, a community fortress that isn't filled up yet.

Kuli, Armorer

5 points to Armorsmith (Proficient, I think)
4 points to Weaponsmith (Skilled?)
1 point to Furnace Operator (Novice)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 20, 2008, 07:40:00 am**

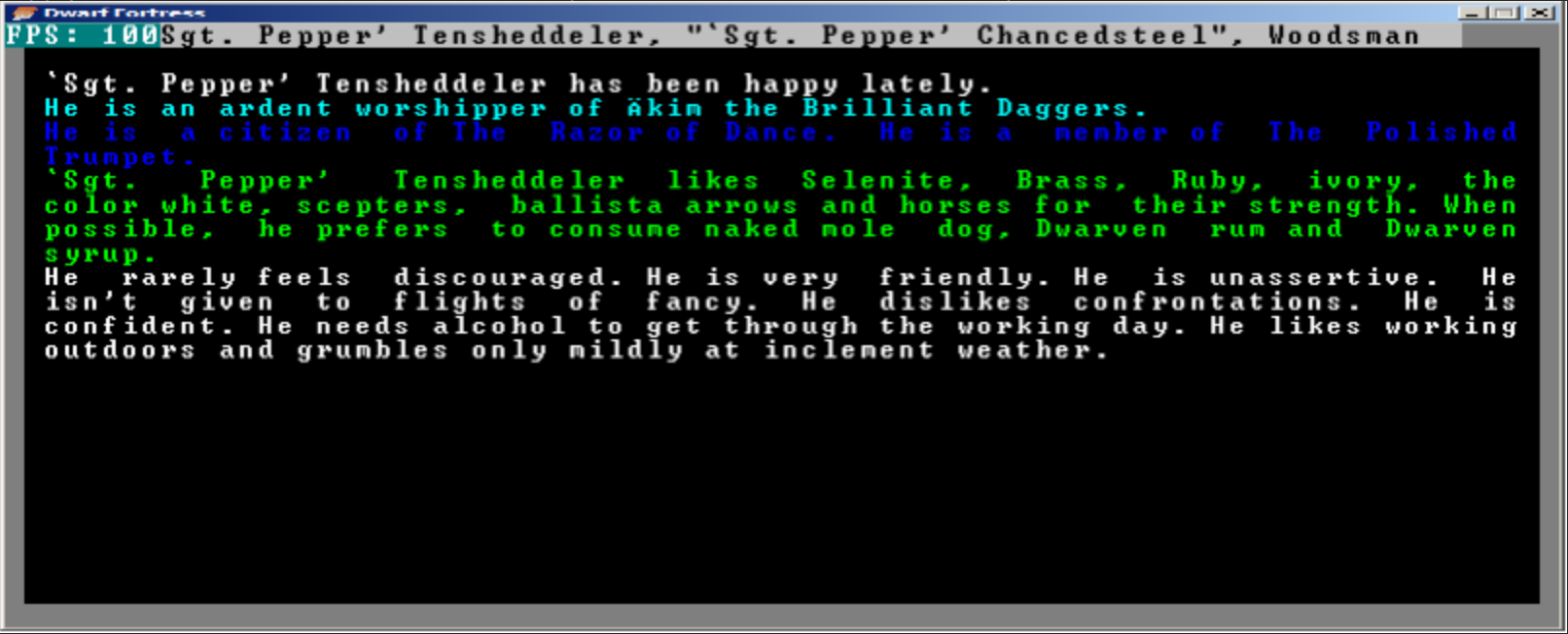
Very nice! As soon as I get home from work I'll start this up and see where we get.

quote:
Edit: Was that name really randomly generated? I mean of the boss dwarf. The talky one

Heh, no. I've taken a small amount of creative liberty on the two names.

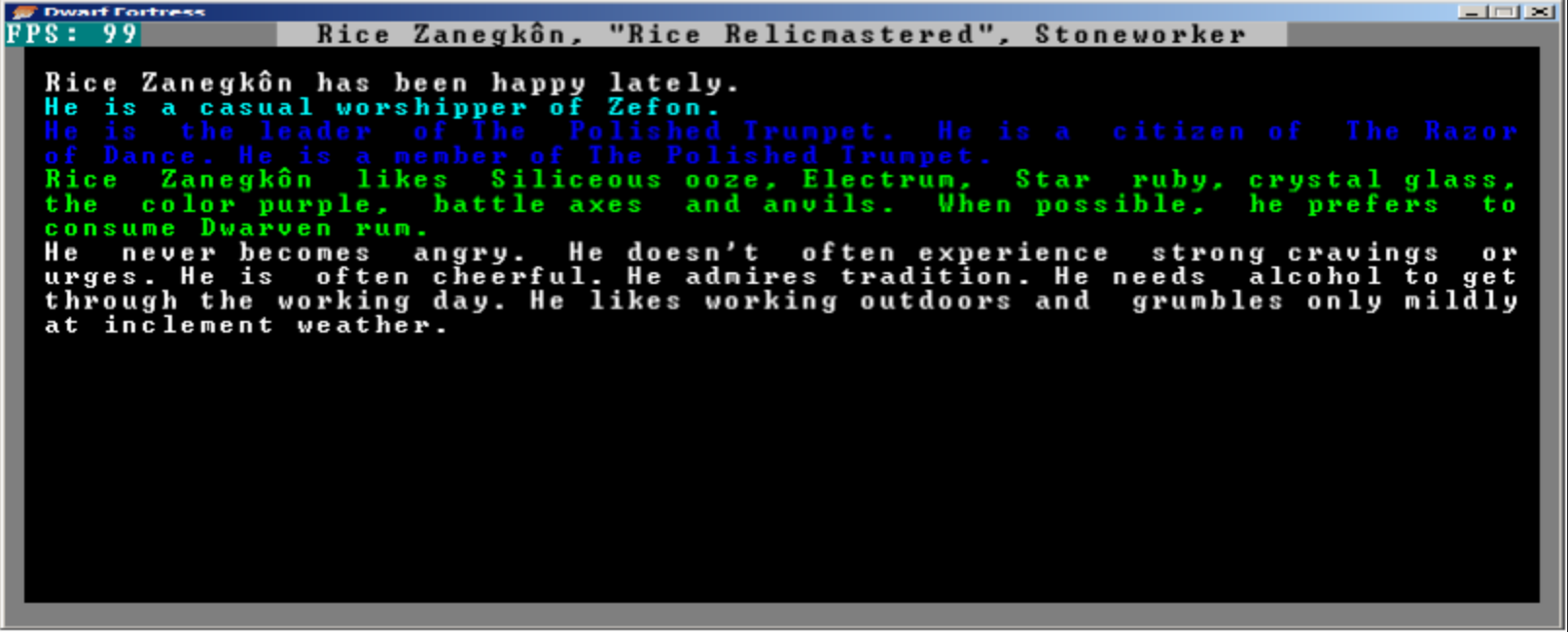
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 20, 2008, 06:56:00 pm**

From the Files of Aryn Estetar
Sgt. Pepper Chancedsteel has proven incredibly useful. Since the loss of one of our supply wagons, it's been his Ax that has rebuilt our supply of wood on the trek south, and his experience on the Guard that has kept us safe.



Rice Relicmastered is the epitome of Dwarven Culture, with both experience recording our exploits and his ingenuity, he should be a fine addition to our society. It was to my chagrin that he was voted Expedition Leader, though I suppose one more suited for manual labor

should be the one to lead us to our destination.



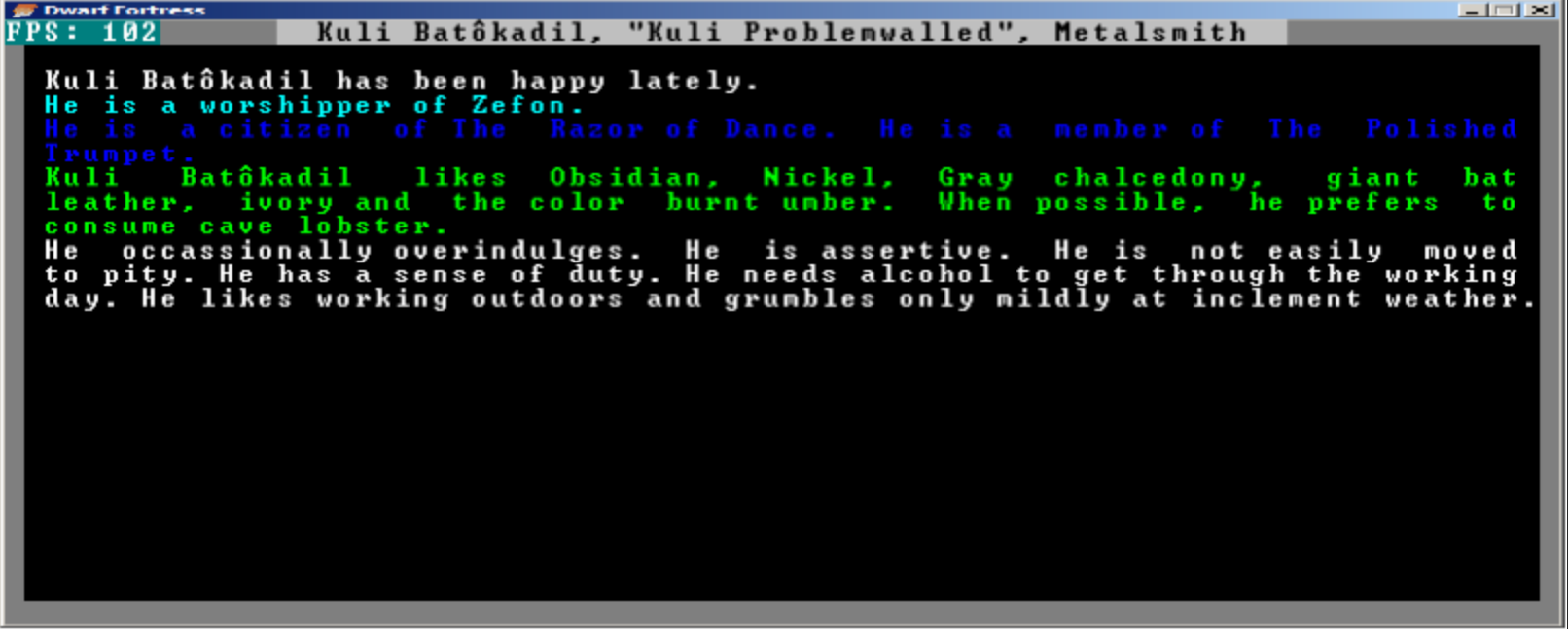
Lucy Hammertempests's engineering genius is marred only by her inability to follow instructions to the letter, deciding instead that her way is the best way. This free will could prove troublesome



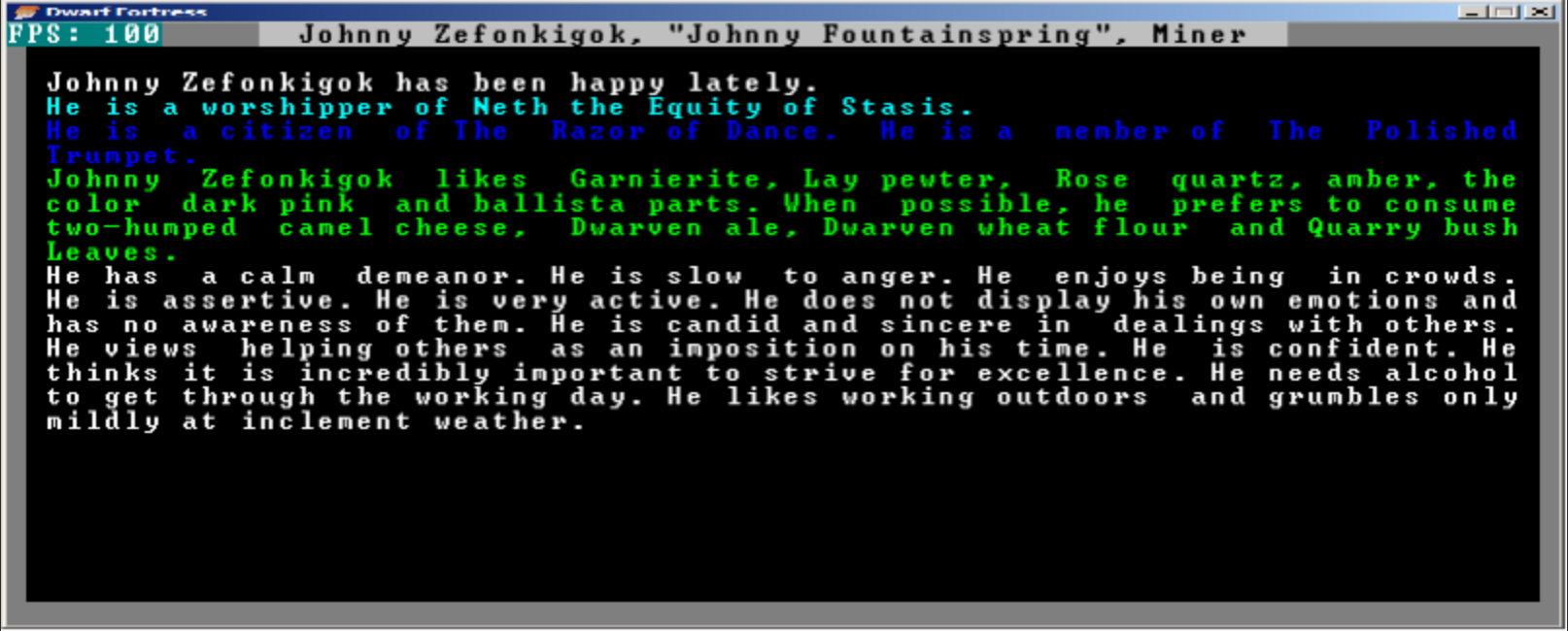
Archin Spunpillars ... Why would a Miner, one of the Dwarven Elite, trouble herself with such sundry tasks as horticulture? Disturbing...



Kuli Problemwalled kept mostly to himself during our journey. His accomplishments back in the Mountain Home couldn't be ignored, and his metalworks should prove a great asset in the future.



Johnny Fountainspring has shown himself to be useful to have around. His occasional suggestions have proven incredibly profitable already. He might be useful later as a member of my inner council.



And a small profile on myself, to fill space:



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 20, 2008, 07:46:00 pm**

As happened on 2nd Granite, 1051

"Oh God, Dig! DIIIIIG!" screamed Johnny, hacking his pick into the wall with increased fervor.
"Oh Armok! What is that? Grab picks, all of ya! Get away from the cliff!" Archin screamed.

The Dwarves were alerted to something being amiss when the barking started the morning after the messengers headed for home. Stirring from their bedrolls, Lucy was the first to spy the scuttling horror in the distance, the three dogs they had brought on their journey lying in a pile around it's feet, froth billowing out of their billowing mouths. Stiffing a shriek, she pointed in it's direction, hissing, "Don't make a sound, don't bring it over here."

Everyone was up in seconds, hiding behind the wagon. Though nervous, no one was particularly concerned; The beast was still far enough away it might pass without noticing them. That was until Archin sucked in a breath, a shudder running through her.

"One of it's eye's is dangling out of it's head!.. It's... oh, it's rotting. It's *already dead*," she said quietly.

The ensuing scramble drew it's attention, and in no time the dwarves were trapped inside the newly dug tunnel. Aryn, Lucy, and Kuli darted for the second floor, with Johnny and Archin following closely behind. Rice and Sgt. Pepper stood their ground at the base of the stairs, exchanging a quick glance as the chittering horror bore down on them.



Rice was the first to break the rank, charging the giant scorpion and barreling it over, beating at it with his fists. Sgt. Pepper soon followed, swinging his ax at the dodging beast in wide arcs. One swing caught the scorpion in it's front left leg, and the thin appendage was cleaved off, spraying him with a blackish ichor.

Hearing the commotion below, Archin grabbed Johnny by the cuff of his shirt and drug him down to the first floor before he could react, bringing them both into combat. A moment of shock kept his feet planted, but soon Johnny was swinging his pick with Archin, stabbing great holes into the rotten armor along the creatures back. With their picks, and Rice's fury over the loss of his dogs, they kept the scorpion distracted long enough for Sgt. Pepper to remove the front right leg from it's body - and bring the flat of the axe downwards on

it's abdomin, splattering it across the cave floor.



The dwarves stood around the corpse breathing hard. Sgt. Pepper leaned on his ax, calmly wiping the gore off his face.

"We need to wall the entrance off. It's the only way to be safe for now," Kuli said. The dwarves were milling about the newly dug store room on the second floor, occasionally glancing towards the stairwell.

"We need to get the supplies in first, they'll go bad if we leave them out in that heat. The meat will spoil," Archin said, her voice still a little shaky from the earlier encounter. There was a roar of noise as everyone started talking at once, the din quieted with a bellow from the corner. Aryn raised his hands high, signaling for silence.

"The supplies MUST come inside, there is no discussion. You will all haul. I will take tally of our inventory, and as soon as the last of the goods are inside... we will assess the situation anew. Now hurry, I fear there may be more..."

The skeletal Jaguar surprised them all, and in that moment of shock Johnny was the one to suffer. The beast clamped firmly onto his side and ripped out a chunk of dwarf flesh, the long fangs puncturing his liver. Howling, Johnny beat at it's head and back, trying to get away.

Sgt. Pepper dropped the wood he was carrying and charged passed Aryn, his ax held high. Shouldering Lucy back behind him he brought the blade down once, then twice, severing the front from the back.

"Do you see why we were *hurrying?*," snarled Aryn at the group of startled dwarves. "Get the rest of supplies inside! Now!"

[March 20, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **March 20, 2008, 08:34:00 pm**

Sgt. Pepper is the messenger of the beatles brand of peace!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 20, 2008, 08:40:00 pm**

Oh god, zombie scorpions.

Can you post the deity entries? I'm always curious to see them. Besides, I want to make sure Kuli isn't worshipping a god of suicide or something.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **March 20, 2008, 08:44:00 pm**

Not just zombie scorps : GIANT ZOMBIE SCORPS!

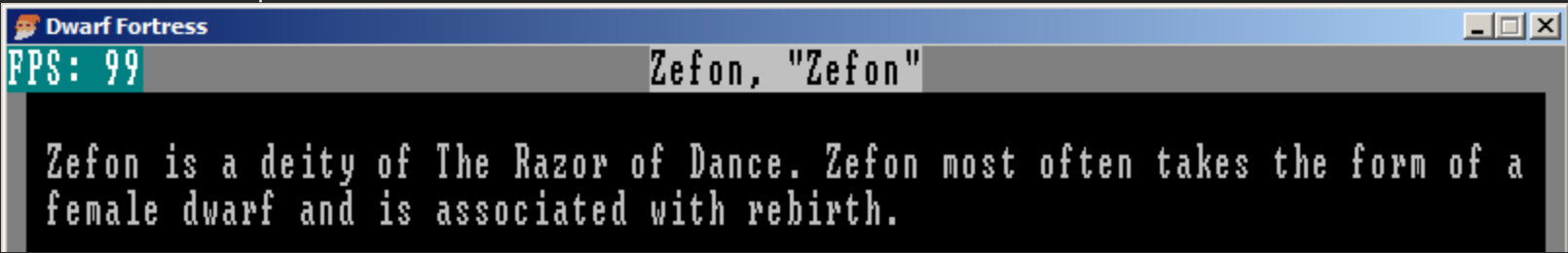
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 20, 2008, 09:23:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Kuli:

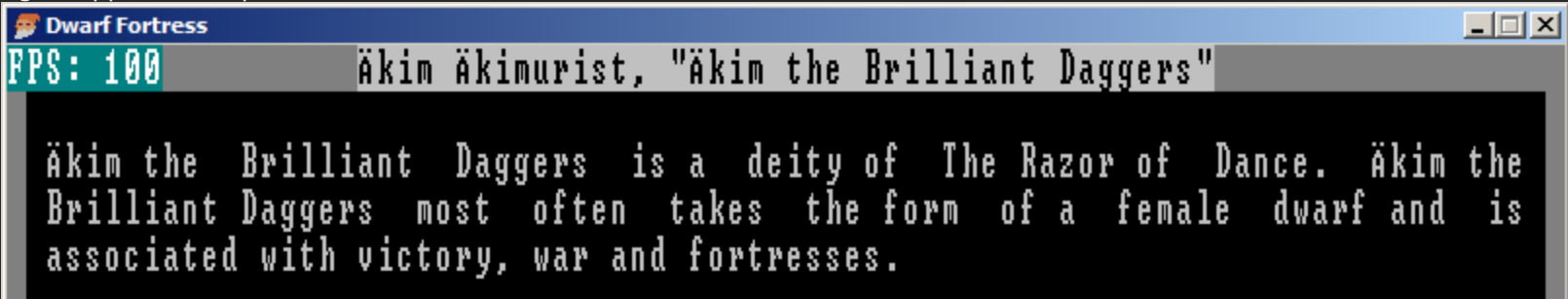
Can you post the deity entries? I'm always curious to see them. Besides, I want to make sure Kuli isn't worshipping a god of suicide or something.

Since you asked so nicely:

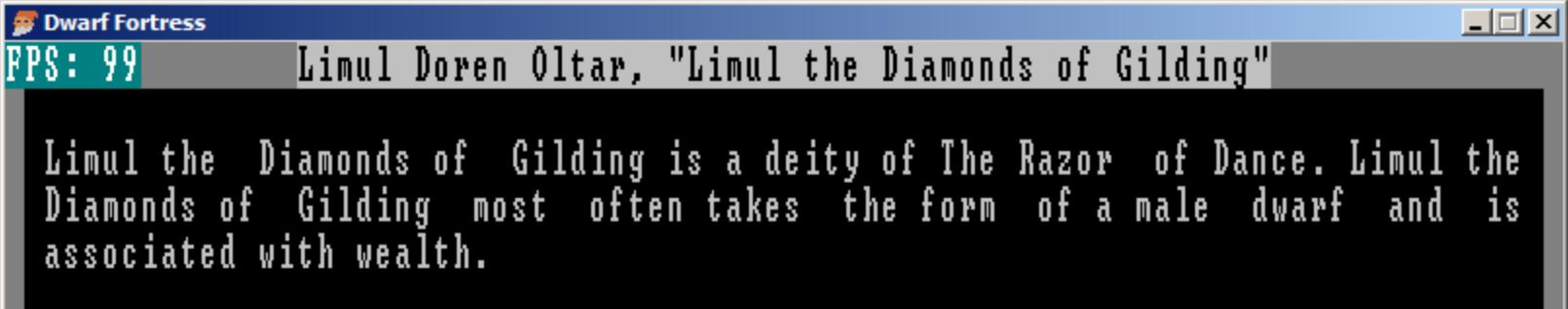
Kuli and Rice worship Zefon -



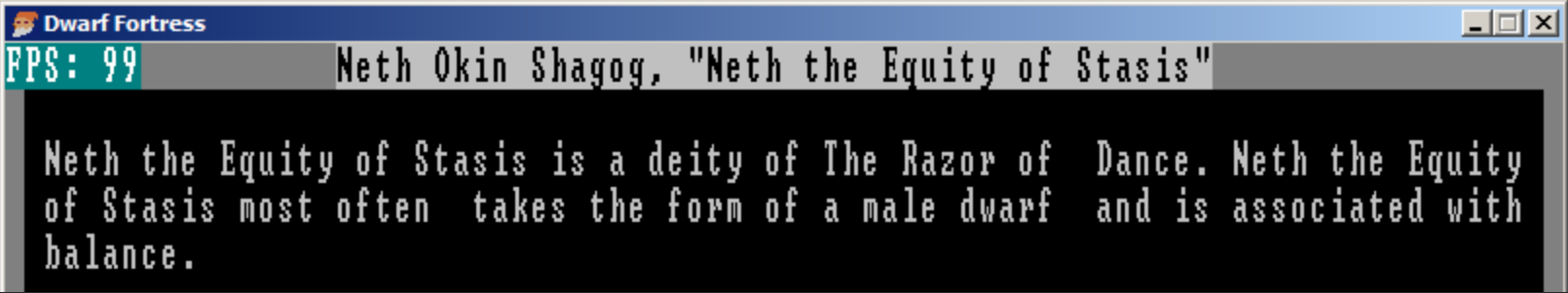
Sgt. Pepper worships Akim Akimurist -



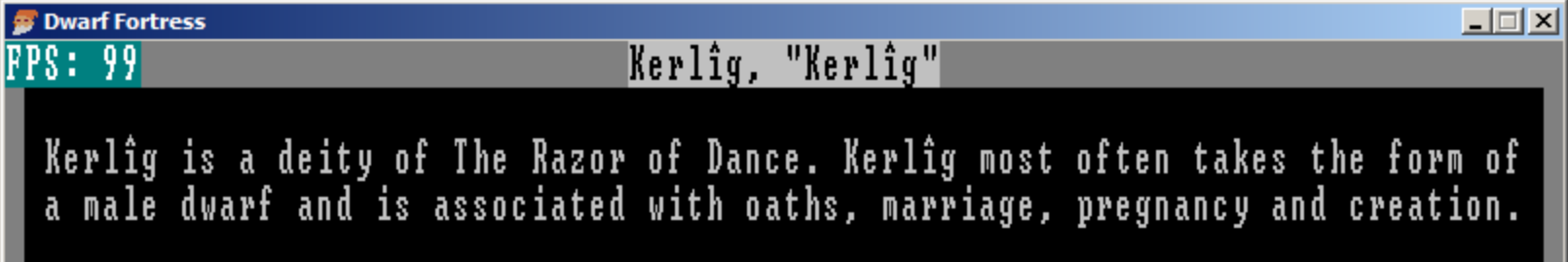
Lucy worships Limul Doren Oltar -



Johnny worships Neth Okin Shagog -



Archin worships Kerlig -



Aryn worships Lenod



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 20, 2008, 09:35:00 pm**

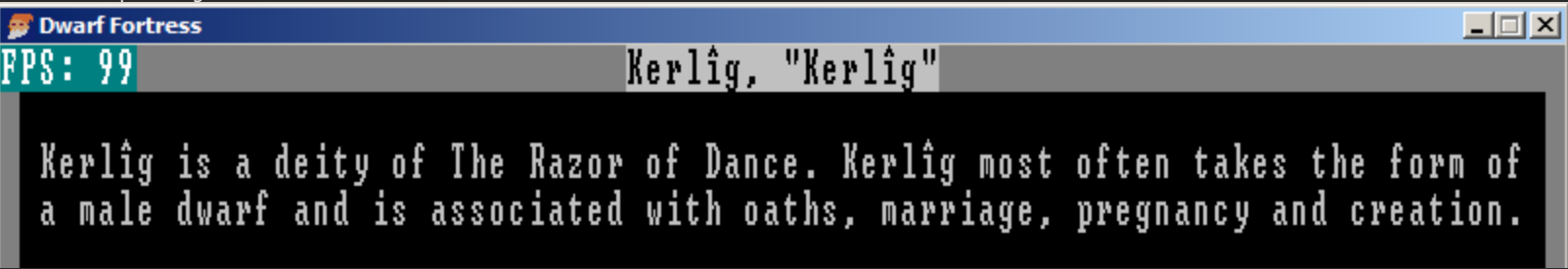
Thanks for posting those, Heavy Flak.

God of rebirth, huh? Does that mean Kuli is a born-again Zefonist?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **God of Toast** on **March 20, 2008, 09:46:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Heavy Flak:

Archin worships Kerlig -


Why does a MALE dwarf take the form of a god of PREGNANCY?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 20, 2008, 09:58:00 pm**

The Journal of Johnny Fountainspring
22nd of Slate

That daft bugger Aryn has been working me – the whole lot of us! – like dogs ever since those two attacks. A salve made of dwarf-piss, plump helmets and mud was slapped onto the gaping hole in my side, the stinking mess contained with a swath of silk wrapped around my middle. Kuli said he’s seen worse, and Sgt. Pepper agreed, but they’re not the ones with a fist sized hole put in them from a skinless hellcat.

Aryn has been holed up with Lucy in the corner of our workshop / kitchen / office for days now, going over plans for how we can survive this wasteland. He’s already rubbed me the wrong way by ordering us to dig a separate set of quarters a few miles away as both a precaution, and because Archin found a surface vent of magma that he wants put to use in the future.

We’ve plenty of food – for now – but it’s not going to last forever. While hauling some stones back to the makeshift shops to make some chairs, Rice spotted some movement down below the ridge. We watched them for some time, and eventually he said, “Maybe Sgt. Pepper could ... you know, bring a couple in? We could make some stew.”

I just shook my head and turned back towards the mine shaft. “Maybe if they had any meat... or skin... on them, it would be worth the time.” This is utopia? A land engulfed in fire where herds of skinless beasts roam, looking to give their suffering to anyone foolish enough to be caught here?

Lucy seems *thrilled* with the plans they’ve been going over, but she’s been sworn to secrecy about it. Aryn promises to tell us about it soon, but I don’t believe him at all. I need to get Rice to make some idols and trinkets for me to sell, assuming we’ll have a caravan show

up, and perhaps I can convince him that a little coin in his pocket is worth stepping up my requests over doors, and chairs.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 20, 2008, 10:21:00 pm**

Dwarf: Stravitch
Profession: Sheriff

Grab a brewer if one comes with the immigration, mmmmmm rum.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **March 20, 2008, 10:26:00 pm**

Rice's Journal
Date... A leader should know the date.

The others think of this place as a wasteland. A hell hole even. This was not the utopia we were promised. But they are all short sighted. We must carve out our utopia from these rocks. The monsters that roam here clearly only strike out at those who are unworthy of Utopia. They shall protect us from the outsiders that will soon come seeking to destroy our dreams. In other events I'll be making some furniture soon, that way we can have a decent place to eat.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **March 21, 2008, 02:08:00 am**

Sgt. Pepper's Memoirs of a Woodsman:

I feel empty inside:
Am I my axe or is my axe me?
Who is control when I swing.
I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all together.
I should spend more time out of the sun.
I think I have gone bloody crazy

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 21, 2008, 05:08:00 pm**

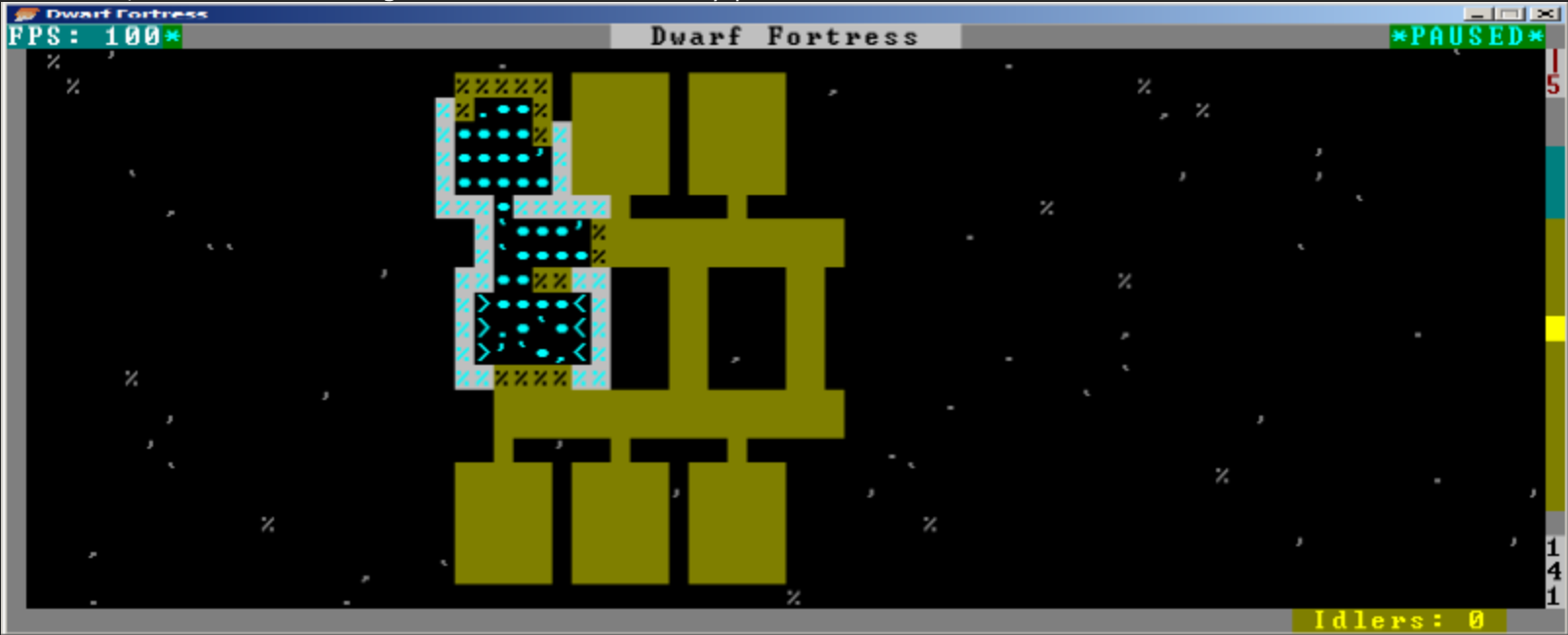
The Journal of Johnny Fountainspring
5th of Malachite

We were almost visited by death, my name jotted in the margin of his ledger. Despite the remedies of our grandmothers, the wound in my side never fully healed. It took all my strength to heft the pick, and with the last ounce of energe in me I helped Archin carve out what would serve as our simple bedrooms. Having found a smoothing plane, a simple saw, and a chisel among the scraps at our wagon, Sgt. Pepper has been putting his efforts to a more peaceful pursuit: fashioning us beds from the logs we brought. At some point, I was moved into one of these, thrashing and gibbering from sickness.



I was visited with terrible fever dreams, endless walls of water rising above the tallest of mountains, drowning us all. While I lay disposed, Kuli spent what free time he had between hauling our goods to our new home at my bedside, alternating between prayers to Zefon and telling me of Her forgiveness, and Her willingness to guide those who may Pass On back to our earthly shells.

When I finally recovered my strength, I found the spirits of our troupe surprisingly high. Though there has been tension between Rice and Aryn, things have finally mellowed. The supplies, the work orders, the money, they are all left in Aryn's capable – and micromanaging – hands. Rice has embraced his position as our groups de facto leader, and with his encouraging words and reassurance that we are carving out a better future, there have been no temper flare-ups at all. Even Aryn has calmed, and though he's not the friendliest, we've been working at a much more leisurely pace thanks to our safer location.



(room for workshops)

Edit: Carp! I forgot to add pictures!

[March 21, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 21, 2008, 06:13:00 pm**

Events of the 14th of Limestone, 1051

The group was gathered in the larder, minus Kuli who was at the old site bringing in the last of the supplies. While the majority laughed and talked, Aryn poured over the papers and charts in front of him, occasionally sipping from his mug of stout.

"You know, we really need a name," said Rice.
"Ya' think so?" asked Johnny. "Who's ta' hear?"
"Well... *someone's* bound to come. We want to be able to have them talk about how great our operations are doing."

The group thought this over, the only noise the occasional thump as the bottom of a mug hit the top of a barrel. Sgt. Pepper was the first to speak up, "What about ... The Valley of Lovers?"

A bout of laughter ran through the group. They all began spouting out names in quick succession -
Rice: "The Sack of Cyclones!"
Johnny: "Th' Pick o' Flashes!"
Lucy: "The Polished Trumpet!"
Archin: "The Frosty Wall!"
Rice held up his hand, pointing at Lucy. "Wait a minute! Say that one again."

Lucy blinked and glanced around. Giving a little shrug, she said, "The ... Polished Trumpet?"
"I like that. I like that a lot. How about it? The Polished Trumpet?"

Aryn's groan was unheard by the Dwarves. He pinched the bridge of his nose between his fingers, slowly shaking his head. Before he could chastise them on their absurdness, Kuli came barreling down the steps grinning widely. "Wagons! There are wagons on the horizon! Our letters got home!"

"Oh, *wonderful*," Aryn said. He organized his papers and tucked the lot under his arm, bolting towards the entranceway. His voice carried back to them, the happiest they'd heard him in weeks, "Grab the goods! Let's see if these merchants are better than the kings they serve."

[March 21, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 21, 2008, 07:22:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
22nd of Slate

Notes on Tosid Staketaxed, lead trader:
Arrogant and unyielding; Obviously he is in the new Queen Nakuthas's pocket. Offered little compensation for our created goods. Attempts at sympathy were met with disinterest. All goods crafted yielded a single barrel of rum. I will remember this act as we tighten our belts this winter

Census: 14 Dwarves (up from 7)
New immigrants from the Mountain Home.
2 woodcutters
1 carpenter
1 animal trainer
1 animal caretaker
1 peasant
1 gem setter

Job Reassignments will be needed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **March 21, 2008, 10:11:00 pm**

Make the wood cutters my apprentices - military axe dwarfs - and make them part of the forge industry if it is started:

The Memoir of a Woodman:
Everyday, I look out on the wastes.
Why here, why this land?
We hath seeketh and this is the chosen reward?
I since terrible times - of carps and bowmen!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 22, 2008, 06:45:00 am**

I'll take the Gem Setter
Name: Istrath Mingkilarzes (Jewel Leopardknight) And no, that doesn't have to replace the last name.

Also, add Gem Cutter, and Architech (Hey even jewelers need hobbies.)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 22, 2008, 11:22:00 am**

Two woodcutters and a carpenter came to a fort with absolutely no trees? Brilliant.

What's that red ore in the bedrooms area?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 22, 2008, 11:37:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Kaelem Gaen: I'll take the Gem Setter Name: Istrath Mingkilarzes (Jewel Leopardknight) And no, that doesn't have to replace the last name.

Done, and done. I'll post the profile this afternoon. If you'd like that last name, I have no problem at all changing it for you.

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
Two woodcutters and a carpenter came to a fort with absolutely no trees? Brilliant.
What's that red ore in the bedrooms area?

I know. Dwarf Fortress is really throwing me some excitement, between the Giant Zombie Scorpion, the skeletal camels, and these two new woodcutters. At least they came with axes. The red ore is Cinnabar, and the hallway section also has chunks of citrine and aluminum in it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **March 22, 2008, 01:28:00 pm**

IF we have coal/magma at all - you can use woodcutters as industry.

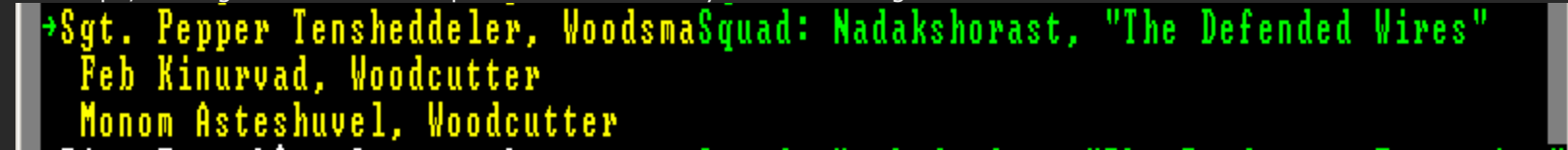
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 22, 2008, 03:41:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar

Istrath Leopardknight, one of our newest, has already caught my eye. His initiative in setting him a jewelers shop without prior direction has already put him in my good graces, and perhaps those foul traders will prefer our trinkets covered in gems.



Sgt. Pepper has been a bit dispondant lately. With no work in sight for one of his skills, he spends his days with the other two woodcutters sparring, having taken them in as apprentices. I've promised him that I'll send Archin to route a channel of magma towards the shops, setting the woodsmen up to smelt when they aren't training.



Edit: Changed Istrath's last name in the post, and the pic.

[March 22, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 22, 2008, 03:47:00 pm**

Oh, that would be cool. I just wasn't sure if you could do that for singular dwarfs, or if it effected every dwarf in the fortress (Having the nickname be the full name)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 22, 2008, 03:57:00 pm**

Events of the 6th of Timber, 1051

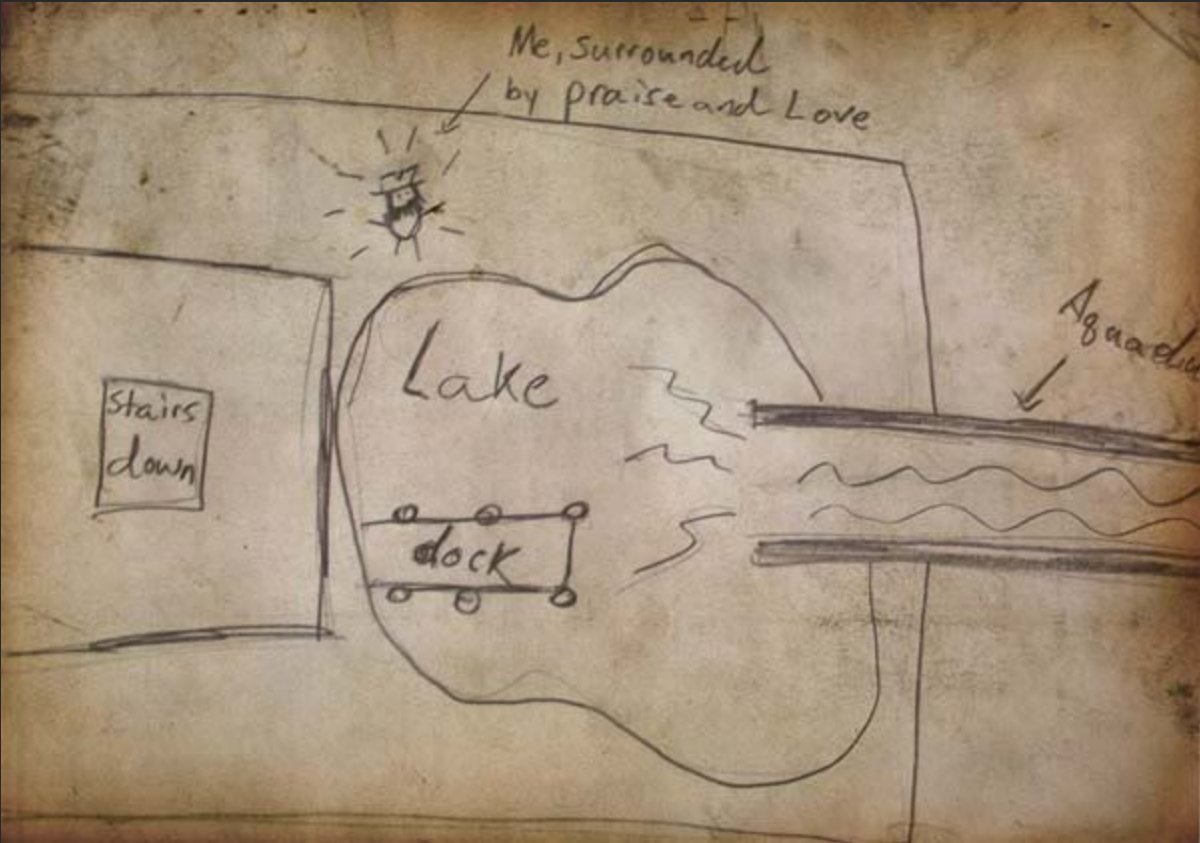
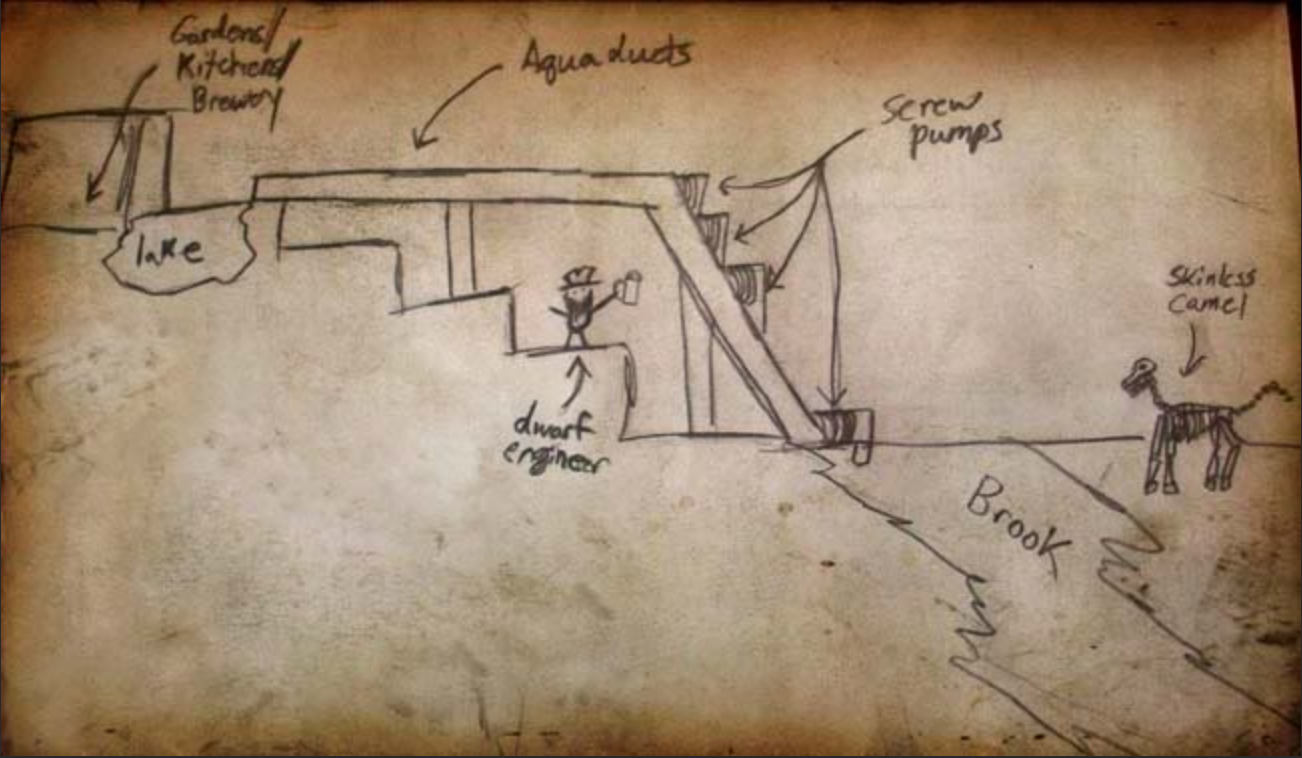
An impromptu meeting had been called in the storeroom. Rice and Aryn stood at the back, Rice chatting with the new Gem Cutter Istrath. As the talking subsided, Rice stepped forward.

"Hey, so, we wanted you all to meet here to give a brief run down of what our status is. Things are going well, though our food supplies are starting to, uh, run a bit low. Archin's been planting plump helmets, and I think Istrath's wife's going to be set up as our cook and brewer..."

That was greeted with a cheer - the majority of the dwarves having grown tired of eating their simple meals. Rice continued, "We're getting more rooms dug out, we're expanding the workshops and will hopefully have some magma-powered smelters installed ... and it might be safe enough for a few people to head to the brook to fish. I... uh, Aryn. Is there anything you wanted to add?"

Aryn nodded and stepped forward, long sheets of parchment under his arm. He flashed a grin at Lucy, before turning to address the crowd in full.

"Gentledwarves!" He began. "Our blueprints have been finalized, and I think this will increase our worth, our status, our health, and our disposition. I give to you, the aquaducts!



"I will not lie to you. This will be hard work, but not impossible for ones such as yourselves. Construction begins immediately, and any dwarf who is not otherwise occupied is *encouraged* to lend a hand. With that... meeting adjourned."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 22, 2008, 05:06:00 pm**

Events of 12th Moonstone, 1051

"It's with the greatest pleasure, that we recognize all that you've, ah, accomplished here, Archin! With your tireless efforts mining, this is starting to feel like home once again," Rice said, smiling widely.

There was a polite round of applause from all but Aryn, the grudge he'd held against her since their days traveling still not mellowed. Rice stepped forward, pinning a small little pin with crossed picks on the front of her blue dress, small print lettering underneath the symbol reading **LEGENDARY MINER**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainsprings
9th of Opal, 1051

Sgt. Pepper is made of some strong stuff, he's a dwarf I can really admire. He and his apprentices were escorting Kuli and Lucy as they examined the land for the aquaducts when the damned Camels charged over the hill. He knocked the heads off of three himself, and even after they broke his right leg he still took a fourth out, his squadmates pulling him to safety and finishing the other two off. He looks like he'll be good in a few weeks; something everyone is thankful for.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 22, 2008, 06:12:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 2052

Progress:
Quarters are more livable; basic amenities in almost every room. (80%)
Magma Channels dug, half smoothed, finishing workshop area (40%)
Began construction of Aquaduct flooring. preplanning complete (5%)

Orders have been sent back with Tosid Staketaxed, the diplomat staying with us. For our trinkets, he will bring us an anvil, wood, booze, and meat. The nessesities to stay alive.

Status:
Sgt. Pepper is fully healed - arrangements for a celebration have been made to boost moral further.

Layout:
Current structural blueprints are as follows

[March 22, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **March 22, 2008, 06:21:00 pm**

Memoir of a woodsman.

My leg stung like the sun on a miner's eyes in mid-july.
I walk this land again, broken yet full of hope.
Will we finish these plans in time, to fight before we croak.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 22, 2008, 07:17:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
16th of Granite.

The wood carver got mauled today by the camels. He'd decided to go get a drink at the river, though no one has a clue why. We wouldn't even have noticed he was missing if Aryn hadn't been taking tally of everyone - elves were spotted by Kuli coming over the horizon, and we were instructed to be in our Sunday best for when they arrive.

The prat Aryn's very keen on dealing with them, more so than anyone should be. For some reason, he's not even letting us bring up all the mugs and instruments we'd carved, or any of the trap components Lucy's been so diligently putting together. How are we expected to get anything of worth if we can't GIVE them anything? For being from a rich family, he has a terrible understanding of economics.

Update: In the middle of the night, I snuck as much of the crap from the storeroom as I possibly could to the trade depot and sold it to the squeekies. I'll feign ignorance, of course, but have secreted away a few barrels of Sewer Brew for myself, in the off chance we start to run out again. We also had a surge of migrants, a few of them I actually knew! We received:

- Blacksmith
- Metalsmith
- Fisherdwarf
- 6 Peasants
- Siege Operator
- Mechanic
- Glassmaker
- Fish Disector
- Miller
- Bone Carver
- Potash Maker
- Lye Maker
- Hunter
- 2 Stone Worker
- Soap Maker

[March 22, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

[March 22, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 23, 2008, 08:46:00 am**

A Blacksmith and a Metalsmith! No, not competition!

Oh well, they can handle furniture and crafts. Kuli can still do weapons and armor.

What constitutes "sunday best" for dwarves? Is that when they actually wipe some of the blood and vomit off their clothes?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 23, 2008, 01:21:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
14th of Slate, 1052

Census: 34 dwarves
Foodstocks: Holding steady
Updates: Our first of two magma channels is complete. It went much better than expected. Archin and Johnny refused to dig through the magma wall to start the flow and I've made a note to punish them both later for their refusal of orders. A simple soaper, new to the fort, has been raised in my eyes for taking up the pick and doing the job himself. He made it out just fine, though his pet donkey was melted behind him. There are always causalities to the machine of progress.



Without consulting me, Rice appointed our new Siege Operator Stravitch to the position of Sheriff. He did so on the recommendation of Johnny, who knew the dwarf from their time together selling siege equipment to small human communities. Judgement will be withheld

for now.



Events of the 28th of Slate

A madness has overtaken the Dwarves. No one is quite sure why the Red Valley is so enticing, but any dwarf who doesn't have work goes and stands down there, amidst the shattered bones of the camels Sgt. Papper and his squad have left. This even included the newly formed second squad, The Rough Princesses, led by the effeminate marksdwarf Tirist Uzolison.

The fortress stopped working when the first screams were heard, people rushing to the top of the hill to stare down in horror. Tirist was backpeddling, firing his crossbow at the large, meatless jaguar baring down on him. A few bolts chipped it's rib bones, but it didn't slow at all. With a leap it was upon Tirist, it's jaws clamped on his head, shaking him around like a rag doll.

One of his squad mates rushed over to help, but it was too late. The beast tugged it's head upwards, and seperated the Marksdwarves head from his body, a shower of blood spraying high into the air. The recruit froze in shock, and was promptly disemboweled, his intestines spilling from the stomach wound in large ropey sections as he slowly toppled over backwards.



From high above, Rice screamed down to the onlookers, "OUT OF THE VALLEY! EVERYONE! GET INSIDE! GET INSIIIIIDEE...."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 23, 2008, 01:39:00 pm**

The Events of 8th Felsite, 1052

"Hurry Stravitch. Your services are needed," Said Aryn. He stormed down the staircase, his robe flapping behind him like great blue bat wings. "Why did no one tell me about this sooner? Productions are being held up!"

"I'm sorry, sir. No one complained, it seems they, uh, liked having the time off."
"They LIKED it? Do they also like starving? What possible reason could anyone have to throw our craftsmen out of their workshop? You're to evict them at once."
"Of course, sir."

As the duo rounded the corner heading towards the crafts workshop, Lorbam Athelluk staggered out into view, his face drenched in sweat, but a wide smile on his face. In his hands, he held a small toy forge made of basalt, encrusted and spiked with microline. "Oh, Mr. Estetar! Look at this! I call it Copperutters. Isn't it marvelous?"

Aryn stared at the beautiful work in front of him, his anger slowly subsiding. Gently placing his hand on the craftsman's shoulder he said, "It's very well done, but, in the future, could you not be so greedy? Learn to share the space! You should make some more of these. If Istrath can start encrusting them with jewels, we'll be up to our ears in supplies..."

The Events of the 20th of Malchite

"I'm a dad!" yelled Istrath. The dining room erupted into applause. "The missus and I named 'em Limul. Gosh, I'm a dad!"

As Istrath was swarmed with well-wishers, the majority bearing mugs for the happy father, Kuli and Stravitch hung towards the back, not wanting to get caught up in the tide of bodies.

"Good for him," Said Kuli. "Though, I gotta' admit, I didn't have any clue the little woman was pregnant... just couldn't tell."

Stravitch shrugged. "Hell, half the time I can't even tell they're women..."
"Maybe we need a dress code? I'm pretty sure I saw Aryn wearing a dress the other day."
"Ugh, the less said about that, the better."

[March 23, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **March 23, 2008, 02:58:00 pm**

when our fort is large enough - start sacrificing dwarves into the lava!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 23, 2008, 03:33:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
Galena 20th

Census: 29 dwarves (down from 34
With greatest sadness I write that Sgt. Pepper, and his squad of smelter warriors were casualties of the growing camel menace, the pair the fort has dubbed Planklances and Cradleunions. I feel particularly to blame as I was the one that ordered him to his death. Having known him for almost two years, I will plan a proper tomb to house his remains.

In my sadness, I ... feel compelled to create something in his image. Something to remind us all that his sacrifice has allowed us to continue to live in a fort away from the oppression of others.

(OOC: Dag, that wasn't supposed to happen at all! They got a lucky kick in and sent his brains out over the rocks, and just danced all over the two woodcutters. Sorry :()

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 23, 2008, 04:52:00 pm**

Journals and Thoughts of Istrath.
20 Malachite, 1052

I'm a dad! My wife just gave birth, we've named our child Limul, though it directly translates to gold, as a name it means "One who walks with wealth." My wife and I hope the our child's name brings them much wealth in the future.

We also picked the name because of Limul's golden colored hair and tiny beard already growing in.

I'm going to go and tell the other dwarfs in the fortress!

-- Istrath

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **March 23, 2008, 11:32:00 pm**

well, i never expected him to last long.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 24, 2008, 08:20:00 am**

Poor Sgt Pepper, I had high hopes for you :(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **March 24, 2008, 09:26:00 am**

Rice's journal
Galena 21st

It is sad news indeed. Sgt. Pepper and his band of warriors have been smashed. In addition to the loss of our marksdwarves it has been a heavy hit indeed. Although I don't control the military or the patrol routes I can't help but feel responsible for their deaths. They deserved utopia. They stood and protected us in our time of need and now they have given the more then anything we could have asked of them. The land has taken them from us. I curse this place. I CURSE it!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 24, 2008, 02:15:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Zironic: well, i never expected him to last long.

If you want, when we get up to a "disposable amount" of Dwarves, you can get pick which poor worker gets sacrificed (in some way) to the magma gods.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **March 24, 2008, 03:11:00 pm**

Put them in a room and wall them in. The one that survives the longest shall become my replacement - make sure you can poor lava into said room to remove the excess...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 24, 2008, 05:03:00 pm**

From the Journal of Johnny Fountainspring
1st of Timber

While bringing Sgt. Pepper, his squad, and their belongings inside, the dread-camels Planklances and Cradleunions set upon poor Istrath's young wife. I'm of the full belief that she would be dead as well, if the beasts didn't make the mistake of targeting her child. She said she blacked out, but according to our sole recruit who came rushing to her aid, she had destroyed Cradleunions head and was dancing out of the way of Planklances, leaving the recruit to finish it off with the hammer we bought from the merchants.

It seems Aryn Estetar has a much better go at trading. We got almost ten barrels of booze, dozens of hunks of salted meats, **TWO** anvils and a well-made hammer. None too soon; while our recruit was finishing the dread-camels, I secreted a good number of Lucy's mechanisms up and made some trades of my own. These plump helmets and beer will be placed into my own personal stock, for safe keeping.

Aryn, it seems, is just as nervous about defense as I am. Rice, more knoweldgable in how defenses SHOULD work drafted plans with Lucy for a thick wall around our entrance. Aryn has delegated our labor, and construction has begun at once.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 24, 2008, 05:20:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
11th of Timber, 1052

Status: The aquaducts are coming along well, and so is our first level of defense around the fort. I've been discussing with Lucy another project that I feel will increase our hygiene - something sorely needed.

Works: In commemoration of Sgt. Pepper, I took it upon myself to craft a mug, which will stay forever empty in his memory. I call it Moltendredge, and it's made of garnierite, and adorned with hanging rings of Garnierite and spikes of pyrite. I engraved on it, in gabbro, images of longland grass to symbolize the home he left.

Census: 39 Dwarves
Word of our success is branching out, and more bodies have arrived, ready to be plied. We have received:
Mason
4 Peasants
Wood Burner
Thresher
Stoneworker
Planter
Bowyer

Now, to see how they can best serve us.

[March 24, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vugor** on **March 24, 2008, 05:36:00 pm**

may i take the new mason? name Vugor for male, Valania for female?

very interesting stuff so far

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 24, 2008, 06:24:00 pm**

Events of the 1st of Moonstone, 1052

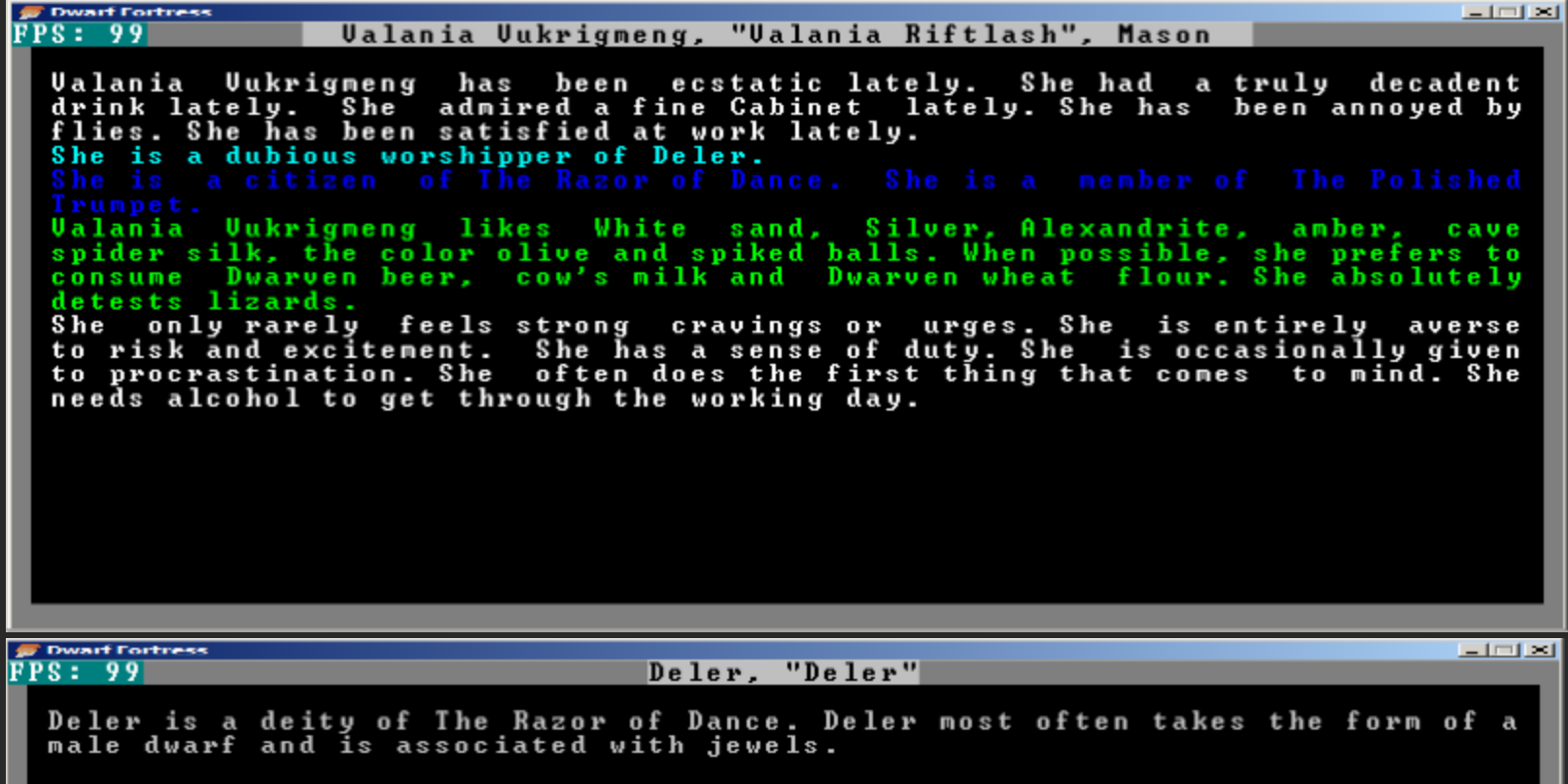
"Oh Lenod be praised, you can't possible be telling me we've stopped craft production *again*?"
"I'm sorry, sir," Stravitch said. Their pace was less than hurried, boot-falls muted on the newly smoothed hallway. "But, well, you did do something quite similar..."
Aryn rolled his eyes, "That was different. That was commemorative, it was in HONOR of someone. But this? Just a nuisance."

Aryn pushed the door open to the workshop, stepping inside. Sitting behind the crafts bench was one of the newly designated recruits, tired and drenched in sweat. "Look," he croaked, and held up his masterpiece - A basalt bracelet. It was encrusted with sunstones and garnierite, and studded and encircled with nickle. In the basalt was carved images of dwarves traveling. "I call it, uh, Sectriddles."

Pinching the bridge of his nose between his fingers, Aryn let out a soft sigh, "It's spectacular, but I'm going to need to hang a sign up or something. No more commandeering these shops! Just... get back to the barracks. I'll have a button made for your uniform to commemorate this..."

From the files of Aryn Estetar
4th of Moonstone, 1052

Notes: I've had the pleasure of meeting one of our newest masons, a Ms. Valania Riftlash, from the west. While touring the recent editions I couldn't help but notice the skill with which she was constructing our defensive walls. I see good things in her future, so long as she stays away from certain dwarves...



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 25, 2008, 04:35:00 pm**

Events of the 24th of Opal, 1052

Johnny and Stravitch sat on the edge of the cliff, taking a break from the aquaducts construction. They watched the workers down below hauling stone, building floors and walls to extend the channel northwards towards the off-limits brook.

Stravitch pointed into the distance, towards the dread camels frolicking on the scorching sand, and said, "It really is starting to look like winter."

"Whatta'ya talkin' about? Winter?"

"Yeah. Look at them, they're actually wearing some skin this time. Must be getting a little cold."

Johnny stared at the camels for a few moments, before they both erupted in laughter. He clapped Stravitch on the shoulder amicable, "I'm glad ya' showed up, chief. I'm gunna' be needin' yer help 'ere shortly."

"Of course, I sent a letter back with the traders, so we should be-" he was silenced by a shadow growing over them.

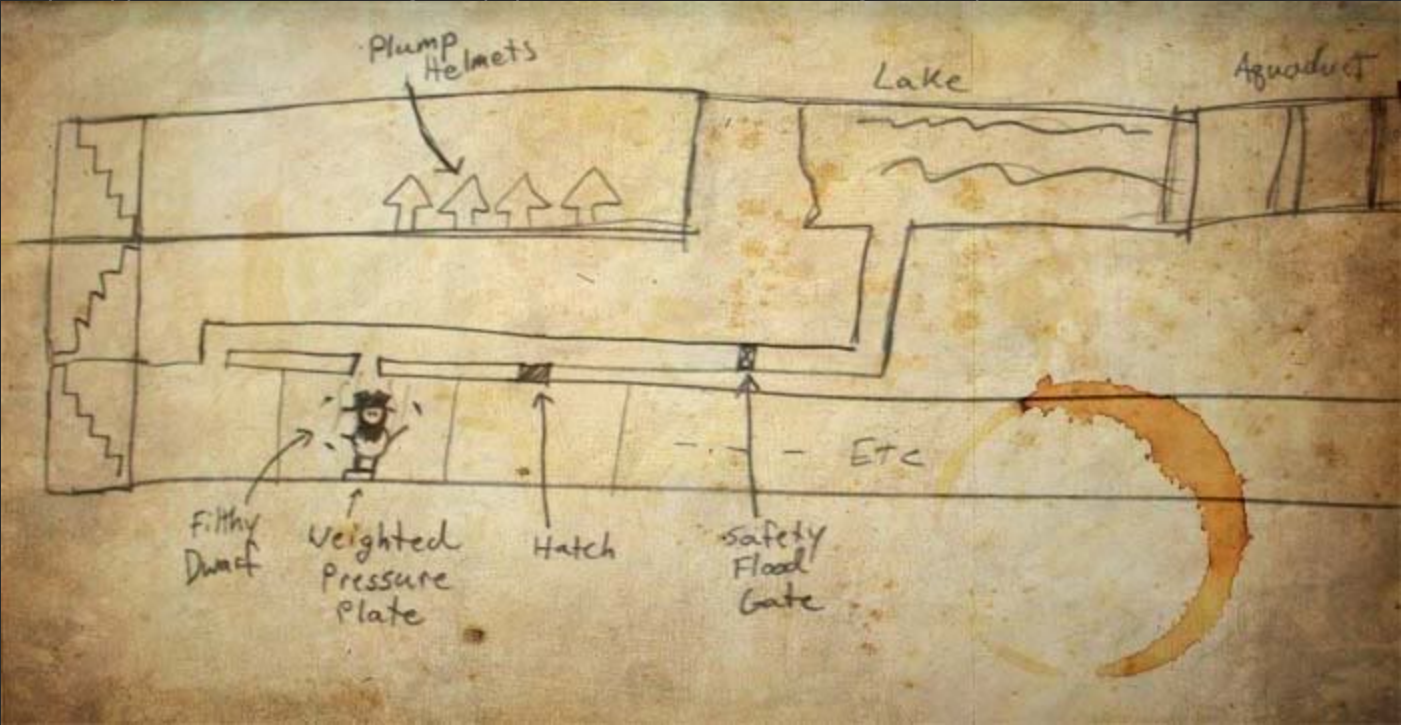
"Down to the mess hall! We have a meeting! Grab the other masons and hurry!"

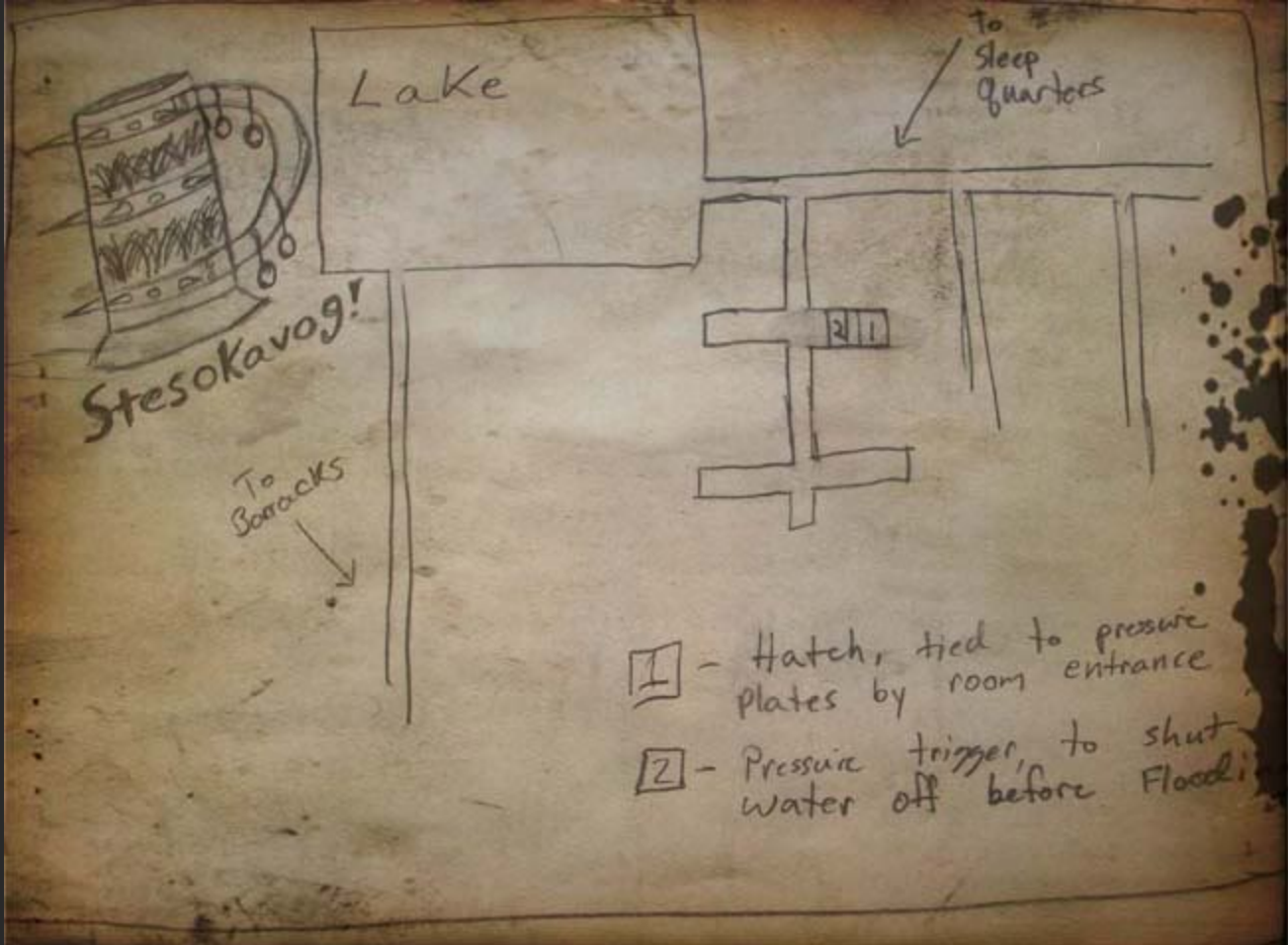
Aryn paced before the assembled mass of Dwarves, his eyes narrowed. Lucy stood behind him, shifting nervously from foot to foot. When the last of the stragglers took a seat he began to talk.

"I'm extremely disappointed in the whole lot of you. When that ass Staketaxed came back to trade, he was greeted by dozens of filthy Dwarves hauling goods we expected him to buy, covering them in mud or vomit or... blood, where ever THAT came from. It took some smooth talking but I convinced him it was worth his while.

"Because of that, I've designed a new project for us to work on during the aquaducts assembly. Lucy, show the designs, please."

Lucy stepped forward, unfolding the papers in front of her, holding them up for the crowd to see:





"As you can see," She began, "this will work on a simple pressure-plate system. Each room will be fitted with a ceiling hatch. Entering a room releases a soothing, and cleansing, shower of fresh water upon the occupant. Once water has accumulated to a reasonable level the hatch will shut. We're left with a clean fortress."

"Good. Miners? Get to work digging. Kuli, when you and your team finish with smelting down the nickel ore you're to help the glass makers with flood gates. Everyone! To work!"

As the miners shuffled out, grumbling under their breaths, Kuli approached the front of the mess hall. Taking off his cap and holding it in his hands he said, "Sir? I'd like to talk to you about something of some importance..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 25, 2008, 04:41:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1053

Kuli has been making inane demands of me lately. As leader of the metal workers' team he does indeed hold a certain amount of sway with our group but to request - however humbly he tried to make it - a temple constructed where he may worship Zefon! That's pushing the limits of my charity!

Had it not been due to his hammer that we had buckets to heal wounded soldiers, I would have pushed his request off completely. But as ... some of our number ARE Zefonists, it might help with their moral. But I won't be carving him a temple, no, he can worship above ground. That is good enough for any God.

Census: 40 Dwarves (1 new birth)
Blueprints: The current lay of the fortress.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 25, 2008, 06:44:00 pm**

From the Journal of Johnny Fountainspring
9th of Slate

Aryn has gone ballistic and none of our attempts have calmed him down. It was a surprise to all that the camels loitering outside our walls were actually alive. We released the draw bridge and sent a miller with no work out to bring some in. With the gate down, a goblin secreted himself inside.

His name is Olngo Matongom, and we know this because he left behind a card where the child Zefon was once staying. Now the fortress is plastered with posters, a sillouted goblin with hands outstretched, large block lettering reading CONSTANT VIGILANCE or TO NOT BE AWARE IS TO HELP THE ENEMY.

Personally, I don't care about these brats. This is no place for children. I just hope Aryn's recent spurt of power doesn't go to his head.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 25, 2008, 07:24:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
27th of Slate

Census: 57
Everyone here is under suspicion. They're all so lax in their duties, and our security is really hindered by their careless attitude with doors, with their jobs, with patrols. On top of that Rice has been elected Mayor - ELECTED! - in what I'm sure is a rigged election. We've recently seen an increase of 15 more bodies. Wonderful, more mouths to feed, bodies to keep warm. One of them brought a mule named Taxmachine. Is he a spy from the Mountain Homes? Are they testing the waters? The aquaducts need to be finished soon, there are *other* projects to start...

New bodies:
Dyer
Craftsdwarf
Trapper
Woodcutter
2 Peasants
Cook
Tanner
Butcher
Animal Trainer
Animal Caretaker
2 Woodworkers
Ranger

Cheese Maker
1 Mule named Taxmachine

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 25, 2008, 08:07:00 pm**

I love how Kuli is so religious.

All praise be to Zefon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bigmcstrongmuscle** on **March 26, 2008, 01:08:00 am**

Can I claim the new woodcutter?

Call him Sular (or Sulari if female) and draft him against the menace of the Dread Camels. Death to the humped scourge! Their hour of reckoning draws closer, with every breath they fail to take!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 26, 2008, 08:31:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Kuli: I love how Kuli is so religious. All praise be to Zefon.

I have to admit, I probably wouldn't be taking him in that direction at all, but your comment about being a born-again Zefonist was too good to pass up.

quote:
Originally posted by bigmcstrongmuscle: Can I claim the new woodcutter? Call him Sular (or Sulari if female) and draft him against the menace of the Dread Camels. Death to the humped scourge! Their hour of reckoning draws closer, with every breath they fail to take!

You got it pardner, I'll have him named and posted when I get home from work. Exuberance like that for cleansing our land will take you far in the army!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 26, 2008, 03:16:00 pm**

So are you going to build the temple? It seemed kind of ambiguous since Aryn doesn't want to make the temple but he doesn't want to ignore Kuli's request either. I'd love to see some sort of temple made, though I don't know how one could design it to reflect the idea of "rebirth."

When it comes to temples, generally I just make a sacrificial altar consisting of menacing spikes hooked up to a lever and set to repeat. Works for the god of murder, but not so much for rebirth.

quote:
the child Zefon

We must save this child! With a name like that, he must be our messiah! Did the goblin get away with him?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 26, 2008, 04:00:00 pm**

Events of 15th of Hematite, 1053

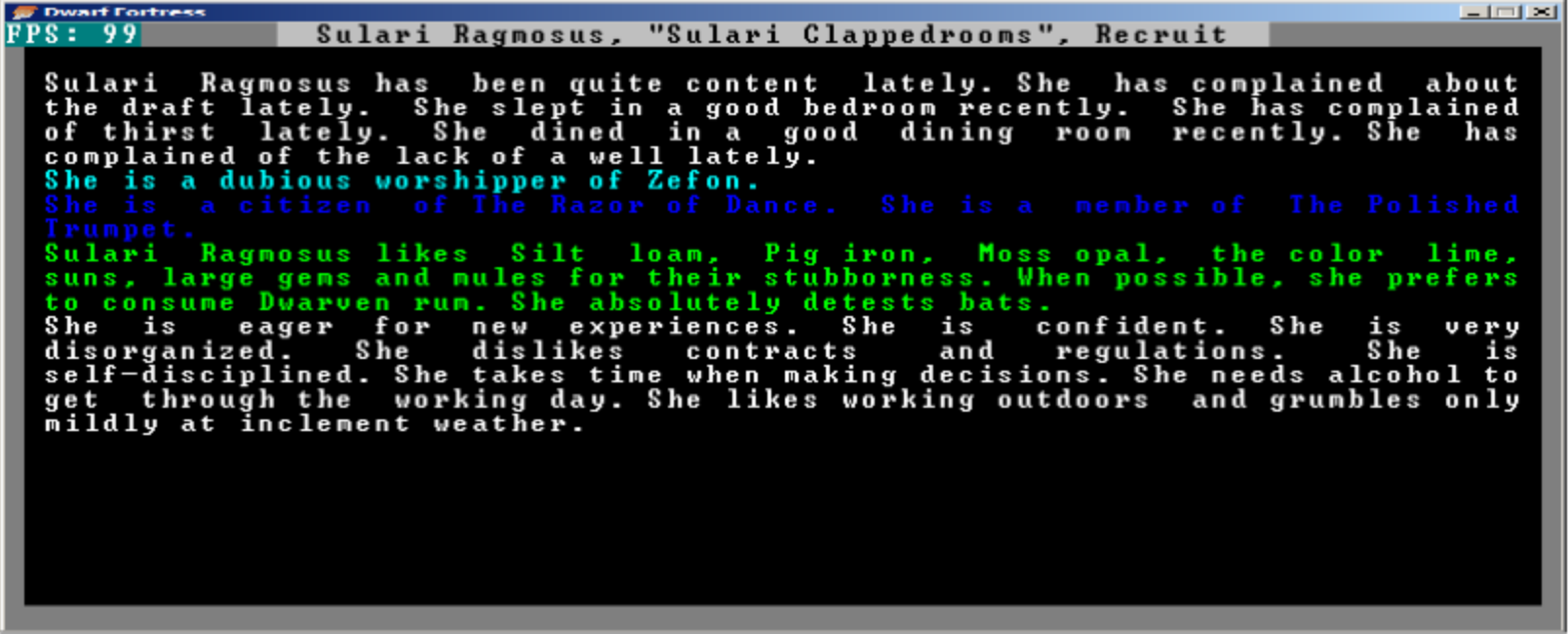
The ground was littered with the corpses of goblins, limbs and blood littering the ground. A group of four goblins, led by a vicious hammerer tried to sneak into the fortress gates behind a large human caravan hauling goods. As far away as they were, they went unnoticed by the stout guards inside.

They did not go unnoticed by the humans outside.

Tista Pigbreaches and Unbeh Aceyelled exchanged a quick glance while sauntering towards the small, screaming goblins. They're form was excellent, and stiffling a yawn, Unbeh swung his axe in great yawing arcs, cleaving off an arm, a second arm, and finally a head. Tista jabbed his spear through the hammerer's head, and calmly jogged after the last sword carrier, spearing him through the heart. Their work done, they sauntered back towards the wagon, talking of a barmaid they've both known in Stramgil.

Aryn - having been alerted to the commotion outside, arrived at the grizzly seen at the same time as Sulari, one of the newest fort denizens was making her way to the front gates for the first time. Her look of horror at the carnage went unnoticed by the fortress's manager, who walked close to clap her on the shoulder, steering her towards the entrance.

"That was some fine work you did out there, miss. Fine work indeed."
"But I ... I didn't even, they were..." Sulari stammered
"Nonsense. You're axe is streaked with blood! No need to be so humble."
"What? No, I was dragging it, and-"
"Of course, killing four of those baby thieving bastards would make anyone tired. Head down to the barracks and let those louts under Fikod know you're in charge of the squad. With more dwarves like you, we'll have no fear of death!"



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 26, 2008, 04:06:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
So are you going to build the temple? It seemed kind of ambiguous since Aryn doesn't want to make the temple but he doesn't want to ignore Kuli's request either. I'd love to see some sort of temple made, though I don't know how one could design it to reflect the idea of "rebirth."

I'm going to try, but it might not be the biggest, or most standard, of temples. I've got some ideas of how to properly reflect "rebirth", you'll have to wait until it's done!

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
We must save this child! With a name like that, he must be our messiah! Did the goblin get away with him?

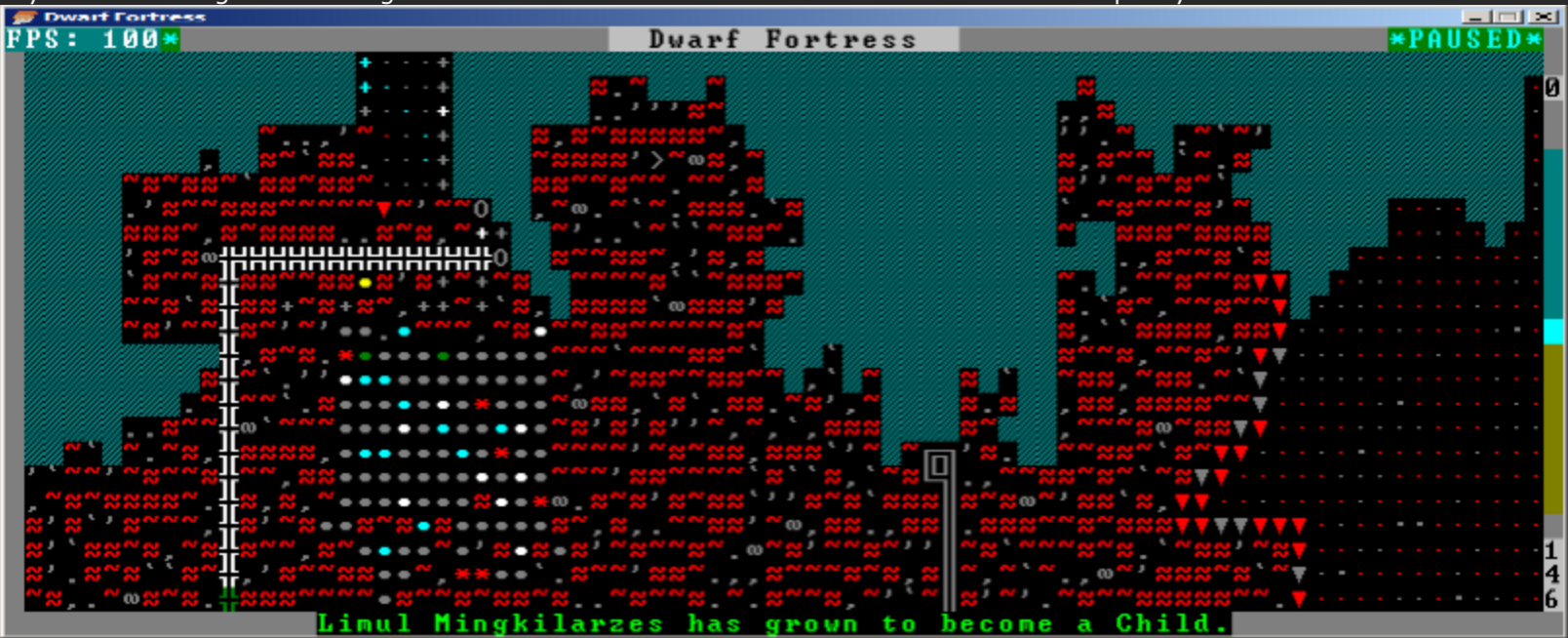
Turns out that goblin is the Local leader / Master Thief of his town, and yeah, he out ran everyone and bolted off the map's edge.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 26, 2008, 06:45:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
20th Malachite

Things are really shaping up around here, though that doesn't quite mean it's going *well*. For every milestone we hit, for every accomplishment seen, Aryn does baffling - case in point: Stravitch requested a few Dwarves to assist him guarding us inside the Fortress and that was taken as a "challenge to his power" so he's doubled the size of our fighting force.

Rice was re-elected as mayor because he's done a splendid job. Without him leading by example, our defensive wall would have taken another year, easily, and his consoling and diplomatic skills have fixed many an argument. Because this was a threat to his managing, Aryn told Kuli to get to the edge of the cliff - his church could be built amidst the rock quarry.



Lastly, Istrath's boy Limul has grown into a strapping young child. The birthday party was broken up because we needed to haul things up to the human traders, who would "not wait forever." Whatever bug has bit him needs to finish up soon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 26, 2008, 08:26:00 pm**

The events of the 1st of Limestone, 1053

"Stand ready men... stand ready," Catten said, tightening the grip on his sword. His two apprentices flanked him on either side. Beside him, Sulari shifted nervously, bringing her ax up to the ready. "These Dread Camels killed one of Stravitch's guard, and that jeering imp Bonegripped burned to death one of *mine*. See him? See him dancing from boulder to boulder, laughing at us? I'll keep the camels occupied, target the imp. Are you ready soldier? Then... CHAAAARGE!"

Clouds of dust were kicked into the air as the four Dwarves charged towards the camels. Catten rushed ahead, his vision clouded red with battle lust, his sword singing and flashing in the air as any camel that tried to kick or trample lost a leg for it's effort.

One of the swordsmen was held up by a camel, another tumbled out of the way of a hurled fireball. Bonegripped danced among the boulders, his long arms held in the air, waving mockingly at the soldiers. Jumping over a prone camel, Sulari charged into the open and at the imp.

He noticed her too late, and though he brought his hands up to form a fireball, her axe lopped the left one off, the downswing catching him in the thigh, severing it as well. Balancing precariously on his single foot, he managed to get out the beginning of a scream before Sulari swung the ax so the flat hit him in the chest. His ribs caved in, and he was lifted into the air, sailing across the wastelands, landing and rolling, and staying still...

As the soldiers limped back into the fortress to the applause and praise of the citizens, two were missing from the cheer. Stravitch was meeting in the empty workshops with one of the metalworkers, his face pale, his body slumped from the weeks of work.

"It's, it's done..." he panted, hefting the copper mace high. "We didn't have enough iron, so I studded it with it, and encircled it with bands of bronze, and leather stripped from the Dread Camels. I engraved you're picture into the copper, and I carved a small bat out of sunstone."

"This looks perfect," breathed Stravitch. "What do you call it?"

"Enteredlanced the Unseen Chances"

"I'll see it gets put to good use."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bigmcstrongmuscle** on **March 26, 2008, 09:19:00 pm**

Sweet! Sulari is officially a blooded axedwarf. Nailing a fire imp in her first battle is a pretty good start too - Maybe someone's smiling on her new career. Praise the renewal of Zefon, I suppose.

Well, she's only a dubious worshipper, after all. :P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 26, 2008, 09:31:00 pm**

ooo Artifact Mace.

Also, could you please add PoI's to the map of bledocean? I can't seem to find the main entrance.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 26, 2008, 10:00:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Kaelem Gaen:
ooo Artifact Mace.
Also, could you please add PoI's to the map of bledocean? I can't seem to find the main entrance.

I've got three points of interest added for you. I may be a little ignorant on the matter, but is it normal for Firefox to not work well with setting them?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 26, 2008, 10:01:00 pm**

I've never had trouble viewing them. I might upload one of my pointless forts and see if I have trouble.

Also, thank you for adding the PoI's

[March 26, 2008: Message edited by: Kaelem Gaen]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 27, 2008, 06:26:00 pm**

The events of the 24th of Sandstone, 1053

"RICE!" roared Aryn, storming into the mess hall. "What the hell do you think you're doing!"

Rice and Lucy started, almost knocking over one of the mugs of ale on the table. Staring upwards in confusion Rice blinked, shrugging his shoulders in an exaggerated gesture. "What? I don't know, Aryn. What are you talking about? What have I *done*?"

"Oh, you know full well what you've done, you're hindering the safety of OUR fortress!" Pulling a sheet of paper from inside his cloak, he waved it in front of Rice and snarled, "Is this YOUR signature authorizing us to build TWO more anvils?"

"Yes. We need more in case something happens to the first two, and-"

"What could possibly happen to the first two! Do you even know how anvils work?"

"ARYN!" slapping the flat of his hand down on the table, Rice rose from his seat. Closing his eyes for a minute, Rice took a deep breath and calmed himself down. "I'm sorry for the outburst. But I'm the one in charge, not you. I want these anvils made."

"...You'll have them made, *Rice*," Aryn said. Stuffing the work orders back into his coat, he turned on his heel and stormed off.

After a minute of the silence in the cafeteria, Lucy gently reached across the table and placed her hand over Rice's. She offered a small smile, giving his hand a squeeze, "You handled that just great, I'm really proud of you."

Exhaling a long breath, Rice smiled. "Thanks. It needed to be done, but ... I wish he didn't have to yell about everything. That could have been done a lot calmer."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 27, 2008, 08:04:00 pm**

The events of the 5th of Moonstone, 1053

"Are you sure? Absolutely positive?" Asked Kuli.

"Positive, I tried to get into the workshop and one of the new cheese makers attacked me! He threw a chisel at my head and started shrieking, and... foaming at the mouth," said Archin.

"Alright then, let's go see about this."

They slowed their steps as they near the crafts shop, ominous noises coming from inside. A single torch illuminated the inside, casting a muted eerie glow into the hallway. Readyng himself Kuli moved forward to stand in the doorway, his faith steeling his reserve.

The workshop was a mess, plates of half eaten food scattered on the floor, tools jabbed into the walls, weird eldritch symbols carved into the stone itself. Sitting on the floor, drenched in sweat, was the cheese maker. He was covered in filth, greenish foam leaking from his mouth, his nostrils, the corners of his eyes. Cradling a scepter in his hand, he slowly lifted his head to stare at Kuli and gasped, "This is made... for Olsmo, the demon god! I ... embody his will! You all will die!"

As he struggled to his feet and lurched towards the door, Kuli pulled himself up to his full height. Taking a deep breath, his hand shot out and pressed to the cheese makers forehead, his voice clear and booming, "OUT! OUT, DEMON OLSMO! OUT!"

Screaching, the cheese maker recoiled and tried to back away, but Kuli followed him inside unwavering, his hand staying on the Dwarves forehead. "THE POWER OF ZEFON COMPELS YOU, DEMON, LEAVE THIS HOST! LEAVE THIS HOST, THIS IS NOT A WELCOME PLACE FOR YOUR KIND!"

Kuli pushed him back into the room, the thrashing arms knocking aside what tools hadn't already been carelessly thrown around. Pressed up against the workbench, Kuli repeated his mantra, his voice carrying through the hallways, and eventually the cheese maker stopped his thrashing. Opening his eyes, he stared forward unseeing for a few seconds before shuddering, "Oh, Oh! What... what happened? I was out by..., by the bridge when..."

"Shh, it's alright, my son. You're fine now. There was a ... minor incident, but it's all been resolved."
"Ri...right, but, what's this?"
"Oh, that, you made that in a ... burst of inspiration. It's exquisitely made, and very plain - you don't detract from the beauty of the stone at all. If you don't mind, may I name it?"

The dwarf just nodded, staring down in confusion at the simple basalt scepter in his hand. Kuli smiled, placing his hand on the cheese makers shoulder, "Then we shall call it Warjoins, and let it symbolize our constant fight against evil."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 27, 2008, 08:23:00 pm**

ooo, nice way to play off a possession. I suddenly want to turn Kuli into an adventurer, have him run around 'casting' out evil

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 27, 2008, 08:28:00 pm**

THE POWER OF ZEFON COMPELS YOU!

Awesome. Truly awesome.

I take it the artifact scepter was not particularly interesting?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 27, 2008, 08:36:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
THE POWER OF ZEFON COMPELS YOU!

Awesome. Truly awesome.

I take it the artifact scepter was not particularly interesting?

I was really hoping for something good. It was maybe ... a minute after the "possession" message came up that it said, "so-and-so is starting a mysterious construction!"

He turned out a basalt scepter, encrusted with basalt, with a picture of a dwarf on it. Bah!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 27, 2008, 10:04:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1054

THEY'RE OUT TO GET ME! Almost all of them, nothing but parasites trying to sap my energies, my ideas, my designs, my sanity. Oh I have my loyalists but I won't name them here. There are eyes everywhere, and I wouldn't put it past the Mason's and Miner's guilds to sneak in during the day and read these files. If you're reading this - I'm on to you, vermin. I'M ON TO YOU.

Census: 51 Dwarves (those that died no longer can hinder our glory)
Blueprints: [The current lay of the fortress](#)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **March 28, 2008, 01:50:00 am**

OOC: Wow I'm really surprised my dwarf is doing anything at all. Its pretty awesome. Also I mandated the construction of anvils? Wow, I am getting to be a pushy bastard. Also this is a long post cause I've just gotten back from a CAMPING TRIP. It was awesome. Like this story only, A LOT colder with the snow and stuff.

Rice's Journal
27th of Slate

Oh joy! I have been elected Mayor! Despite the setbacks we have had this year it would seem my fellow dwarves have seen fit to have me leading them for yet another year. I will work hard to ensure that no more tragedies befall our community.

24th of Sandstone

Aryn is not the messiah or even the particularly wise dwarf that I thought he was. Despite all his talk about Utopia and paradise it seems he does the most complaining and yelling about the steps needed to be taken in forming our paradise. Even with the two anvils we have already two more can always help. Both by increasing our production as more and more dwarves realize the greatness of our fortress and to insure that we no longer need the outside world. Our dependence on dwarven traders from the king will surely be our downfall and cause this paradise to sink into ruin.

5th of moonstone

The fortress seems to be abuzz! With all the wondrous things being created it is almost unbelievable. The Mace, Enteredlanced, wrought by mighty hands for example is among the best crafts work I have ever seen. And this latest one the scepter speaks of the amazing powers of the place we inhabit. No doubt all the dwarven gods are smiling upon this place as the shining hope of our kind.

EDIT: Spelling, apparently one loses brain cells after spending only two nights in the cold.

[March 28, 2008: Message edited by: ricemastah]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 28, 2008, 07:01:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
8th of Felsite, 1054

First Law of the nature of Dwarves:
Dwarves are petty and selfish creatures, and when not given the objects that they so desire they pout and withdraw from society.

Such is the case with our newest miner Doren Bodicefancies, this absurd little dandy of a dwarf. More interested with his beard waxes and perfumes than actually doing work it was with much cajoling that I agreed to give him full reign of the masons workshop for a "masterpiece project" he has dreamed up to pay tribute to me.

Instead, he claimed his masterpiece couldn't be finished. "I need shells, don't you understand!" he repeated ad nauseum, every time I saw him. "I can't finish without shells." I told him there was nothing to be done and to just finish the damn thing without his shells but he just threw up his hands muttering as he headed back to his workshop.

With almost a full season of that masons workshop unused, I evicted him. His artists ego would no longer hold up the productions of living necessities. Now he mopes around the fortress, refusing to eat or drink. His days are spent longingly standing at the edge of the cliff, staring off into the bleak, barren wastes. This is a fact of Dwarves: They are petty and proud, their fragile egos easily destroyed.

Census: 75 Dwarves
New workers to our fort. Great.
The Dungeon Master
A Butcher
A Bone Carver
2 Marksdwarves
A Peasant
A Child
A Dyer
A Cheese Maker
A Brewer
A Mason

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 28, 2008, 07:59:00 pm**

The Events of the 27th of Felsite, 1054

With the forges closed for the day, Kuli spent his early evenings as he always did, hands clasped behind him, standing at the edge of the soon-to-be-pond. The masons were working hard laying floor, building walls, and installing windows but there was still a lot of work to be done.

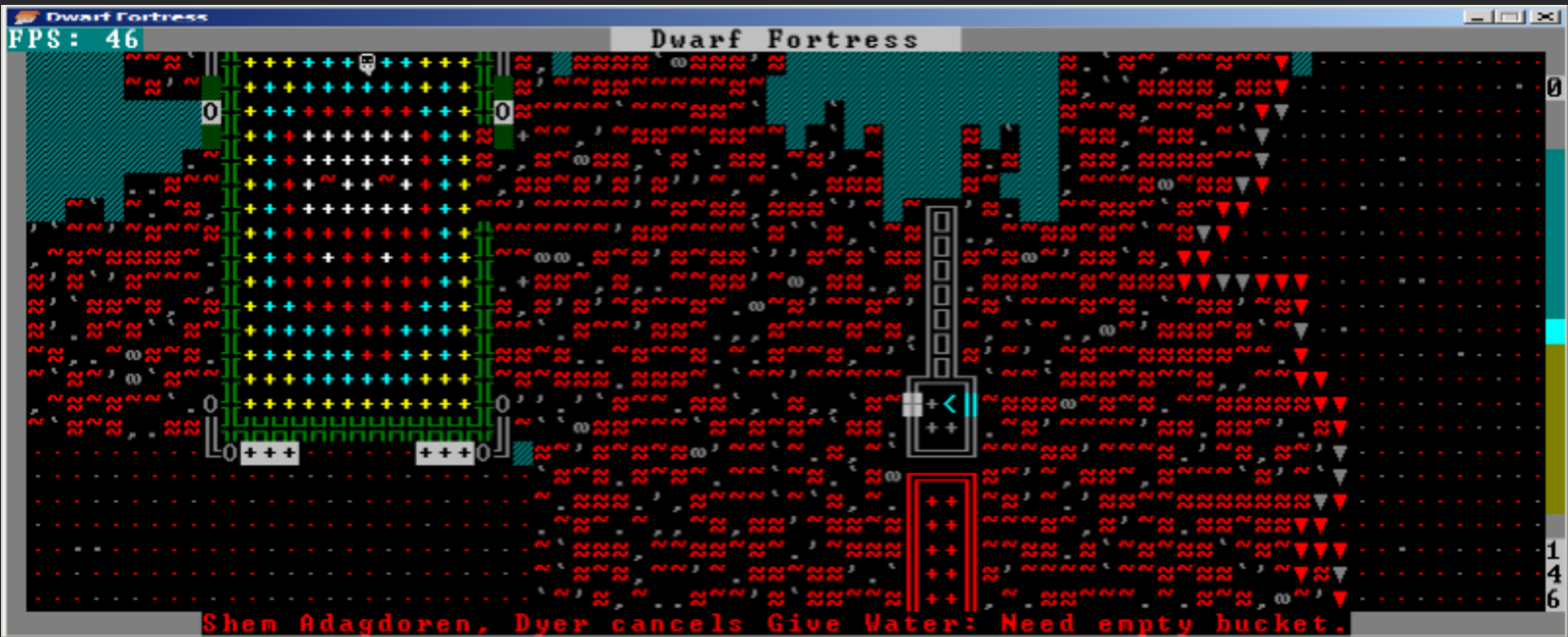
Shielding his eyes with a hand, Aryn made his way into the sunlight, scowling at the scene before him. Sauntering up beside Kuli he watched the Dwarves work in silence for a few minutes before saying, "I certainly hope this is almost finished. My good will has almost reached it's limit."

"Ah, Brother Aryn, I understand completely. Without your charity, we wouldn't even be able to have things as they are now, and for that, I give you the utmost thanks. I had decided that my first sermon when the church doors open will be dedicated to you, and all that you've given us as a community."

"Well, uh, yes, of course, Kuli," Aryn stammered, briefly caught off guard. "Of course I'll be there. If there's anything else I ca-

"Oh there is, Brother Aryn," said Kuli. "I... though our Brothers and Sisters work for the good of the church, they do it on their free time. I would lik-... I was *hoping*, as a show of good faith towards Zefon, you would make a small donation towards the church, to help stock our coffers, to give the parishioners compensation for all their work. Just a small donation."

"...We'll see. We'll see, wait until after the winter, and we'll see."
"But you give your word that compensation will come to these tireless workers?"
"I said we'll see, Kuli. Drop it. Now what is with the bizarre stone use, it's not uniform."
"Oh, it's nothing, Brother Aryn. I suppose you've yet to see..."



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 28, 2008, 08:39:00 pm**

The Events of the 13th of Hematite, 1054



At a remote area within the walls of the fortress, Johnny has carved out a small shelter for himself. Hidden at the edge of the far cliff, Stravitch is the only one of the Dwarves to know of it's existence outside of Johnny himself. As the fortress bedded down for the night, they met in secret, the room lit by a single candle.

"Everything's going as planned Johnny. Aryn's finally started to warm to me after handling that miner who snapped over the turtle shells."

"Good. Verra' Good. And he dunna'sus'pect a thin'?"

"No. Not at all. He has no clue. All those idols you've been selling have been a stroke of genius. Armok totems carved out of Dread Camel bones? Images of Zefon sewn into te rank leather hide of them walking horrors? Dwarves and Human alike are eating them up! I've been keeping your earnings inside my room."

Johnny nodded, quite pleased. Slowly he leaned back against the wall, lifting a hand to rub his eyes, "I dunna' think I can keep up this mining shite much longer. It's really wearin' my patience thin but Aryn won' get offa' me back."

"I've been thinking about that... Archin is the head miner, right? Rice, Mayor and Mason... Valaria with the Engravers, Istrath and the Jewelers. If we can get them to start trade guilds, then we can get them to make demands. They can walk out when Aryn starts trying to throw his weight around."

"I like that, but how does that 'elp us? Archin's got the miners locked down tight."

"Yes. Well, we can work on that later, can't we?"

Johnny leaned against the wall, lost in thought. Glancing around the room, Stravitch jerked a thumb towards the small alcove on the side. "What's that? Why you have a coffin here?"

Johnny shrugged. "The bug hit me. I've got a feeling I'm gonna' bite it here, and wanted to have something to get my carcass put in. It's not much."

"I like those wooden spikes you put on it, and that image of a shield."

"Aye. With all these dead walkin' around like they was alive, I wanted someone to effin' stake me if I ever tried to climb back out of it."

Silence washed over the room once more, and Stavitch was tactful enough to keep it, waiting until Johnny finally spoke again, "Aye, I suppose the guilds COULD work.... it'll take some time though, and we gotta' convince them it was THEIR idea... Ya' know, I'm awful glad you 'elped me over me father. Feckin' prat can rot for not knowing a good deal when he sees one. You've always had an eye for coin."

Stravitch smiled and adjusted the mace hanging from the reed cord at his waist. "Yeah. Who would have thought gobbos could have found a use for all that old siege equipment?"

[March 28, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 28, 2008, 08:51:00 pm**

Love the mosaic. You mentioned something about a pond, Are the eyes going to be channeled out into it?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 28, 2008, 09:33:00 pm**

Events of the 5th of Malachite, 1054

The sounds of insane laughter rang over the smoothed walls, as Aryn sprinted towards the last of the Administration rooms. Behind him came the heavy foot fall of three of the guard, the plate metal boots clanking on ominously on the stone.

Rice and Lucy were woken from their sleep as their door was kicked in, the wooden frame splintering slightly as it rebounded off the wall. Siloutted in the doorway was Aryn, his frame a black outline - all but his glasses reflecting the light, and the wide, sharks grin his mouth was spread in.

"That's right. Get the *hell* out of here, you bastard. Ya' know what just happened? We just had a midnight election. Everyone who showed up UNANIMOUSLY voted one of our ELITE into the mayors position. You're out! How do you like those anvils now, huh? How do you like them!"

The laughter ringing through the compound, ever so faintly, found the ears of Archin, but it didn't register. It affected Valaria though, who was already crying as she carried the broken miner's body towards an empty bed. The Dread Camels had gotten to her, and it was only chance that had Sulari taking her walk at that time, that night, to save her. Gently she lay the legendary Mason down on the cot, and rushed off to find someone, anyone, to fetch food and water.

(OOC) Well, that could have ended badly! Let's hope Archin recovers from her mangled hand, broken leg, and bruised brain :(

quote:
Originally posted by Kaelem Gaen: Love the mosaic. You mentioned something about a pond, Are the eyes going to be channeled out into it?

Oh my god, that idea is absolutely FANTASTIC. I was going to leave the sand-designs as the eyes, but I absolutely LOVE the idea of a nice, deep blue taking their place. Good show!

Oh, and Rice was voted out of office, leaving the spot of Aryn's chosen Mayor (and hell, 60-some odd others) open to anyone that wants them. Otherwise, the mayor will become under my control. Which may, or may not, be a good thing.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 28, 2008, 09:39:00 pm**

Nice temple. Who is the dwarf supposed to be? Is it Zefon, who takes the form of a female dwarf if I remember correctly? I support turning the eyes into ponds. They'd be perfect for baptisms!

I was wondering what that "hidden" room was on the map archive. It's a fitting place for secret meetings.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 29, 2008, 12:44:00 am**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Sandstone, 1054

Second Law of the nature of Dwarves:

Unable to complete whatever personal mandate they set for themselves, Dwarves may snap, their inner rage overflowing their generally docile natures. Due to their objectives staying unmet they will feel this is a slight against them as they only being possibly able to finish whatever masterworks they have dreamed up. Such is the case today, when one of our two carpenters turned berserker simply because there were no shells forthcoming.

When he snapped he killed one of our skilled craftsmen, and bashed the brewers head into the wall until his brains seeped out onto the floor. The area was sealed off until The Mayor reached the rampaging vagrant. He was separated from his lower half and was left to bleed out on the floor on the workshop level. His body will be thrown to the magma with the rest of the trash.

Such is the nature of the Dwarf. His ego leads him to this; Because of his obsession with finishing some alleged masterwork, a dwarf WILL go insane if he isn't allowed to complete it. From now on, any dwarf that could possible explode will be watched by Stravitch's

guard. Those men are the only way to control the possibility of a large-scale riot...

Personal note: I need my own, personal guard. Recruit loyal men soon.

Edit: Yeowch, it seems I shouldn't write anything with that much vodka under the belt! This was all clean up.

[March 29, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 29, 2008, 12:55:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
Nice temple. Who is the dwarf supposed to be? Is it Zefon, who takes the form of a female dwarf if I remember correctly? I support turning the eyes into ponds. They'd be perfect for baptisms!

I was wondering what that "hidden" room was on the map archive. It's a fitting place for secret meetings.

Since Zefon is supposed to be the representation of "rebirth", I used the image of a Dwarf Child as the mosaic for the church. That whole area is set up as a meeting area, with a statue to be added soon - would any of you want a row of "pews" added? It'll disguise the way the mosaic looks, but give any dwarf attending a meeting on a break somewhere to sit

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bigmcstrongmuscle** on **March 29, 2008, 02:38:00 am**

Good to hear Sulari's been making herself useful. That brain injury on Archin sucks; the only answer is ever greater vigilance against the Humped Ones! Let their scattered bones rot upon the barren dune for the vultures to pick! Or be carved into bolts to train our marksdwarfs; either way.

That is a really cool temple, too. Do you have plans for a roof? All it needs to cap it off is a Parthenon-style roof made of stone ramps, with cathedral-style statuing.

./+ = Rough/Smooth Floor
^/v = Up/Down Ramps
O = Wall
F = Fortifications
S = Statue
_ = Empty Space

code:

TOP VIEW, Z+0:
..F+++++
.OF+++++
..F+++++
.OF+++++
..F+++++
.OF+++++
..F+++++
.OF+++++
.OFFFFFF
.OO+++++

code:

TOP VIEW, Z+1:
_ ^O ____
_ S^O ____
_ ^O ____
_ S^O ____
_ ^O ____
_ S^O ____
_ ^O ____
_ S^O ____
_ +^O ____
_ S^O0000

code:

TOP VIEW, Z+2:
_ vS^O ____
_ v+^O ____
_ vS^O ____
_ v+^O ____
_ vS^O ____
_ v+^O ____
_ vS^O ____
_ v+^O ____
_ vS^O ____
_ v+^O000

code:

TOP VIEW, Z+3:
____ v+^O
____ vS^O
____ v+^O
____ vS^O
____ v+^O
____ vS^O
____ v+^O
____ vS^O

Although if you do that, it might be worth starting the ceiling of the temple one or two Z-levels higher than that, to make it look better in the visualizer.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 29, 2008, 09:49:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by bigmcstrongmuscle:
That is a really cool temple, too. Do you have plans for a roof? All it needs to cap it off is a Parthenon-style roof made of stone ramps, with cathedral-style statuing.

That is a great idea for a roof. I've been putting off doing one because I didn't want it to be a simple flat mass of stone. As soon as I laying the stone for the aquaducts, I'll set the masons to work building that roof while the engineers prep the Dwarf Wash.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 29, 2008, 03:56:00 pm**

No pews. Every time I've put chairs or thrones in a meeting area, dwarves will sometimes take their food there to eat. There must be no eating in the House of Zefon. The faithful should be willing to stand in the presence of their lord.

It would be cool if the Zefon-worshippers could get tombs in or near the temple. Just something to think about if you ever run out of major projects to do.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **March 29, 2008, 10:35:00 pm**

So wait I was voted out by some crazy axeman? Awww man. Oh well I can get back to engraving masonry and taking breaks to make friends.

Rice's Journal
5th Malachite
I have been voted out of office. Although I felt somewhat saddened by my loss in this surprise election, I am glad that my replacement is someone well versed in military tactics. This should help improve the survivability of our dwarves. Also I should note that Aryn does not like me very much. I'm not sure why. The anvils really weren't that big a deal were they?

EDIT: Added journal

[March 30, 2008: Message edited by: ricemastah]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 29, 2008, 10:51:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by ricemastah: So wait I was voted out by some crazy axeman? Awww man. Oh well I can get back to engraving masonry and taking breaks to make friends.

Yeah, I thought it was odd too. Most of the Dwarves are currently ecstatic, everyone's working, and for no reason I could discern they voted you out as Mayor and picked the almost-champion.

At least you can take solace in the fact that you have a girlfriend (Lucy), and Aryn doesn't, right?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 29, 2008, 10:57:00 pm**

Does the new mayor have lots of children or siblings? In my forts, my mayor is usually the dwarf with the most children. I sometimes murder that dwarf to get the mayor I want, but then one of the children grows up and becomes mayor so I have to murder them too.

I think this might be a bug where children count as voters and family members skew election results. Then again maybe not, and it's supposed to be that way.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 29, 2008, 11:07:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Kuli: Does the new mayor have lots of children or siblings? In my forts, my mayor is usually the dwarf with the most children. I sometimes murder that dwarf to get the mayor I want, but then one of the children grows up and becomes mayor so I have to murder them too.
I think this might be a bug where children count as voters and family members skew election results. Then again maybe not, and it's supposed to be that way.

Actually, uh, the new mayor is a childless, unmarried swordswoman who's only friends were Sulari and Stravitch until she became mayor. I just assumed it was the game throwing me a curve ball.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 29, 2008, 11:26:00 pm**

The Events of the 1st of Moonstone, 1054

The gathering was small, but no one expected the entire fort to turn out. Only those that worshiped Zefon were in attendance, standing about the ornately mosiaced floor. They were waiting for the leader of their congregation, Kuli, to show up, and already the nervous murmurings of those who were unsure were beginning to filter through the group.

Just as their patience was about to wear thin, the wooden double-doors were pushed open, the wrought-iron hinges creaking under the weight of the heavy pine doors. In the entry way stood Kuli, his deep blue suit rumbled, his face haggered. But a wide smile was on his face, and as he limped forward, the parishioners could see he carried something with him, seeming to cradle it against his body.

Reaching the front of the room, Kuli turned and held out what he carried - a magnificent copper gauntlet, encircled with bands of sterling silver, rings of copper and Dread Camel-bone dangling from the wrists. Sunstone was shaved down into tasteful spikes that were attached at the knuckles. Engraved on the back was a picture of Enterdlanced, the mace.

"This, is Burnhelped! I saw it in a dream, as it's template, it's design, was handed down to me from Zefon herself! This gauntlet symbolizes the iron fist we must take with the land, with our oppressors, and with ourselves. It represents the control we must exhibit towards vice, and the firmness with which we must face evil.
"Brother, Sisters, this is a turning point. This church has more work to be done, much more, but I feel, I *feel* that we're making an impact on this community. Already we're bringing others to the fold, and with your contributions we have helped bring safety and prosperity to these very halls. Hear me! With us, this fortress will prosper! Zefons Praise is with you"

"AND WITH YOU GOES ZEFONS LOVE," the crowd roared in unison.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 30, 2008, 10:20:00 am**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1055

Things are coming along fine, finally. Rice has been thrown out and one of my own, the Swordswoman Catten, was put into office after a midnight election. It's just a shame only the soldiers showed up but these are matters that can not wait until morning.

Census: 69 Dwarves
Layout: The current lay of the fortress

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 30, 2008, 11:12:00 am**

Please tell me that was a fey or secretive mood and Kuli is now a legendary armorer.

Anyway, very cool. This gauntlet will protect our bodies just as Zefon protects our souls. All praise be to Zefon.

As for the new mayor, are there any dwarves with several children? If there aren't, then that doesn't mean my theory is necessarily wrong. Certainly the new mayor must have lots of friends at least.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 30, 2008, 12:00:00 pm**

The Events of the 20th of Granite, 1054

Aryn and Istrath stood on top of wall, staring out to the east. A hand shielded the scorching sun from the Jewelers eyes, and it took him a few minutes to smile and point towards the slowly moving figures, "There! See them? Elves are coming with goods."

"Wonderful! Rally the haulers and get the goods up. Make sure there's no blood on them, they ha-...wait, what is that noise?"
From down below came a shriek, "Oh, no! AAAMMBUUUSHH!"

There was a mad scramble as Dwarves fought to get underground and away from the leering, grin skinned hammerers marching up from the south. The sounds of battle carried from the east, the poor elf merchants getting slaughtered by a group of lashers. A few of the planters were trampled, leaving them dazed but relatively unscathed. A hush fell over the crowd is Mayor Catten stormed up the steps, flanked by Geshud her second, and the stoic squad of Marksdwarves.

Crippled by Cecabuna the Dread Camel, she spent a year recovering broken arms, and a mangled leg, but her spine never healed, leaving her bent into an ungainly question-mark. Geshud had been mauled by a leopard, leaving him with one always-deflated lung, and there was gossip floating through the tunnels of their fortress being protected by a "standing army of cripples" - a slur that would not be uttered again.

The two squads met the goblins on the southern bridge. With cover supplied by the marksdwarves, Catten and Geshud made swift work of the hammers, leaving a pile of limbs gathering sand in the dusty wastes. Pausing so Geshud could catch his breath, Catten grabbed him by his armor and pulled him close for a passionate kiss, before pushing down the hill towards the lashers.



A group of four goblin snatchers rushed down the aquaducts, spilling onto the sand below. They looked fearfully upwards at Olngo Matongom. He glared down at them, slowly twirling one end of his long, waxed mustache.

"Master, we were spotted on the stoneworks! They gave chase and we just escaped with our lives!"
"CURSES!" Snarled Olngo. "Curses, curses, and double curses. You've won *This* time, Dwarves! But I will have what I seek!"

He flourished his black-and-red-lined cape as he turned. Adjusting the large, black stovepipe **hat** atop his head, Olngo headed north, flanked by his snivling group of unsuccessful snatchers.

Edit: Damn me for leaving out words...

[March 30, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 30, 2008, 12:24:00 pm**

HAHAH! Nice, watch out for the men in Stovepipe hats.
I'm wondering what he wants, hmmm...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 30, 2008, 02:44:00 pm**

From the Files of Aryn Estetar
8th of Felsite, 1055

Army status: Worthless! All they have to do is train how to fight, to practice and get proficient, and what am I left with? Three Dwarves that can stand upright, one of which is a mean-tempered cripple who has actively broken the arms, legs, or faces of anyone she trains with. Unable to beat any more recruits due to none wanting to train with her, she mandated pig-iron items and when they weren't produced, took her anger out in the form of a beating on one of Kuli's metal smiths. At least she's punishing the right people this time, the clod.

Census: 83
New Migrants:
A Metalsmith
A Bone Carver
An Armorer
3 Peasants
A Stonecrafter
3 Fishery Workers
A Tanner
A Butcher

A Miller
A Siege Engineer
A Mason
A Miner
An Animal Dissector
A Leather Worker

I've recruited many into the military to replenish the numbers. The Fishery Workers, and the Siege Engineer, all came from the Northlands and know Johnny Fountainsprings and refuse to go into military service. Their insolence will be punished.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 30, 2008, 04:48:00 pm**

The Events of 10th Malachite, 1055

Sulari gently opened the door to Catten's room, knocking on the frame. "Boss?" She said tenatively, "We've got some bad news."

The grizzled swordswoman looked up from the book she was reading, her stomach wrapped in bandages from where the Dread Camel's hove was put through it. "What's happened now."

"Well," began Sulari, "The Gobbos attacked again. Killed a kid, some engraver, two of our marksdwarves, killed your second, wounded the leader of the Axe-Legion, and, uh, Killed Geshud." Catten whistled low at the tally, but the outburst at the announcement her lover had been killed never came. She waved her hand for Sulari to continue.

"However, before he got wounded, he took out the whole Gobbo axe group by himself, and took an arrow in the face. Your second was charging the ranks of crossbows and took three in the chest..."

"So what GOOD news do you have for me, Sulari?"
"Well, Uh. "Snake" here..."

Pushing past her was a grizzled looking Dwarf, his unkempt hair kept out of his eyes with a blue bandanna. A crudely cut piece of leather served as an eye patch, a cigarette perched in his lips. He removed the smoke long enough to cough into his palm, wiping the bloody speckles onto the side of his pants, "I hid by the gate housing at the bridge until the gobbos went past before sliding out to meet them on the field of battle. Cut them down, Boss, every last one of them."

"Good," Said Catten, scowling at the book in front of her. "Help the civilians bury the bodies, and report back to me. We obviously need better training..."

Edit: Clarification on "Snake", his eye patch, and some clean-up.

[March 31, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **March 30, 2008, 05:44:00 pm**

OOC: That engraver... he wasn't me was he?

Rice's Journal
10th Malachite

The goblins seem more and more vicious as our fortress grows larger. but at least we continue to repel them. I don't know what they could possibly be after considering the losses they have taken. Obviously they want it badly. Only Lucy is here to comfort me and the losses we dwarves have suffered continues to grow.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 30, 2008, 06:31:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Kuli: Please tell me that was a fey or secretive mood and Kuli is now a legendary armorer.

You know it! Kuli has actually been a bit of a problem for me, because he's obsessed with trying to grab stuff off of dead gobbos during a battle, causing me no end of head aches.

quote:
Originally posted by ricemastah: OOC: That engraver... he wasn't me was he?

Oh no. You're alive and quite well. You've pretty much single-handedly smoothed over the whole plumbing system, while Lucy has been making mechanisms like mad. You're almost a legendary mason/engraver at this point.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 30, 2008, 09:27:00 pm**

Ambushes can be harsh. At least now that population is above 80 you should be getting sieges instead, so you don't get surprised by ambushes very often.

Is Kuli actually doing that, or is it just a joke on my signature?

quote:
HAHAH! Nice, watch out for the men in Stovepipe hats.

Not a stovepipe *hat*. Just a stovepipe.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 31, 2008, 10:01:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Kuli: Is Kuli actually doing that, or is it just a joke on my signature?

It actually happened. I forgot to hook the draw bridge up to the lever so I'm frantically pulling it trying to get the bridge to raise. Kuli's just prancing around, trying to grab narrow shoes or whatever and took a couple arrows to the arm. They were all brown and gray wounds, and they were healed by the time the ambush was over.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 31, 2008, 10:16:00 am**

How do you cover the hole where your missing eye is? Does that mean he's just hiding it?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 01, 2008, 08:42:00 am**

Life imitates art I guess. Or the other way around?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 01, 2008, 06:32:00 pm**

The Events of the 18th of Limestone, 1055

Aryn stood on the wall at the lowest part of the aqueducts, his hands clasped behind him, acting as foreman for the carpenters hard at work at the brooks edge. They were hastily constructing the first of two water wheels, following the directions barked at them from slightly above. They stopped their work at the sound of boots-fall on the dusty wastes.

Lucy ran down the hill as fast as she could, her face red, hair stuck in clumps to her sweaty forehead. Coming to a half in front of the aqueducts she panted in deep breaths, managing to gasp out, "Ah-Aryn, It's, it's Mayor Catten, I... she won't answer her door. It's locked."

"Well? Perhaps she's asleep?"
"I doh-<gasp>-don't think so. She... it's been hours."
"Of all the... if this is a false alarm, it will be on your head!"

"BREAK IT DOWN THEN!" shouted Aryn from Catten's dining room.

Stravitch raised his mace high, and swung it around in a full arc. The head caught the door at the handle and splintered it, the sound of the metal lock clattering across the floor. Sulari kicked it open and took a step forward before stopping. The others peered around her, mouths agape.

Inside, Catten Lawcrystal the Misery of Fading dangled from a rope-reed rope attached to a support beam, the toes of her boots barely scraping the ground.

"Oh, oh Zefon, I..." Sulari gagged and turned, vomiting on the floor, her ax clattering to the floor beside her. Stravitch turned his back to the scene and walked towards the door, muttering, "I'll get the soldiers to cut her down, we'll have her buried by morning." Sulari was quick to follow on shaky legs, setting out to find a bucket of water to clean the sick.

That left Aryn alone in the door way. His eyes were locked on the scene before him, and though he stood unmoving, his hands were clenched into fists at his side, trembling with rage. Red in the face, his upper lip curled, mouth opening wide - but he was able to swallow the bellow of rage rising in his throat.

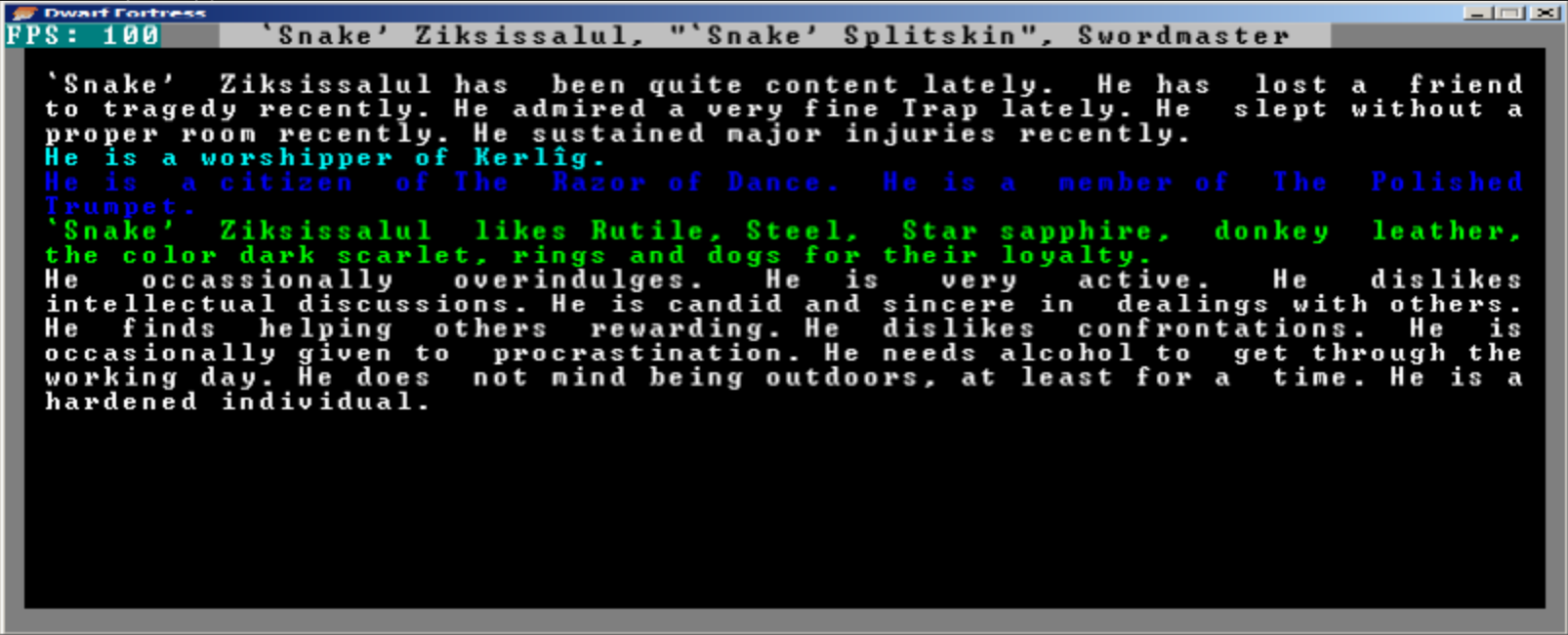
"Oh, you stupid crippled bitch," he snarled. Turning from the door he stalked out into the hallway, shouldering his way past the rush of soldiers, "You've left me in one hell of a mess."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 01, 2008, 09:10:00 pm**

From the Files of Aryn Estetar
9th of Timber, 1055

Notes: One of the Masons became possessed, and despite what Kuli said I feel this was just an attempt at garnering attention. He kept screaming "OLSMO" over and over, his shrill voice ringing through the hallways, but no one can figure out what the hell it means. Kuli, the only one willing to go into the workshop, eventually came out. He was crying, the weak fool, and there was blood on his hands, but the job was done. The screaming had stopped, and the attention-starved Mason's corpse was fed to the magma gods while the others slept.

Politics: With Catten dead, we're holding "free elections" for the mayoral position as soon as possible. My vote goes to Snake Splitskin, her one-eyed apprentice.



Census: 80
New Migrants: At least we have fresh meat. I can be thankful for that.
A Woodcutter
A Stoneworker
2 Peasants
1 Macedwarf
1 Animal Disector
1 Fisherman

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vugor** on **April 01, 2008, 09:24:00 pm**

sweetness so far

keep up the good work and i shall share some of my butchered kitten meat with u

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 01, 2008, 10:46:00 pm**

The Events of the 18th of Moonstone, 1055

Johnny was drenched in sweat. He'd installed a screw pump in his room, the parts stolen from the various workshops around the fortress. Already he felt stronger, his crudely stitched shirts fitting tighter due to the extra muscle mass from the constant, monotonous turning of the pumps handle.

Shrouded by moonlight, Stravitch darted across the courtyard and down to Johnny's room at the cliffs edge. He slipped into the room, a scowl spread on his face. Johnny did ten more rotations before letting the handle go, the stored energy causing the machine to whip backwards a few turns. "Wot's the prob'em, Stravitch?"

"Ugh. Aryn held another midnight voting session. The miners, the masons, the fishermen, the engravers, the engineers, none of them showed up. It was just the soldiers, and the cooks and brewers! They voted him in unanimously."

"What! ya're kiddin' me! They really feckin' did that?"
"He promised them extra booze for votes, and a higher standing. Whatever the hell that means. This is bad, Johnny, this is real bad."
"Ach, we're gunna haf'ta move things up a'ead of schedule. This's all goin'ta hell in a hand basket. Feckin' HELL!" Johnny swung his arm around, sending a mass of papers and a stein flying across the large room.

Stravitch waited patiently until his tantrum subsided, and nodded his head in agreement. Adjusting his stance, he rested his hand on his mace, smiling wide. "Actually, look, this is salvageable. We can make this work. I've been prepping the Fishers. They're just waiting on you to give the word."

There was a pause while Johnny composed himself. Eventually he nodded, "aw'right. We'll step things up. Keep yer' guard on the ready, I'm not sure Aryn will like this lil' threat to his power."

[April 02, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 02, 2008, 04:26:00 pm**

The Events of the 21st of Moonstone, 1055

"And that'll ... jus' about ... do it! Gentleman, ladies? Ya've just made history here wit' me. We're on way to a better life."

The Dwarves filed out of the sparsely decorated dining room, broken into pairs, talking and laughing among themselves. Johnny was the last one out, his eyes ringed from lack of sleep, a tired smile beaming out from his beard. In his hand he carried a sheet of graphite-smearred paper which was promptly tacked to the main entrance to the dining room.

Aryn passed him in the hallway, and was greeted with a cheery, "Hoi, Aryn, ya' should check out the new notice tha's been posted by the mess. It's a real hoot."

"Notice? Notice, what notice?" But Johnny had vanished up the stairs, heading towards the liquor stockpiles. He hurried to the dining room and stopped in front of the door, his eyes growing wider and wider in disbelief at what he read:

AS PREPARED BY JOHNNY FOUNTAINSPRINGS AND WITNESSED BY THE LIVING ORIGINAL FOUNDERS, THE DWARVES OF THE POLISHED TRUMPET HEREBY ANNOUNCE THEIR UNIONIZATION TO INCREASE PAY, PRODUCTION, BENEFITS, AND FOODSTUFFS. BELOW ARE THE NAMES OF CURRENT UNION LEADERS-
Miners Union: Archin Spunpillars
Stoneworkers Union: Rice Relicmastered
Engravers Union: Valania Riftlash
Metalworkers Union: Kuli Problemwalled
Jewlers Union: Istrath Leopardknight
Mechanics Union: Lucy Hammertempests
Fishermans Union: Johnny Fountainspring

Balling his fists at his side, Aryn turned and sprinted towards his room, preparing a new section in his files: TRAITORS TO THE CAUSE.

OOC: We've reached somewhere important, and I'd like to give you guys a chance to tailor your characters more to how you feel they'd act. Even though things are now unionized, that doesn't mean everyone is working for the same goals. You're more than free to pick your allegiance: Johnny, Aryn, or going into business for yourselves (or each other)

I'll continue to make a posts, take tally of what the results are (if there are any), and start altering the story accordingly. Lastly - if you want a dwarf in the fort, feel free to make a request. Give me a name, gender, alliance, and what profession and I'll do what I can to accommodate.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bigmcstrongmuscle** on **April 02, 2008, 04:50:00 pm**

Sulari is apolitical at the moment - the hullabaloo about the unions doesn't affect her too much in the army, and she's much more interested in the promise of helping to carve out a Utopia than in Aryn himself, although she hasn't really given enough thought to him to realize he's kind of skunky. Her domain is fending off the Dread Camels and the Goblins to keep the fort safe, not power struggles within the fort itself; for the moment, she's a politically naive idealist and easily persuaded by a strong argument by a skilled speaker.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **April 02, 2008, 04:56:00 pm**

It seems that Rice is stuck as a Union leader already, although being a leader of a guild is more of what I saw him as. He honestly, or at least in my imagination, saw this as a place to carve out Utopia. But lately he's been looking down on Aryn, so it may just be that he's corrupted and began to seek fortune for himself and people with like interest. Whatever works for you story I'll go along with it. And try to keep my little journal things in line.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 02, 2008, 05:24:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by ricemastah: It seems that Rice is stuck as a Union leader already, although being a leader of a guild is more of what I saw him as. He honestly, or at least in my imagination, saw this as a place to carve out Utopia. But lately he's been looking down on Aryn, so it may just be that he's corrupted and began to seek fortune for himself and people with like interest. Whatever works for you story I'll go along with it. And try to keep my little journal things in line.

I've actually felt kind of bad about all the crap that's come Rice's way. Poor guy just wants the best for the fort, likes his fellow dwarves, does everything right, and gets thrown out and mistreated by the "guy in charge". I can see why he'd be a little disenfranchised.

When I imagined these "unions", they were more just glorified guilds in my mind. I just like the word Union because it gives those that don't like them a couple built-in reasons for their dislike.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 02, 2008, 06:20:00 pm**

The Events of the 22nd of Moonstone, 1055

The only reason they knew the goblins had arrived was because of the shrill scream coming from the wastes as Udib the brewer was perforated with arrows. Immediately the front gate was raised, but Snake grabbed one of the peasants before he could reach the other lever, "Get underground! Civilians are nothing but casualties on the Field of Battle! The Eastern gate is our choke point, it's to be *left open!* Marksman, to the parapets. *Sulari! Follow me!*"

The marksman bounded up the steps, taking up their positions behind the fortifications. Sulari and Snake hid inside the gate house, their ears ready for the noise of running feet - a sound muffled by the snarls and screams as bolts rained down on them.

Eventually the sound of small feet racing across the bridge was heard, a few of the unwounded breaking into shelter from the marksmen. "Now," whispered Snake, "Let's go."

"DIE, GOBBOS!" screamed Sulari. Her stout frame, coated in heavy armor stunned the goblins into a moment of a pause, and in that instance she planted her ax into the face of their leader. Twisting and fighting to get the blade out from his skull, Snake darted past, cleaving a chunk from a thigh before sticking his sword through it's throat. Pulling her ax free, Sulari lopped off a hand, then the opposite arm, followed by the poor goblins head.

The rest of the day was clean up. The few bolt-riddled goblins that had crawled away were put out of their misery with a swift length of steel. After, drinks were shared by the soldiers in the barracks, in memory of the most important person in the fortress: Poor Udib, Master Brewer.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 02, 2008, 08:43:00 pm**

The Events of the 19th of Opal, 1055

Around the pit where the lake would be the Dwarves milled about restlessly in the scorching heat. Fans made out of paper and thin bones were used to fan themselves, wide brimmed prospectors caps shielding their eyes from the harsh sun above. Aryn was standing alone at the side, a handful of schematics in his hands, making one last check that everything was in place when Kuli approached him.

"Aryn, Is there anything I can - anything the church can do for you?"

"Hmm? No, I don't believe so. Thank you, Kuli."

"I understand you've asked the people to gather around to watch. I would like to bless this device, to ensure our prosperity. So... you will see me walk forward, towards the pumps-"

"The Aqueduct."

"Yes, the Aqueduct, and I'll want you to say my name, and then I will bless the aqueduct-"

"When you walk up?"

"Yes, when I walk up. And then I will bless it, and you can say my name."

"...that sounds fine, Kuli."

Aryn stood at the end of the bridge. Beside him stood the Leopardknight's young son Limul, shielding his eyes from the light with the flat of his hand. Aryn raised his hands to silence the crowd, and at that moment Kuli stepped forward from the crowd. A serene smile was on his face, his hands clasped around the leatherbound Word of Zefon. As he stepped up beside the pair on the bridge, Aryn lowered his hands and stepped forward to speak to the massed Dwarves.

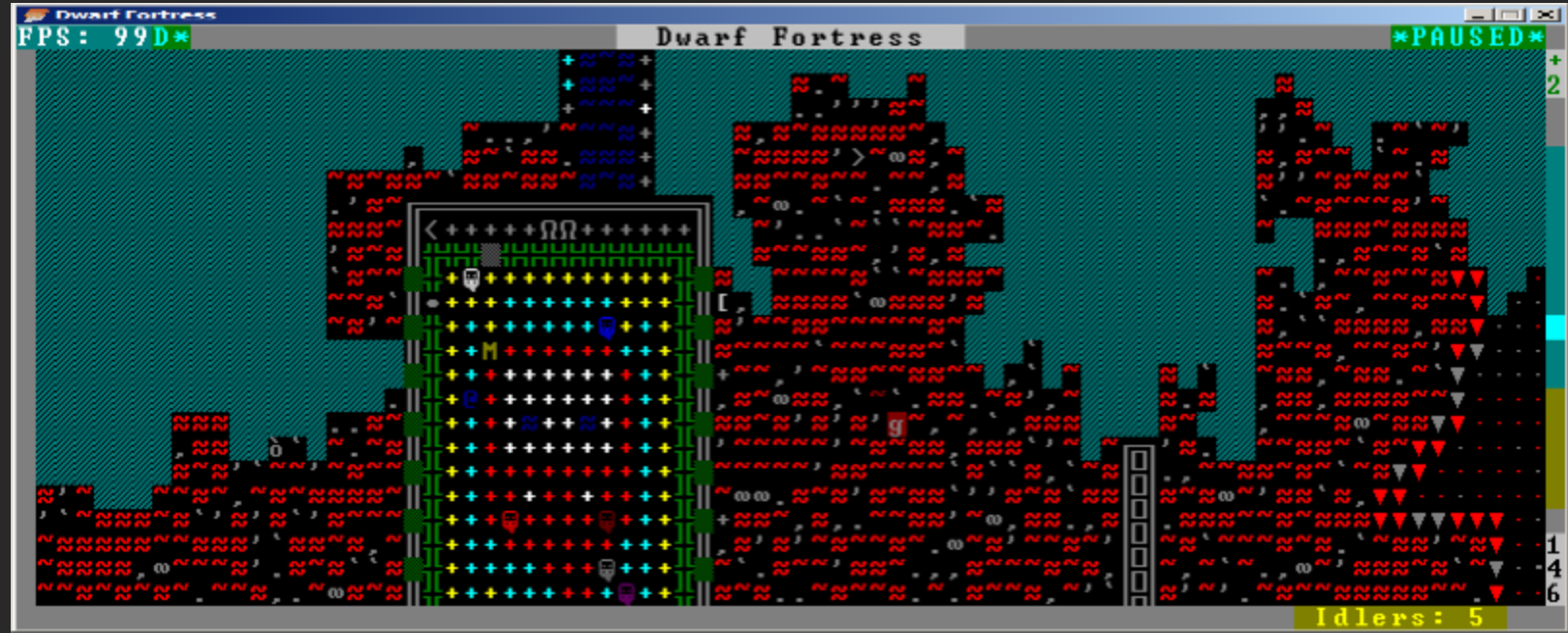
"I thank you all so much for coming sky-side at this time. I've had the pleasure of talking with some of our new denizens, and I hope very much in the months to come, I'll be able to talk with each and every one of you. Uhh, I'm much better at, ahh, working the books and organizing the days labors than I am making speeches, so let's skip that and just do a simple blessing instead.

"You see- one man doesn't redirect whole rivers. It takes a community of good people, such as yourselves, and, ahh, you've all done so well. We stay together in these once-wastes, we pray together, we work together, and if the good Lord Zefon smiles kindly on our endeavor, we share in the wealth together.

"If we become split as a community, we will never succeed to find this wealth. As we distance ourselves from one another by such petty attributes as job titles because we're upset with the slow build of pleasantries here in the boondocks, we, ah, we will be doomed to be no more than dust for the Dread Camels' hooves trampling among the hills.

"Now before we flip the switch on what we've christened Limul's Aqueduct, named for the charming Mister Limul Leopardknight here by my side - a *proud* son of these wastelands - I'd just like to say Zefon praises these honest labors of ours, and, of course, blesses you all. Amen."

The crowd erupted into cheers as Aryn and Limul marched over to the lever embedded at the cliffs edge. Together they pulled it, and in the distance the grinding of gears could be heard, and soon the rush of water, as clear blue liquid rushed down the channel. As the Dwarves rushed forward to drink their fill, Kuli was left on the bridge alone, the serene smile still on his face, his hands still clasped around his book.



Edit: Clarification on who's actually talking.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 02, 2008, 10:37:00 pm**

The Journal of Johnny Fountainspring
1st of Granite, 1056

Ugh, it keeps getting harder. Aryn's swayed over a few supporters with his little speech, and his rise to power after Catten's death was a real kick in the nuts. To make matters worth, poor Istrath Leopardknight is now a widower. His wife's spine was broken by the Dread Camels, like so many others, and before Snake and Sulari could get out to her aid they'd ... ugh, they'd split her skull open.

There's now a war against the Dread Menace. The squads are working in shifts; Sulari's axes in the morning, Snake's swords in the afternoon, and the hammerers stalking the wastes at night. In a single week, we've re-killed twenty of them, and there are still more. There will always be more.

I've taken to mapping out as much of the complex as I can, and I think I have a good map of the place, secret passages and all. <see>

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 02, 2008, 10:43:00 pm**

Well, Kuli as he's become in the story wouldn't choose sides in the Aryn/Johnny conflict. He'll support whoever shows respect to the House of Zefon. If neither does, then Kuli would probably try to consolidate the Zefonists into an independent group which would then try to mediate the dispute. If it comes to it, they would defend themselves.

Kuli started as a simple man of faith. Now that he's the leader of the Zefonists and also the Metalsmith Union leader the responsibility is likely going to his head a little bit. He's starting to think of himself as some sort of hero, though in a relatively modest way.

Wait. If I'm reading that last post right, Kuli is the new mayor?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 02, 2008, 10:48:00 pm**

Thanks for all the input! This will definitely help with how the characters will act in the upcoming feud.

quote:
Originally posted by Kuli: Wait. If I'm reading that last post right, Kuli is the new mayor?

Sorry about that. I edited that post to add more clarity in who's talking when.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 02, 2008, 11:00:00 pm**

I'm still a little confused. If Aryn is making the speech, why does he invoke Zefon's name several times? Political expediency maybe?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 03, 2008, 07:56:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Kuli: I'm still a little confused. If Aryn is making the speech, why does he invoke Zefon's name several times? Political expediency maybe?

Exactly. It doubles as a small "go to hell" to Kuli who wants to do a good deed, and as a way to try to get in the good graces of everyone who's unionized to strip him from his newly-gained powers. What better way than picking a child, invoking the name of the biggest God in the fort, and bringing up the water all the same time?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 04, 2008, 05:05:00 pm**

From the Journal of Johnny Fountainspring
22nd of Granite, 1056

In less than a years time our Workers Unionization has offered great success. Our craftsmen have been pumping out trinkets by the barrel full, the masons and miners renovating the bedrooms, the engineers laying down their complicated mechanisms for whatever machination Aryn had dreamed up. The elves arrived, and our fortress is once again rid of our crap and full of their goods.

This was offset by the goblins at the horizon. Aryn has been overing double-beer rations to anyone who spots a Threat to Fortress Safety and Valania, with her excellent vision, spotted the group in the distance. Unlike the skulking retches that try to sneak in and cause havoc, these are Fifteen well armored pikemen, their leader wearing a standard pole on his back sporting what looked like a Dwarves' skull.

There was a fight with Aryn about closing the gates immediately, but eventually Rice's humanity won out. Aryn pulled the switch himself, the last remaining worker launched a couple paces into the court yard. He's already busying himself with the prepartion of the soldiers, and that left me to discover something very important:

These damned elves refuse to take anything made of wood, or animals, or anything with even a smear of vomit on it! Sneaking into the trade depot at night, I pissed the whole lot of them off by offering a vomit covered wooden crossbow, and we're now stuck inside with a dozen of the pointy-eared squeekies. Perhaps I'll just open the doors at night and let the goblins have at them.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 04, 2008, 05:41:00 pm**

The Events of the 26th of Granite, 1056

The squads lined up at the front of the bridge. Their faces were stony, their resolve set as they listened to the marching goblins, their raspy voices shouting out a near-tuneless marching song in an alien tongue. Sulari, the highest ranking soldier in the fortress, leaned on her axe and watched the rising wave of green bodies march over the hill. Unlike the other recruits she was calm, her nerves tempered by the Dread Camels and the years previous ambushers.

Many mistakes were made in this battle, ones that would be remembered and discussed. Mistakes such as the Marksmen upon the parapet breaking their resolve and bolting downstairs with the civilians. The second was the elves, the pointy-eared pacifists taking that moment to lead their wagons across the bridge.

As the Goblins set upon them pandemonium broke loose. As the elves and their mules tried to flee back across the bridge, two of the recruits broke ranks and charged. They were set upon by the pikeman and struck down, spraying blood across the sand.

As Sulari charged forward with another recruit, Snake held back, deciding it would be in his best interest to lead the Elven traders back to safety. Turning to shout at him, a goblin pike found a chink in her left thigh plate, grazing the skin. Glancing down at it, her upper lip curled into a snarl, and her axe blade began to sing.

With three of her number dead, Sulari wasn't looking to give the Goblins a swift death. She spun in a tight circle as she was surrounded, dodging spear thrusts. As the Axe sang towards a bicep, an ankle, a head, she would turn it in mid air so the flat caught her target, shattering bones.

Even with every goblin suffering a broken bone, she was still surrounded, and the screams and spear-thrusts were wearing her out. The little gashes were beginning to add up, and a lucky shot broke through her armor and stabbed her thigh. The goblin grinned a wide sharks grinned and twisted the spear a second before Sulari was sprayed with his blood, a bolt jutting from his eye.

One of the rangers had broken free from the civilians, and was standing at the top of the staircase, rapid-firing bolts at the goblins. His aim was true, and the ones still standing took bolts through the chest and eyes.

Sulari stumbled backwards panting hard. All around her were the dying bodies of their attackers, or the corpses of the ones fortunate enough to shed their mortal coil. She raised her axe wearily and waved to the ranger, who waved his hand with a flourish before exploding another goblins head with an arrow.

Passing out from exhustion Sulari didn't notice Snake and the marksdwarves sauntering onto the battle field, casually finishing off the goblins still alive. She didn't see them leave her in the sand while they headed back inside for drinks and food and to be hailed as heroes while they sang the Alls-Clear.

But Rice, trapped in gate-house during the battle, saw it all.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 04, 2008, 07:48:00 pm**

From the Files of Aryn Estetar
14th of Slate, 1056

Investigation: Though I've finally achieved the coveted spot of Mayor, I've been haunted by a very serious problem. Catten's suicide, in itself, isn't abnormal. Crippled in battle, her lover gutted by goblins, confined to her room, her life had no meaning. She should have been put out of her misery long ago.

But the key phrase that keeps coming to me is crippled. Her spine was shattered! She couldn't walk! Yet her door was locked, and she had pulled herself to the middle of the room to hang herself. Oh, how curious that a paraplegic could have access to rope, an item we had just bartered for. No. There is something amiss. Sulari was meant to be a trap for any would-be assassins, but she's much too strong to be put down by such a petty force.

We've received new migrants, strong backs will be needed to haul all the filthy material left by these goblins. There is so much, I've taken to throwing it into the magma vent, lest we drown in it.

Census: 92
New Arrivals:
A Glassmaker
A Animal Disector
A Swordsdwarf
A Axedwarf
6 Peasants
2 Woodworkers
A Weaponsmith
A Soap Maker
A Engraver
1 Child
A Siege Engineer
2 Farmers
A Animal trainer
A Bowyer
A Jewler

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 05, 2008, 12:49:00 am**

From the Files of Aryn Estetar
17th of Hematite, 1056

WAR!

Damn them, those green skinned hooligans, those war mongering Neanderthals. Their pike squad was nothing more than a test of our defenses. Now there are 45 of these parasites outside our walls, trying to suckle at the teet of the great Dwarven production machine.

Despite having everyone safe inside, two recruits have been found dead from "training accidents". This is becoming absurd, the audacity of this fortress's assassin. Picking off our *own defenses* in the middle of the day! Their arrogance knows no bounds.

To safeguard myself I have stepped down from the position of Mayor, and Likot of the Marksmen has been elected. She will be my eyes, my ears, and my voice in this pit, and with any luck, my body. If she falls? Hopefully the attacker will leave behind that they can finally be found out.

The Marksmen have been stationed on the parapet, and the axe- and swordsmen are readying themselves in the barracks. I'm particularly nervous about the goblin's squad of crossbows, because if Johnny is correct their marksmen are some of the best in the land. Wonderful. Just *wonderful*.

25th of Hematite, 1056

The siege has been broken. Likot and her squad picked the goblins off from a distance. Breaking their moral, they bolted, leaving a smattering of dead around the walls of the fortress. Even if we "won" I don't feel this will do. These beasts must be punished for their aggression against us.

I plan to have Sulari and Snake train their shields up as much as possible. Perhaps, *perhaps* they can distract the crossbows long enough for the hammer squads to take out the remaining greenskins. Damn this land, damn it all. No matter how many monies we get, it isn't worth this. Something must be done. Something to safeguard my life, and the lives of those closest to me.

[April 05, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **April 05, 2008, 01:46:00 am**

Journal of of Istrath Leopardknight,

I don't know whether to be proud of Limul or disgusted by Aryn, using our son like that, it was clearly a political move. Son of the Wastelands, I can't remember if our son was the first born in the wastes, I was to happy when he was born to remember much.

I've also decided to be the Union head for the Jewelers. Hopefully they will bring in more gems for us to use, but it is more satisfying to use the ones we dig out here ourselves.

I, I CURSE THIS PLACE! The dread camel, they are a menance. My dear wife {the name is smeared and illegible by tears} has been killed, it seems no-one noticed it till it was too late. I blame Aryn and the merchants who brought us out here with claims of it being Utopia. My love, I will be with you someday, and I promise I will never re-marry, my eyes and my heart only go for you my love.

I've decided that Aryn is a false prophet... And so I've decided to listen to Johnny more. I've also had some paperwork made so that in the event of my death, my son Limul will take my place as the Union Leader. Hopefully this responsibility will not fall to him before he is an adult, but out here he might have to grow up fast.

(OOC: Basically he joined up with Johnny, and if Istrath dies, I'll want to take up Limul (Didn't Istrath have another kid?) Also, could you post Limul's profile?)

[April 05, 2008: Message edited by: Kaelem Gaen]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 05, 2008, 11:17:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by Kaelem Gaen:
I, I CURSE THIS PLACE! The dread camel, they are a menance. My dear wife {the name is smeared and illegible by tears} has been killed, it seems no-one noticed it till it was too late.

Wonderful! Extremely well played, Kaelem, that was a great touch.

quote:

Originally posted by Kaelem Gaen:
(OOC: Basically he joined up with Johnny, and if Istrath dies, I'll want to take up Limul (Didn't Istrath have another kid?) Also, could you post Limul's profile?)



Istrath only has one son, Limul, who's growing up just fine. He actually was th first child born to the fortress and like most children has been spending his time Doing As He Pleases(!) and finding the time to become a Skilled Grower.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 05, 2008, 11:55:00 am**

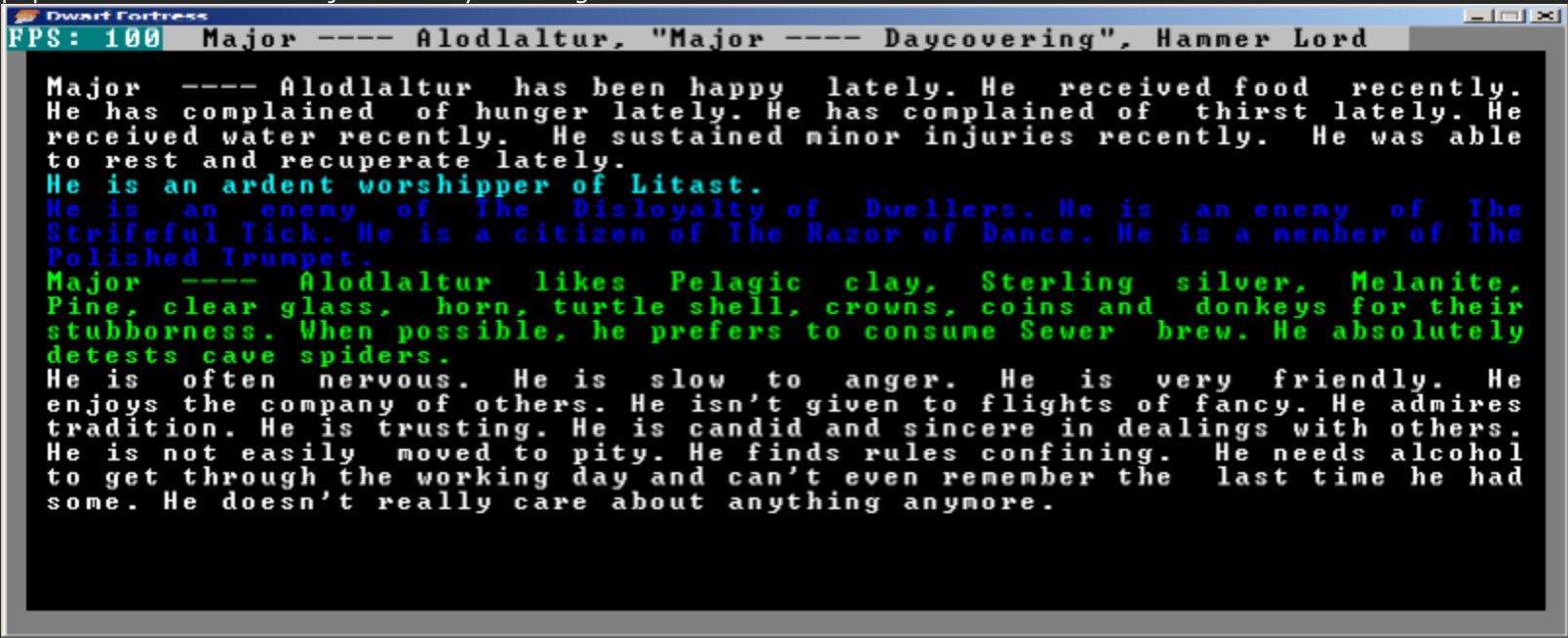
The Events of the 1st of Limestone, 1056

It was dinner time for the second-shifters. Rice and Lucy sat at their table at the end of the dining room, laughing and joking. Istrath and his son sat close by, the jewelers arm around him as they poured over a copy of the trade logs - slowly but surely teaching the young Dwarf how to read. Archin had come in from the quarries, giving orders about the newly discovered platinum vain to her underlings.

The doors to the dining room opened wide, another Dwarf sliding in with his tray of food. A chair scraped on the tiles, another spot taken at the row of tables.

But slowly silence fell over the group. Heads turned, and everyone was looking at the newcomer, sitting alone. He had a terrible visage, his head framed with thick gray curls, a large, neatly trimmed gray beard hanging to his belt. Dark eyes were hidden by his bushy eyebrows, a large roman nose invoking images of the Old Gods, the Dark Gods, the ones that formed the land.

Major ---- DayCovering hadn't left his room in two and a half years. He was mythical among the fort, having had his head crushed by a camel and his arm broken. No one had stopped in except for the Cook assigned to deliver his food and water. And here he was. The news spread fast, and though no one was sure what his old position was, or what he would do now, or even what his first name was, the populace was excited: Major ---- DayCovering had returned!



OOC: I try not to just make random named Dwarves for no reason, but I kind of have a soft spot for this guy. The second he was made a Hammer Lord, he was practically killed, and for like 2.5 years he's been out of commission. Seeing him just saunter into the dining room was a real shock since I'd all but given up on him recovering.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **April 05, 2008, 12:03:00 pm**

Rice's Journal
26th Granite

The goblins have come yet again. As I watched yet another conflict I cannot help but notice the lack of discipline in our forces. While the goblins maintain their tight formations our dwarves rush in recklessly, and almost always alone. And so In this battle Sulari was alone as well, and her only back up showed up far too late. I must question the reason of Snake who was with her, but decided the elves' safety was of greater importance than that of Sulari's. And the marksdwarves, who showed up far too late to be of use. This is unacceptable! We have lost far too many to utopia, far too many. I can only hope that Sulari is tough enough to recover. Although why her comrades would leave her in the wastes is beyond me

17th of Hematite
Likot of the Marksdwarves has been elected. It was... unanticipated to say the least. Although I myself did not vote I had never heard of the marksdwarf before now. One must wonder at the actual process of voting for mayor.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 05, 2008, 01:53:00 pm**

From the Files of Aryn Estetar
28th of Limestone, 1056

The Third law of the Nature of Dwarves:

Our stature, stout and short, has lead many of the lesser races to believe we are also of strong will. That is the farthest from the truth. My time spent has taught me that Dwarves, when met with disappointment, will break like an egg on stone.

Look at the Mason! Her mind is filled with grand designs and months are spent toiling in MY shops, holding up MY productions, and trying MY patience. And what is the result? Unable to get her work just right, this Mason snaps. She's now running nude around the fort, screaming gibberish, and is amusing herself by throwing herself into the still-empty lake from the bridge above. I have half a mind to push her off the cliff and into our Magma Dump and be done with it once and for all.

Army: We've been sieged again, the goblins seeming to come hot on the heels of every caravan to visit. Word has been leaking - both good and bad - because one of the local Goblin warleaders, Bosa the Lasher, has arrived. The siege was broken in record time. While Likot kept the pikemen at bay, Sulari's axes moved from the south up and routed the lashers. Sulari took Bosa's head herself, and I'd be remiss not to reward her for that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 05, 2008, 07:18:00 pm**

The Events of the 19th of Moonstone, 1056

Johnny was writing furiously at his desk, his brow furrowed in concentration. The hurried sound of footfall didn't bother him at all: Stravitch was expected tonight. His friend had been given a very important task.

What was not expected was Stravitch toppling in through the door. His shirt was missing, his chest and face covered in deep gouges.

"Oh Gawd, man! What the 'ell happened!" Johnny rushed over to help him up, half dragging the Dwarf to one of the chairs in his room. It took a few minutes for Stravitch to talk, and in that time he panted heavily, dabbing at the blood dripping into his eyes, and drinking heavily from the mug of ale on the counter.

"I tried... getting in to Likot, but..."
"But? But what?"
"Before you pissed the elves off, Aryn bought a Jaguar!"
"...A Jaguar? Why'd he wanna go an' do that?"

"Because he gave it to Likot as a pet! It's chained in front of her bedroom door! I didn't see it in the dark and it got a hold of me... I managed to get before she woke up, but..." A look of dawning horror spread over his face. "Oh no. My shirt! It ripped my shirt off! They'll know it was one of my guard!"

Johnny sank down heavily into the other chair, grabbing the hair at his temples in frustration. Slowly he shook his head. "We're just gunna need to knuckle under, or somethin'. Are there any of yer' guard tha' can take the fall?"

"Well... I don't like being left short handed, but... yeah. I'll take care of this."
"Ya're right, ya' better! Gods, a feckin' Jaguar!"



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 06, 2008, 12:37:00 am**

The Files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1057

Monsters! There was an attempt on Likots' life, but thankfully that jaguar I gave to her as a present has done it's job. To safe guard myself, I've had a grizzly bear placed inside my own room. I hope that will be enough of a detorant to keep would-be assassins out.

A shirt was found, one of the Emerald Blue that signify Stravitch's motley crew. He said he would investigate immediately. His results had better arrive on my desk in an expiated fashion.

Census: 100 Dwarves
Layout: The current lay of the fort. Everything is moving swimmingly.

The Events of the 13th of Granite, 1057

Edem Ironwhip stood at the edge of the gangplank, his hands bound in front of him. He was trembling, terrified by the whirlwind of events that had lead him to this spot.

Aryn had burst into his room, flanked by Likot and her marksdwarves, the fool manager grinning from ear to ear. They'd trussed the poor guardsman in irons and marched him up the stairs leading him to the edge of the plank. Aryn himself stood at the kill-switch.

Smoothing back his tangled mess of hair, Aryn turned to address the dwarves watching in the distance. "This! This is what happens to traitors to our cause! Edem was caught through evidence left behind at the scene of an almost-crime! Watch closely, lest you have deadly machinations of your own."

The switch was pulled. There was an ominous click, and the bridge swang downwards. Edem dropped, his world blanketed by black as the magma engulfed him.



[April 06, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 06, 2008, 01:31:00 am**

The Events of the 25th of Granite, 1057

There was much rejoicing, because the traps at the front gate had actually served their purpose. Their first victim: Olngo Wraithdoom. He sat in the cage laughing as they carried him inside, flapping his cape like great black bat wings, jeering and taunting.

the Dwarves, in their exuberance, made a small mistake. They left Olngo alone while they rounded up his colleagues, the ones who were getting caught in traps, or the ones who had slipped past and were trying to slip inside. In this small window of time the lock to his cage had been picked, and Olngo slipped free.

When they noticed their mistake, he had grabbed Valania, using her as a shield. With her own dagger pressed to her throat, he twirled the long handlebar mustache with his other hand, cackling loudly. With the close-combat Dwarves hobbled, unwilling to risk the Master Engravers life, Likot stepped forward. She had been given executive orders by Aryn and aimed to fulfill them.

"What do you want, beast!" Likot screamed at Olngo, her crossbow at the ready.
"What do I *want*?" came the shrill reply. "Mwhaha ha ha! Oh, silly dwarves! You have no, no, NO idea at all, do you? It's been told, through legend! We will have it!"

"Your kind will be destroyed, green filth. Let the Engraver go, and I swear by Zefon this bolt will end your life swiftly.
"Mwhaha ha ha! Of course! Well, than, let me offer this as a rebutal!"

Olngo dug the knife forward, and drew it back Sharply. Valania's eyes went wide, a torrent of blood spraying from her jugular. With a shriek, Likot and her marksmen opened fire but Olngo used her sagging body as a shield, the bolts piercing her body in a half-dozen places. From behind the dwarf, Olngo taunted, "We WILL have the child! Though you may have me trapped there will be more! Do you here me? There. Will. Be. More! FOR OLSMO! FOR OOLLSMMMMOOO!"

There was an explosion, a flash of light that blinded those outside. When the smoke and sand cleared, all that could be seen was a crater. Valania's corpse was thrown forward, limp as a ragdoll, to land by the pond in a heap. Goblin chunks littered the sand, blood smearing as far back as the wall. The only thing that was left fully intact was Olngo's stovepipe hat and cape, and his threat, both dire and opaque.

(OOC: Poor Valania. She was at the wrong place at the wrong time. Olngo ended up grabbing her as I mistakenly tried to move him to the lava pit.)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **April 06, 2008, 12:53:00 pm**

I cheer you on for your dropping random dwarves into lava.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 07, 2008, 08:51:00 am**

Olsmo! :mad:

I saw on the map archive that you were looking for suggestions for the tombs. I'm thinking either a big circle or a big infinity symbol to represent the cycle of rebirth.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 07, 2008, 08:10:00 pm**

Oof, a little bit of bad news, folks. I've been hit with the Trifecta of annoyances:

- 1) My company is forcing my hand to take a CompTIA course, despite my constant harping at how shitty their "certifications" are. My evenings are spent studying, when I'm not...
- 2) Out with the family that is visiting from out-of-town. This is coupled with...
- 3) Finishing a writing project that's got an end of April deadline to it.

As such, you get nearly a week of no-updates. I'll be able to post again most likely on Friday, but until then ... It'll be infrequently, and all Out of Character. Just wanted to give you a heads up, and not think I dropped the whole story. There are more projects to complete and Dwarves to Magma Drop, believe you me.

quote:

Originally posted by Zironic:
I cheer you on for your dropping random dwarves into lava.

There will be more to come, don't you worry. Maybe I'll make some steel screw pumps so that I can bring it up to ... do fun things with it.

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
Olsmo!

I saw on the map archive that you were looking for suggestions for the tombs. I'm thinking either a big circle or a big infinity symbol to represent the cycle of rebirth.

The infinity symbol could be a really nice idea... Hmm, I'll have to play around with some designs during breaks in training.

[April 07, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bigmcstrongmuscle** on **April 09, 2008, 02:17:00 am**

quote:

The infinity symbol could be a really nice idea... Hmm, I'll have to play around with some designs during breaks in training.

Make it out of a self-powered cycle of flowing water for +30 symbolism points. A miracle of Zefon!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 09, 2008, 07:26:00 am**

Does that even work anymore? I thought that was an effect of the old flood/anti-flood mechanic in the 2D version.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bigmcstrongmuscle** on **April 10, 2008, 01:15:00 am**

Sure does. Its cause of how waterwheels work. They produce 100 units of power as long as there's a flow beneath them - even if it's being produced by a pump which they themselves power.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 11, 2008, 01:02:00 pm**

Well - Family is gone, the cert-test is over, and I've got a stiff drink in hand.

Let's hit it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 11, 2008, 01:38:00 pm**

The Events of the 24th of Slate, 1057

The hallways were crowded, but really, when weren't they? The original fortress had been designed for seven. Over time, it had been retrofitted for 40. When the population was pushing 90 the walk-ways were tight, but things still worked.

Aryn had to fight his way from the crypts to top-side, shouldering past Dwarves he'd never seen. By the time he'd reached the housing level he'd gotten into a fight with two Dwarves, sent Archin and Rice to stop a group he'd never seen from using the workshops, and been nearly bowled over by children. Nearing the stairs up, he spotted Snake Splitskin, the Legendary Swords-dwarf carrying bags, a pair of well-dressed Dwarves chatting amicabliy and following along behind him.

"Snake! What the hell is the meaning of this? Get back to the barracks and train the new recruits," He shouted, his red face and shaking hands a much-too-seen clue he was near his breaking point.

"Sir, uh, sir? These here are the Budseal's. They're from..." Snake paused, his tongue darting out to wet his lips. Taking in a deep breath, he finished his sentance in the exhale, "Queen Rîsen. She's declared this land a Barony, and has seen fit to send a tax collector and the good Baroness here to watch over her *new investment*"

It took Sulari and her whole squad to pull Aryn away from Snake and drag him to his room. They could only throw him inside and slam the door shut - it seems that during the last visit the elves made, he had purchased more than just a Jaguar: a large black bear was chained in his room, roaring it's displeasure at seeing it's master manhandled.

It took nearly a day for Aryn to calm down. Snake was the first to go in, and eventually Sulari and Likot entered to talk with him before he agreed to leave. He looked older, more cagey, and was always glancing over his shoulder in hallways and questioning Dwarves as to why they were going. After a meeting on the Wash System with Lucy, she innocently asked him what was the cause of this stress.

He scowled at her, and growled out in response, "They're watching me. They're all watching me. They just want a piece of what I've created, these leaches. These parasites! They'll see, Aryn Estetar won't lay down..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 11, 2008, 02:35:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
11th of Felsite, 1057

Things are looking up for Ol' Johnny. Despite Stravitch's failed attempts at securing the mayoral position for the **right** team, there have been quite a few perks. By getting one of his guards to take The Fall, Stravitch is once again in the clear. The arrival of the Baroness and her consort, along with the tax collector, have given me and my men license to start pumping out idols at an alarming rate.

Thanks to our new tax collector a series of shops have been opened up. All of the forts denizens have been given an account to signify what they owe the queen after their purchases have been subtracted from their salary. Thanks to push to unionize the workers, the majority are only doing the jobs they are assigned. That's leaving them with barely enough to squeek by with just their room and board.

The next time we have merchants, I have no doubt that we'll see a huge return in profits for all the Zefon junk we pawn off of these Mountain Home yokels.

Oh, as soon as the first shipment goes out! I can hardly, hardly, [/I]hardly[/I] wait!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 11, 2008, 04:24:00 pm**

The events of the 10th of Hematite, 1057

Bad news always came at dinner time. The majority of Dwarves worked second-shifts, which meant the majority ate their nights meals around eight. With so many happily socializing in the dining room, these were the times Aryn came in to make his Announcements - the announcements that affected deeply, the ones that caused problems, the ones that lead to The Magma Gods.

Tonights meal would be one that was ALWAYS talked about.

The doors had barely rebounded off the wall before Aryn's voice, shrill and nervous, was filling the room. He stalked towards the front, flanked by two of the Human merchants that had just arrived.

"Oh, you snakes! You tricky beasts! It's no wonder at all we have the Budseal's residing with us! Messages! MESSAGES! Of course! One of you has been sending MESSAGES to the queen, in an attempt to usurp my power! It's so obvious, I must have been blinded by my trust, my total trust, of you as Dwarves!"

Reaching the front of the meal hall, he spun on his heel, his arms out stretch. The Humans circled quickly around his spread arms, standing beside him with looks of bordem on their faces. Aryn continued:

"These, my friends, are Rosycats and Guildstern. They're merchants from Stramgil, and, well, why don't I let them tell you?"

Tawkiusa, human Merchant "Rosycats" ♂	Hiborrug, human Merchant "Guildstern" ♂
Very Agile Tough	Strong Agile Tough

"Ah, friends. I'm Rosyca-," he paused, and glanced to the other merchant, who was shaking his head solely. "I apologize. I'm Guildste-". Another solem shake of the head, and the merchant lowered his head in puzzlement. The other stepped forward.

"I apolgize for my companion. He's ... often confused. We're here to remedy a small problem. A problem of fees! You see, we have a mail bag..."

"Yes, a mail bag! A bag, filled with the mail, of those who have paid for postage. The messages they gave-"

"Of course. The messages they gave to us, postage paid, are to be delivered to stops along our route. We've received twenty three of them, and would you believe-"

"Would you believe that we found twenty FOUR of them in our little pouch? Of course we can account for them, we read the ones that are give-"

Rosycats was elbowed in the stomach, his companion glaring at him briefly before he continued, "The point is, we have an unaccountable message here, and we've brought it to the attention of Mr. Estetar here."

Aryn pushed his way to the front, leering at the assembled mass. He held the letter on high, his eyes filled with an insane light. "Ha ha! But the traitor, the TRAITOR, has made this unreadable. Unwilling to show himself in public he hides behind codes, he sneaks letters into the satchels of our allies. I offer to you, a bounty. Break this code. Perhaps, PERHAPS, we can begin to safeguard our homes for once in it's existance. Remember. This is on YOUR heads!"

He stalked from the dining room, trailed by the now-bickering Rosycats and Guildstern. He stopped briefly at the the front door and tacked the letter to it, leaving the contents to be read by all:

```
code:

NGGRAGVBA: Sbegerff evcr sbe cvpxvat
NELA uvqvaf zber jrnygu guna fubjf
vapernfr gnkrf. Fraq Xrrc jngpu
Zrffntnf cbffvoyl jngpurq.
Cebprrq jvgu pnhgvba.
```

OOC: A little fact about me - I love contests! So here's the first of them. A very simple encrypted letter has been found. Whoever posts what this says first, I'll do something for your Dwarf! Mind you, it won't be something drastic like ... make him kill everyone. But I will make a room to his specification, start a mining project, design a personal tomb, whatever you think they'd like.

If this goes well (and is solved easily), in the future I might start posting harder puzzles.

[April 11, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **April 11, 2008, 06:33:00 pm**

Oh interesting...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **April 11, 2008, 07:11:00 pm**

Rice's Journal
10th Hematite

The message has concerned me greatly and ever since Aryn posted it on the door I have wondered what it could mean. I have been working long and hard on deciphering the meaning, however I have been unable to get a truly decrypted version of it. I shall show Aryn what I have found so far and I can only hope he shall be mature enough to put our differences behind us.

"ATTENTION: FORTRESS RIPE FOR PICKING. ARYN HIDING MORE WEALTH THAN SHOWS INCREASE TAXES SEND & KEEP WATCH. MESSAGES POSSIBLY WATCHED PROCEED WITH CAUTION"

The message is clear, we have a traitor in our ranks. I knew it would come to this, but I did not see it coming so soon. I must act, or I must get Aryn to act.

Edit: Got rid of code tag and made it look nicer
Edit2: I realized what the square was!

[April 11, 2008: Message edited by: ricemastah]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 12, 2008, 10:25:00 am**

From the Files of Aryn Estetar
12th of Hematite, 1057

For once, a piece of good news has landed on my desk amidst all the death and betrayal. What surprises me most isn't just what it is, but *who* brought it to me.

Apparently Rice had stayed up most of the night working on the letter and he brought it, nearly fully translated, to me in the morning. I canceled my meeting with the Budseal's and their absurd demands for furniture and earrings and mugs, and we poured over the possibilities of this letter. Regardless of our differing opinions of certain phrases, there is one fact that stood out:

There is a traitor in the fort.

It's with much chagrin I write that I've been wrong about Rice. During our planning and designing stages, Lucy gushes about him, and I always humored her because her knowledge of mechanics has been needed. But perhaps, just perhaps, my harsh judgment of his character was my own fault. I may not agree with his stint as mayor, or with some of the choices he's made since we've began this venture, but he has heart, and he wants to see this place succeed. For that? For that, I'm willing to give him a second chance.

I've moved his file from the top drawer to the third, and before I left I gave him a small chit with my signature on it. The idea of paying off informers is distasteful to me, but without the possibility of rewards come no results, and at least with this new economy he can afford to pay the unions to complete whatever tasks he may have in mind.

OOC: Good job, Ricemastah! So how do you want to put the reward given to use?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **April 12, 2008, 10:36:00 am**

OOC: Well after reading rice's profile I realize that the things he likes... well they are for the most part hard to get. Siliceous ooze, Electrum, STAR RUBIES and CRYSTAL GLASS??! I mean seriously. I wanted to try and figure something out that would fit in character, but I guess just a slightly bigger room would be nice.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 12, 2008, 12:28:00 pm**

The Events of the 7th of Galena, 1057

The hallways were packed with apprehensive Dwarves. Lucy and Aryn stood in the middle of one of the hallways leading to the apartments. Aryn was more gaunt than normal, his face sunken and sallow. Beside him, Lucy looked as nervous as the rest, her attire having been changed from the Engineers coveralls and cap to a worn and dusty dress pulled from the stockpiles.

"Dwarves, beside me is Lucy Hammertempests, my lovely assistant who I'm sure you've all had the pleasure of meeting while living here. I've had her dress in these filthy rags to show off the greatest achievement we've had yet - The Wash-Works. Above your rooms are a series of channels that carry water from our newly-constructed lake. Lucy? Now, please."

Lucy adjusted her glasses and sighed, slowly walking down the rows of apartments. A loud throat clearing from Aryn caused her to pause before adding a little flair to her step, one hand outstretched. She finally came to one of the rooms by the end and gave a half-hearted spin, opening the door.

"You see, when Lovely Lucy enters this room, she'll trip a small pressure plate. This will open the flood gates above her, and water will come trickling down to gently cleanse her!"

On queue Lucy entered the room. There was an audible click, and an ominous grinding of gears from up above. Very faintly the sound of rushing water could be heard through the basalt ceiling. Eventually water began to trickle into the room, a pleasing mist flowing into the hallway.



The Dwarves all clapped, and Aryn took a wide bow, flapping his cloak out behind him. The applause stopped though when Lucy cried out, "Oh god! It's not closing fast enough!" Aryn spun on his heels in time to see Lucy, soaked to the skin, skidding out of the room and

down the hallway. Behind her water was rushing into the hallway, spilling under door jams.



Archin was already sprinting up the stairs, a few of the miners following at her heels. Her shouts could be heard down the hallway as she barked orders, "Aban, hit the lever above to stop filling the lake. Ushat, come with me! I'm going to need your help shutting the second floodgate! Hurry! We need to stop this before the quarry floods! HURRRRYYY!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 12, 2008, 02:15:00 pm**

From the Journal of Johnny Fountainspring
7th of Limestone

The debacle with the Wash System has done more for Aryn's reputation than any propaganda campaign Stravitch, the members of Fountainspring Fisheries, and myself could have possibly put together. He's almost never seen in public now, opting to take his meals in his dining room. Stravitch has said he's only seen a few Dwarves enter:

- * Lucy, who's been tasked to retrofit the wash to work now that the last traces of water have evaporated.
- * Sulari and Snake, obviously sent in to discuss fortress defense. There is now rumblings of some sort of *special* guard unit being designed.
- * Rice, a surprise to me in particular. I had always assumed they only spoke in passing.

By her quick actions, Archin kept the fortress from flooding over entirely - leaving us with minimal clean up. This selfless action has netted her so much respect from the citizens. She's been consulted for advice on a multitude of projects, and well-wishers are always buying her and her miners drinks, or meals, or just stopping to chat in the hallways. It brings a tear to my eye to see such a hard-working Dwarf get what's her due, and it certainly makes it easier for me to sneak job orders in or goods away while everyone has their attention on her.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bigmcstrongmuscle** on **April 12, 2008, 04:18:00 pm**

Rosycats and Guildstern?

Nice! Something's rotten in the state of Denmark...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 12, 2008, 06:40:00 pm**

Since I got to sit in a small room for a week listening to some jackass talk about security I decided to make the best of my time. In between highlighting and taking notes, I started doodling in a little notebook I keep on me. A lot of clean up and some highlighting later, I'm left with something I think is passable enough to post here. Hopefully you'll enjoy.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 12, 2008, 09:01:00 pm**

Nice drawing. Sgt. Pepper was awfully tall wasn't he?

I'm disappointed rice decoded the message so soon. I really like cryptograms.

I'm not all that surprised the Dwarf Wash failed. It seems like the sort of thing that could easily destroy a fortress. Is it really worth the risk just to wash the grime off some dwarves?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 12, 2008, 09:48:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
Nice drawing. Sgt. Pepper was awfully tall wasn't he?

I'm disappointed rice decoded the message so soon. I really like cryptograms.

I'm not all that surprised the Dwarf Wash failed. It seems like the sort of thing that could easily destroy a fortress. Is it really worth the risk just to wash the grime off some dwarves?

I debated putting a little height-chart on the right but eventually deemed just *too* cheesy. For the record, I always considered Sgt. Pepper the tallest dwarf in *all the lands*, topping it at a towering five foot one.

I'm happy that Rice got the message first, just because I feel his character's been kicked around too much by Aryn and deserved something really good. I'll post more cryptograms in the future though, and maybe do something like ... tell you guys Out Of Character when they'll go up (Say, 6pm EST on X date) so everyone has fair warning to pop in and get a crack at them.

I was 100% convinced the Dwarf Wash wouldn't work like based on how I laid it out. I like having adversity though. Drama! Intrigue! And there's a chance I can get it right the second time now that the place has dried out. I put three fail-safes in place for a reason :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 13, 2008, 12:59:00 pm**

From the Journal of Johnny Fountainspring
10th of Opal, 1057

Things have slowly been coming back to normal. Kuli's work on the church's grand roof is still underway. The stoneworkers have been grumbling that they aren't getting paid for this after-hours, but their complaints are muted by Kuli picking up the hammer and chisel himself, and the I.O.U's bearing his signature he hands out at the end of each day.

A basalt shortage lead Archin and the miners to our landing site, and a few weeks of hurried strip-mining gave us more basalt than we could possibly use. Though, to be fair, that has been said twice before... but I'm sure *now* we won't have any shortage of the stone.

Rice and Istrath have been working together to finally decorate the fortress. Istrath is taking the large amounts of glass and gems we have laying about and is using them to adorn the statues Rice is carving in the workshops. It'll be good to see some art around our halls.

Just last week, the Goblins tried to ambush our haulers. I assume this is retribution for Olngo's capture and suicide, but it didn't work as they planned. Sulari and her axes were patrolling near the haulers when they ran into the ten macemen. The new recruit was swarmed, and killed, but that was the only causality we suffered. By the time the haulers realized there were Goblins in the area, Sulari was removing the head from the last of their number.

Winter's caravan hasn't yet come, and I'm beginning to get nervous. What will I do with all this junk now, just let it sit and gather dust? I still have to pay off the stonecrafters, and their pay was coming out of that shipment. Oh well, maybe there can be another way...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **April 13, 2008, 02:20:00 pm**

Pepper twas a great dwarf..

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 13, 2008, 02:40:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1058

Casualties: This last month has seen 6 deaths, 4 Dwarves 2 dogs. These deaths were caused by the construction of the church roof. According to the reports filed a wall was constructed incorrectly, and during it's deconstruction the roof suffered a structural collapse. five workers were blasted off the roof, one of them landing in the center of the mosaic mid-service. Kuli seems despondant about the deaths - as well he should, it's his damned church that lost me four workers - and has told his followers the month of Granite will be spent in prayer, in hopes that Zefon will bless them with a quick rebirth back at our Fortress.

Of interesting note, one of the workers thrown from the roof was a child. He, along with a few others, landed in the emptied lake. And he didn't suffer any injury at all! That resilience, that springiness... how can I find a way to draft children into the army? They'd be impervious to anything the Dread Camels could throw at them...



Punishment: The Budseal's feel the recent deaths are a cause of Rice's stoneworking crew. To enact a punishment, they ordered we construct 3 items made of lead - a metal that has never graced our fortress. Unable to make their lead trinkets, they threw one of Rice's newest members into the stockade for a month. Quite uncalled for.

Census: 118
Blueprints: [The Current Lay of the Fortress](#)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **April 13, 2008, 04:32:00 pm**

Rice's Journal
1st of Granite

How could that mandate have ANY relation to my STONEWORKERS? Lead is a metal, and we stonecrafters have nothing to do with metal. How could they have chosen to punish one of my workers. This is completely uncalled for, and I can only feel that politics are truly beginning to take over this fortress. I may have to reenter the political arena.

Edit: Also thank you for working on a new room for Rice. I can only imagine the awesomeness!

[April 13, 2008: Message edited by: ricemastah]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 13, 2008, 05:39:00 pm**

The Events of the 17th of Granite

Complacency had fallen over the Dwarves, who were happy wandering the court yard, waving and talking and laughing and hauling goods to the trade depot. Word had come that the elves were coming, and though the majority may have disliked the Squeekies and their absurd obsession with nature, they goodies and exotics they brought helped most get over their xenophobia.

Why no one noticed the Goblins skulking through the opened front gates is a question that was left for after the battle, while Stravitch made the rounds questioning Dwarves. The alert was sounded by Speardwarf Earthenrazors who was practically bowled over by the squad of hammer and spear goblins. While she fell she thrust her spear out, running one of the hammerers through. She began shouting for help while she tried to remove the lodged spear from the twitching goblins chest.

Likot's pet dog announced her arrival to the scene by knocking another hammerer aside. The goblin screamed as the mastiff clamped it's jaws around his right leg and shook him like a rag doll. It eventually separated from his torso, a torrent of blood gushing from the hole. His screams were silenced as Likot casually put a bolt through his eye.

The full group of hammerers hit Earthenrazors and the recently arrived Castlearmors at once. Castlearmor's femur was crushed by a hammer and he dropped to the ground screaming. The goblin's squad commander managed to catch the Mastiff from the side, and crushed the dogs head like a cantaloupe.

That would be the last thing the commander did. A bolt struck him in the face and dropped him. A second bolt caught another Goblin in the arm, stopping him from continuing to bludgeon Castlearmor's face.

While Earthenrazors dealt with the remaining hammerers, Likot stalked passed him. She was snarling, her crossbow held casually in front of her. Whenever one of the fleeing pikemen came within range she would release a bolt, aiming for the legs. She hobbled them, one after the other, iron bolts sent through their ankles. In her pursuit to punish the goblins, Likot didn't see the carelessness of Earthenrazor.

The remaining hammerer was run through, the spear exploding from the back of his leather armor. The goblin glanced down at the wooden haft, then took a step forward, forcing it farther through his body. He lifted his hammer and brought it down on the astonished speardwarves right shoulder, shattering it. The hammer was raised again; dropped again, the left shoulder shattered as well. Earthenrazors passed out from the pain, moments before the goblin died, bleeding out from a pierced heart.

From the top of the almost-finished church roof, Rice and Johnny sat and watched the battle. They'd been trapped up their the whole time. It was a safe location, they couldn't be spotted, and the both of them sat with their legs hanging off the lip of the roof, watching the battle unfold.

"Ohh! will'ya look'it tha Likot! She jus' beat tha' gobbo's 'ead in wif' her crossbow. Gawd."

The winds brought commotion from the distance, and Rice glanced over his shoulder in the direction it came from. He did a double take, and shook Johnny's shoulder, "Hey, do you see that? Is ... that the Elves?"
"Wot? Elves, al-... Oh, noo..." Johnny groaned, covering his eyes with his hand.
"You think we should go down and tell them? I mean, they're getting trampled by the Dread Camels..."
"Yeah, I kin' see it... nah, jus' let the soldiers be. I dunna' think they could get down there fast enough to do anything. Great. Third season wi'out any trade..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 14, 2008, 06:09:00 pm**

The Events of the 3rd of Slate, 1058

Istrath and his son Limul were walking back from the workshops. Istrath was beaming, the radiance only a proud father shows at his child's excellent work. It was with a touch of apprehension that they stopped for the disheveled, white haired woman at the foot of the stairs. She held her pig tail cap in hand, and though her clothes appeared new, they were dusty and travel worn - the two signs of a new immigrant to the fortress.

"Good day, *Gentleman*," she said loudly and slowly. "**I** am Wise Master Zefondesis, and I have lead quite a few pilgrims to your glorious country to worship at the Temple of Zefon, and..."

"Wait, what? Country? Did you just say..."
"Why... yes, sir," continued Zefondesis without pause, "I have a letter here, for a Mr. Estetar, and a carbon-copy for **Countess** Budseal. The queen herself has deamed this outpost an subsidy of Stukos Matul."
"I'm sure they'll be pleased to hear, but... where are the others? Didn't you say there were pilgrims?"
"Oh, yes! We came from the north. The gamesmen that traveled with us are hunting the indigenous life, and the others have loitered behind to help carry the results to the fort. They will arrive shortly."

"Indigenous lif-... Oh. Oh no! LIMUL! Come with me!"
Wise Master Zefondesis looked utterly confused as Istrath and Limul rushed past her. Her bewilderment grew as she heard shouting from above. "Sulari! SUUULARI! Get your axe! Civilians are by a pack of Dread Caaaammmeel!"

At the end of the day, two children had been trampled, left behind as their parents fled. A farmer was kicked off a cliff, and a maceman drowned to death as he attempted to crawl away from the Dread Camels, passing out face down in the stream. It was only due to the selfless actions of the Hunter that the camels didn't claim more, the dwarf standing at the top of the hill, laughing and firing bolt after bolt until Sulari arrived.

2 trappers, a mason, 2 miners, a ranger, a lye maker, 3 peasants, a gem cutter, a dyer, and another member of Fountainspring Fisheries all made it to the fortress alive. Bruised, and bloody, and terrified, but alive.

Edit: Fixed bolding issues.

[April 15, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 14, 2008, 08:42:00 pm**

The Events of the 5th of Felsite, 1058

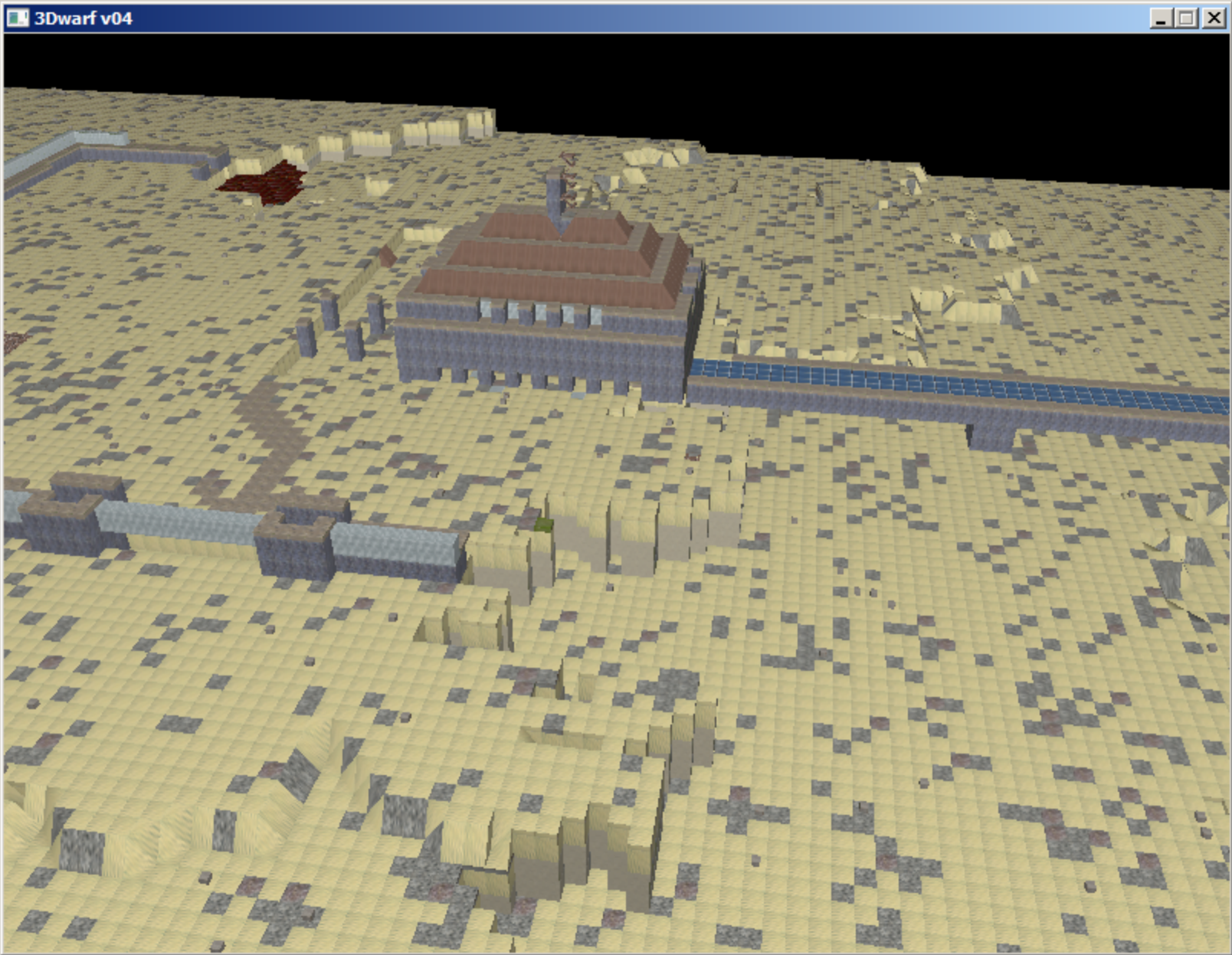
The influx of bodies in the fort was despised by some; For Kuli, it was yet another blessing. With a decided lack of jobs, those Dwarves that would normally be working, or carving, or cooking spent their times in the halls of Zefon, their prayers drowning out the sounds of construction from above.

One sultry morning, the sounds of hammers stopped. The masons came down from on high, shielding their eyes from the sun as they stared upwards at the church itself. One by one, the worshipers curiosity got the best of them and they filed out in little groups. Kuli was the last, The Good Book clutched in his hands, a smile on his face. Rice stepped forward, wiping sweat from his brow.

"It's all finished, except for the steeple. Once that's done we'll pitch the rest of the stone, stat hauling up the idols, and pull down the scaffolding. It'll be finished completely."
"Brother Rice! Your skill with stone is remarkable. Just look at this wonder. Zefon's praise be with you!"
"AND WITH YOU GOES ZEFON'S LOVE!" roared the crowd as Kuli drew Rice's head forward, placing a kiss on his forehead.

Rice smiled, wiping his forehead with the back of his head, "Yeah, ahh, thank you... anyway, we were going to set to work engraving the walls, and-"

Kuli raised a hand, shaking his head slowly. "No, brother Rice. Valania had expressed her deepest interests in doing that job. With her death, I don't feel it right. We will leave the stone untouched, in the chance she may one day come back to us. Now enough talking - just stand here with me, and gaze upon the fruit of your labors."



OOC: Hah, just for fun, here's the only picture I have from the "fucked up" version of the roof. I'll keep it in link format, but just keep this in mind - the the sides you see? Yeah, those are the only two actual walls, the other side was completely hollow

[April 15, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **April 14, 2008, 08:50:00 pm**

Rice's Journal
5th of Felsite

The Church of Zefon has been completed and not without much rejoicing from many of the dwarves. Although I myself am only a casual worshiper I still stand in awe of the grand temple. And to think that I helped make it. It is enough to make a dwarf ... giddy like an elf. I didn't just write that down. Anyway it would seem like nothing has actually been done about the traitor in our midst, well other than my new upgraded ROOM! But as for the fort I believe we are still in great danger.

OOC: You know some scenes remind me of There Will Be Blood, probably because I watched the movie recently. The church does look awesome though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Kuli** on **April 15, 2008, 09:28:00 am**

I love it. The House of Zefon is finally complete. Good work, Heavy Flak.

Too bad bridges and windows don't show up in the 3Dwarf visualizer.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 15, 2008, 10:35:00 am**

Here's a quick heads up about the next puzzle. I'll be posting it around 8pm EST on Thursday, the 17th. So, if you're interested in trying to solve it, check back at that time. First one to get the answer posted wins stuff!

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
I love it. The House of Zefon is finally complete. Good work, Heavy Flak.

Too bad bridges and windows don't show up in the 3Dwarf visualizer.

I know what you mean. I've debated pulling the images into photoshop once all the scaffolding is taking down and crudely pasting in some stained glass windows, statues, and a bridge, but I'm pretty sure it would look just as hokey as it sounds. Maybe if I used some lens flares, and a couple blur filters, and auto-corrected the contrast/brightness, and ...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **April 16, 2008, 11:40:00 am**

Beautiful, the Church looks great.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 16, 2008, 06:55:00 pm**

The Events of the 22nd of Hematite, 1058

"Oh my gawd, oh gawd! Look! On tha' horizon!"
"What is it, what do you see Johnny?" Rice asked nervously. "What's coming now?"
"Jus' the mos' beaut'ful sight ever! It's the humans! They're here ta' trade and the damned camels aren't anywhere in sight!"
"Johnny? Geeze, uh, you don't have to cry... it's not that big of a deal..."

The celebration over the first merchants in many, many seasons to make it to the fortress unmolested was broken by a shrill cry from what had been mockingly dubbed Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Pit by Aryn, the place those no one loved were sent. Standing on the retractable plank was one of the many new trappers, standing next to a very burly Axeman. The Trapper was shouting excitedly, the axeman was wearing a pair of wings forged from wax, sticks, and feathers, menacing with gears of masterfully worked mechanisms and rope.

"EVERYONE! Everyone! Look, over here! Prepare to be amazed, and astounded; astonished! You are about to witness the virgin flight of the Workedchamber Amazing Mechano-Aviational Suit!
"The Dwarf beside me is a Lost Lamb, this poor soldier who felt so ostracized by this very fortress he has sat at the outskirts, longingly looking in. I have given him a chance of greatness, for after this, you will hail him as a champion! A legend! A veritable hero!
"And now, without further ado, TAKE FLIGHT!"

Laughing and drooling, the lumbering retard bounded towards the end of the plank. He pulled the ropes hard, the wings sending great goutsof sand buffeted from their place on the bridge. There was a moment after he jumped where he hovered in air, and the onlookers held their breath. The next, he was screaming and grasping for anything within range.

He found Workedchamber, his meaty paws grasping tight at the trappers cloak. They both tumbled downwards into the magma. There was a pause, and a muted splash, and a small puff of smoke - dreams wafting back up to the fortress above.



[April 17, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 17, 2008, 07:13:00 pm**

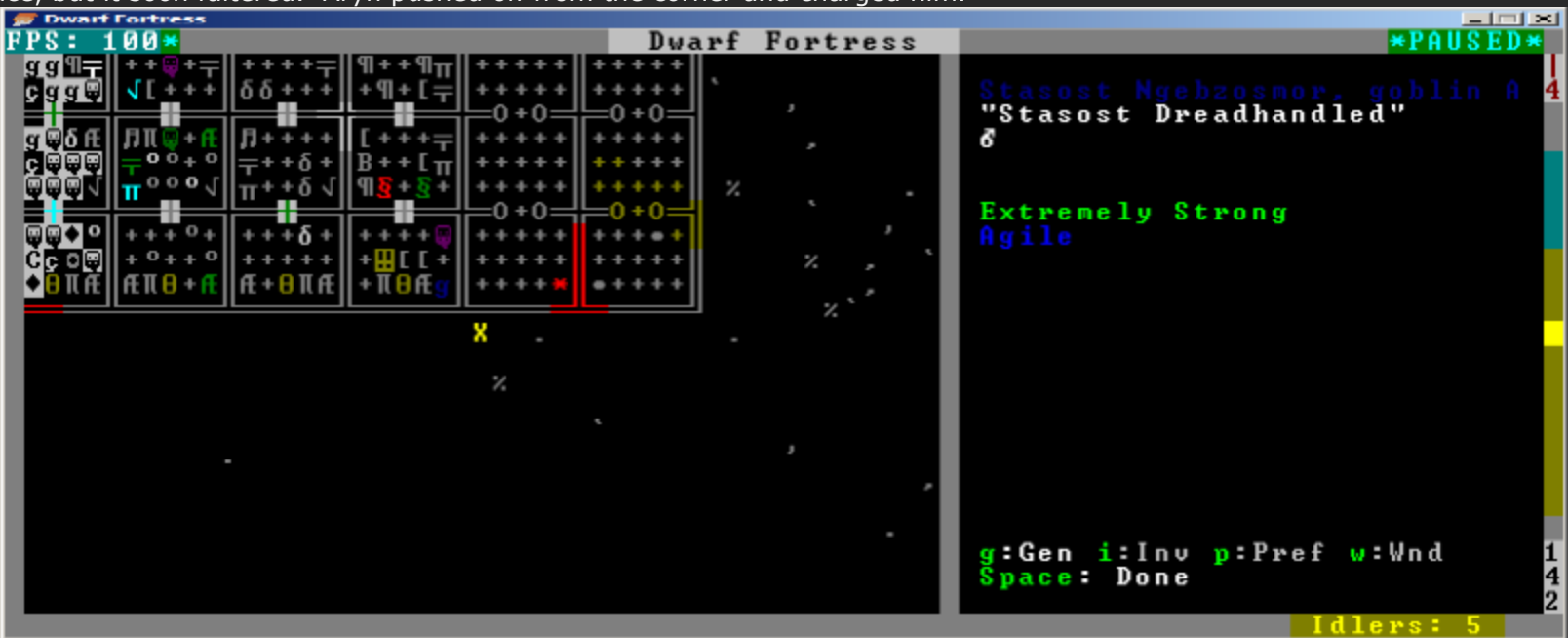
The Events of the 10th of Malachite

Aryn awoke in the middle of the night with a start. He lay in bed panting, staring at the ceiling to try and rid himself of the nightmare still lingering in his mind. Slowly turning his head to the left, he was greeted by a pair of glowing red eyes in the darkness and a sharp, menacing smile. The Cheshire visage slowly bloomed into the green skinned horror. Iron boots, and the iron haft of his axe scraped gently on the stone as he took a step forward, then reached backwards to lock the door as an afterthought.

Aryn's breath caught in his throat. He swallowed dryly and asked, his voice barely a whisper, "Who sent you?"
"That's.... not important, Mr. Estetar. That's not a question of any importance at all."
"Then what is an important questions?"
"The important question is *who* I am. I am Stasost Dreadhandled, and I bring death in my shadow. Close your eyes, shyster, and I will make this quick."

Aryn did as told and shut his eyes tightly. He heard the scrape of the axe as the goblin drew nearer. Sweat blossomed on his brow. When he heard the scraping stop, he slowly counted to three in his head and dove forward, past the goblin and to the opposite corner. The axe came crashing down on the bed, sending splinters flying to either side of the room. Stasost turned slowly, the same lazy grin on

his face, but it soon faltered. Aryn pushed off from the corner and charged him.



They tangled together and hit the floor hard, a tornado of limbs flailing about in the air. Aryn managed to keep Stasost pinned to the floor by his neck and threw his lower body into the air, curling his knees up as he came down. He caught the goblin in the seam between the iron greaves, shattering his knee. As the Stasost squealed, Aryn pulled himself up and stomped on the goblins ankle, shattering it.

He began to see red, his world, his dream, vanishing around him. Snarling, he kicked Stasost in the head, breaking his jaw and turning his cries into wet gurgles. Grabbing the goblin by the front of his chain mail he hauled him upwards and lifted the mesh shirt high, tangling the goblins head and arms in the metal links. Holding it up with one hand, he began to punch hard at the goblins side and shattering ribs. Eventually Aryn shoved the goblin against the wall, and screaming out a curse, drove his hand forward, and through, the goblins stomach. Intestines spilled into the room. Stasost died instantly.

Aryn limped from the room dragging the corpse behind him. The hallway was packed with terrified Dwarves, their gaze flitting from Aryn's blood soaked formm and the body on the floor beside him. Aryn squatted down slowly, and began rummaging through the goblins clothes. With a triumphant cry he stood up, waving a now blood-stained piece of paper with "tsosatS" scrawled on it in an unsteady hand.

"Do you see this? Any of you who believe we are safe here, I will make sure, absolutely sure, you end up like Stasost here. From this point on, consider us under lock down! EVERYONE is a suspect until the traitor is caught! Figure this out, I'm taking this body to butchers as an example."

Aryn ripped the note open and threw it to the ground. He stalked off towards the staircase dragging the corpse behind him, a thin trail of blood following him. The Dwarves gathered around, staring at the note on the floor:

```
code:

VPTJCFCHV JRZT ZTPVPIV
PC PIGF ZTVUUT VJMQ FMZW VAP VQCIJC
JZGPVZ APCL ICA ZVOQVH QJT ICAP ZVPPVH
VS RZTL WM JMWVX QJT ZVA IZVLMHHMW
ZGM JTF HHCL PVH GMR VQCIJC
```

Edit: various spelling mistakes and typos.

[April 18, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 17, 2008, 10:31:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
25th of Malachite, 1058

As soon as the traders left, I've been keeping my head down. Aryn's been on the warpath ever since the assassination attempt and I can't believe I'm saying this, but I can understand where his paranoia is coming from. He's made a bunch of mandates, the most important being: An insistence that all Dwarves lock their doors at night and no one leaves the compound without an escort.

Mayor Likot has began to worry me. She constantly stalks the court yards when she's not training, her crossbow held to her chest, muttering about ... germs, the melting plagues, horrible tropical diseases. She almost caught Stravitch and me hauling goods to Rosycats and Guildstern, but the pair of buffoons covered with their standard tricks. I would have stopped completely until the coast was clear, but I've seen her snatching pipes, tubing, leather, green glass and charcoal from the various workshops at night, so I hope that in the event the crazy noble catches me with my hands in the proverbial cookie jar, a little blackmail will keep her mouth shut.

During this time of quarantine, Kuli has finished mining out his tomb to Zefon. Personally, when I go I just want my corpse pitched into the magma to keep from having it desecrated or coming back in these haunted lands, but "To Mutilate a body is to mutilate the soul". That just leaves them with their tombs, temporary resting places for those destined to come back.



When asked about the odd architecture, Kuli just smiled. "It's designed to replicate a piece of string, looped together. It has no beginning, no end. It just is, Johnny. Those of us that are placed down here? It is just the beginning once more. Now please, if you have a moment, help me haul these masterfully worked coffins?"

It seems the any dwarf that picks up a spear in this fortress is cursed. Geshud suffered a sparring "accident", his head found crushed against the floor. And just today, poor Logem, who had his arms broken by the goblin ambusher, has lost his mind. He now streaks down the halls, screaming and laughing and crying and vomiting, his two broken arms flopping at his sides uselessly... such a disturbing sight...

[April 17, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 18, 2008, 06:12:00 pm**

From the Files of Aryn Estetar
24th of Galena

Death: The insane Spearman has ended his life. There was an "accident" during the night where he "fell" into the baptism pools in the temple. With his arms broken and useless, he just flapped them pitifully as he sank like a stone. I've tasked the Fountainspring Fisheries to hook him and pull him out for cremation, but I honestly don't care if his bloated corpse comes out of the river. It was enough trouble getting him in there in the first place.

With this assassination attempt, I've begun the process of making myself as as inconspicuous as possible. My powers have already been mostly usurped by the Budseals, and Likot is becoming... quite eccentric in her daily affairs. She's taken to wearing a set of green-glass goggles, and a human coat fully buttoned even in this heat. She says it's to help fend off germs, I think the stress is getting to her. To further my "decent" from power, I've taken up an apprentice and have taught him how to work the job descriptions, and in secret I pass tasks down to him to pass to the plebes.

Since my last act of putting this fortress on lockdown was met by approval from the Budseal's, we've had an excess of jobless Dwarves. This is causing mischief and lethargy, two things I hate. As such, I've started making the rounds through he fortress and flagging all poorly constructed material - doors, chairs, tables, even the very beds our Dwarves sleep in, and are having them pitched into the lava.

If we're to be confined to the inside, then I want our surroundings to be epic in workmanship. This is keeping the stone masons, the engineers and the carpenters busy. Even the cooks, because their cheaply made meals? They're being thrown out. They need the practice.

The more people work, the less time they have to plot. Perhaps I'll just have it all pitched out, and start over from scratch...

OOC: I apologize for the lack of updates, but this is a dead period. Not a whole lot has happened at all, so I'm making the best of what we're given.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **April 18, 2008, 06:31:00 pm**

Rice's Journal
25th Malachite

Busy busy busy. Aryn is having us redo everything that isn't superb in its work-dwarf-ship. I've been churning out tables and chairs and doors, everything really. And if its not good enough? Gone, thrown into the magma like so much waste, like so much dead material soon to be forgotten, just like dwarves that toss themselves into the burning earth. What happens to them I wonder, what happens when they are consumed by the liquid rock?

The humans would surely think that we become part of the earth again, waiting for our time to return. What happens then to those of us who die at the hands (toes?) of the Dread Camels? What is it to be dwarf? These questions tire me. I have tables that need building.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 18, 2008, 07:26:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
13th of Limestone, 1058

Thank god for the Unions, or I'd be as overworked as Rice, Archin, Istrath, Lucy and Kuli. As the owner of Fountainspring Fisheries, my duties entail sitting on the bridge and running a line into the lake while those poor sods work from dusk 'till dawn carving and sculpting and smoothing.

The gates were opened for all of a day when merchants were spotted on the horizon, but I hadn't even began taking tally of my inventory before the Dread Camels reached them. The merchants are now dead or scattered, and worst of all their mules made it away safely, dragging all the wonderful trade with them. My coffers are beginning to run dry. Perhaps it's time to add petty theft to the list of my skills.

Stravitch has been watching the Budseal's with keen interest at my insistance. They've had one of Kuli's own locked in the prisons for failure to meet their absurd lead deliveries. When Aryn was approached, pleaded with to get her out, his repsonse was a shrug and a simple, "Perhaps if you spent less time in worship and more time at your anvil, these things wouldn't happen." To fix morale, we might need to -

What's that clatter? Is... the alarm? The goblins have returned? I need - <the>

quote:
Originally posted by ricemastah: Rice's Journal The humans would surely think that we become part of the earth again, waiting for our time to return. What happens then to those of us who die at the hands (toes?) of the Dread Camels? What is it to be dwarf? These questions tire me. I have tables that need building.

Absolutely fantastic, Rice! I love this!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **April 18, 2008, 07:38:00 pm**

Thanks. I've been taking a philosophy class and that's how I start to feel after my lecture. Except for the part about making tables, that's usually like me having to go do some math or chemistry.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 18, 2008, 10:26:00 pm**

Kuli approached Aryn and spoke these words:

"Aryn, we have had our differences, but I cannot ignore evil where I find it. Terrible forces were at work in the attempt on your life. I know this because Zefon herself appeared in my dreams last night and gave these words to me. I wrote them down as soon as I awoke."

Kuli presented a hand-written note.

quote:
ELIMINATE ARYN ESTETAR IT MUST APPEAR DONE FROM THE INSIDE RETURN WITH HIS LEDGER AND THIS LETTER BE WARY OF ZEFON AND HER FOLLOWERS OUR MAN WILL LET YOU INSIDE

"Zefon told me that these are the hidden words of the evil ones. Indeed, it appears that they fear Zefon's power. It matters not what you do with this knowledge, but I pray you will heed the grace of Zefon. You have avoided death at the hands of this assassin, but all dwarves die someday. It is only through Zefon that we may live and be reborn forever."

[April 18, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 19, 2008, 01:14:00 am**

The Events of the 14th of Limestone, 1058

Aryn paced at the front of the dining room. The benches were filled with the those in the military service; and that included both Stravitch's guardsmen, and a new set of crimson-clad Dwarves that sat against the back wall. Aryn kept one hand balled into a fist, the arm tucked behind his back as he paced. Occasional he'd gesture to the Dwarf he mentioned by name.

"Let me make sure I've got this straight. Likot, you're squad will be stationed at the parapets at the east. Sulari, you'll exit the front gate with Snake to deal with the spearmen. Major ---- DayCovering, you will hold the west. From there, ahh, it's anyone's guess. Stravitch, you'll keep the peace inside the fort. And the rest ... The Honor Guard, will be stationed out front of my room. Remember, you lot! These hand-picked Dwarves are my retinue, and they are granted full access - do NOT get in their way! Dismissed! Get to your posts!"

As the Dwarves filed out, Kuli slipped in unseen with the crowd, a look of worry crossing of his face for the first time in many months. He spoke with Aryn at length about a small note he brought with him. An hour later, Kuli walked out serenely, missing the small scrap of paper he had brought in, but carrying a chit that bared Aryn's signature.

The Events of the 16th of Limestone, 1058

The goblins marching up from the south were not prepared for the defenders awaiting them. Though they doubled the numbers of the Dwarves, their ranks were swiftly broken as Sulari dove into their marching number, her axe singing. Laughter rang through the hills as her blade slashed side-to-side blade at waist level. While she ran forward, bisecting pikeman after pikeman, Snake and his troop jogged behind, snapping the necks of any corpse they came across as a precaution. Within minutes, the goblins were dead, and Sulari and Snake headed towards the east entrance not a moment too soon.

One of Stravitch's Guard had managed to sneak out of the fortress due to Major ---- DayCovering paying more attention to his game of horseshoes than anything as trivial as what might come in - or go out - the gates. Likot pointed the runner out to the defenders below, and they watched him as he darted through the wastes towards the wrecked caravan. He crushed a camel and picked up a single leather mitten before the squad of swordsmen were on him.

The first goblin within range was rewarded by having his chest crushed with the guardsman's mace. The guardsman shattered the next two goblins thighs, darting out of the way of a third who had his hand crushed with an errant mace swing. The guardsman dodged out of the way again and faltered, the Red Mist slowly clearing from his mind. What he saw was 11 goblins surrounding him, 15 more rushing from the valley below. This pause was his undoing, as the Swordsman's leader thrust his blade through the Dwarf's heart. As he dropped to his knees, they swarmed him, hacking his body to ribbons body before moving towards the fortress.

The goblins were met in the valley in front of the east entrance. Sulari, still laughing, led the charge, her axe singing once more. Zasit, her second in command, briefly glanced to his right to Snake's group before letting out a cry of surprise. Snake and his men were entering battle wearing only their chainmail and with shields - no heavier armor, no swords at all. His trepidation was unfounded, as Snake himself shattered a goblins jaw with his shield before crushing it's throat.

The battle raged on for most of the morning. But as the sun began to peak in the wastes, the last squad of goblin swordsmen routed. Sulari gave chase, but it was all for waste - with the fear of Death baring down on them, her smile wide and terrible, her axe slashing to and fro, they found the energy to run just a bit faster.

The dead were counted: Two dwarves (one fallen in battle, unseen), a few merchants, and a half dozen of the Dread Camels who were caught in the cross fire. The soldiers limped back to base, covered in gore but pleased - today they had brought honor to their home, and tonight they would feast for the dead.

Edit: Many, many corrections!

[April 19, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 19, 2008, 01:16:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Kuli: Kuli approached Aryn and spoke these words: "Aryn, we have had our differences, but I cannot ignore evil where I find it. Terrible forces were at work in the attempt on your life. I know this because Zefon herself appeared in my dreams last night and gave these words to me. I wrote them down as soon as I awoke." Kuli presented a hand-written note. "Zefon told me that these are the hidden words of the evil ones. Indeed, it appears that they fear Zefon's power. It matters not what you do with this knowledge, but I pray you will heed the grace of Zefon. You have avoided death at the hands of this assassin, but all dwarves die someday. It is only through Zefon that we may live and be reborn forever." [April 18, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Well done Kuli! Since you were the first to decipher the message, you're free to pick what you'd like done. Kuli's got his chit, and if you'd rather not "spend" it now, feel free to wait until something worthy pops up.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 19, 2008, 12:30:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
19th of Sandstone, 1058

I never thought I'd see the day where Aryn and Kuli would be eating lunch together, and though they may not have been getting along in a friendly-like manner, Aryn wasn't his normal blustering self. He was restrained, listening attentively to Kuli talk, his eyes focused on what looked like a small set of blueprints in front of him. When Rice and Lucy sat down at the table with them, and the yelling had still

failed to start from our *darling* leader? That's when I left the mess hall, seeking out the normalcy of Stravitch and his gruff, old-mans outlook on life.

Lucy's group has been working extra hours since Aryn's apprentice "mandated" the re-construction of the wash system. He read unsteadily that the water-tripped pressure plates would be renovated and moved closer to the channels - only constructed of masterpiece gears. The citizen's plates? They needed to react slower, and every old mechanism in the fortress would be employed for that purpose. This has led to an odd instance, where every mechanism in the middle of the spectrum gets a magma bath, though I've been secreting some of the engraved or jewel-encrusted aside for trade later.

There has been talk of the metal workers traveling too far to grab bars and goblin iron. As such, Archin's crew has been instructed to mine out extra space behind the forges and smelters where these items will reside. A one-time cost to move these items will be completely offset by the increased efficiency of the metal workers. Soon, the majority of the guard should be outfitted in steel plate.

Lastly, a small addition was added to the Church - a large stained glass window of Zefon was added above the entrance way, a small opening carved into the roof's base to allow green light to filter inside. All in all, it's quite the tasteful display. Istrath really outdid himself.

We've also seen a small increase in population. Another for my fisheries have arrived, along with: A carpenter, a peasant, a glassmaker, a speardwarf, a macedwarf, a metalsmith, and a leatherworker. As far as I know, they'll be berthed in the barracks until they can afford much better accommodations. Perhaps they'd be willing to take a small loan from ol' Johnny, in exchange for ... nicer rooms.

[April 20, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

[April 20, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 19, 2008, 03:37:00 pm**

"Oh sweet Zefon, what is that?" Sulari asked, her status as a legendary fighter forgotten at the rumbling in the ground. "That, ahh, that's a Grinning Bronze Colossus. It must be one that lives in the mountains to the west of here. Well isn't this ... a problem," responded Snake dryly, taking a long drag from his cigarette. "Well what the hell does it want!" "Most likely to eat the ore we've mined out. It may not be as smart as we Dwarves, but they live long lives, and they listen to the whispering around them." "So what will we do?" "We'll probably die. I imagine he'll knock down the draw bridge, and smash the civilians. Mayor Likot will be in her tower, but it will be knocked down and she'll probably be crushed to death. By the time this happens, I'll most likely be across the river, heading north, and I sug-urk!"

Sulari had grabbed Snake by the plate mail, hauling him forward until they were touching nose-to-nose. Her eyes had narrowed to small slits, upper lip curled into a sneer. "Now you listen to me, you cowardly ass. We're going to get our gear, meet me topside! I will NOT listen to your traitorous talks of abandoning all that we've worked for! Now go!"

Thanks to the rearrangements inside, it took longer than expected to arm the guards. Instead, a few of Aryn's personal guard attacked the colossus as it stormed into the courtyard, showing off their skill by bludgeoning it with leather boots, and shields. They were summarily dispatched, their heads crushed, their bones shattered.

Mayor Likot's masterfully-worked arrows distracted the beast, but she was not prepared for it's quickness. It reached her before she could get away, gingerly plucking the quiver from her back. At the speed it was swung, the leather was as taut as steel, and shattered the Dwarfs arm. As Mayor Likot crawled to safety, Snake's retinue finally hit top-side running, swarming around the Bronze Beast, bludgeoning it ineffectively with their wooden swords.

Cursing loudly, Snake tossed his sword aside, scooping up a warhammer from the corpse pile. The metal rang out, crippling the Colossus's hip and bringing it to the ground, but it was no less dangerous. A war dog was smashed to a pulp, and one of Stravitch's guard found the quiver thrown through his chest - the look of surprise etched onto his face in death. Even one of Snake's swordsmen, Woundletters, was grabbed and shaken like a child, her brain pulped inside her skull.

Snake clamored atop the colossus, his hammer arcing high in the air as he brought it down on the beasts face. He widened his stance to stay atop the thrashing monster, his hammer clanging off the metal features, flattening the nose, the eyes, the mouth into a flat sheet of bronze.

The final blow, however, was delivered by the now retarded Woundletters. She stood there, drooling and trembling, slowly lifting her hands above her head. The air crackled with energy, the light around her seeming to dim. Green light burst forth from her nose, her mouth, her eyes, and she thrust her hands forward hard against the Colossus's lower body. The Dwarves were blinded by the insuing explosion, and when their sight cleared they were greeted by a snow of bronze flakes raining down from the sky.

Snake leaned on his warhammer, panting hard. He swung his hand towards the beasts head, and said breathlessly, "Woundletters, you just killed the Grinning Bronze Colossus. You're ... the hero we all wish we could be. As a reward, we'll have this head hauled in front of your bedroom, as a reminder of the good work you've done today."

Woundletters mumbled something incomprehensible, clapping her hands together and bouncing up and down. Snake just shook his head, dragging the hammer back to the corpse pile before picking up his sword and heading downstairs to find Sulari.

OOC: I honestly have no idea how this could have happened, "The Championbashes The bronze colossus in the lower body with her left hand/ The lower body flies off in an arc!"

The only explanation I can come up with is having her brain scrambled, Woundletters is now a conduit for the psionic forces emanating up from the ground. She also vomits ectoplasm, which is great for parties.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 19, 2008, 09:40:00 pm**

Kuli is not suddenly friendly with Aryn. He merely received a revelation from Zefon and wished to bring it to light. Kuli personally does not like Aryn very much but his religious convictions prevent him from being too judgmental.

I have an idea about what I want Kuli's reward to be. Now that Kuli believes he can communicate directly with Zefon he desires his own personal (but modest) shrine to Zefon. Tell me if this is feasible and I'll give you the details. If not, I'll think of something simpler.

Also, wow a bronze colossus. I'm glad the fort survived. Where's the statue going to end up?

[April 19, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 19, 2008, 11:08:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Kuli: Kuli is not suddenly friendly with Aryn. He merely received a revelation from Zefon and wished to bring it to light. Kuli personally does not like Aryn very much but

his religious convictions prevent him from being too judgmental.

I have an idea about what I want Kuli's reward to be. Now that Kuli believes he can communicate directly with Zefon he desires his own personal (but modest) shrine to Zefon. Tell me if this is feasible and I'll give you the details. If not, I'll think of something simpler.

Also, wow a bronze colossus. I'm glad the fort survived. Where's the statue going to end up?

[April 19, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Sorry, I must have read a little too much into your post. I'm going to make a quick edit to Johnny's journal to better reflect their relationship.

A shrine to Zefon would work just fine by me. Tell me how you'd like it designed and I'll have it started immediately.

The Bronze Colossus did much more damage than I expected. With all but one of our close-combat military a champion I was too ballsy, and a bunch of unhappy thoughts spread around at the dead and wounded. Sulari also took that moment to go grab a nap in the barracks, leaving the Guardsmen alone. That was quite exciting, seeing them bludgeoned to death with a quiver. The statue went in front of the Swordsman's room that killed it for now. Perhaps I should make a "Hall of Legends"?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 20, 2008, 12:13:00 am**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
2nd of Opal, 1058

The military are up on their high-horses as of late, with lots of back slapping and grab-assing and drinking and partying over the defeat of the Grinning Bronze Colossus that has been given the name Lepe Eranaobi. This is a problem, because while the Military has been strutting around the fort, the guardsmen and the civilians are beginning to get rowdy.

There have been little tantrums around the fort - mugs thrown, tables knocked over, little things that the plebs do to show their displeasure. In the instance of one of Stravitch's guard, both her mother and father were killed by Lepe, and her baby sister jumped into the lake to end her own life. The poor guardsman has been in solitary ever since, nursing the broken leg she suffered helping to defend us with only the thoughts of her dead family to keep her company.

in retribution, the two new spear recruits suffered "training accidents", something Stravitch was *just too late to get to* to save them. One of their younger brothers snapped and punched one of Aryn's retinue, and that lead to his death in the jail cells, The Hammerer not thinking too kindly of such physicalities.

I've been staying out of everyone's way. Most of my time is spend in my room reading through the ledgers, double-checking our profits. A few more good trades, and we should have enough capital set aside to bribe almost any worker here a dozen times over. This is quite reassuring, and with Likot held up with her injuries, these sales should go without a hitch.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 20, 2008, 12:17:00 pm**

The Events of the 8th of Obsidian



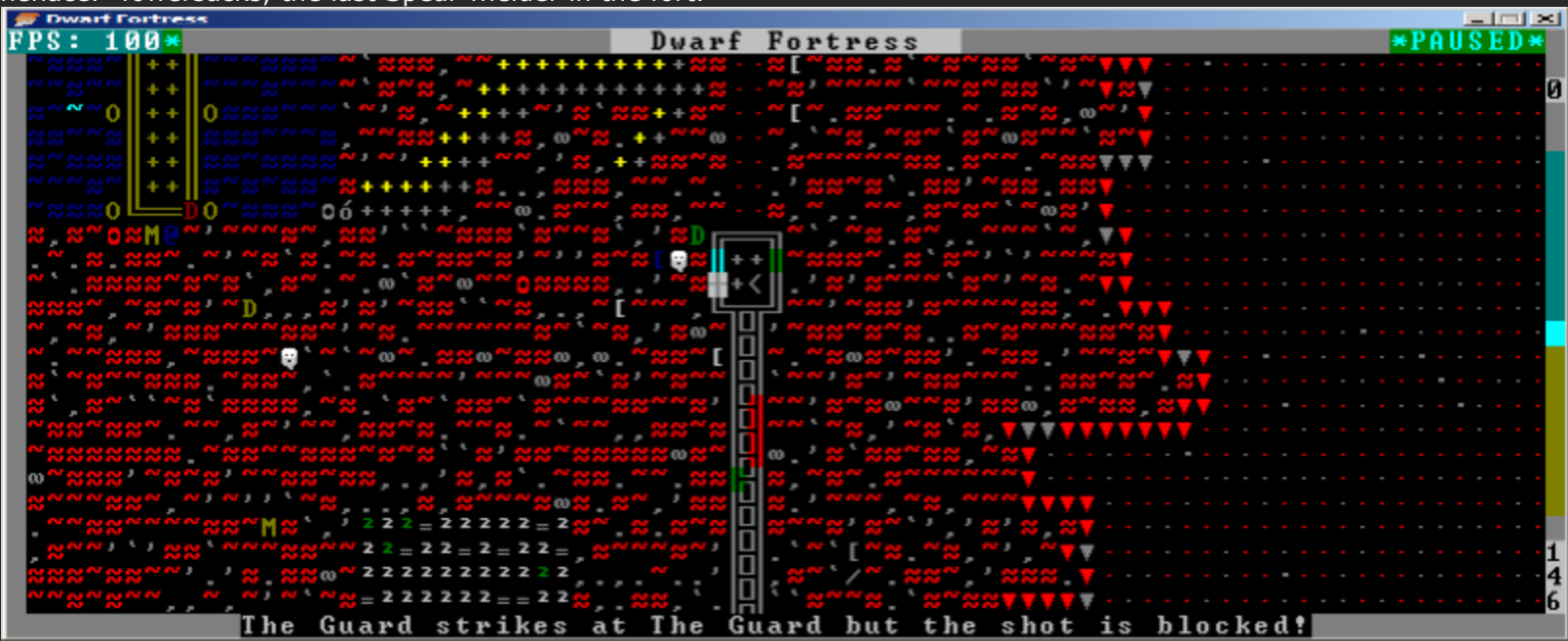
The sound of metal clanking on smoothed stone announced Sulari's presence in the barracks. She was drenched in sweat from her run down from Top Side, and she immediately went to her room to grab her axe and helmet. As she passed Snake's room, she took a moment to back peddle and stare at the one-eyed soldier. Ash was dropping from his cigarette into a duffel bag he was packing with salted meat and flasks of rum.

"What are you doing, Snake! Grab your armor, there's a dra-"
"Yes, I know. I saw it when I was taking a break."
"WHAT! I just heard from the civilians, they're in an uproar! Is that REALLY a dragon?"
"As far as I know, it is," Snake said. He took a drag and tossed the butt aside, crushing it with the toe of his boot. "It came from the south, so I suspect it's Flysnarling. You know how south of here is known as the Dead Lands? Nothing but ash and wastes and fire?"
"...yes...?"
"Well, it's because of her. Her and about seven other dragons. Anyway, I'm going to be over the river in about ten minuets, so..."

There was a brief scuffle out in the hallway. When the noise had ended, Snake slouched into the armory, his nose swollen and dripping blood. Sulari stalked past him with her axe, her voice loud and commanding, "Everyone, grab your weapons!"

The dragon was faster than anyone could have imagined. The Dwarves, lollygagging by the rum barrels, waited until the last second to pull the lever. When the bridge finally raised, Flysnarling was inside the court yard. The Civilians loitering top side were driven towards the stairs by streams of fiery breath. While Sulari and Snake gathered their equipment, only one Dwarf stood against the oncoming

menace. Towersacks, the last Spear wielder in the fort.



She stood their serenely while the dragon bore down on her, lowering her head to protect her face as fire rushed around her. When the dragon was in range, she sprung forward and began the attack. Her spear flashed in the sun, a blur of steel and sparks as it struck against the dragons hard scales.

She pressed the attack, dodging the monsters bites, but was not prepared for the beast charging her. She was knocked onto her back, the sun blotted by the looming form. Gritting her teeth, she grabbed her spear and swung it forward, bracing the butt against the ground. Flysnarling didn't see the spear, and when she felt the tip stab through the small opening between her scales she tried to stop.

It was no use. The spear was embedded in her to almost the base, piercing her heart and damaging her spine. The Dragon writhed and twisted, vomiting great gouts of fire into the air. With a great crash it toppled over onto it's back, blood streaming from around the spear.



One of Sulari's axemen was the first on the scene. Though it was apparent to all the dragon was dead when her axe found the neck, still she demanded the glory for the kill. Shaking her head, Sulari mumbled, "Fine. You want a title? You're Dumat Laborfaithed, The Hollow of Zealots. Now go and train, I need to speak with Towersacks."

Sulari helped the spear weilder up, dusting sand from the back of her steel plate. She offered a smile, "I apologize, some of my squad are ... just out for the glory. Is there anything I can do to reward you? What you did was utterly amazing."

But Towersacks just shook her head. "No thanks are needed. All I need is my spear." It took nearly an hour to dislodge the spear from Flysnarling's chest. Towersacks did end up taking a small reward: The rest of the day off from training. Instead, she spent it in her spartan room, cleaning her spear and armor.

Edit: tiny spelling errors.

[April 20, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 20, 2008, 02:12:00 pm**

Oh crap, Migrursut has a megabeast infestation.

Okay, here's my idea for the shrine. It should be roughly circular in shape. Something like this:

```
code:

=====
==++++==
=====
+++++++
++++S+++
+++++++
=====
==++++==
=====
```

It's pretty simple. The statue is of Zefon of course. Since Kuli likes obsidian and nickel, the statue should be made of obsidian, and decorated with obsidian and nickel. The statue will be established as a statue garden owned by Kuli.

I don't care where you put the shrine. Attach it as an annex to the existing temple if you want, or dig it out somewhere underground.

I have some more ideas of what to do with the shrine, but I'll save those for another time if I happen to win another of these little contests.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 20, 2008, 03:02:00 pm**

Deaths: There have been more than I can count this year. The only consolation is only the worthless are losing their lives. Stravitch's guard, the spear-wielders, unimportant civilians. The important ones are keeping their heads down like good Dwarves should.

Nobility: The Budseals have been placated with trinkets and expensive meals. But I'm watching them, and when I find out who our traitor is, I swear by every God, old and terrible, that I will personally see to their cremation.

Mismanagement: My apprentice has already caused problems by allowing the liquor productions to falter. In a single year, a surplus of 800 gallons dwindled to 45 thanks to his mismanagement. I've debated having him beaten for this, but decided that might be too harsh for his first offense. We're now up to almost 200 gallons, and the number is steadily climbing.

Blueprints: New additions to the fortress's layout have been made [here](#).

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 20, 2008, 03:05:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
Oh crap, Migrursut has a megabeast infestation.

Okay, here's my idea for the shrine. It should be roughly circular in shape. Something like this:

code:

```
=====
==++++==
==++++++==
==+++++++=
==+++S+++=
==++++++=
==++++++==
=====
=====
=====
```

It's pretty simple. The statue is of Zefon of course. Since Kuli likes obsidian and nickel, the statue should be made of obsidian, and decorated with obsidian and nickel. The statue will be established as a statue garden owned by Kuli.

I don't care where you put the shrine. Attach it as an annex to the existing temple if you want, or dig it out somewhere underground.

I have some more ideas of what to do with the shrine, but I'll save those for another time if I happen to win another of these little contests.

You've got it, Kuli! I've got a place picked out for your shrine by the temple and as soon as we get a bunch of stone blocks I'll have it built up for you. Two questions though:

- 1.) At the bottom of the diagram, would you mind a door being put in there? I didn't see any in your diagram and don't want to make assumptions that could mess with the vision.
- 2.) I was going to roof over it, but if that might affect future plans I can leave it open air.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 20, 2008, 03:43:00 pm**

I didn't put a door on the diagram because I assumed you'd put one on whatever side was most appropriate. A door at the bottom is fine.

A roof is fine, however you want to make it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 21, 2008, 09:52:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
11th of Slate

Kuli wasted no time in cashing in his chit. Rice's crew have been dutifully hauling basalt blocks Top Side and have begun construction of *something* behind the Temple. What it is, no one will say, Kuli's blueprints are kept close to his chest for now. However, I'm sure he can't be fully pleased - I overheard a conversation in the hallway between him and Aryn.

The Child of Zefon was asking for the promised funds, the donation of good faith of five-thousand monies to fund the church construction. The glee could almost be heard in Aryn's voice: "Kuli, you'll have to wait. You've already been rewarded once and that has been paid for. Just sit tight on your debt, I'm sure Zefon will see to your needs."

Archin has announced that Basalt is still in short number, and has taken the miners to the magma vent. She has a three pronged plan of attack: Take the basalt that is easily seen, strip out the ore and minerals that have formed from the magma, and harvest as much obsidian as possible. She claims it's a beautifying effort and for that I could kiss her - Obsidian is worth much, much more on the Dwarven Market, and with some chunks secreted away my idols and dolls will be all the more valuable.

It seems the Dread Camels, their presence unseen for so long, were just biding their time. They prey on the week and the lost, such as the fresh meat that has arrived at our fortress. Twenty-Two were said to have reached the boundary of our land; fifteen made it to the gates alive. Sulari was sent out, her axe making short work of the menaces Goodhustle, and Ringedsuitor the Lush Phantom, but not before they claimed seven. The migrants gave us their names and jobs, in the hope that their memory may be remembered:
Fikod Copperheart - Furnace Operator
Asmel Playearth - Armorer
Unid Rawcrypt - Woodcrafter
Lokum Cruxarch - Peasant
Etur Channelrain - Milker
Aban Paintseas - Peasant
Endok Toeanvil - Peasant
Mosus Dikepassage - Peasant

I doubt they will be, though. Their possessions are already in Aryn's shops, and their corpses thrown onto the pile with all the others. Ah, such is life in the wastes. Sulari, however, has finally been rewarded for her years of devoted service. The Count Consort Eral Budseal saw fit to hold a feast in her honor and at the end, bestow upon her the glorious title **Sulari Clappedrooms The Delightful Worship of Trammels**.

While most of the males in the fortress agree whole heartedly with this appropriate title, and Erith has been planning more cheesecake to adorn the walls, Countess Budseal has deemed her husband may just spend the week sleeping in the mess hall. Oh, the horrors of married life.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **gerkinzola** on **April 22, 2008, 07:55:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by God of Toast:

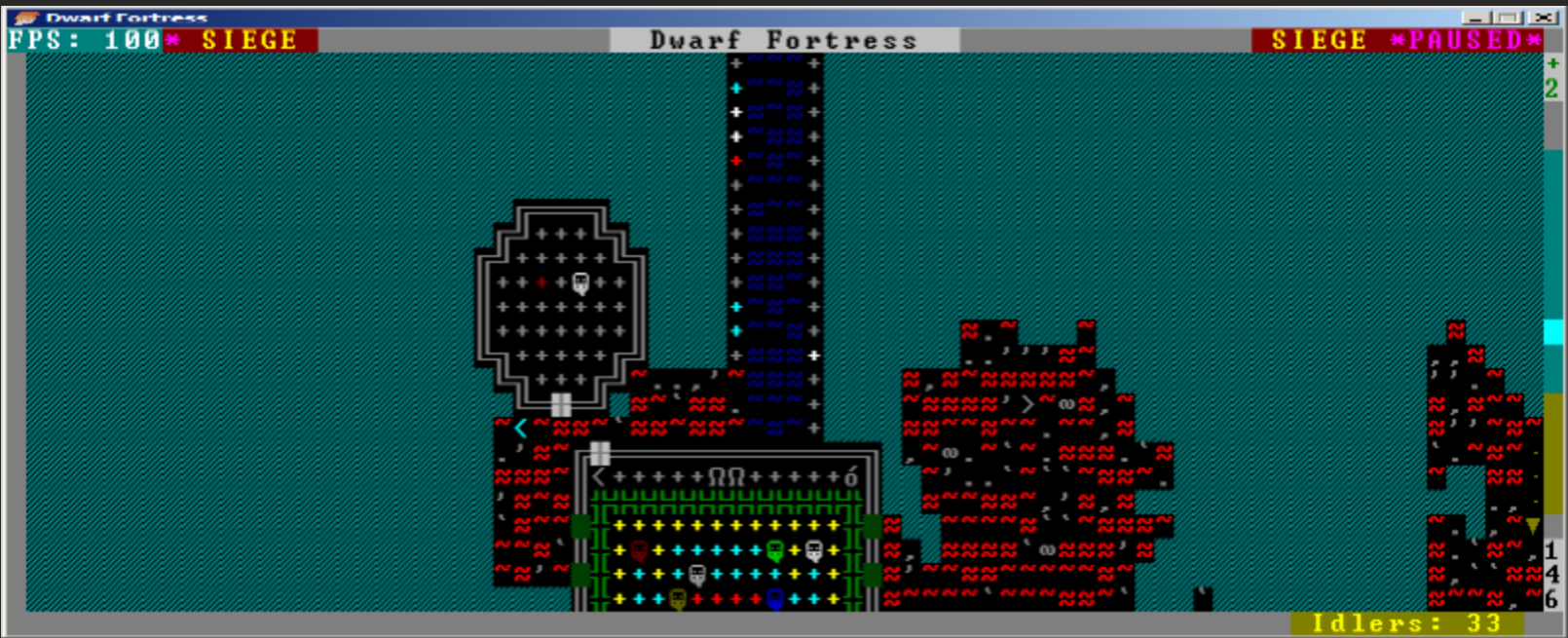
Why does a MALE dwarf take the form of a god of PREGNANCY?

they're suppost to do it on their own are they?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 22, 2008, 10:44:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
11th of Hematite

Kuli's request has been met in record time, though most of the masons were under the impression they'd be paid both for the shrine and the Church's construction, but that was just not so. Kuli's good name, his smooth words, and the respect he has garnered for being the most proficient with a hammer has stopped the masons guild from a full out riot, but... I don't know how much longer they'll deal with unpaid work. Aryn has been seen cackling whenever he hears of these disgruntled workers, when he's seen outside of his room anymore.



I was pulled out of masonry retirement at Kuli's specific request. After constructing my coffin Thun Okin, I'm a bit of a masonry expert, though I don't like to flaunt that information. I agreed to do some work for my long-time friend, and after much head ache we got some obsidian stones I carved into the image of Zefon. Of these, one was of exceptional quality, and this was hauled to the forge where it was tastefully edged with well-crafted nickel. As soon as it's out of the shop, it'll be placed under the small opened skylight.

Snake has been acting quite off lately. The Dread Camel, their spirits increased by all of the migrants trampled, have seen fit to enter our courtyards in the hopes of spilling more Dwarven blood. They are summarily stopped by Sulari and a few have been caught in traps. Snake, however, is generally the first with boots on the ground after Sulari, and every skirmish ends with him sighing wistfully and stating something absurd like, "I wish some had been left for him." There have been shouting matches between the two over his performance and training ethic, but regardless of what is said he's the first on the scene, following right behind Sulari.

Mayor Likot is still held up with her broken arm, and Stravitch has been saying this might be the perfect time to act. One of our men in the Fountainspring Fisheries might need to be switched to cook detail, but I don't think it would take long for him to prepare the meals she eats, and th <the>

"Close the gates! CLOSE THE GATES!" Aryn shouted from the courtyard. "There are goblins in the valley! If you're not inside in ten minutes, you're corpse will be picked up with the green skins after the battle! IN SIIIIDEEE!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 23, 2008, 06:59:00 am**

Thanks for the shrine. It's exactly what I wanted. I love the location, too!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 23, 2008, 08:05:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
Thanks for the shrine. It's exactly what I wanted. I love the location, too!

It's not problem at all. I was going to have a picture with the exceptional obsidian statue in the center (and that one spot of blood cleaned up), but it was already 11:30 and we got hit with a VILE FORCE OF DARKNESS and I decided it was probably just time to call it a night and deal with that inconvenience the next day.

Also, the roof is almost complete (damn basalt blocks!) and when it is, I'll post a picture of that too.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 23, 2008, 01:32:00 pm**

Where, exactly, did the blood come from? Don't tell me my shrine is being used for dark rituals.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 23, 2008, 07:59:00 pm**

The Events of the 14th of Hematite, 1059

Nako Cursedabbler paced in front of the amassed goblins. Three squads were fielded today, one of axes and one of swords, Nako's own carrying the well-made bronze crossbows of Tode Lustu. His red eyes were narrowed into thin slits, small silver-capped tusks glistening in the harsh sun light.

"Ngokang, Aslot, you're squads will move in first. We will be following behind your meat-screen supplying bolt fire at the pathetic Stunts. Remember - what are your orders?"
"Grab the Children," The goblins roared in unison.
"And your secondary?" Asked Nako.
"Remove the menace Sulari."
"Good. Now, march!"

Sulari darted into the barracks to grab her axe. All around the soldiers were donning their armor, adjusting the straps on their helms or running the whetstone across their blades. Only Major ---- DayCovering was absent, as he was still dutifully pitching horseshoes in front of the Church - the standing soldiers too terrified to ask him to join them in battle.

"We're leaving the eastern gate open. We'll meet the gobbos at the crest of the hill. We'll have the height advantage-" the Dwarves in the room stifled their snickers, "- and hopefully that will keep the bolts at bay long enough for The Silvery Trails squad to get on the parapet to rain steel death on the green skins. You've got ten minutes to get Top Side. Move, men!"

Sulari had almost made it out of the barracks before seeing Snake in the corner, tightening the straps on his armor. A bemused smile spread on her face as she sauntered over, hooking her thumbs into her belt. "Well, well well! Look at this, don't have some snarky comment to make? Aren't trying to hide safely back in the Mountain Homes? What's caused this sudden growth of spine?"

Snake smiled as he gave a hard tug on the side straps, making the plate mail sit more snugly on his barrel chest. "These aren't the terrible beasts of Old we're dealing with, these are simple greenskins. Pathetic, easily scared greenskins that I've beaten to death with only a wooden shield. So I don't want to fight a monster made of living metal, or some horrible lizard that belches fire. What do you take me for? I'm a warrior, not an idiot."

Sulari laughed and clapped him on the shoulder. "Fine, well, I'll see you Top Side. Perhaps your sword will actually be as good as your mouth and shield."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 23, 2008, 09:33:00 pm**

The Events of the 17th of Hematite, 1059

The axe-squad of goblins were the first to mount the hill. They stayed in formation, their axes held high on their shoulders. They sang harsh, guttural songs in their native tongues, their teeth gnashing with blood lust. Behind them marched the swordsmen - prepared to attack the hopefully-tired Dwarves as much as they were instructed to push the axes farther forward if they tried to break rank and flee.



Axeman Laborfaith was the first to break rank and charge, determined to regain her honor after the debacle with the dragon. Her iron axe glittered in the sunlight, and she deftly removed the first goblins head on her first swing. The others quickly joined into the melee, swords and axes and spears rending soft green flesh from the bone. Even Woundletters was in battle, the retard laughing and clapping happily as she broke necks and shoulders with her maple sword, finishing goblins left and right by swinging it like a bat, sparks of psionic energy crackling as she blasted them towards the distant horizon.

Regrouping their strength in front of the bridge, a single bolt whizzed past Woundletters head, embedding in the stone wall behind her. Snake spun at the sound and wasted no time in bolting towards the bridge, shouting, "Get inside! They'll perforate us! Raise the bridge!"

All but one of the Speardwarves made it inside. The last, left in the cold, steeled his resolved and charged the masses. One of the gobbos was stabbed through the face before the Dwarf was mobbed and quartered.

With the bridge up, any Dwarf that walked by was shot at by the crossbows. This became a game for some of the quicker members of the military who would pop out into the open, dodge some bolts, and dart back behind cover. Of course, this didn't always work, as one of Aryn's personal guard, drunk and stupid slouched out hurling insults and laughing. He was promptly filed with bolts and left to die in the court yard, Snake shouting threats at anyone who came near his corpse or gear.

Eventually the command was given and the bridge was lowered. The Dwarves held steady by the inside wall, while the Marksdwarves took their position on the walls. As the first goblin axeman rounded the corner, he was greeted by Sulari's axe to his face. He dropped like a sack of rocks, the Dwarves rushing onto the bridge and into battle.



For some, bolts were deflected with skill. Sulari's shield looked like a pincushion as she waded onto the gore soaked bridge, laughing and hacking at anything green moving. Snake's sword was a blur as it knocked bolts out of the air before lopping off limbs. Bolts were even

missing Woundletters, the steel seeming to curve at the last second before missing the jolly soldier as she bounded towards the bridge, her maple sword held high.

The goblins were soon routed, their moral broken. But due to the tight proximity on the bridge there was no where for the goblins to run to. They were slaughtered like cattle, their cries of "FOR OLSMO!" flitting away in the wind, their dying breaths.

Even with the victory, there were some small casualties. Woundletters, her concentration broken by the joy of battle took a bolt through the left hand and through the chest - her punctured lung and wounded hand slowing her down not at all. And Swordsman Abbeybucks took a bolt through the right bicep. Unable to hold a sword he withdrew from the battle, trying to stem the blood flow.

As the soldiers limped down to the store room for a well needed drink they were greeted with the cheers of the civilians. The Fortresses was safe once again, the Dwarves mettle still untested. Snake hung back with Abbeybucks, helping re-dress the wound. They didn't speak for many minutes, and Snake was the first to break the silence, his voice pained, "Sodel - do you think that love can bloom on the battlefield?"

"I don't know, sir..." Came the weary reply, "I think it can at any time, any place; people can fall in love at any time. But..."
"But what?"
"But nothing, sir. Forget it. I wasn't saying anything."
"...Yeah, I wasn't either..."

They trailed off again. Sodel, his blood loss heavy closed his eyes to save his strength. Snake watched the revelers from the distance, sighing softly as he watched Sulari lifted upon the Civilians shoulders, her helmet off, dark hair streaming down her back.

Edit: Forgot a part.

[April 23, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

[April 23, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 24, 2008, 05:41:00 pm**

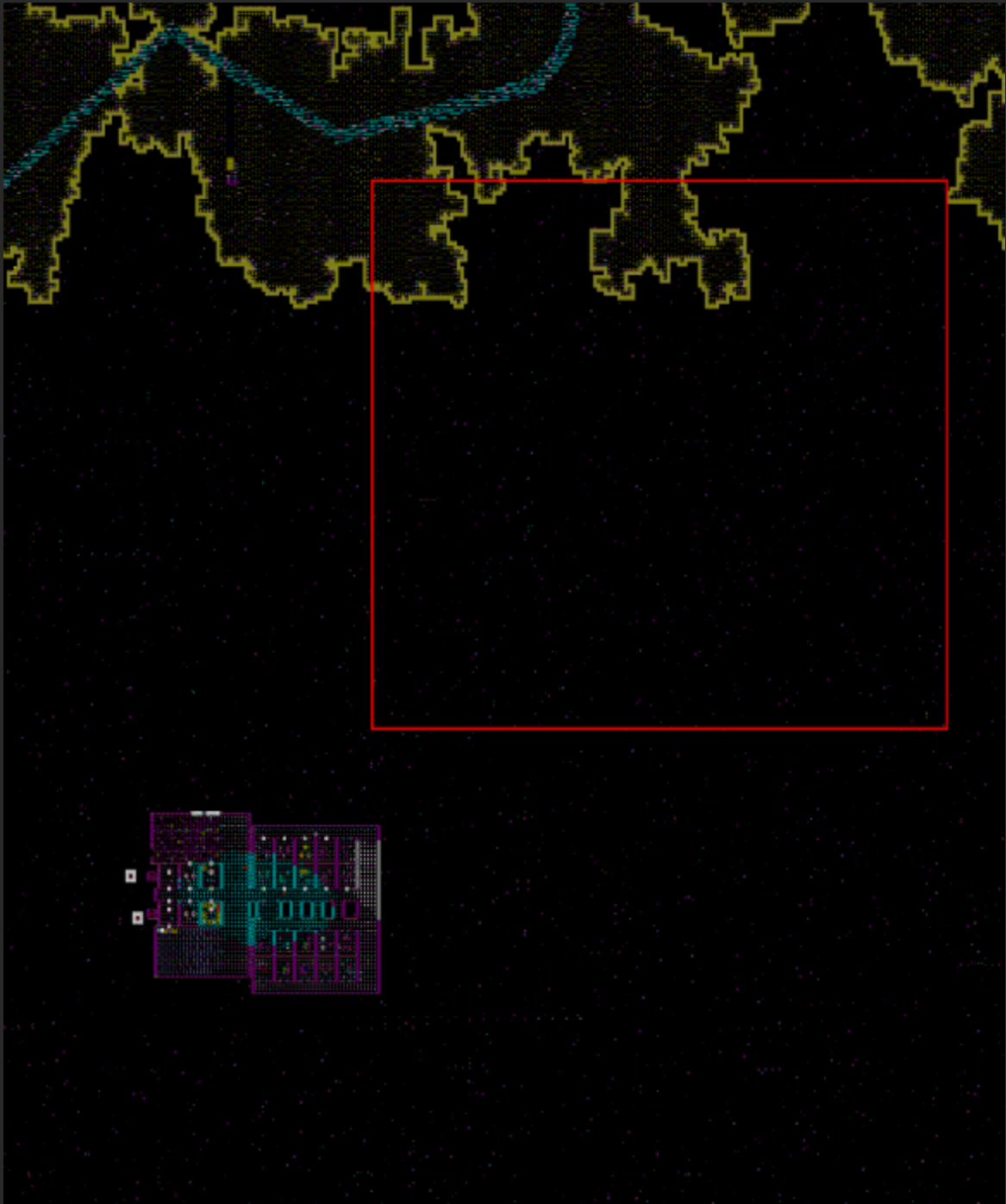
From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
The 16th of Malachite, 1059

Even though the "Great Dwarf-Wash" is still being completed, Aryn has seen fit to start a new project. At our latest all-hands, he expressed once again his intense dislike for the jobless and lazy, and has decreed that any Dwarf of sound mind and able body **MUST** work - doing the jobs of their forefathers:

Swinging a pick.

He showed us a crude sketch of the surrounding area, his pointer slapping the parchment loudly as he pointed to the red square. "This will be our quarry, and it will delve deep. It's a travesty our only source of iron comes from those worthless greenskins. By putting picks in the hands of our charges, we will increase productivity, have paying jobs for those currently without, and will increase our stone, gem, and ore - increasing our worth to the outside world."

the Budseals *love* this idea, even going so far as to shake hands with a visibly disgusted Aryn. But the plans have been set, and the quarry has begun, and for the quick cash I may raise the pick once more. My apprentices can hold the fisheries for now, and Stravitch is both terrifying and capable in handling the traders while I toil in the mines.



[April 24, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 25, 2008, 07:17:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
Where, exactly, did the blood come from? Don't tell me my shrine is being used for dark rituals.

The blood is from a construction mishap. I was trying to do this:

```
code:

0 0000
0#++++00
```

Where the # is a constructed floor I was removing before the top wall it was connected to was actually, uhh, connected to anything else. Knocked a Stonercrafter down and busted his head a little, but by the time he got to his room he was 100%. No dark arts (yet).

Also, a quick apology - My project is almost at completion so I've been working on it pretty much as soon as I get home from work until about 9 or 10, and then DF has been throwing me nothing but boredom so far as I try to complete projects. So bare with if the updates are slow for a while, they'll pick up again, promise!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 25, 2008, 08:43:00 am**

Heh heh, friend, if DnG! and The Woodsman (rest his treasured soul...) have taught me anything, it's that they'll wait as long as it takes for another update.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 25, 2008, 11:10:00 am**

```
quote:

Originally posted by Kagus:
<STRONG>Heh heh, friend, if DnG! and The Woodsman (rest his treasured soul...) have taught me anything, it's that they'll wait as long as it takes for another update.
</STRONG>
```

It's good to hear words of reassurance from one of the Wordslingers on this forum - if I can't get a "good" update out once a day or so, I start to get antsy, ya' know? That's probably just my obsessive side showing through, though.

Edit: Just like my obsession with going through and adding a single missing space... yeesh!

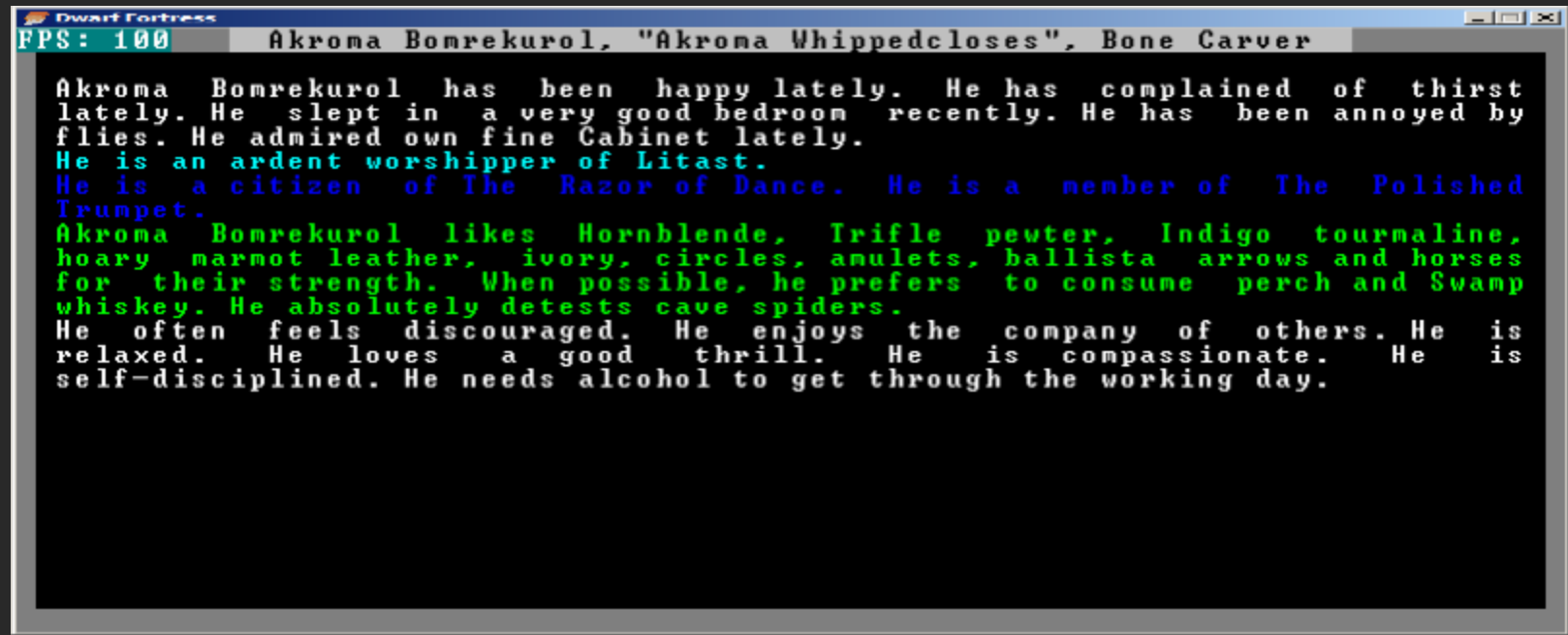
[April 25, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Akroma** on **April 25, 2008, 12:28:00 pm**

to my shame I must admit I haven't read this story yet
but taking a look at the archieve, the architecture sure is awesome
that being said, I claim Akroma, a male bonecarver

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 25, 2008, 04:05:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
6th of Limestone



I had a meeting today with the head of the Bone Carvers union, one Akroma Whippedcloses. He came in complaining of a lack of work for the bone carvers, a topic that made me throw up my hands in bewilderment.

"Look around you! The only thing that grows in this land is death; the only fruit we have are bones. How can you be want for work? It's a veritable cornucopia of decay and destruction just steps from our entrance!"

It seems that my assistant is lacking in his duties yet again - the second strike against him - And this is the reason Akroma respectfully came to me. I've ordered dozens upon dozens of bone bolts to be constructed for Likot's markedwarves. When that's completed, perhaps we can begin decorating our furniture with the bones of the undead. It may be a morbid spectacle, but it should remind us of what is outside our walls; of what not following *my* orders can lead to.

There have been thefts in the Fortress, items stolen, items sold. Contraband is slipping in, and I still fear the spies within our walls, they're watching me, I know it ...

The miners digging the quarry are being put to a use I neglected to inform them of: early warning. Archin ran across a Kobold trying to escape with a masterfully worked iron breastplate that was unfortunately left on the battlefield. She apprehended him, bringing him in with the request that he should be let go. Of what use is punishing the lesser races, she said? Just take the armor and make an example, and let him go. I agreed readily.

I strangled him by the cliff face, and threw him AND the armor into the lava pit. He was probably working with the greenskins anyway, that pathetic wretch... and no dwarf of mine would wear armor tainted by their foul touch. Beasts!

[April 25, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 25, 2008, 04:20:00 pm**

NOTE!!!

Less then a days notice, I know, but the next cryptogram will be posted around 4pm. Everyone is eligible to play (even those who haven't claimed Dwarves), and as the last two times, the first person to post the solution is allowed to make an in-game request.

Clarification:
That will be 4pm, EST on April 26th.

END NOTE!!!

[April 25, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 26, 2008, 12:52:00 am**

From the Journal of Johnny Fountainspring
14th of Sandstone

I'm holed up in my room thanks to Aryn's quarry. Part of his design has placed our mining operations where our wagon landed. Archin and I took a small pause as we stared at the entrance, remembering the past eight years, both the good and the bad. Our first day in this scorched wasteland, greeted by the dead.

Due to a mining mishap, I was dropped three floors in a cave in. Those idiots we recruited from the last migratory group to swing a pick weren't listening to instructions, and one of them dropped the ceiling down on top of herself. I dropped with ceiling.



That miner was crushed to death, and I managed to walk away with only a sprained hip, both my legs bruised and battered, and a nasty welt on my head by tucking and rolling at the very last second. Right now I'm "resting" in my room to get out of the rest of the days work, imbibing in contraband rum.

I've overheard talk from Istrath, who's stressing. The Budseals lapdog the Tax Collector has ordered that he and his jewelers supply him with two exquisite large gems, items he's already overflowed his room and tomb with. Istrath has tried in vain to explain how "Gem's can't be increased in size. I can't be held responsible for smaller, more delicate gems pulled from the earth." But he won't be sated. If proper specimens can't be found, well, someone will surely be punished for this.

Akroma, on the other hand, has been given a mandate by the Budseals to make as much out of Dread Camel bones as he can. Such a coincidence, that a few days after complaining of the lack of work, the Bone Carvers union is now working against the clock.

[April 26, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **dojango** on **April 26, 2008, 01:16:00 pm**

hmm, cryptogram, eh? beats studying. mind if I claim an unnamed dwarf? If there are any. Dojango, male farmer/brewer/cook or something similar. Or if you need cannon fodder, that's cool, too.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 26, 2008, 03:19:00 pm**

The Events of the 22nd of Standstone, 1059

Aryn was walking the grounds at night, staring down at the large roll of paper in his hands. Occasionally he would stop his pacing, leaning against the barricade to make additional notes with his pencil, or hastily scratch out a part he deemed inappropriate. He didn't notice the pair of red eyes glowing softly from behind the raised bridge, but eventually the gentle scratching at the stone got his attention.

"...who's there?" He asked quietly.
"Olssssmo Livessss?" Came the hissed reply.

The hairs at the back of his neck raised; a shudder running down his spine. The switch in his mind, the one that allows full and conscience control, switched itself to autopilot.

"Y-yes. **Olsmo Lives?**" Aryn repeated, horrified that the words actually came from his mouth, that he was talking to a pair of red eyes, glowing through the crack between the gate house and the bridge.

"Gooood..." came the reply from the other side. "Thiss isss for you. Like before; Take it back to The Mountain Homesss of Stukossss Matul with your caravan."

The thin, scaly arm of a Kobold pushed itself through the small opening, holding a rolled up scroll. Aryn gingerly took it, and the arm pulled back through the opening, the eyes winking out in the darkness.

The caravan left in two days, their mules packed high with trade goods. As soon as the gates were closed Aryn called an emergency meeting with the Union Leaders in the mess hall. The doors were locked when the last of the Dwarves entered the mess. Aryn stalked to the front, his boots echoing loudly in the quiet room.

"This is to be kept as quiet as possible. News will get out, I'm fully aware, but I'd like this to stay secret as long as possible. In my hand, I have a letter. This has been intercepted on it's way back to The Mountain Homes, the traders unaware. I need to know what this says.

The safety of our Fort, of our very lives, could be in this letter.
"We left that foul place to strike out on our own, to build our riches, to better our lives. And now they're sending in The Budseals, the tax collector, they're milking us of our hard-earned gains, these parasites! If you have any interest in seeing this fort taken back into our hands, help me decipher this treasoness letter."

```
code:

[Section 1]
11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14
14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12
48 66 67 85 26 92 73 48 24 97 26 73 110 103 38 96 75 65 57

[Section 2]
15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13
55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55
89 39 53 90 95 26 53 47 75 63 109 39 92 78 64 48 66 64 78 45 67 65 82 89 77 27 55 74 64 34 97 46 72 67

[Section 3]
14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14
52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12
86 39 53 56 66 57 110 26 92 96 107 48 66 83 38 33 109 28 84 68 66 56 75 57 35 57 98 45 66 67 106 48 73 66 64 24

[Section 4]
15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11
55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14
88 39 53 70 106 28 84 83 65 54 87 37 53 110 64 26 62 84 35 26 98 48 74 67 104 57 96 66 57 63 96 35

[Section 5]
12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15
41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55
73 88 84 55 82 65 35 63 97 65 96 89 103 56 96 83 45 34 80 46 83 67 74 26 56 77 74 27 89
```

OOC: As before, the winner gets to pick what they'd like as a prize. If there hasn't been any headway made in... gosh, a couple days at the least, I'll post a couple hints.

Dojango, you're in like Flynn. I'll have your profile posted with the next update!

[April 27, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 26, 2008, 07:11:00 pm**

Whoa. This is a kind of cryptogram I'm not familiar with. I don't even know where to start.

I've been inspired to do a small adventure-mode story about Kuli before he came to Migrursut. If 2 or 3 people want to claim an adventurer to join him they may do so. Just post your name and preferred weapon (I won't be accepting marksdwarves, though). I'll start as soon as I finish up my current fortress which might still be a few days.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 26, 2008, 08:23:00 pm**

```
quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
<STRONG>Whoa. This is a kind of cryptogram I'm not familiar with. I don't even know where to start.

I've been inspired to do a small adventure-mode story about Kuli before he came to Migrursut. If 2 or 3 people want to claim an adventurer to join him they may do so. Just
post your name and preferred weapon (I won't be accepting marksdwarves, though). I'll start as soon as I finish up my current fortress which might still be a few days.
</STRONG>
```

I support your decision to do an adventure mode story wholeheartedly. I'd love to read that!

As for the third cipher, I'm kind of learning about them as you guys are solving them, and I don't really know what should be considered "too hard" at this point. This was actually going to be the second one I gave you guys, Heh... If there hasn't been any headway by Monday I'll start posting some little hints to hopefully guide you all in the right direction.

You're more than welcome to work in groups if you think that would help any.

...Now I sound like a professor :(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **April 26, 2008, 09:37:00 pm**

As for the cryptogram, I am going to be not actually trying to get any of them, unless you guys don't post anything for a while, but I do see several patterns in the sections, as well as in between each section. I would recommend starting from there. Also as with Kuli I haven't seen this kind either, but it looks like an interesting challenge.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 26, 2008, 11:29:00 pm**

SELF PROMOTING ANNOUNCEMENT!!!

I'm actually a little skeptical to say anything about it, but this is a huge accomplishment for me. As of 12:15 EST April 27th, I've finished the first draft of my novel.

I think I'm going to have a three or four Mint Juleps in celebration, go soak two pounds of steak in a marinade for tomorrow, and get back to playing Dwarf Fortress now that I have a couple weeks of down time before the absolutely excessive amount of clean-up work begins.

Sorry for the brief hijacking - now back to your regularly scheduled broadcasting.

END SELF PROMOTING ANNOUNCEMENT!!!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 26, 2008, 11:56:00 pm**

From the Journal of Johnny Fountainspring
1st of Timber, 1059

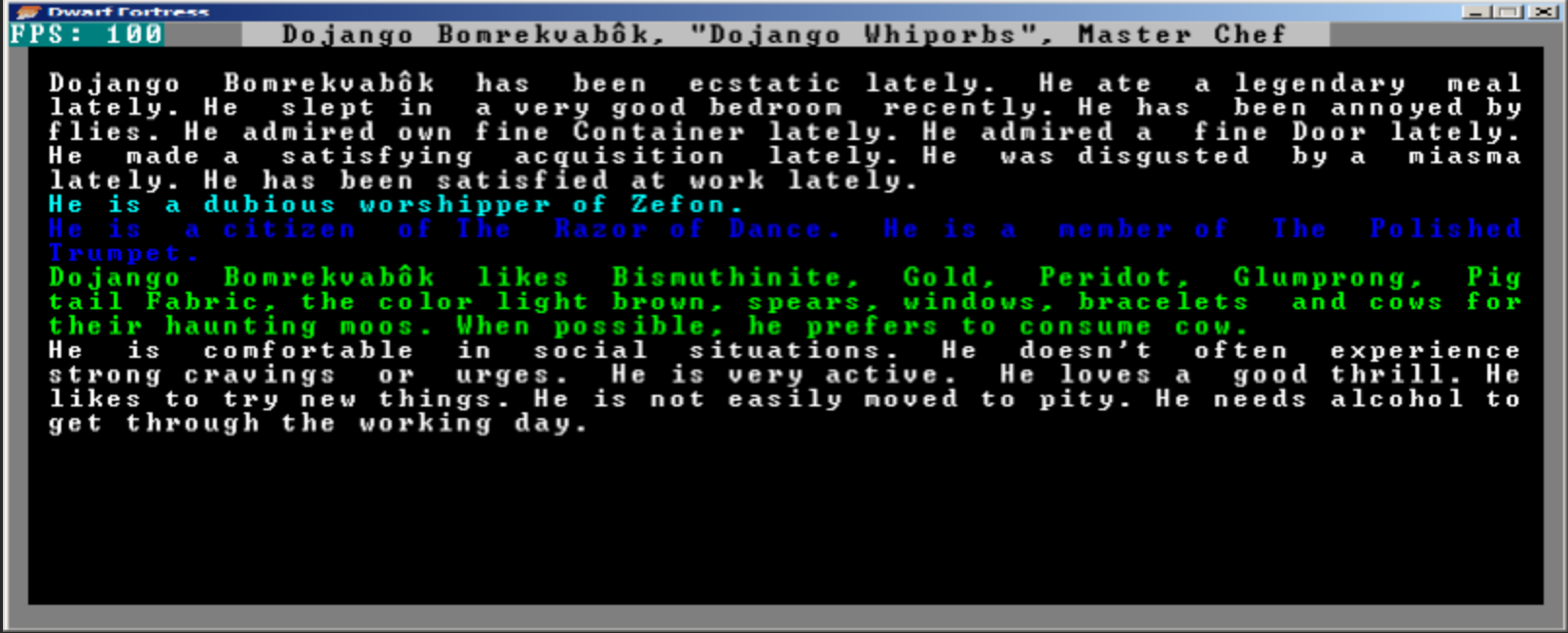
Oy, more fresh meat has entered the grounds. A hunter, 3 peasants, a pump operator, a mason, a soaper, a crafts dwarf and a woodcutter. Almost at once they were reassigned, the majority going into the severely depleted guardsmen that Stravitch commands, and Aryn picked a few for his own personal retinue. The rest have either been given to the miners, the masons, or Sulari for her job well done.

The Civilians are becoming excessively morbid, as there have been bets placed on the longevity of mortality of the new recruits. There are 5 to 1 odds that Sulari's newest will suffer brain damage before the year is out. (I'm going to make a killing when Stravitch bludgeons that tart's head in with Sefolkubuk)

Major ---- DayCovering has been a thorn in all of our sides as of late, specifically because no one is quite sure what it is he does. He spends his days pitching horse shoes topside, or quietly practicing in the barracks. His shock of white hair, and majestic, almost floor length beard are enough to freeze the tongues of any Dwarf that dares approach him, including myself. I attempted to recruit him into our import/export side business, but having his steely gaze set upon me, I felt my knees turning to jelly.

One Dwarf has earned himself quite the reputation through his sheer determination. Dojango Whiporbs is our Master Chef, leader of the foodsmiths, and is an accomplished cook and brewer. Just a week ago he was seen strutting across the court yard, a fried egg held high above his head on a plate, drenched in fresh butter...

"What is *that*" Major ---- DayCovering asked suspiciously as Dojango approached.
"It's an egg, sir."
"An EGG! And how is it cooked?"
"It's been fried, sir. in fresh butter. I'm bringing it to you as a present! And to remind you that as the leader of our Chef's Union, your support can keep more delicacies flowing to you, your drops, and the civilians."
"...I do have a soft spot for fried eggs," mused Major ---- DayCovering. "Especially ones that have been fried in fresh butter."
"Oh yes, we're producing butter in droves now. There's more fresh butter, and sugar, and flour, and eggs, than you could ever eat!"
"What is your name, Son?"
"Dojango, Sir. Dojango Whiporbs."
"Dojango... Hmm, well, I wait expectantly for dinner, then, Master Chef!"
"You won't be disappointed sir!"



[April 27, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bigmcstrongmuscle** on **April 27, 2008, 01:00:00 am**

Ooh...that's a rough one, with all the spaces hidden. I kinda wish I wasn't in the middle of finals so I could take a few hours and make a stab at it.

If anyone with a little more time wants to try, though, I'd suggest starting by counting the frequency of each cipher character and comparing them to common English letters. Oh, and to be careful, in case one of them is a space.

Edit: Congratulations on the novel, too! Slogging through the first draft is always the step I can never push past. Good luck with editing and publication!

[April 27, 2008: Message edited by: bigmcstrongmuscle]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 27, 2008, 11:50:00 am**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
12th of Moonstone, 1059

Goblins! As far as the eye can see, those greenskinned beasts pounding at our gates in their attempts to get in, to enslave our workers, to steal our goods.

Even with the faces of monsters and the intelligence of dogs, they still show the capacity for basic learning. Their previous assaults have been nothing but annoyances as they charge in screaming their horrid war-cries, only to be cut in twain by Sulari's axe and Snake's sword.

According to reports from Archin, the leader of our Early Warning System (Ha!), they've fielded four squads of bowmen this time. A single squad of swordsmen are, presumably, left for the simple task of clean-up. This will not stand. These monsters will be shown the error of their ways, any attacks on MY fortress will be met with death. I'll have their bones decorating every piece of furniture in my bedroom.

To hell with subtlety. We're striking first. These gobbos will only learn through violence. I'll bring them violence. I'll bring them violence in spades.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Akroma** on **April 27, 2008, 12:28:00 pm**

whaaaaat ?

how am i supposed to solve a cryptogram WITHOUT ANY SPACES in it ?

when you don't know where a word stops and where it ends, this would take AGES

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 27, 2008, 12:42:00 pm**

I got started a bit late on this one. I was meaning to check back on this thread after the notification was given, but I never got around to it.

However, I just now gave it a bit of looking, and I've found a couple minor things. The first and second layers of each section repeat indefinitely, and are either a simple placeholder or have some code-related relation with the symbols of the third layer. Also, the pattern 46 66 is recurring. Sorry if that's a bit obvious, but it's all I've found so far. I'll pick this up again tomorrow, it's getting kinda late here.

EDIT: Just noticed, you called me a wordslinger... Really? Awesome.

[April 27, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 27, 2008, 01:30:00 pm**

The Events of the 16th of Moonstone, 1059

The first causality of the battle came from the fortresses resident brain-dead sword-swinger Rimtar Woundletters. The soldiers were gathering at the southern entrance, waiting for the bridge to get lowered so they could storm out and crush Gobbo skulls. Of course, that meant Woundletters was at the eastern bridge, waving her wooden sword and laughing, and Major ---- DayCovering was drinking from the well, sweating after a hard game of horseshoes.



The goblin bowmen opened fire, the sky momentarily blotted out by the hail of arrows. They curved around Woundletters, splintering into the ground or digging into the waters of the lake. A small cloud of flies distracted her, and in that moment an arrow pierced her armor, puncturing her other lung. She glanced down at it, and when she looked up, she took an arrow through the eye. Major ---- DayCovering didn't even glance in her direction as she fell, turning to amble towards his horse shoe pit.



The first squad of crossbows were routed in minutes. They had heard stories of Sulari, the Demon of the Mountains, and seeing her stout frame charging from the fortress, axe held high, laughing madly liquified their spines. Spaced so closely together they pumped into each other, firing arrow after arrow as they tried to back away, beginning to trample one another as he axe buried itself in the nearest goblins face. They were slaughtered in minutes, and the Dwarves rushed back inside the gates to prepare for the second assault.



The access shaft to the quarry turned out to be a hidden blessing. The goblins marching from the north were using it to sneak onto the grounds, but they were slowed. Only one goblin at a time could climb the stairs, and three squads were forced into a slow single file line to reach the top. This allowed the Dwarves to charge their numbers, blades singing in the desert heat.

Sulari and Snake bowled into the Goblins, green limbs and iron weapons sent flying. The first squad of crossbows were left decimated, either hacked into pieces or kicked screaming off the cliff face, left to die broken on the rocks below. As their respective charges rushed past to press the attack, Snake and Sulari held back to catch their breaths.

"I'm proud of you," She said. "A second battle you're not hiding or running from. My little boy is growing up so fast."
"Ha ha. That's so funny. I told you, these greenskins aren't anything to worry about. It's the OTHER monsters..."
"Of course, then I expect you Top Side the next time one of them makes the mistake of attacking us."
"Like hell I wi-LOOK OUT!"

The breath was knocked out of Sulari as Snake tackled her, driving her into the ground. An axe clanged off the stone, a burly goblin shaking his right hand to clear the tingles from it. Before he could raise it again Snake swung his sword like a bat, the flat of the blade clanging off the goblins helm. He was sent sprawling over the edge, his screamed curse cut short by the boulders three stories down.

Snake grabbed Sulari by the plate armor and pulled her to her feet. "...Wow, thank you... I should have been pay-"

She was silenced as he pulled her close, pressing a kiss against her lips. Her eyes went wide, her body going stiff from the shock - her reaction the same as the her first battle against the fireslinging imp.

What seemed like minutes passed until Snake broke the kiss. He was red faced, his one good eye wide. Tenatively he wet his lip, mumbling, "I, ahh, I'm sorry. That, that wasn't..."

"Just shut up," Sulari said quietly. "There are goblins to kill. When this battle is over, meet me in the mess hall, we'll ... have dinner."

The red faded from his face. Slowly, he smiled. "Yes ma'am. Let's finish this quickly."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 27, 2008, 02:38:00 pm**

Crypto Hint #0:

quote:
Originally posted by Akroma: whaaaaat ?
how am i supposed to solve a cryptogram WITHOUT ANY SPACES in it ?
when you don't know where a word stops and where it ends, this would take AGES

This isn't a hint so much as it is a reminder, so I think it'll be okay posting it today. Remember: There are many more methods of obfuscating information than simple character-swaps. Many of you that have posted your ideas about this have hit on key information, but I'm not going to say WHICH is correct and which isn't.

There are many resources online that can give pretty good information. Between course lectures posted online, math-related websites that use crypto as homework problems, or even wikipedia, there are a lot of resources to narrow down the possibilities of *how* it could be encoded - though that's only half the battle. As Akroma pointed out - with no spaces, this could take forever!

Brute force may not be the way to go :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **April 27, 2008, 04:42:00 pm**

When is brute force ever a good way to do it? Elegant solutions are nicer, and if I'm not mistaken you do not seem to be the type to use brute force methods. Well most of the time

quote:
To hell with subtlety. We're striking first. These gobbos will only learn through violence. I'll bring them violence. I'll bring them violence in spades.

Also I don't see the repeat pattern of 46 and 66. Where is it?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 27, 2008, 05:09:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
4th of Opal, 1059

With the goblins once again bested, we've gone back to working like dogs. There are thousands of pounds of useless goblin-made crap that needs to be melted or destroyed, and the dozens of workers who spent the late fall complaining of a lack of work are now out in the wastes, sweltering in this winter heat.

Almost nine years in and I'm still blown away by just how hot theses wastes are. Istrath, who's been here nearly as long as I have, recently succumbed to heat stroke while laying down the blueprints for a new section of road. He's fine now, and his child has been bringing him cool water, but it was a real kick to the stones to see one a Dwarf as strong and experienced as Istrath face down in the red sand, the sun having bested him for once.

Lucy's crew has been working round the clock. What time she's not spent with Rice has been in the guts of the wash-works. Already she claims it's working better, the floodgates are triggering by footsteps like they should. Her excited explanations of how the water-triggers rushed over my head at dinner, but perhaps we'll see this one pulled off a little better than the first time. We can only hope, I don't want to wait for the bedrooms to dry out a second time...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 28, 2008, 04:17:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Heavy Flak:
code:
<div>[Section 1] 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 48 66 67 85 26 92 73 48 24 97 26 73 110 103 38 96 75 65 57</div> <div>[Section 2] 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 89 39 53 90 95 26 53 47 75 63 109 39 92 78 64 48 66 64 78 45 67 65 82 89 77 27 55 74 64 34 97 46 72 67</div> <div>[Section 3] 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 86 39 53 56 66 57 110 26 92 96 107 48 66 83 38 33 109 28 84 68 66 56 75 57 35 57 98 45 66 67 106 48 73 66 64 24</div> <div>[Section 4] 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 12 13 14 15 11 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 41 55 52 14 41 32 23 12 55 14 88 39 53 70 106 28 84 83 65 54 87 37 53 110 64 26 62 84 35 26 98 48 74 67 104 57 96 66 57 63 96 35</div>

system that has proven itself incredibly unreliable. That's fine. There are other projects that can be completed, other, Grander affair... affairs that will leave this world *breathless*.

I sent one of the precocious scamps always underfoot out to deconstruct a set of scaffolding that had been constructed to remove some obscenely floating ramps. The ramps stayed despite our masons best efforts, but the child was knocked backwards, suffering a variety of cuts and breaks. Quite the accident, you little brat! Ha ha ha!

Blueprints: The current [lay of the Fortress](#)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 28, 2008, 08:06:00 pm**

Hint #1:

Perhaps not so much a hint as it is homework, but I'd recommend people read <http://science.howstuffworks.com/code-breaker1.htm> <- -- This web page. Specifically sections 2 and 8.

(for the record, this is not the type of cryptogram described in section 2. Though it may be helpful to learn what you can about it.)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **April 28, 2008, 10:09:00 pm**

For the dwarwen wash, simply move the pressure plates out more so although it takes some time to trigger - it is moved to a point that it will when it needs to.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 29, 2008, 08:35:00 am**

hint #2:

Once you've gone figured out the type of encryption that is being used (Or even a general idea of how it could work), go back and read through some old(ish) posts. Especially the three crypto ones. Key clues to solving them could be sprinkled throughout.

quote:
Originally posted by Zironic:For the dwarwen wash, simply move the pressure plates out more so although it takes some time to trigger - it is moved to a point that it will when it needs to.

Because of how I designed it, the maximum amount of space between the trigger and the opening is 3 tiles. Maybe I could have the water coming into flag the flood gate on/off whenever it gets above 3 units, to keep the water flow a trickle and from ever getting too high.

Edit: To save from making another OOC post, I'll add this here. Stravitch just gave me a great idea: we have rewards for FOR completing the cryptograms, the winner (or winners if you all work together) getting to pick something they'd like. But we should also have consequences for NOT getting them right. Obviously this is time sensitive material (even if time is subjective in our bizarro-Dwarf world)

As such, if you all don't have any complaint of a hard-set limit being thrust on you arbitrarily (for this crypto at least), I'm placing a date for Friday May 2nd before "something bad" happens. If there are any issues with this, feel free to bring them up. I'm not, like, you know, married to the idea or anything and will entertain the notion of pushing it back or removing it completely for this go-round.

[April 29, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 29, 2008, 12:28:00 pm**

Haven't had much time to gnaw on this thing, so progress has been slow... I should drink more Ovaltine, that should speed things up a bit.

I suppose you're not answering questions right now, but it's worth a shot. Is it significant that the second-tier numbers are all smaller than the third-tier numbers below them? I'm assuming it is.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 29, 2008, 12:37:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Kagus: Haven't had much time to gnaw on this thing, so progress has been slow... I should drink more Ovaltine, that should speed things up a bit.
I suppose you're not answering questions right now, but it's worth a shot. Is it significant that the second-tier numbers are all smaller than the third-tier numbers below them? I'm assuming it is.

I think that's a fair enough, and as it's been pointed out by a couple people that this is a marked increase in difficulty, I don't mind a couple questions like this. Your assumption is correct, the number sizes between the second and third tiers are significant.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 30, 2008, 09:20:00 am**

Hint #3:

Even though there aren't spaces to separate words, common words *ARE* used. Conversing in only obscure, flowery tones is labyrinthine in scope, and the thought of construction clandestine communicae between spies would be an even more absurd excursion.

Once the method of encryption is discovered, try the easy words first. "of", "at", "for", "the", are all prime candidates. It may lead to trial and error at first of course, but the little ones can certainly help by plinking away at the big picture, especially if there are small, repeatable groups of numbers that appear throughout.

If no one still has this by Thursday night, I'll consider tweaking it to include word spaces.

[April 30, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 30, 2008, 09:35:00 am**

Well, yeah, sure. Once you get the encryption method everything opens up.

Unless you've got a cypher key in there, that is. In which case I'd hazard a guess towards "Olsmo" or "Olsmolives".

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 30, 2008, 12:38:00 pm**

Even with the encryption method it's hard. :-/

Edit for bad grammar.

[April 30, 2008: Message edited by: Stravitch]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 30, 2008, 01:11:00 pm**

Well if you can figure out what the first row is pointing to, and how the second row is affecting the numbers in the third row, then you're gold. The only thing that could stop you after that would be if there was a letter switch, and that would be simple enough to solve seeing as it would have to be a fixed switch and not a changing one (otherwise, those patterns wouldn't show up).

I've been banging my head against the code for a little bit. Sooner or later one of them's gonna crack.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 30, 2008, 04:59:00 pm**

The events of the 4th of Granite, 1060

Rice and Archin knocked hesitantly on Aryn's door, popping their heads in through the crack. Aryn sat at his desk, scribbling furiously a set of designs on a rolled-out parchment with his right hand, petting his tamed black bear with the left. Without looking up from his designs, he said quietly, "What? What do you want?"

"Well, sir," said Rice as the pair stepped inside. He respectfully removed his prospectors cap, clutching it in front of him, "I'm just coming to verify your recent orders."

"What about them?" asked Aryn.

"Uhhh, well, they can't be *right*, can they? I mean, you want the courtyard-"

"The WHOLE courtyard"

"-the whole courtyard smoothed and floored over with basalt and rhyolite?"

"That's correct. What's not to understand?"

Both Rice and Archin groaned in unison. Archin spoke next, "Sir, that's a huge undertaking. The Dwarves wasting time outside laying down slabs of stone could be better spent in this absurd quarry you're having us dig up! Right now, my miners are already wasting time hauling basalt up to the court yard for Rice's crew to use instead of just leaving the chunks where they fall! Nine years in, why did you just decide now to do this?"

"Because I'm sick of all that sand. That green color has given me a headache for years."

"Uhhh..." Rice and Archin exchanged a quick, puzzled look.

"Sir," Rice said, "The sand ... isn't green. It's red."

"...Fine. You've found out my terrible secret. I'm colorblind. I don't really care what color it is, because in a few months it's all going to be nice flat grey stone. Get back to work."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 30, 2008, 05:40:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
16th of Granite, 1060

The Elves are back. We have roads reaching south and west, and where do they arrive? As far north as possible. I've overreached my authority, and asked Sulari if she would mind escorting them up here. She was accepting of the idea, and as long as Aryn doesn't hear about this, what will he care? Damn squeekies, they better make it up here alive, I've trinkets to sell...

Stravitch has been deemed a bit of a terror around the fortress. He's of the Old School of thought, where only the strong and talented walked off the battlefield alive. Perhaps that's why I liked him much more than my father, that old fool. He coddled the recruits, pampered them, and every battle his squad saw the most causalities. They always took their objective, generally the most dangerous of the battle, but of what good is that when you hold the hill and are the last man alive? The only men that died in Stravitch's squad were those who's heads he crushed for cowardice, and in this fortress as he hefts Sefolkubuk in his great calussed hands, those soldiers without The Drive find their necks and spines crippled.

I couldn't be more proud of him!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 01, 2008, 02:35:00 am**

Okay, I think I've got the first five letters, which includes one word. I'm going to run with my assumption for a bit and see if it turns up any goodies.

EDIT: That didn't work as well as I'd hoped it would. I suppose it would've been too simple, but it was worth a shot anyways. I'm still sticking with that first word though, gonna see how I can make it work.

[May 01, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **May 01, 2008, 07:29:00 am**

I've been unable to come up with the rest of the letters. I've found 10 letters as well as the encryption and decryption method so I'm going to put what I have and you can contact me for more information if you want. If someone know how to make text black so that I could hide the spoiler information, I would really like to know how, thanks!

**** SPOILER AHEAD **** SPOILER AHEAD **** SPOILER AHEAD ****
DON'T READ PAST HERE IF YOU STILL WANT TO WORK IT OUT FOR YOURSELF

The encryption method was partially a Nihilist Cipher with the first keyword being ZEFON and the second being OLSMOLIVES. The first line of each section is just junk numbers while the second corresponds with the letters in OLSMOLIVES. If you make the 5x5 square and use the numbers from under each letter following the second line until it repeats you get where O, L, S, M, I, V, and E go. The first keywork, ZEFON, occupies the 5 letters on row 1 (11, 12, 13, 14, and 15). These are all the letters that are given. Now, to decrypt the

third line of numbers, you take the number on the third line and subtract the number aligned with it on the second line. This gives you the position in the square. This is what I have thus far.

```
code:

SECTION 1
  E   E   L   E   E I S       S
34 25 12 33 12 51 41 25 12 42 12 32 55 51 24 55 43 42 45

SECTION 2
  E       E E   M           V E       I S   E   L           O   L       I   E
34 25 12 35 43 12 12 15 52 51 54 25 51 23 12 34 15 32 55 33 12 51 41 34 25 13 14 42 41 22 42 32 31 12

SECTION 3
  E           E   L S           N       O       O           E           E       I   L E
34 25 12 24 43 45 55 12 51 41 55 34 25 51 15 21 54 14 43 13 14 42 34 25 12 45 43 31 25 12 54 34 32 34 41 12

SECTION 4
  E           O           I V E S E E       M E O           E M           L
33 25 12 15 54 14 43 51 42 42 32 23 12 55 12 12 21 52 12 14 43 34 33 12 52 33 55 34 34 51 41 21

SECTION 5
I   I L L   E           S           S           I   E   E N       N
32 33 32 41 41 33 12 51 42 51 55 34 51 42 55 51 22 22 25 32 42 12 22 12 15 45 51 15 34

Z 11   31   51
E 12   I 32   M 52
F 13   33   53
O 14   34   54
N 15   35   S 55

    21 L 41
    22 42
V 23 43
    24 44
    25 45
```

[May 01, 2008: Message edited by: Stravitch]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 01, 2008, 08:11:00 am**

Hint #4 (final hint):

It's probably for the best I'm posting this today, what with Stravitch releasing half of the information. Considering the difficulty of this cryptogram, I'm going to give out two prizes (assuming it gets solved before tomorrow at an arbitrary after-work time): One for Stravitch for getting the half-way point, and one for whoever takes it the rest of the way. The hint below is the puzzle with word spaces put in. And a correction, because damn it, while I was doing this all in pencil I left 2 letters out of a word. I'll point out where that needs to go. Oops!

```
code:

[Section 1]
48 66 67 | (85 26 92 73) |48 24 97 26/73 110 | 103 38 96 75 65 57

[Section 2]
89 39 53 | 90 95 26 53 47/75 63 109 | 39 92 78 64/48 66 64 78 | (45 67 65 82 89 77) | 27 55 74 | 64 | 34 97 46 72 67

[Section 3]
86 39 53 | 56 66 57 110 26 92 96 107 | 48 66 83 38 33 | 109 28 84 | 68 66 56 | 75 57 35 | 57 98 45 66 67 106 | 48 73 66 64 24

[Section 4]
88 39 53 70 | 106 28 84 | 83 65 54 87 37 53 | 110 64 26 62 | 84 35 | 26 98 48 | 74 67 | 104 57 96 66 | 57 63 96 35

[Section 5]
73 | 88 84 55 82 | 65 35 63 97 | 65 | 96 89 103 56 | 96 83 45 34 80 46 83 67 | 74 26 56 77 74 27 89
```

The two in brackets should be the same size because they're the same word. If I was to correct it, it would in fact change the final numbers, Soo... we're just going to leave them, and chalk this up to yet another rookie mistake on my end. Good luck!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 01, 2008, 09:35:00 am**

You left two letters out of a word, and you had a major typo. How someone manages to misspell "A", I'm not entirely sure. Must take great skill.

Also, you added one letter in a place it shouldn't have been.

Anyways, thanks to simply plugging Stravitch's find into a spreadsheet program, the code has been deciphered. I feel kinda bad about posting it though, since Stravitch was really the one who got the thing. I was trailing off into some completely different corners and not getting anywhere by doing it. I just happen to be the progeny of a person who could write a program to do the gruntwork, once a few simple words were spotted. Here we go:

""

Darkness fell over the wasteland-citadel of Migrursut as night took its claim over the world. Dwarves, their beards unbraided for the night, lay in their beds snoring in a way only a dwarf could manage.

Although their rest seemed peaceful, their dreams were not.

Slight pain coursed through the minds of the sleeping denizens as their minds attempted to understand a new presence within their minds. Inside the realm of dreams, a creature of unseeable form and unknowable plans sifted through their nighttime thoughts. It had found something.

Why this being decided to intervene, none would ever know. All that is known -and that only by a few hooded persons hidden away in dark cloisters and mystic towers- is that it did.

A new thought was given to the dwarves by the dreamcurrents that connect all minds in the unwaking realm. This string of words was meaningless to most, but a few understood the significance. These few individuals awoke instantly, sitting up in their chambers and waiting for their mind to fully exit the dreamland and return to their bodies. One such individual hastily grabbed the nearest writing implements and scribbled down what had just been revealed.

```
code:

THE WEALTH HERE IS ABSURD
THE QUEEN MAY HAVE THIS WEALTH FOR A PRICE
THE BUDSEALS THANK YOU FOR THE DUCHY TITLE
WHEN YOU ARRIVE SEEK ME OUT WE MUST TALK
I WILL WEAR A STAR SAPPHIRE PENDANT
```

[May 01, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **May 01, 2008, 09:57:00 am**

i solved it, but have to go to work, not sure if i'm allowed to solve it not being a character in the story. let me know

pmmed it to heavy flack, i'd take a character in the story if you'd like to add me too

bleh just noticed kagus beat me to it

[May 01, 2008: Message edited by: Vactor]

[May 01, 2008: Message edited by: Vactor]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 01, 2008, 10:56:00 am**

Kagus: I'm actually holding my head in shame over here. here's my excuse - I have a notepad full of numbers and scribblings, and while I was doing addition during a meeting, I did wrong addition, and the resulting number came out to be an L instead of an A. Inexcusable, and in the future, these will be both the correct spelling and correct length. Yeesh! You're free to make a request if you'd like, since you did get it the rest of the way.

Vactor: Kagus beat you by not much. Sorry guy :\ To answer your question though, even if you don't have a character in the story you're more than welcome to make suggestions, and there will be more of these in the future as they fit in.

You're more than welcome to join in the fun! Any request on the profession/name/sex of the Dwarf?

Stravitch: He sent me a PM with his request, and since it's not a construction request felt it might be best to have it injected into the story slowly as fits his character. So it will be going in with in-character updates.

[May 01, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 01, 2008, 06:51:00 pm**

The Events of the 6th of Slate, 1060

A trumpet sounded from the east. Dwarves everywhere stopped, their jobs forgotten, their hauled items dropped. Slowly they turned towards the sound; it wasn't long before they were heading up the gatehouse stairs - a trickle at first, their heavy boots thudding as a tide of bodies began to storm up to see what was coming.

Aryn pushed his way through the crowds cursing the whole way. He placed his hands on the fortifications and leaned forward, his eyes shielded from the sun with the flat of his hand. Slowly a look of horror spread over his face. He paled, and with a cry dropped down to his knees, his head bowed against the hot stone.

The trumpet sounded again, and the sound of metal crushing bones followed quickly after. Laughing and marching towards the fortress was a series of four axe-wielding retainers, smashing the Dread Camels in their way to dust. Behind them trailed peasants and simple workers. And at the rear, their pace leisurely, trailed Queen Braidsabres and her King Consort.

The Union Leaders, Stravitch, and Aryn gathered in the hall. Aryn still looked weak and despondent, the rest more in awe at the nobility gracing their presence. Queen Braidsabre was flanked by her guards, a look of utter distaste spread over her regal face.

"Fellow Dwarves. Due to the quality of goods sent, the amount of good purchased, the unbelievable ingenuity both architecturally and mechanically, we have named this fortress Mountainhome! Our arrival was kept secret for fear of assassins, and for that I will magnanimously overlook your disgraceful living arrangements and the lack of arrival ceremony.

"As with proper Dwarven tradition, the 1st of Limestone I will expect a proper coronation. I'd like it in that wonderful temple, I think that would be very nice. Now, who must we talk to about getting a decent drink and proper room?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **May 01, 2008, 07:08:00 pm**

I guess the most apt character to my mind would be a 'johnny-come-lately' type so:

Name: Dodik-come-lately
Profession: anything obsolete
gender: either

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 01, 2008, 07:52:00 pm**

The Events of the 11th of Slate, 1060

Stravitch stalked out of the barracks. His upper lip was curled into a snarl. Life had become hell since the addition of the Queen. Any orders given by her that weren't immediately enforceable were superseded by Aryn, a never-ending shouting match ringing down the halls. Aryn's guard was constantly clashing with the Royal Retainers, training sessions ending with someone's nose busted or a mild concussion. And slowly the Dwarves were converting to the church of Zefon. With their hard work taken by the Queen, more Dwarves were finding solace in religion.

Over the past few days new recruits were filtering in. During the first training session, the new recruit Zuglar had his head crushed by Sefolkubuk. As the brains leaked onto the floor from the shattered skull, Stravitch pointed with the blood soaked mace, barking out, "Do you see this you worthless sacks of meat! What just happened is what every goblin, every human, every camel, *every dwarf who wants your land* will do to you faster than you can blink! I am your new trainer. I am your new leader. I. I am your new god. NOW GET THIS BODY OUT OF HERE."

He mulled over the past few days as he walked, shouldering past well-dressed Dwarves on their way to morning services. He was stopped though by a meek voice beside him, eyes widening at the audacity of someone addressing him. Slowly he turned to the lone carpenter.

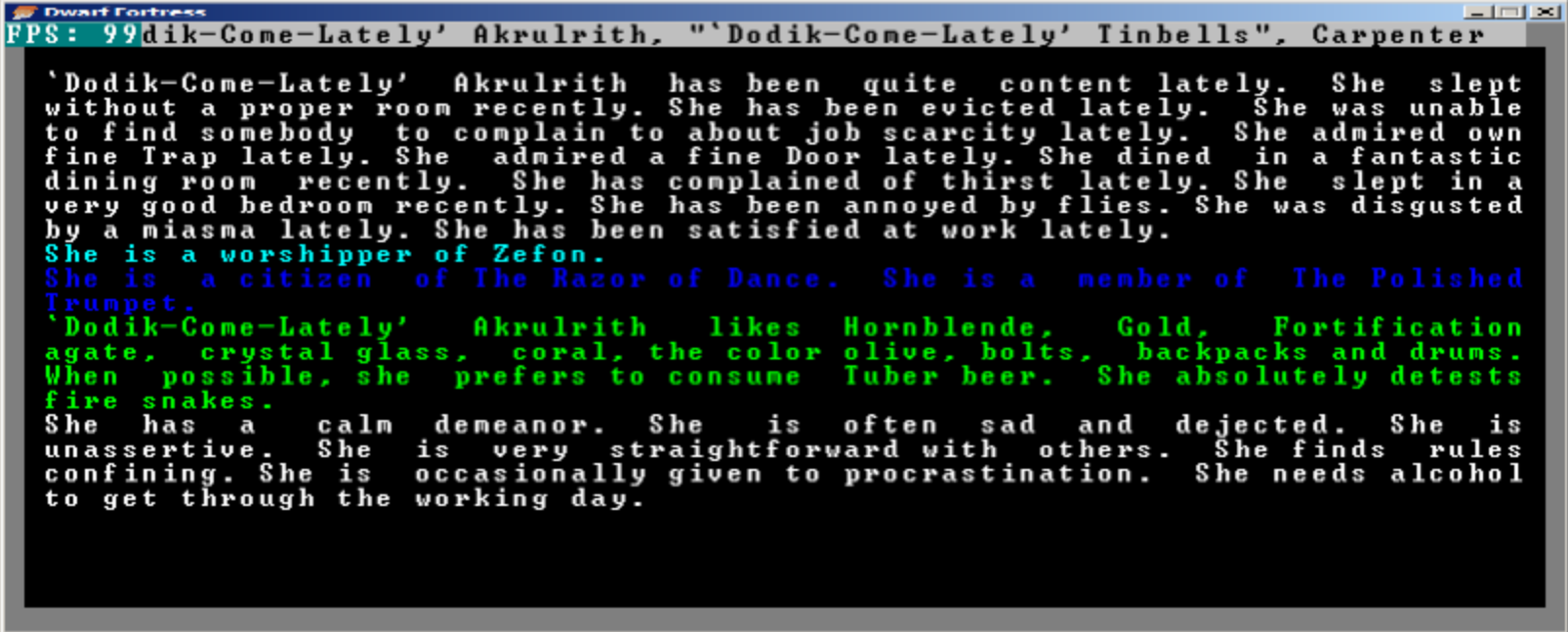
"What was that?" He asked slowly.

She gave a slow flip of her head, greased down, thick swash of black hair streaked with redroot dye lifting from over her eye just long enough to see him fully. Ash and dimple dye were streaked under her eyes, tastefully dripping down.

"Oh, sorry. I didn't think you noticed me here. Sorry to bother you, Captain Stravitch, but..." She sighed, flipping the swash of hair again. "I noticed you were heading away from the temple. It's time for service."

"Time for ... " His eyes narrowed, the look the recruits were beginning to know and fear. "I don't think it's any of your business what, or how I worship, Miss..."
"Miss Dodik-Come-Lately."
"...what?"
"It's *ironic*."
"Whatever. I'm leaving now. I'd highly suggest you not talk to me about that Heathen voodoo again."

As Stravitch stalked away, Dodik-Come-Lately just shook her head slowly. "Fascist." she mumbled under her breath.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 02, 2008, 08:12:00 am**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
20th of Felsite, 1060

Of everyone in the fort, the happiest by far has been Rice and by proxy his crew. This is because Rice is almost always happy, and as they're now tested to produce the best-of-the-best stone furniture for our new mandate-making royalty they're never want for work.

Archin, of course, is one of the most stressed here. The miners (their numbers doubled by all the rabble that arrived) are hastily channeling out the quarry but there is a lot of space to excavate. And since the arrival of Braidsabres, they're now ordered to carve out PROPER rooms for PROPER citizens. Absurd. Absolutely absurd.

The mandates for Large Gems by the tax collector is still unfulfilled. Istrath has been pulling his hair out, explaining almost daily, "We don't have any raw gems at all! We can't produce glass fast enough, and you just don't understand! You can't make SMALL things LARGE just through complaints!"

But he doesn't listen. He never does. At least I'm not part of the Jewelers Union. Poor bastards are all on their own.

Aryn has been meeting with Sulari for the past few weeks. He claims to have some information about the last (unsolved?) letter and he's been questioning her specifically about what she's seen over the years. I have this feeling in the pit of my stomach that as soon as he finds out who the the traitor is, our issue with nobility is going to quickly be over.

[May 02, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 02, 2008, 09:30:00 am**

The Events of the 12th of Hematite, 1060

The Dwarves stood in the hallway frozen with horror. Ast, one of the fisherdwarves, had her hands raised up, gibbering apologies as she tried to back up farther. At the edge of the crowd stood Queen Braidsabre and her consort, an obviously pleased tax collector, and one of the nameless Queen's Guard.

A brief scuffle sounded from the back and eventually Johnny burst into the opening, rushing to grab the Guard by her robe. "What'er ya' doin? Feckin' stop, what has she done?"

The voice that responded was much more cheerful than the situation allowed. "The mandate for Large Gems wasn't met. We're punishing the offender."

"Yer' kiddin' me! She's a feckin' fisherman! When does she find time ta' play wi'gems?"

"Of course we're not kidding, Mr. Fountainspring. And I might remind you, that these beatings might not happen if you were to fully pay your taxes."

"...I'm fully paid up. I dunnae know what yer'-"

"I don't really care, Mr. Fountainspring. You can bring this up with the proper authorities. Now. Where were we?"

Though stout and used to the harsh life in the wastes, of the attacks of goblins upon their kin, it was quite another thing to see one of your own beaten in the main hallway, her screams carrying as far down as the tombs. Two days later, Ast died from her punctured lung. She drowned in her own blood.

[May 02, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 02, 2008, 11:13:00 am**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
22nd of Hematite

-everywhere. They're everywhere, all of them, the whole lot of them watching and waiting, coming in, swooping, ready to take it all. How much longer before the rest of the kingdom arrives? Before the money hungry yokels were yearned to leave - who didn't come with us in the first place - make the trek and set up shop and demand that this land we've carved with our hands and sweat alone is theres for the taking.

I've been haunted by that dream. If it's correct, and that note was translated thusly, it can only mean one thing. We've always known that someone is selling us out to the queen, but there is one key in there - the Star Sapphire pendant in the last line. I've been pouring through the profiles of all the Dwarves in this fort, the sheets of information by MY law they're required to fill out before receiving room and board. There are many here that claim to have an affinity for the Star Sapphire, but only two have been here from the start of these communications:

Stravitch and Snake.

I've never much liked either of them, and now to find one, or both, are selling us out? I don't want to alert the Braidsabres or our little spies to this, but I'm going to have to find SOME way to test them...

Fools. How could they think they could hide this from me forever? I promise The Queens coronation will be one that is remembered by all.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 03, 2008, 02:30:00 am**

This thread's so epic. Seriously, encryption and interaction **and** a solid story?

Could I get a dwarf as well? One called Varen, please, one of the speardwarves so they're not in too much danger of disappearing into the crowd.

If it's someone recruited from another job, could you post their original skills, too? That might make it a bit easier to write a journal entry or two.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 03, 2008, 01:45:00 pm**

The events of the 11th of Malachite, 1060

In the dead of night Aryn skulked beside the southwestern corner of the fortress wall. He seemed jittery, constantly glancing towards the gate towers, but these days when wasn't he on edge? Eventually a shape grew out of the darkness, illuminated by a single candle. They conversed for just a moment, and Aryn passed over two objects - a small coin purse and a small envelope. The shook hands, and the figure snuffed the candle and vanished into the night.

This was repeated an hour later with a second figure. A couple minutes after the second visitor vanished into the darkness, Aryn left his spot at the wall, ducking back inside to the cool security of his room.

"Come in," Called Stravitch. He was bent over a beat up ledger, held together with poorly worked rope-reed threads. When he saw it wasn't Johnny, by Dodik-Come-Lately, he hastily shut the notebook and tossed it into the dresser behind him. He narrowed his eyes as he looked at the bleak carpenter, leaning heavily on his desk. "And you're here because?"

"Dojango said he was busy putting out a fire in the kitchen," Dodik-Come-Lately said morosely, "He asked, since I'm not doing anything, if I could bring your dinner down to you. It's not like I'm *ever* doing anything in this treeless hole, so..." She shrugged and flipped the swath of hair out of her eye. "Here's your food."

"Oh. Well. Thank you." Stravitch said evenly.

"Yeah. At least I'm able to do something around here," She said. With a sigh she turned towards the door, tugging gently at the black meshed gloves on her hands. As she pulled it open, she said quietly, "You know, I was made leader of the Carpenters Union recently."

"What was that?"

"Nothing..."

As the door shut, Stravitch picked up his plate of steak and eggs to move it closer to him, a small blank envelope left on the mat where it was placed, the tacky sap that held it attached to the bottom having stuck it to the table. He blinked and gently picked it up, slicing the top open with his thumb nail. The piece of paper he pulled out was hastily ripped from Aryn's ledger. The majority of it was dull - production logs and percentage increases - but at the bottom, almost cut off was scrawled: Hide cache of arms near the magma vent for civilian uprising. There was a check mark beside the item.

"Good session, folks, good session. Let's take a break, grab some grub, and then we'll get back to it."

Snake gave a quick clap to signify sparring was over, metal gauntlets clanking loudly. The soldiers milled about, breaking off into small groups to joke with one another or discuss tactics, slowly filing from the room. One of the soldiers was lagging behind though, favoring his right leg as he loosened the straps of his armor. Turning for the door, a small envelope fell from his breastplate.

"Soldier, a second. You dropped your letter."

"Sir? I'm sorry, Sir, but I do-...Ohhh. That's not my letter, Sir."

"At ease, Soldier. Now, if that's not yours, than why did it just drop from your armor?"

"Well," began the Speardwarf. "I found it on the way here from the larders. It had some of Aryn's notes in it, and I was going to drop it off to him during a break."

Snake straightened up ever so slightly. He smoothed his hair back, flashing a winning grin. "You know how Aryn is, he'll probably rip your head off if you bother him. Tell you what, why don't you let *me* drop it off for you. I've learned how to deal with him over the years."

"Would you, Sir? That would be fantastic. Thanks!"

"Any time, soldier. By the way - what's your name? I haven't seen you around here for very long."

"Varen, Sir. Varen Claspshafts."

"You're doing just fine, kid. I see big things in your future."

:D

[May 03, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 03, 2008, 08:45:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
15th of Galena, 1060

Time is quite the commodity these days. In the middle of overseeing the various projects the fortress is undertaking, such as The Great Flooring Initiative of 1060, and the massive quarry, I've been having to watch for those weasels I fed information to. It seems the quickest way to a Dwarves heart - outside of booze and stew - is money, and though they may not like me as a person, Dodik-Come-Lately and Varen seem quite capable of taking my coin to just keep their ears open and report back anything they hear.

I was beginning to worry, as nothing had been said for weeks. Finally, however, Dodik-Come-Lately reported she watched from the aquaducts as Snake, the Budseals, and our wonderful Tax Collector dug furiously at the edge of the river. Of course they found nothing, and had Snake gone alone I might still be stuck. But having those *Noble Idiots* at his side searching for my hidden riches gave me the most perverse pleasure. That disgusting little tattle tail got her coin, and hopefully she can use it to by clothing that isn't made of what looks like fishnets and silver dye...

Varen watched as Stravitch, his training tormentor, disappeared into the ground by the magma vent with that idiot Johnny. No nobles arrived, and they came out without even a single chunk of obsidian. He will be punished, of course, but is he the spy? At this point no... he seems to just be an opportunist.

Kuli has been spending the majority of his time down in the forges, limping out tiredly at the end of the day. The enormous amount of goblin-wrought armor is nearly staggering, and when before he's allowed to consider crafting more plate mail for our troops, I've instructed he smelt down a good portion of our stocks. This has the added bonus of keeping him from his temple for extended periods of time - something that always makes me laugh.

With the waterworks on hold, Lucy and her crew have been left high and drew as far as work goes. They've made enough money to take a multi-month vacation, but the boredom is beginning to set in I think. They spend the majority of their time drunk, a state that can

make this scorching wasteland at least temporarily bearable.

The Budseals constantly demand items carved from Dread Camel Bones. I've superseded their orders, and instructed that Istrath and Akroma take all of the platinum and bronze statues I've commissioned, and encrust them with as many gems, bones, and leather items as they can get their hands on. Already these statues, icons of Sgt. Pepper and his Great Axe, are beginning to take on a sparkling life of their own.

The coronation will be happening in just a few weeks, and I have to admit. I'm getting excited. This will be *my* crowning achievement, for sure. Ha ha ha!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 04, 2008, 04:48:00 am**

Dear Pa,

Finally arrived at the Utopia of the Polished Trumpet! The Least Waste isn't all that hospitable, but I guess you start improving the world in a place where it's bad, otherwise nobody would notice. Me and the other guys milled around a little lost near the entrance, but a patchy-bearded fellow came up to us and assigned us to our new jobs. Apparently he's Aryn, one of the original visionaries. Looks a bit frazzled to me.

I got assigned to the barracks right away, they had enough skilled hands for everything else. Fine by me. I've been wrestling with a few of the other raw recruits. Some of these dwarves, like Snake and Sulari, are really awe-inspiring, and I hope to pick up some pointers from them.

Varen.

...

Dear Pa,

Training is going alright so far, and I can tell I'm getting better. Seems to be a shortage of speardwarves around here, so I volunteered to be one. Got to keep the family name up! Everyone's pretty friendly here, lots of camaradrie. I'm meeting plenty of people. No young ladies yet, though. The only guy that seems off is Stravitch, an old hulk who's the Captain of the Guard. He knocks us around the room with that ornate mace of his, and he never leaves you an opening. Bastard.

I just got back from my first patrol. Nothing but dunes and dirt and bones, as far as the eye can see. There's some undead camels here, but we didn't run into any. The view just reminded me how miss the ocean and the cool limestone of home.

Varen.

...

Dear Pa,

Glad to hear from you again. I'm fine too, but I think I'll stay here a while. Don't worry about the camels, we're getting plenty of training. I'm as safe as the next soldier.

I went to see Aryn again today, about my pay. I asked him if this place was founded on Zefonite principles, and he seemed real suspicious for a moment, but I managed to put him at ease. It's not very clear who runs this place. Aryn's the ideas man on the brink, but the Zefonite church has got a lot of influence in the rank and file. That Stravitch is keeping more than just order and there's some self-absorbed nobles too, running around doing Åkim knows what. They say even the Queen arrived here a while ago! Gotta pity the guy a little, even if he's a few bolts short of a drawbridge.

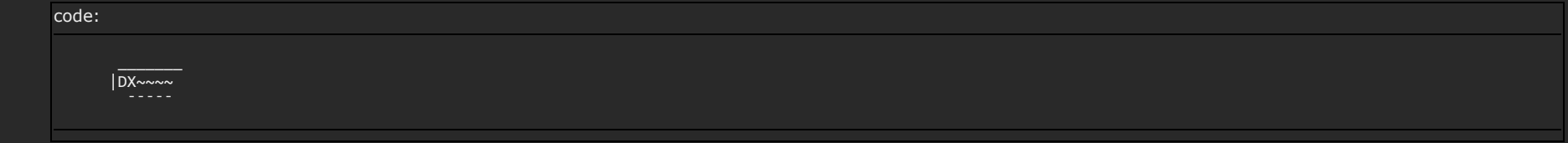
But I got my first shiny coins, earned them through honest labor. They mint them here, can you imagine that? I spent some of them on a trap to keep the rest safe, and I check on the mechanism sometimes when I'm off-duty. Haven't seen any kobolds yet, but you never know. Nearly everyone respects me, but I swear that Guardcaptain just uses the recruits to vent his frustration on. People step back from him whenever he strides into the barracks to pummel one of us.

Varen.

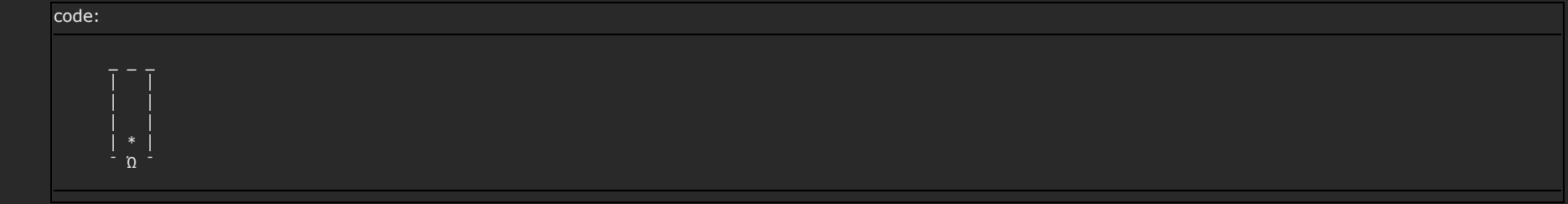
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Ghostpaw** on **May 04, 2008, 03:06:00 pm**

If you are still interested in constructing a working shower thing, here's a design that I think will work well.

Channel Design



Bedroom



Legend:
*: pressure plate
Ω: door
D: floor hatch
X: floodgate
~: water
|_: walls

Basically it works like this. When a dwarf steps on the pressure plate the floor hatch will open and floodgate will close. This will keep the room from flooding. With a 3x4 room the one square filled with level 7 water won't reach higher than level one once it falls into and tries to fill the 3x4 room. Once the dwarf steps of the plate the floor hatch will close and the floodgate will open refilling it for next time a dwarf steps on the pressure plate

[May 04, 2008: Message edited by: Ghostpaw]

[May 04, 2008: Message edited by: Ghostpaw]

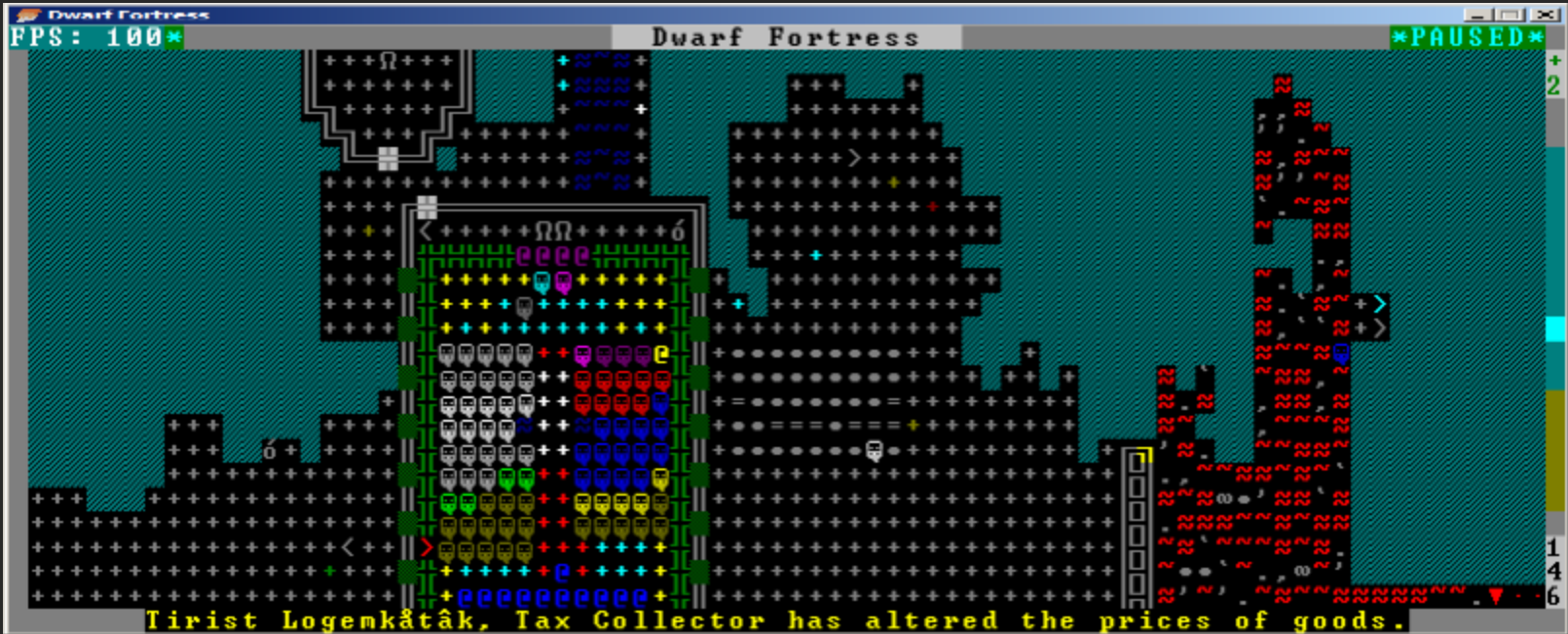
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Ghostpaw** on **May 04, 2008, 03:09:00 pm**

Sorry about that was trying to figure out how to edit posts.

[May 04, 2008: Message edited by: Ghostpaw]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 04, 2008, 09:23:00 pm**

The Coronation of Queen Risen Braidsabre
1st of Limestone, 1060



There had never been as large a gathering in the church as there was for the Queen's Coronation. The majority of the population was there, standing in their Union groups, talking quietly among themselves. In the back stood Stravitch, his Guardsmen flanking the rear wall. Only the main soldiers were missing, and the Fisherdwarves - the only group to actively boycott the entire ordeal - and Aryn, who had been missing for days.

Standing in front of the Second Statue of Zefon was Queen Risen herself, her gown a radiant blue, the jewel encrusted hilt of her sword glinting from the sunlight streaming through the stained glass windows. Beside her and in front of the first statue of Zefon was her husband Zulban. They were flanked by their personal guards, the four unruly axe-swingers, the most accomplished from the mountain homes.

Kuli stood near the front, his leather-bound tome in hand. He wore a serene smile, his silver suit washed and pressed specifically for this event. the crowd began to settle down as he raised one hand high, taking a small step forward.

"Ladies, Gentlemen. I'm honored to be standing in front of you today, to have been given an honor such as this. To have the Queen herself ask that in this place of worship *I* formally swear her in to her duties.
"Imagine! Nine years ago, seven Dwarves arrived at the foot of this hill. They were tired and homesick, and immediately the land itself set upon them - forsaking the proper order of resurrection by bringing a single spark of life to the once-dead corpses littering the ground. From that first moment, we have worked *tirelessly* carving this place one of comfort and security. I can say, with immense pride, we have succeeded.
"And our success is what has brought Queen Risen Braidsabres and her charming husband to our humble home. We shall not squander the oppertunities she has presented to us, and with this new sway our exports - of Goods and God - shall increase tenfold."

"Now, Queen Braidsabre. Please, step forward and raise your Sword for our brethren to see. Do you swear to uphold honor, and law, in these lands?"
"I do."
"Then in this Church, under the glorious gaze of Zefon, I instate you a-"
"ENOUGH!"

Aryn's voice drowned out the sound of the heavy wooden doors rebounding off the stone wall. He was wearing a maniacs grin, hauling a bloodied Snake behind him. The soldier stumbled and nearly fell and Aryn turned to cuff him soundly, dragging his body across the mosaic.

He stopped in the middle of the hall, breathing hard, his eyes gleaming. Kuli stepped forward, his patience almost seeming to be at an end, but Aryn's harsh voice overrode any actions the others might have taken.

"I have here a traitor to our kin! THE traitor, the one who brought these worthless nobles to our hallowed halls. Stare at him, stare at this one-eyed charlatan, this weak fool who would rather sell his friends for coin than give a hard days work."

"Preposterous!" The Queen shouted. Her sword was half way out of it's scabbard. "You're a selfish fool! I remember your rabble-rousing back in the mountains. It was because of MY generosity that you and your crew were even allowed to leave the city at all, to found THIS land for ME! How dare you..."
"How dare ME? You're in my land now. These are my people. Your standing upon our sweat, upon OUR blood! Who carved this place? We did! Who toiled in the sun? We did! Do you know where you stand? You're standing on your grave plot you leech."

"What! I will not stand for this, Aryn *Estetar*."
"And neither will I. Stravitch!"

The grizzled guard started at the sound of his name. He eventually strode up the isle until he stood beside the battered Soldier-Champion and the Idealist Leader. "You're not innocent either, Captain Fillwhip. I know you and your lackey were taking advantage of my 'missing documents'. Prove your worth to me. Remove the nobility from our fortress."

Stravitch glanced down at the once-respected soldier. He lifted his head and caught Johnny's eye in the crowd, watching him nod his head slowly. With a nod, the captain stepped forward, hefting Sefolkubuk Nirurtenshed from the loop on his belt.

"Stop!" Shouted Kuli. He rushed forward to block Stravitch's path. "Do not do this! Not here! It is not up to Aryn to push them forward to their next life, you don't need to fol-"
"Quiet, Prophet. Even if you *are* worshipping a false God, I don't want to hurt you. But if you get in my way... I'll fell you as easily as these cowering high-born." Growled Stravitch. He pushed Kuli aside and strode forward, his mace gleaming ominously.

There was a scream from the back of the church; the silence of the onlookers finally broke. The Dwarves rushed for the doors, Stravitch's Guard blocked by the rush of bodies. It wasn't long before the church was almost clear - the Budseals, the Braidsabres, the tax collector, the guards, and the very unfortunate philosopher all that was left.

"Now," Stravitch said evenly. "Which of you is first?"

[May 05, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

The Coronation Continued

With a war cry, Stravitch swung his mace in a heavy arc from the side. The queen cringed, her eyes shutting tight, her prop-sword held in front of her lamely. If it wasn't for the Wise Philosopher, running forward in an attempt to stop the captain of the guard, she would have been crushed.

Instead, the copper mace caught the philosopher squarely in the stomach. It exploded in a shower of gore, his intestines wrapping around the smaller of the two statues to Zefon.

A glancing blow caught the Queen in the side. She stumbled back, clutching at her broken ribs. Stravitch was grabbed from all sides by the King Consort, and three of her guards, but with a mighty yell he threw them off. As they hit the mosaic, sliding away, he brought the mace down, shattering the queens right arm. She howled in pain, bones sticking through the skin at her shoulder. The King Consort tried again to save his wife. He was greeted by Stravitch's mace catching him in the chest. The King Consort was propelled into the back wall, his momentum stopped by the unyielding stone. He exploded, a cloud of mist briefly hovering where he had hit.

The queen soon followed, her screams silenced as Stravitch smashed her head first against one of the statues.

The guards were next. Though they fared much better than the Queen, the grizzled veteren still dropped them as easily as the new recruits he trained. He moved little, using the minimum amount of energy to dodge or time his swings. He kneecapped one of them, the guard spilling to the floor in a cursing heap. With a quick motion, he shattered the Guards chest before bounding over the corpse and into the dwindling group of bodies. In a flurry of motion, their heads were crushed, their spines shattered. Only Stravitch stood amidst the bodies.

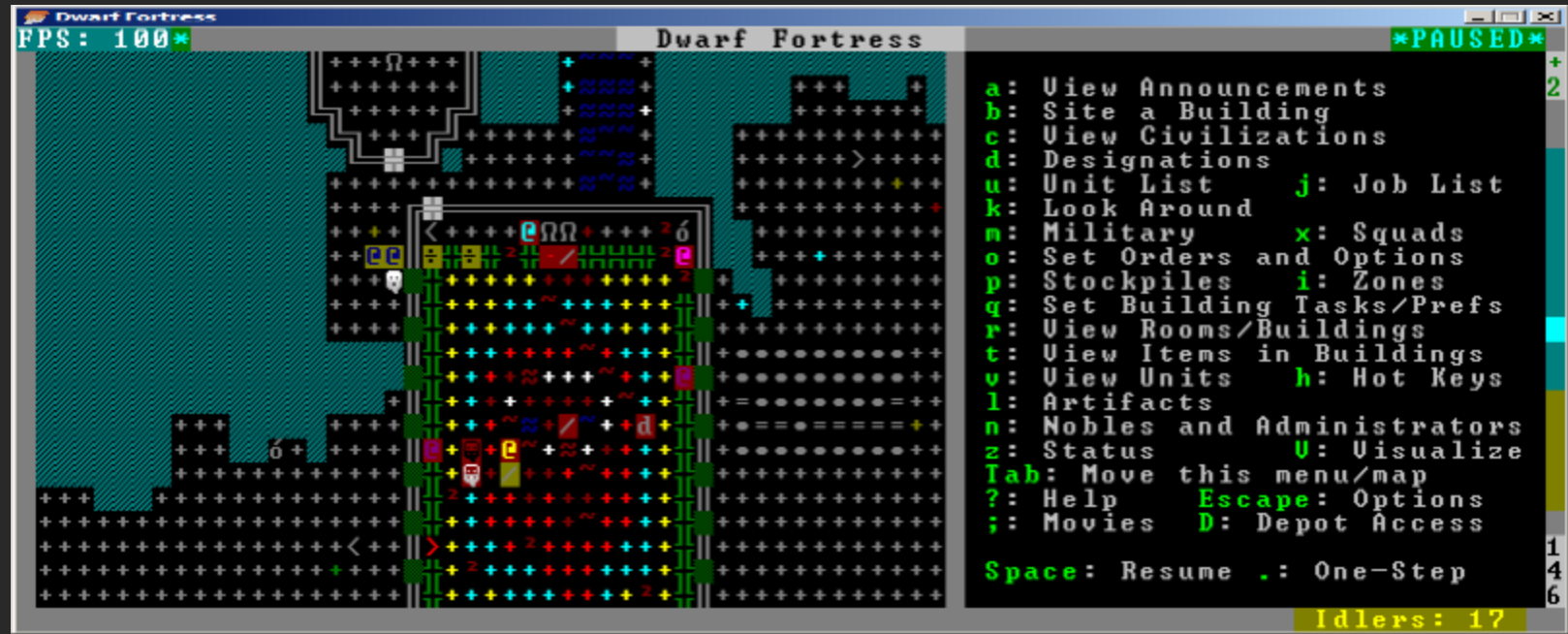
"Oh god, no!" screamed Duke Consort Budseal. He held his baby up in front of him as a shield, perhaps as an attempt to appeal to Stravitch's humanity and stem his assault. The appeal went unheard. The child's head exploded in front of him, showering his face with gore. The horror was lost upon him, as the heavy copper mace-head traveled further forward, splitting his skull open a single second later.

In his growing rage, Stravitch didn't notice at all as he shattered the Duchess's neck. She lay on the floor paralyzed, forced to watch as her superiors guard were slaughtered.

The tax collector was the last one standing. Slowly he backed towards the doors, whispering, "You don't have to do this. You can let ME live..."

"Oh, but I do. You especially... you went out of your way to torture our civilians with your damnable demands for large gems and lead. Now come here. You'll regret it if I have to run."

He ran. They all ran. Stravitch smiled and pursued, his boots thudding ominously on the colored stones. In his haste the Tax Collector attempted to push the doors open, but they didn't budge. He spun in time to see Stravich, baring his teeth, bring the mace down into his chest. There was a wet explosion - the head of the mace having punctured through the tax collectors chest and embedded in the wooden door. The Tax Collector had time to stare at the wound before he died, slumping to the ground.



Tugging the mace free, Stravitch pulled the door open and walked out into the sunlight. He was drenched in noble blood, his stern expression hiding the exhustion he felt. Aryn began to talk to him, but he turned to glare, hissing under his breath, "They're dead, just like you wanted. Don't question my loyalty again you little prick. I'm going to my room and do *not* wish to be disturbed."

He vanished down the stairs. One by one, the Dwarves peered inside the church, the horror growing at all the blood. Kuli entered weeping, his book clutched to his chest, his hands shaking with anger at what had transpired.

Only Aryn smiled. "Now, to deal with Snake..." he murmured under his breath.

[May 04, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

[May 05, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Electrum: I love the update! I think the optimism Varen is showing works perfectly for a migrant to the fortress. After nearly a decade out in the wastes, it's a nice juxtaposition from where the more senior residents currently are. Even poor Rice seems to have gone into a bit of an existential funk ;)

Ghostpaw: I've got a couple questions for you on your design. Do hatches actually close when the pressure plate is tripped again? I've never used them after some bad experiences the first time I ever played (a whole fortress flooded), but maybe it's time to swallow that fear and start anew.

Maybe I could make a wash room... this "every Dwarf gets his own shower" idea might have been too grand in scope. Perhaps this is how Icarus felt as he drew closer to the sun...

Except I don't get to free fall into the ocean at the end. I just get a soggy fort that needs drying.

Wow. Awesome update. While I enjoyed it, though, Kuli the dwarf is going to be incredibly pissed off about his church being used as the site of a massacre.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on May 05, 2008, 09:45:00 pm

In light of the Great Fall Massacre, it's a wonder the whole fortress hasn't gone ape. A carpenter was trampled to death in the great rush for the church doors, leaving Dodik-Come-Lately and one other the only wood workers in the whole fort. She's taken to the "increase in work" with her standard level of enthusiasm.

The doors to the church have been locked for five days. Kuli, and Kuli alone, is cleaning the place up. When he's seen in the larders he looks dejected and angry, and I suppose rightly so. I can't blame him at all, it was a terrible thing to have done in his temple. But it had to be done. The nobility were getting out of control, and while I don't really mind the occasional Dwarf beaten to keep the status quo... it was becoming excessive.

This leads to an odd situation. Without the nobility, there are no mandates. Without mandates there is just nothing for the workers to create. We have all have the furnishings of highborn, and even with Aryn's decree that the plain be pitched out, even the poorest of Dwarf has a meager account and a room with a well constructed dresser, coffer, and bed. The workshops are empty except for Kuli's crew, tirelessly melting goblin-wrought armor down into bars.

I can't even sneak down there to churn out our idols for sale with the machines quiet and Aryn watching me liike a hawk. Stravitch has made the request we produce some of Lenod, the Bloody Sun God instead of the fortress's patron Saint, and in his current mood I don't really feel the need to disagree...

The events of the 7th of Limestone, 1060

Snake woke from his nightmares with a start. He was drenched in water, and his one eye was bleary with water and sleep, but he could still make out the outline of Aryn holding an empty bucket. Beside him stood the nameless Hammerer, her expression blank, her eyes cold.

"How ... long have I been out..." Croaked Snake.
"Almost a full week," Came Aryn's soft reply. "I've had my guard watching your cell the whole time as a precaution. I didn't want anyone else to touch you before proper justice could be delivered."
"I... I remember... a slaughter, in the church. All the no-..." He coughed a wad of blood onto the floor. He started to lean forward, but the chain, connected to a shackle around his neck, stopped further movement forward. He rubbed his temple instead. "All the nobles were... why is the hammerer here?"
"Because I serve no King, no country. I serve justice alone. I will be serving you soon," came the hammerers cold reply.

Snake watched them bleakly. They afforded him this silence, and in the time the warrior-champion went over the events of his life, the choices he made, and how he ended up chained to a wall, his ribs broken, his knee and elbow shattered, his face mangled. Eventually he looked up, meeting Aryn's grey eyes with his single blue. he shrugged weakly, "I don't regret a single choice I made. It was all worth it. I'm... only sorry I was caught."

"...snake...? ...Snake?!"
Aryn glanced over his shoulder, looking back towards the prisoner in puzzlement. He began to open his mouth, but the voice rang out again, louder.
"...**SNAKE!!**"

The sound of boots grew louder as they barreled down the hallway. A swordsman recruit unfortunate enough to be in her way was bowled over as Sulari pounded towards the cells. She looked frantic.

"Aryn, you can't do this!"
"Are you mad? He sold us out, Sulari! He sold YOU out! We're on the maps of every Dwarf with a large coffer and some foot soldiers, because he spent years mailing information out of here."

Sulari went silent. Her fearsome visage, her warriors gaze, they were gone. What was left was just a Dwarf, scared and hurt; terrified for the one she loved. She wet her dried lips, and slowly raised her hands up, clasping them in front of her. She bowed her head.

"Aryn... what he did wasn't right. I know that. But you can't do this. He's helped this fortress out so much. If not for him we'd have lost so many in the sieges. We'd have..." She paused, the words catching in her throat. In a moment she had regained her composure, and finished, "Please. Don't kill him. Please."

Aryn listened to her in silence. He glanced back at the Hammerer, but she only shrugged and said coldly, "I don't make Judgments. I just see to them through to their resolution."

"Fine. *FINE*," said Aryn. His voice dropped to nearly a whisper, his fists bunched at his side. "Cut his beard and turn him out into the wastes. He's banished from our fortresses. I want nothing to do with his ilk. It's only because of your standing, Sulari Clappedrooms Amithsoloz Rithar, that I even consider this."
"Thank you Aryn. Tha-.ank you." She spared one last glance at Snake, and turned on the balls of her feet. The tears were brimming over in her eyes, and she slowly made her way down to her room, to solitude, for fear that the other soldiers might see.

"OUT, Traitor!"

Snake was shoved out the bridge. With his hands tied he had no way of steadying himself, and a loose stone sent him sprawling in the sand on his face. Aryn came up beside him, wrenching his arms back above his head, and sliced the rope-reed that bound his wrists.

The Champion slowly rose to his feet. His knee was bound in a leather-and-iron knee brace. His plate mail was replaced with black leather, the right arm of his jacket sliced off to better facilitate the sling he was forced to wear. Only a days worth of stubble was upon his cheeks, his beard - one of the many status symbols of Dwarven Culture having been trimmed as punishment for his crimes.

"Leave, Fikod "Snake" Splitskin. Leave this place, and remember - the only reason you're still alive is because of the respect I have for Sulari. You owe her your pitiful life you worthless leach. I want you to remember that. Now get out of my sight, before I turn the loose the hounds."

Snake Splitskin, former Swordschampion, held his tongue. Slowly he turned and stared out upon the wastes, at the miles of red sand, at the dunes, at the horrors awaiting him. He limped forward, favoring his good leg as he trudged through the sandy wastes he had since called home. Soon he was just a silhouette highlighted by the blazing blood red sun, just a vague dwarf-shape in this distance.

Soon, he was gone.

[May 06, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 05, 2008, 11:54:00 pm**

Haha! I haven't read the "back issues" of Migrursut, so I didn't know what Snake's last name was. You don't get an opportunity like that in just any fort...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 06, 2008, 08:34:00 am**

(For the sake of context, these memoirs would have been written before the massacre in the temple.)

From the memoirs of Kuli Problemwalled.

Due to my position as leader of the Church of Zefon at Migrursut and the ever increasing members of our congregation, more and more am I being asked about the events of my life. For that reason I shall write this chronicle to satisfy the curious. I do not presume my experience will have meaning to anyone other than myself, but I hope perhaps that the children of Zefon will find some inspiration in my story.

I was born Kuli Problemwalled to the humble Problemwalled family of Ebalmeng. My father was a Wood Burner, and my mother was a Cheese Maker. In other words we were very poor. Nothing occurred in my childhood that I would consider noteworthy. It was, after all, a time before I knew Zefon and was thus cloaked in ignorance.

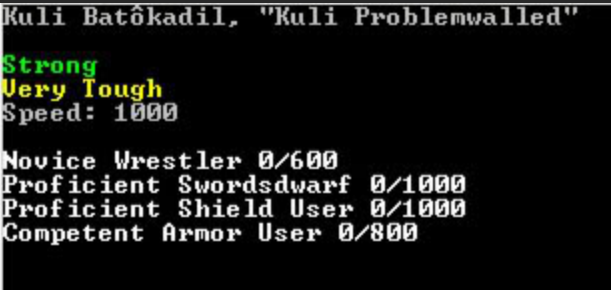
Among the customers who purchased charcoal from my father was a metalsmith named Logem. Wanting a better life for their child, my parents persuaded Logem to take me as his apprentice. I went to live with Master Logem and learned from him the ways of the forge.

A few weeks after my apprenticeship began, Master Logem asked me if I had ever heard of the goddess Zefon. I thought about it a while and managed to recall the name as an obscure goddess among the diverse pantheon of dwarven gods. The Master was quite disappointed by my ignorance and endeavoured to enlighten me. Over the course of my apprenticeship, Master Logem tried to teach me many things besides mere metalworking. I learned from him that the grace of the goddess Zefon could save believers from eternal death, that anyone could be reborn through Zefon's love. At the time I dismissed these beliefs personally but humored them for my Master's sake. It was only when my parents died in a floodgate accident that I was forced to face the idea of death and I began to heed Master Logem's words. In time I became less of an apprentice and more of a disciple to The Master. Everything I know about the faith I owe to Master Logem. To this day I often quote his wise words in my sermons.

Before my apprenticeship was completed I was torn away from Master Logem when I was suddenly drafted into the army. War had broken out with the elves of Mafidale in the southern forests. I objected to the war because of my beliefs but the only alternative was to face The Hammerer's wrath, and The Master persuaded me that it was important to obey authority.

I will not speak much of the war. I witnessed more death than any living being should, and I was forced to kill many times. Every day I prayed to Zefon for the salvation of those who died, and for the forgiveness of my own sins. In a strange way my faith was strengthened by the war, for I gained a new appreciation for the horror of death without hope of rebirth.

I returned from the war physically and spiritually stronger, and I could wield a sword nearly as well as I could forge one.



I had hoped to resume my apprenticeship, but it was not to be. I returned to the forge only to find Master Logem on his deathbed. Apparently the Duchess had issued a mandate for adamantine itmes. The metalsmiths were naturally unable to obtain the incredibly rare metal and the mandate went unfulfilled. A scapegoat was needed to face justice at the hands of the Hammerer, and somehow Master Logem was the one chosen. He survived, barely, but was dying from the injuries.

As I sat by my master's bedside he told me there was no time for tears or grief. He wished to use what little time was left to impart more knowledge to his disciple about the ways of Zefon. He also had a final request of me. Master Logem prefaced his request with a story, and for the first time I heard the name Zoden Zefon.

Zoden Zefon, literally the House of Fountains, but understood as the House of Zefon. According to The Master it was the name of a mountainhall built around a temple where the followers of Zefon once lived and worshipped together in a perfect society. The Master wanted to tell me all the stories about the glorious days of Zoden Zefon, but there simply wasn't time. Instead, he told me how centuries ago Zoden Zefon mysteriously disappeared and the dwarves who lived there presumably died. It was because of the destruction of Zoden Zefon that Zefonism was now an obscure sect with very few followers. Master Logem's last request was that I should go on a pilgrimage to rediscover the site of Zoden Zefon. Somehow, he believed, the faith would be reborn if the temple was found again. I could not imagine refusing my master, so I vowed to fulfil his final request.

Master Logem died that very night. The next day I built a tomb for him in the proper ways of Zefon, meaning that I made it so The Master could easily leave it on the day he was reborn by Zefon.

I sold all of my possessions except the clothes on my back. Then I used that money to purchase traveling supplies and some steel bars. The steel I forged into a sword and a set of armor so that I could defend myself on the journey. Without delay I set out from Ebalmeng, vowing to find the House of Zefon by any means necessary.

(Oops, the backstory ended up being a little longer than I expected. Actual adventuring will take place in the next update. Words words words words.)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **dojango** on **May 06, 2008, 11:38:00 am**

I was looking at some of the pictures, and was wondering; how do you keep your dwarves from throwing up all over your outdoor constructions? you seem to have impressive works, yet they're not covered in vomit; and during your outdoor battles, your champions rarely seem to stop to do that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 06, 2008, 12:27:00 pm**

Just keep them from adapting to cave life... If they see the sun at least once every few months, it's no problem.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 06, 2008, 12:37:00 pm**

Vactor: The only problem I have with that design is I'd probably have to retrofit all the bedrooms and maybe move them a floor lower. As happy as I am throwing off the lives of my little bearded charges I get a bit antsy making grand changes to the design in place. Also, I sent you a PM, dunno if you read it yet or not.

Kuli: Fantastic! I don't know what you were talking about where you said you weren't so hot at writing.

quote:
Originally posted by dojango: I was looking at some of the pictures, and was wondering; how do you keep your dwarves from throwing up all over your outdoor constructions? you seem to have impressive works, yet they're not covered in vomit; and during your outdoor battles, your champions rarely seem to stop to do that.

I wish I could give you tips on this, or come off like an expert, but I'm a bit mystified too. Some of the haulers do barf everywhere, but they usually do it in the quarry while grabbing stones. I think I can narrow it down to the fact that the only meeting hall is in Kuli's

Church (and the only statue garden n his sanctuary) so any time they're on a break they dutifully troop into the terrible sun and to the Church.

Since there is a roof on it, the few times the mosaic was barfed on it was promptly cleaned up. And the soldiers are either sparring, killing, or socializing in the church, so they see sunlight all the time. The only vomit on them comes from a goblin they disemboweled.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 06, 2008, 07:48:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
27th of Limestone, 1060

Oy. We're holding together here, but I've got a feeling we're just in a hold; the veritable calm before the storm. Rice spotted merchants from home on the horizon, their wagons axles practically splitting under the weight of their hauled goods, and the only thing I could hear in the hallways was:

"Oh God, they'll know about Queen Braidsabres!"

For once in his miserable life here, Aryn's ability to overlook our emotional wellbeing with his selfish desires ... have probably helped us out more realizes. The work shop doors have been thrown open and we've workers have been commanded to carve, to sculpt, to encrust, to smelt, to forge. When the merchants boots hit the trade depot we were to greet them with open arms, barrels full of the classic crap they've come to love and we were to let them leave with every question unanswered.

While many didn't feel much like working, they were prodded by the arrival of Mayor Likot. She had been unseen by *all* in the fort for nearly two years. I've... well, I assumed she'd died and the mandates passed in her name were just a sneaky way to get things accomplished. Oh god, I've never been so sorry to be wrong.

She's been stalking the halls, flanking Aryn as he bullies and cajoles us back to work. She only has one outfit - a large leather coat buttoned over her platemail vest, a metal helm, and what she's dubbed a "breathing mask". The one conversation I had the misfortune to have with her has shown me a Dwarf with a mind blown. She's convinced the fortress is full of diseases, and just breathing the air can poison us and let in The Evil she feels in the air. What's left is a mayor with green glass lenses over her eyes, and a steel pipe packed with cloth and charcoal to filter the air covering her mouth and chin... Along with her custom-made crossbow to compensate for her now-useless right arm, I try mjy hardest to stay out of her way...

Dodik-Come-Lately, seen moping about the dining room, was recently asked what she would like to do with all her down time. Her shrugged response obviously didn't please Aryn, who told her if she wants work to grab a pick and dig.

That we've last this long is a miracle in itself. That every mind-cracked Dwarf in the kingdom has managed to find their way here must be some sort of curse.

Oh, how I need a drink.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 06, 2008, 09:22:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
16th of Sandstone, 1060

The quarry is coming along nice, but slow. The original plan was to have our Early Warning System mine ramps along each level. The gentle slopes would allow the dirt and rocks to accumulate at the bottom near the workman's scaffolds and hauled upwards with minimal effort for The Great Reflooring Project.

However, Archin has brought to my attention just how slow things seem to be going. She's right, something I'm loath to admit. There are ramps dotting the landscape as far as the eye can see, ramps jutting uselessly into the air, and ... as odd as it sounds, time just seems to be inching along at a snails pace. I blame these ramps-to-nowhere, these physical anomalies. Since Archin began mining through them, things seem to be getting back to normal. It's just a shame she thought of it.

Color me surprised when I ran across that intrepid young Spearswinger Varen. The only reason I'd entrusted him with the task of delivering my note to Snake was the fact that, well, I was sure Stravitch would have continued the Speardwarfs Curse and smashed his skull. And look at him today! Strong, Agile, Tough, and still as eager as can be to do right in this fortress. He sported some bruises ... but nothing out of the ordinary. No breaks, no nothing... I see good things in this kids future, as his squad leader has already named him a Spearmaster. Perhaps once his training is complete I can see if he'd like a position as a personal body guard...

Istrath has outdone himself. We have a well-crafted platinum statue by Kuli's crew; a very stylized rendering of Sulari. It's covered in hanging rings of bone opal, and menaces with spikes cinnamon grossular and clear diamonds. She's standing on a pile of bones - masterfully worked kobold, goblin, and Dread Camel.

Engraver Erith has expressed interest in "jazzing that dull piece up" but I'm sure that pervert means turning it into a nude rendering. He has been ordered, on penalty of the Magma Drop, to stay FAR away from this exquisite 5000monies statue.

[May 06, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 07, 2008, 07:07:00 am**

I can't help but imagine that Mayor Likot looks kind of like Darth Vader.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 07, 2008, 08:48:00 am**

This picture has recently become my background on my work PC. It's also completely warped how I feel Mayor Likot, with her crossbow and once-mangled arm, dresses.

Darth Vadar would also be an appropriate model for a militaristic underboss in the Great Dwarven Machine.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **May 07, 2008, 09:07:00 am**

That looks like something you would see in a Pink Flyod movie.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 07, 2008, 09:58:00 am**

Your workplace must be very cheery. ;) Thanks for the compliment, though, I appreciated it - but I'll still have do make sense of how Varen feels after the Queen meeting her unfortunate demise. I don't think I can really maintain the same optimism.

I'll put some thought into it.

Dear Pa,

Thanks for the quick letter back. I understand you're curious about what happened to the Queen...

~o~

Groaning, Varen patted the bottom of his bunk in the gloom. After a moment, he produced a small basalt jar. *How am I supposed to write about this? I wasn't there. Well, at least we're in the clear now about who runs this place. There aren't many people left.* Pensively, he trailed his fingers through the fisher berry paste, and gripped his own bicep. *The Queen didn't have to right to usurp this place. And Aryn didn't have the right to kill anyone.*

He cast a glance at one of the oldest bunks, one of the few without a sleeping form in it. *It's not as if anyone likes Aryn, but he's the only one who can still run this fortress. It's him or the mayor.* Closing his eyes, Varen gave a single nod at the bed, thinking of the unnaturally steely strides Sulari had adopted lately. *Worse, the people who get in his way just disappear. I slip Snake a note for Aryn, and the next thing I know, plenty of people are gone. The Queen, the nobles. Snake.*

He gritted his teeth as he hit a sore spot, and retraced the musculature there with his fingers. Already, his upper arm felt hot as a forge as the balm began to work. *So we had the shiftless and the insane, and now we've got the insane left. Guy has clearly been in the desert sun too long. And the mayor out of the sun, probably.* Carefully, he wrapped a stained pig tail cloth around the sprained muscle, and settled back on his bed. *You're a soldier now, Vee. Your first duty's to the fortress. And that skinny agitator's the only one who can run it, so that means he'll have to do. And with Snake gone, the fort's missing a big chunk of its defenses.*

On the jar's lid, an emblem of two crossed daggers in aluminum gleamed brightly in the torchlight. *The Polished Trumpet will sound brightly over this wasteland, one day. The quarry will be finished, the washrooms too, and dwarves everywhere will understand what we've done here.* Smiling, Varen turned onto his side and put pen to paper again.

~o~

...what happened to the Queen. Well, I haven't seen it with my own two eyes, but everyone swears that there was an accident, just before the crowning ceremony. It didn't just take out Queen Brightsabre, rest Her soul, but a host of minor nobility and some of the oldest members of the army. Everyone here's in mourning, and Aryn - I told you about him - asked everyone to keep their mouths shut until they can figure out what happened and who's to blame. Makes sense, doesn't it? Old Èzum doesn't know what he's talking about.

Now, let me tell you about something else: I got promoted! The other soldiers are real impressed with my skill wielding this large-bladed spear, and they praise me for being so persistent. All our sparring sessions back home must've paid off, huh? Got a little medal and a big barrel of Dwarven rum from my squadmates. I've really buffed up lately, too...

The Events of the 3rd of Timber, 1060

Aryn sat at the top of one of the gate towers with Mayor Likot. Originally he had balked at her request to install fortifications both facing out of the fortress and facing in. Now, his hands clasped behind his back, he was thankful he had listened to her.

They watched the merchants from their home of Stukos Matul packing up their wares, laughing and joking with one another as they strapped this years bounty to their mules. *They look like ants* ran through Aryn's mind and his scowl deepened. Slowly he tore his gaze away from the merchants, and he turned to face Mayor Likot's, always at ease as he tried to see through the green glass bug-eyes of her mask.

"You think it best they're removed?" Aryn asked.
"No, sir. They've realized the queen is dead. The civilians have loose tongues I'm afraid. If the merchants are allowed to leave rumors will be started," said Mayor Likot. Her voice was tinny and muffled; emotionless behind the breather.

"Of course," Aryn nodded in agreement. He turned back to the fortification and leaned his face to the slats. "Alright. Go get your marksmen. Open fire when their feet hit the sand on the end of the bridge."

The Merchants left the fortress unscathed, completely unaware as to just how close to death they had walked. They returned home with tales of wealth and profit, of a fortress with all the niceties of home. Most importantly, they left with their lives.

Mayor Likot and her squad The Golds of Carnage returned to the gate tower to find Aryn in a shouting Match with Lucy and Rice. They were standing in front of the slates, their arms spread to block the view. Aryn was waving his hands in the air, shrieking, "Out of my way! This HAS to be done!"

"No! You *can't* do this!" Rice screamed back at him.
"He's right, Aryn," Lucy shouted over him. "These are our cousins! I grew up in the town over from one of those merchants, I saw him monthly at the farmers markets!"
"Out. Of. My. WAY!"
"**NO**" They screamed in unison.

"Likot! Shoot THROUGH them."

Rice and Lucy went wide-eyed, the color draining from their faces. But Mayor Likot didn't move. Aryn's spun on the balls of his feet, glaring up at the mask-wearing mayor. "What are you waiting for, damn it? The merchants are getting away!"

"Aryn..." Came the cold reply. "You're asking me to assassinate two of the founding members of this fortress. Two very well respected and accomplished Dwarves that are *very* well liked. Learn to pick your battles Aryn. You don't want to end up crippled."

Her cold laughter echoed off the walls long after she and her squad had marched down the steps. Aryn glared at the pair, his slight frame trembling with rage. He opened his mouth, but ended up shutting it quickly. Instead he turned and stormed off, slamming the door to the tower behind him.

The pair exhaled in unison. Lucy slipped her arm around Rice's back, fingers squeezing lightly at his side. "You did good, Kid," she said fondly.

Rice just smiled weakly.

Rice's Journal
3rd Timber

There are times when I have to question Aryn's sanity. He can be brilliant at times, and yet other times he falls to the lowest depths. Removing the nobility was a necessity and I understand what fueled his machinations. But the merchants came simply to trade, and they are our brothers. They make their livelihood from our goods, and we receive fair compensation. And yet he fears that our actions involving the queen and the other nobility shall spread rumors detrimental to our fortress. I believe this fortress shall change the world. WE are the fortress that said 'NO'. WE are the fortress that refused to be subjugated. WE stood up for our rights, for our liberty, for the DREAM that we have carved out among these desolate wastes. **WE HAVE CARVED PARADISE FROM HELL ITSELF!!** And we shall not falter in this world. I found love here with Lucy, and I hold this place dear. I shall stand to defend and hold this place up, against all enemies even if Aryn becomes that enemy. I can only hope that he does not.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 08, 2008, 07:50:00 am**

!!WARNING!! !!WARNING!!
INCOMING CRYPTOGRAM!

It's that time again folks. I've been holding out for game-events that would lead themselves to a reason for secret messages, and I'm pretty sure my criteria will be met by the day this is posted.

The next will be posted Sunday, May 11th, at or around 4:00pm EST. The rules are the same as before: If you solve it, you may make a request. If you don't solve it by that following Thursday, something "bad" will happen. (note: Bad is subjective and solely at my whim. Bad will not include fortress destruction but may include death, mutilation, or the destruction of things we all hold near and dear. Bad may not be redeemed for cash value. Void where prohibited.)

Due to the variety of requests from the last one, I'll change the little speech to say - this can encompass a variety of things. A construction project, a specific style of character, a request for better accommodations / standing (if it's possible), or even just a request to tweak a Dwarfs personality. And since I've consistently been surprised, it can also encompass things I didn't mention as long as they're not killing named characters or anything like that.

This time, there will only be one winner. It will be "easier" than the last by far, and by that I mean I'll actually have words spelled correctly and not mess up numbers and whatever. It also won't be multi-part because that little experiment proved itself both a chore and a challenge. Let's work our way up to those, shall we? Anyway. Sunday. 4pm.

!!END WARNING!! !!END WARNING!!

[May 08, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 08, 2008, 08:56:00 am**

Bah, I jumped the gun? I thought I could infer from Aryn's production orders in Johnny's journal that he was going to let the caravan go with a good deal.

Also, wholly agreed: I can't wait for the next installment of Kuli's stuff.

[May 08, 2008: Message edited by: Electrum]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 08, 2008, 11:25:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by Electrum:
Bah, I jumped the gun? I thought I could infer from Aryn's production orders in Johnny's journal that he was going to let the caravan go with a good deal.

Also, wholly agreed: I can't wait for the next installment of Kuli's stuff.

[May 08, 2008: Message edited by: Electrum]

I don't think you jumped the gun at all, they did get an excellent deal. They also were seconds away from getting filled with bolts, because I (the guy running this game) have a real beef against those jerks from the mountains and my inability to just seize their goods.

And if you think the background is cheery, you should see how people avoid my cube like the plague with [this mask](#) and [this calendar](#) hanging up on my wall. I'm just one big bundle of sunshine over here :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 08, 2008, 11:32:00 am**

BWAHAHA! Serial killer calendar... I never knew such a thing existed.

But then again, I didn't know there was such a thing as a "hot pirate babes" calendar either. I bet there's a dirt calendar out there.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 08, 2008, 06:34:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
7th of Moonstone, 1060

I'm still fuming over those jerks Rice and Lucy. To think, I took her under my wing, planned whole systems of mechanical innovations, gave her work! Work! I neglected so many other Dwarves so that beauty could stuff her coffer and feel a sense of accomplishment. I turned my back to her shacking up with that playboy Rice, but this? Stopping something that was Just and Right from being performed because that pair doesn't want "more blood shed on the sand"?

She doesn't mind when we slaughter the foal Sodel the mule squirts out on a regular basis. I don't see her crying when some hapless Kobold tries to pilfer our crafts and ends up taking a magma bath. What should she care about some worthless rumormongering merchants. Worthless....

My mood was not helped at ALL when I find out Istrath has kicked his assistants out of one of the Jewelers Workshops. He's now muttering to himself, sketching pictures on parchment and rushing about the fort. He pushed over one of the orphaned Budseal twins and took the shell he was carting off, apologizing profusely the entire way back to the workshop. If we actually had any gems to cut I'd be more angry, but ... he's done good work. Perhaps this burst of inspiration will give us something to be proud of for once.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 08, 2008, 06:40:00 pm**

From the memoirs of Kuli Problemwalled

I had set out from the mountainhomes in order to find the legendary Zoden Zefon. A very obvious problem arose right away - where was it and how could I find it? No dwarf alive knew of Zoden Zefon's location, not even the few remaining followers of Zefon who I asked. With a small degree of horror I realized that I would have to find someone who was old enough to remember Zoden Zefon from the days before its destruction. That meant one of three very bad options - Elves, Goblins, or Dragons. Since the latter two would certainly lead me only to a painful death, that meant I would have to seek out the Elves. Unfortunately that option would certainly be dangerous as well, considering that the war had only recently ended and the Elves might still hold some animosity toward any dwarf who wandered into their forests.

Briefly, I was tempted to seek out the Elves of the northern forests, but I knew that was the wrong decision. Of Zoden Zefon's location I had already learned only two things - that it was built next to a river, and that it was somewhere south of the mountainhomes. That meant I would certainly have to seek the Elves of the south in Mafifidale, the very nation with which we had recently been at war. There being no use in avoiding what I knew was necessary, I headed due south.

The journey south was a long one, and the road went through vast regions of uninhabited wilderness. Many times I was ambushed by wild beasts, no doubt thinking a lone dwarf would make an easy meal. The first time it happened, I found myself surrounded by a pack of wolves.



I did not wish to kill them. Zefon teaches us to preserve life. However, that means preserving not only the lives of others but my own life as well. With a heavy heart I drew out my steel short sword and prepared for the wolves' attack. A peaceful dwarf I may be, but the war had taught me how to use a blade and how to kill quickly. It was over in minutes. The forest was covered in blood and on all sides were the dismembered remains of what were once living creatures. I buried the wolves and prayed over their shallow graves for Zefon's forgiveness before continuing on my journey.



After weeks of travel I entered a forests that seemed very...different. I felt as if I was being watched at all times by someone hidden from my sight, and there was a strange sound in the air as though the trees were whispering to one another. There could be no mistaking it - I had entered the land of the Elves.



It is common and even expected for us dwarves to hate the Elves. However, there is at least one good thing about them that should be recognized - the Elves can be unusually forgiving. No, they don't forgive and forget so easily because they are simply that nice. The fact is that Elves live so long that they do not experience time the same way that we do. If something happened yesterday, as far as they are concerned it might just as well have happened a hundred years ago. Of course the converse is true, and sometimes they can hold a grudge for millenia thinking that the offense had occurred only recently, but it is thanfully rare. And so it was that when I entered the forest of the Elves they did not immediately kill me.

A squad of Bowelves materialized suddenly out of the forest as if from thin air and took me prisoner. I was actually quite relieved for they treated me with only the usual every-day animosity they show for dwarves. It seemed they had indeed mostly forgotten the war which had ended only just months earlier. I was bound with rope reed and brought before the local Druid who would decide what to do with this intruder. I expected this. The Druid I greeted with polite words and told her I came with an offering of peace. I asked my captors to search my backpack and they would find the gift that I had brought. It was an exceptional quality silver amulet. Engraved on it was an image of an oak tree also in silver. I had forged it myself before leaving the mountainhomes just for this purpose.

The Druid was placated but skeptical. She asked me for what purpose I came to her woods. I explained how I was on a religious pilgrimage to find a temple that had been lost for centuries and that I believed only they, the Elves, could guide me to it. With tears in my eyes I begged the Druid to help me fulfil my master's dying wish. She was quiet for a short while, staring aimlessly into the air as only an elf can. When she spoke again the Druid said she decided to take pity on me and help if she could. So I politely asked her if she had ever known of a dwarven city or mountainhall called Zoden Zefon or the House of Fountains. The Druid closed her eyes and searched her long memory for several minutes. After a time she opened her eyes and replied that she not only knew of such a place but had even visited there as a diplomat!

Kuli Batôkadil, Swordsdwarf: Tell me about this area.
Are Eÿasareve, elf Druid: The House of Fountains is far to the north.
Are Eÿasareve, elf Druid: In the early autumn of 1060, ðnul Ravenceiling created a masterful engraving "The Righteousness of Pants" for The Circle of Harmony at The House of Fountains.

My heart leaped. Could it be this easy to find the lost House of Zefon? My joy ebbed and gave way to skepticism. I asked the Druid if she was certain it was Zoden Zefon, and if there was any detail she could give me that would prove it. She then told me of an engraving she had seen there. It was a beautiful, masterful image of a female dwarf holding a small child. The Druid had inquired about it and was told by the dwarves of Zoden Zefon that the image was called "The Righteousness of Pants" and it was a depiction of their goddess Zefon. There could be no mistake, and my joy returned. Eagerly I asked if the Druid remembered where the lost mountainhall was located. She replied that she could not remember the exact location but that she did know it was somewhere in a desert to the north of Mafifidale.

When the Elves were satisfied that I posed no threat to them, they returned my belongings and escorted me out of the forest. The information I received from the Druid was somewhat vague but more than I could have hoped for. Zoden Zefon was in a desert north of Mafifidale and south of the mountainhomes. That, combined with the information that it was built next to a river, narrowed down the location considerably. I would start searching with the largest desert in the region, The Soaked Dunes. There, by the grace of Zefon, I would fulfil my mission.



(Some of the images didn't come out right, so I've fixed them. Looks like photobucket prefers .PNG to .JPG files. Good to know.)

[May 08, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 08, 2008, 09:05:00 pm**

The events of the 11th of Moonstone, 1060

The fortress shook at the very foundation. Rocks and dust, rattled loose from the quaking earth, rained down upon the civilians. Pandemonium was loosed upon the Dwarves as they clamored top-side to escape the inevitable cave-in. The first few to make it into the sun froze in their tracks. They began to push backwards, down the steps and inside, bowling over or trampling the poor souls caught in the stairwell.

Sulari made it top side first of the soldiers, her eyes widening in horror. She could see quite clearly over the wall the terrible face and bared chest of a titan. Even at such a distance he was massive, his lumbering gait causing the ground to quake and tremble under his step.

His voice boomed, echoing off the walls inside the courtyard. "I. Am. Thadar Waythunders! Word has traveled south of your pathetic ventures. These halls are mine. Your riches, mine! Lay in the sand before me and I will ferry you swiftly to Ēbmat's magma channels."

"Excuse me, Captain Sulari, Sir."

Sulari's concentration on the titan was broken. She turned, offering a weak smile, "Sergeant Towersacks. A pleasure. I'm a little busy now, so if it's not important..."

"It is, sir," said Towersacks. She relaxed her stance, pointing over the walls towards the Titan trundling towards their position. "I'd like to offer up my spears as the first wave. We might be able to end this quickly if we can pierce something vital. At the least, we can hold him until you round up the reinforcements."
"Sergeant, there are only three of you, and..."
"If there's ever a time to show that the Spearmasters Curse is broken, it's now."

Sulari smiled. "Alright, Sergeant. Be safe."
"Yes sir, we'll do you proud."

Sergeant Towersacks was true to her word. She was at the front of the small phalanx, leaning casually on her spear. Corporal Guildslide and Private Varen flanked her, wearing their nervousness on their sleeve. As the titan met them in front of the trade depot, he leaned down, his great face leering. The taunts he was beginning to utter were cut off, a terrible shriek rattling the walls. Sergeant Towersacks had stabbed her spear through his right eye.

Her blade was a blur, keeping the half-blinded Titan off balance as she pricked his elbow, his stomach, and finally his knee, the blade sticking in the joint. Varen, acting more from training than intelligence, charged the Titan, stabbing him in the thigh, but was sent sprawling in the sand. Her spear lost, Sergeant Towersacks began bashing him with her steel shield, spitting out curses.

Varen hauled himself to his feet in time to see Towersacks knocked aside. The titans great fist was raised high, aiming to crush the obnoxious dwarf. Sprinting, Varen slid into place between them, digging the butt of the spear into the sand; the Titan couldn't react fast enough, skewering his elbow through with the steel blade.

Howling, the Titan lifted him into the air, but Varen held steady. As he dangled far above the ground, he swung his weight from side to side, wrenching and twisting the spear, much to the horror of the Titan Waythunders. But even with their initial success, the Titan's size was pushing them back towards the entrance, knocking them aside in his rage. Varen, still dangling, let loose an excited shout.

Stravitch had arrived to the battle.

The stout figure sprinted across the sand. In his mottled chainmail and with a small bronze mace, he wasn't even deemed a threat, not like the spear-slingers. Stravitch announced his presence to Titan Waythunders by smashing Sefolkubuk through his ankle, fist sized bone fragments exploding out from the other side.

As the titan began to topple forward Stravitch readied himself. He held his mace on high, and around him, the air began to crackle, to sizzle. Varen wisely let go and hit the ground rolling, and Sergeant Towersacks took a step back, ducking behind her shield.

"FOR THE BLOOD RED SUN GOD!"

The Titan was lifted off his immense feet at the impact, his body mangled. The Titan landed a few feet away, unconscious on the ground. Stravitch slowly made his way over as the others picked themselves off the ground. They watched as he calmly lifted Sefolkubuk, and smashed it into the Titans face.

And again.

And again.

Wiping the blood off onto a rag at his side, he let the mace drop back into the lanyard at his hip. Sergeant Towersacks, breathing hard, was finally able to retrieve her spear. Sulari bounded topside with her axe squad, staring at the mangled titan.

"Captain Fillwhips, I'm glad you were able to assist. I saw you finish that beast, and ... well, I feel you've earned yourself a title and a commendation. With no objections, you'll be here-after known as Captain Stravitch Fillwhips, The Gloved Shred of Steel."

Stravitch grunted in acknowledgment. "I hope you don't think I came here for glory, Sulari."
"Of course not, you were-"
"If you want to reward someone, reward Towersacks and her crew, they did the real work. I was only passing through."
"Pass-...passing *through*? What the hell are you talking about?"

"Oh," said Stravitch. "I guess you didn't hear in the uproar. I spotted a mass of goblins in the distance, we're under siege. I came to ask Towersacks that when she finished with her giant, to head to the eastern gates and take up stations there."

Sulari groaned, covering her eyes with her hands. "The gobbos are here now, also? To arms! Everyone! Eastern Gates, move!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 09, 2008, 05:21:00 pm**

The events of the 13th of Moonstone, 1060

Commandant Vulturespiders marched in front of the assembled goblin macemen. He hated this place, the sand, the unbearable heat. Maybe *that* was why the stunts lived underground; to hide from the environment in the only terrible places the Greater Races allowed them to develop in.

Unlike his troops, Commandant Vulturespiders was dressed lightly in raccoon leather, the heavy morning stars the shock troopers wielded replaced by his fathers crossbow. He mopped his brow, his squinting as he glanced upwards towards the harsh sun. He barred his tusks in displeasure.

Curse all these idiots, especially that foul half-breed Poisonskins he thought miserably. He shielded his eyes and watched in the distance, sighing with relief as the giant frame of the ogre/goblin hybrid marched stoically across the wastes.

Unlike the other races, the goblins considered half-breeds, goblins considered half-breeds to be genetically superior at the insistence of their demon gods. Poisonskins was dressed well in what iron armor would fit over his bulky frame. As he sauntered to the front, Commandant Vulturespiders saluted briskly and stood at attention.

"Good..." rasped Poisonskins, his voice unusually epicurean for one of the Dark Towers. "Very good, Commandant. The Crossbows are marching in first to soften their numbers. Hopefully that bitch Sulari will be made a pincushion before your troop arrives. You do remember your objective, yes?"

"Yes. We're to grab he Leopardknight brat at Olsmo's wish. All others are secondary. If we can't grab him, we're not to return."

"Correct. Here..." Poisonskins pulled a small envelope from within his plate mail. "When you've got the child and are away from this cursed fortress, follow the instructions within."

Commandant Vulturespiders took the envelope, one eyebrow raising quizically. He pointed to the large number **four** inked crudely on the front. "What is this four?"

"Don't be an idiot, Vulturespiders," snapped Poisonskins. "Follow the instructions exactly once you're cleared of the fortress. Lord Olsmo will NOT be pleased otherwise."

"Yes, sir." grumbled the Goblin Commandant. He slapped at a gnat on his neck, sourly watching the half-breed saunter over the hill, towards the waiting group of swordsmen. "You heard him!" barked Vulturespiders. "Get the kid and be wary of that bitch Clappedrooms. Get in formation. We move soon."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 09, 2008, 08:19:00 pm**

First Battle, 19th of Moonstone, 1060

Sulari and her squad mates frantically dodged arrows from the marksmen. Iron bolts clanged off of shields, off of helmets, or ricocheted off of the stone wall behind them. The goblins jeered and fired their bolts heedlessly, entertained by the dodging, swearing Stunts.

Their was a high pitched scream, and an explosion of blood and intestines. One of the goblins dropped, a hefty bolt dangling loosely from the wide hole in her back. Cold, muffled laughter erupted from one of the gate towers.

"SNIIIPER!" Screamed one of the goblins. Idiocy caused one to turn towards the tower, to try and raise his crossbow up and take aim, but he was plugged through the eyes. What brains he had showered the rocks behind him. He fell.

"Get under the arch! We'll be safe! FIRE! FIRE! TAKE OUT SULARI!"

Their morale already starting to break, they charged the Dwarven axeswingers. They fired on the run, their bolts going awry, a third goblin dropped by Mayor Likots unnervingly accurate aim. They met in front of the arch in a clash of iron and bronze.

The goblins, ill prepared for close combat, we're soon routed. Likot picked those off that evaded Sulari's rending axe; within minutes, the sand was littered with body parts and dropped weapons. Sulari jogged back in, her axe-squad following behind, to prepare for the second wave.

Second Battle

The goblins were certainly tricky. They'd learned from their past mistakes and attacked from the north with swords, and from the south with elite macemen. Sulari, deciding quickly, took her squad north to the maintenance shaft to meet the swordsmen.

Before Towersacks and her group could reach the macemen, Mayor Likot had dropped four by herself. They were shot through the throat, each fired bolt followed by her hollow laughter. Towersacks and Varen, taking advantage of the confused goblins, began stabbing at whatever fleshy bits were open, specifically targetting stomachs and kidneys...

"No! No no no no!!" Vulturespiders screamed in horror, the steady cha-**chock** of his crossbow momentarily drowning out the sounds of battle around him. Even when the Dwarves weren't facing him, they seemed to be guarded by some devine force, his bolts bouncing harmlessly off of armor, or missing them by a hairs width. He watched, eyes wide with terror, as his squad of maces were skewered by spear and bolt, the majority soon lay twitching in the sand.

"Retr-" began to form on his lips, and then stopped. What would be the point? If he was to flea, he'd be placed on a spit alive, his life nothing except for a momentary bit of entertainment for Lord Olsmo. He saw a lone dwarf sprinting towards him, her spear held in front of her. Vulturespiders continued to fire, bolts clanging harmlessly off her armor, his guts growing cold.

He pulled the trigger uselessly well into death. Sergeant Towersacks had him skewered on the end of her spear. She waited until the writhing stopped, then casually kicked his corpse off the end of her blade. The spear flashed in a quick arc around her, goblin blood splattering in a circle around her. A cursory glance showed that no more green skins moved among the red sand. Placated, she turned and walked back towards the fortress.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 10, 2008, 12:09:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
2nd of Opal, 1060

With the goblins cleared out and the titan dead we've gone back to a more normal life style. This means lots of mining, lots of fishing, and for the majority of workless crafters, stripping corpses. If it wasn't four their tireless effort in stripping the green skins and burning

the clothes and saving the metal, I estimate we'd no longer see the harsh sand - it would just be a sea of iron, silk and leather as far as the eye could see...

Akroma has been downright perky lately. With close to thirty goblins dead in battle, and that Titan rotting out in the sun, he's got more bones than he knows what to do with. Already one of the crafts shops has been covered in hastily sketched pictures of Titan Totems, of a two full sets of ceremonial bone armor made from goblin bones, of decorating our statues with their ribs as a show of dominance. I'm just afraid he'll begin to take up taxidermy next, the last thing I need is to find preserved Dread Camels lining the halls...

Dinner was interrupted by Limul Leopardknight coming in to announce loudly, "Papa's finished! It's done!"

A group of us rushed down to the workshops, helping the dehydrated jeweler out and to the mess where we gave him food and drink. His work was brought with him, an animal trap crafted out of Yellow Zircons, menacing with spikes of rope reed and maple and hanging rings of rhyolite. Our masterful piccolo was depicted on it in yellow zircon, and crafted out of turtle shells were two fire snakes, looped endlessly as they grasped one another's tail.

When he was finally able to speak, Istrath was asked what he called this trap.

"Bandcouncils the Paddle of Domination"

Clearly, this is a metaphor for the power struggle among our numbers.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 10, 2008, 12:34:00 pm**

Paddle of Domination...

Is this place a British boarding school?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 10, 2008, 01:17:00 pm**

Wonderful - Stravitch is really Varen's foil. Or his savior, since I'm pretty glad he's still around.

And I like the idea of him desperately trying to jimmy his spear out from between a pair of huge knuckles under a beating sun, still groggy from the battle and urgently needed at *another* one. At least he can be proud of himself at the end of the day.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 10, 2008, 04:49:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Kagus:
Paddle of Domination...

Is this place a British boarding school?

I'm just thankful it wasn't Erith the Engraver that made the artifact. As nice and clean as it was by Istrath, the exact same artifact with the exact same engravings on it could have been made absolutely *filthy* when constructed by that pervert.

quote:

Originally posted by Electrum :
Wonderful - Stravitch is really Varen's foil. Or his savior, since I'm pretty glad he's still around.

And I like the idea of him desperately trying to jimmy his spear out from between a pair of huge knuckles under a beating sun, still groggy from the battle and urgently needed at another one. At least he can be proud of himself at the end of the day.

Varen held his own pretty well. He took a couple nicks from the mace goblins, but nothing more than bruises. I'm actually a little irritated Stravitch came up and finished it off, because Sergeant Towersacks was well on her way to getting a much-deserved title. But alas, yet another megabeast was stolen from her, much like what happened with the dragon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 11, 2008, 02:51:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by Heavy Flak:

I'm actually a little irritated Stravitch came up and finished it off, because Sergeant Towersacks was well on her way to getting a much-deserved title. But alas, yet another megabeast was stolen from her, much like what happened with the dragon.

The Curse of the Speardwarves is that they're redshirts - they're other people's punching bags and arrowcatchers, and some axedwarf or bull-necked sheriff will barge in and takes credit at their moment of victory.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 11, 2008, 02:57:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1061

We've been here for a decade now. A full ten years stationed in this inhospitable waste. While things haven't gone exactly as I have intended, I'm content. We've carved out a niche of our own, and we've managed to give the nobility something that will never be forgotten. We're the Dwarves that have actually accomplished something with our lives, those that have fought and bled and died for something to call our own.

And by Lenod's name, we've actually succeeded.

Population: 155
Estimated Wealth: 1,652,390monies
Blueprints: The current lay of the fort

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 11, 2008, 03:13:00 pm**

The Events of the 2nd of Granite, 1061

Most found it morbid, but Akroma didn't mind. He even volunteered for the job of corpse stripping, a request that got him weird looks from the others, but made quite a few friends as they were allowed to stay away from the piles. This also gave him the first pick of the best bones... or at least a skull or two to secret away.

He whistled quietly to himself as he picked through the bodies, eventually finding one still dressed. The goblin was in light leather armor, a crossbow clutched in his clasped-frozen hands. The better part of ten minutes were spent stripping the leather from him, hauling off the pants and the vest, kicking t

he iron helm away and in to the sand. As he began to pull the now-naked green skin away, something caught his eye.

There was a small envelope stuck inside the leather armor...

"Quiet! Quiet!" Archin shouted. Ignored at first, the others began to listen as she clanged the flat of her pick against one of the iron statues in the mess hall.

The union leaders had been roused from their slumber, the message quite urgent. Aryn was missing - and it was deemed best by all assembled that he should be left out of this meeting, at least for the time being.

"Can everyone see? Okay, crowd in. Look, Akroma found this in - Akroma? Here, put it on the table, let everyone get a good look."

Akroma did as asked, sliding the paper towards the grouped Dwarves:

code:

terib uohel rtrse nyuto agmpr erueo efhnw horxx xerco aeeld bmore honeh sxlop
lomee menmt naleh odgos tadih odmra bnoit tuoof tsrud oegms ngtur crbbe tsfuw
coist oalso olivd rbtyh kp

At the bottom of the page, in the lower left corner, was this tiny symbol.



"Does anyone know what this could mean?"

No one answered, their bleary eyes locked onto the string of letters on the parchment. Eventually Akroma sighed. "I know, I don't get it either. Here's what I propose. It's been months since that battle so I doubt this is time-sensitive... I say we all make a copy of this letter then go back to bed. In the morning we start posting these in the meeting halls, get the rest of the populace to help us. The last thing we need is to be caught even more unaware by the greenskins."

There was a murmer of agreement, and the union leaders set to work, laboriously copying the note. In the morning, they set to work tacking it up around the fortress.

OOC: The spacing that is in Cipher #4 is **NOT** important. I just put those in to make it easier to read and are neither a subtle hint nor word breaks. For the purpose of this puzzle consider it one long string of letters.

[May 11, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Metalax** on **May 11, 2008, 05:14:00 pm**

After the meeting about this new message, Vash headed back down to the smelters to continue the neverending task of melting down the metal from the constant goblin attacks. Grabbing a shield to send into the fires, he stumbled on a streak of goblin blood that had fallen from the shield losing his grip. As the shield hit the ground, it spun before coming to rest.

Cursing Vash was about to grab it up to throw into the smelter, before pausing and pulling out a copy of the message. Sure enough there was the spiral design at the bottom copied from the original. He quickly set to, spiraling the letters of the message.

quote:

the leopardknight boy must not be harmed deliver him to lord olsmo personally baxunostotho is eating too much power our efforts must be redoubled before he can grow much stronger xxx

Eyes widening, he headed for the church, Kuli needed to hear about this.

**_

Add Vash as one of the furnace operators, preferably another Zefon worshipper.

[May 11, 2008: Message edited by: Metalax]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 11, 2008, 07:39:00 pm**

The events of the 10th of Granite, 1061

His head bowed before the Obsidian Statue, Kuli was lost in prayer. Here, it was his sanctuary, away from the politics, the harshness of the fort proper. The space wasn't particularly large, but that didn't matter - this was *his* space, and within it, he could devote his energies to pray and meditation.

There was the faintest of knocks at the iron door that went unnoticed. The second, however, slowly brought Kuli out of his reverie.

"Come in," he called out. The iron door opened and shut quietly. Vash was left standing in the entrance, looking a touch worried. In his hands he held a goblin made shield, and a copy of the note that had been tacked around the fortress.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but... I think you should look at this," Vash said. He approached Kuli, holding the piece of paper out to him. At this distance, Kuli could see the paper was covered in charcoal smudges, words scrawled quickly across the bottom.

He took the paper and read the note over, his brows furrowing in thought. "This is... troubling. I'm not really sure what to make of this... other than Olsmo is obsessing with the idea of snatching one of our congregation. Troubling indeed..."
"I don't know what to make of it either," admitted Vash. After a pause, he said, "I think we should make sure Limul stays safe, though.

He needs to be better watched."
"Of course... I couldn't agree more. Whoever this Bax Unostotho, if he's an enemy of Olsmo, perhaps he could be an ally of ours."
"I'd certainly hope so," said Vash, unsure.

"I want you to know, you did the right thing by bringing this to me," Kuli said with a smile, the first genuine one he'd had in many months. "We can prepare for the worst now, and make sure that Olsmo won't be able to harm any of our number. We won't make this easy for him. Never forget, we have the blessing of Zefon; That is more comforting than any shield."



End Chapter 1: Utopia in the Wastes

OOC: Way to go, Metalax! I won't lie, I thought this would stump you guys for a little longer :D. As is standard, you've got a prize to claim. Feel free to announce it here, or send it to me in PM. The next one will be on ... well, whenever!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Metalax** on **May 12, 2008, 01:30:00 am**

Heh ;) It would have been a good deal harder without the emphasis on the number four on the envelope, as well as you stating that the five letter groupings didn't mean anything. Originally I thought it was a reference to it being the fourth message but the content of the first and third letters don't seem to imply any connection to the goblins, and the second only weakly.

As for a request, a statue garden to the west of the church, north of that little three wide outcrop.

```
code:

=W=W=
==+S+==
==S+++S==
W+++++++W
=S++++S=
W+++++++W
==S+++S==
==++++==
==D==

D=door
S=statue
W=window
```

Each statue representing one of the unions, possibly made of/decorated with material to represent the union.

If possible the center-top statue made of black bronze, with the building roofed in glass.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 12, 2008, 02:43:00 am**

Metalax, you rule! Even with your hints, I can't make heads or tails of it. The triple x is neither in the beginning, end or middle of that string. Trying to read it in reverse doesn't help much, and it's not a rot4. I'll understand if Heavy Flak doesn't like solutions posted - more work for him - but could you give any more hints?

Neat to see Vash joining the ranks, too. He should be pretty survivable, and he's just in time for the next chapter.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Metalax** on **May 12, 2008, 04:58:00 am**

Well the symbol at the bottom of the message is pretty much the most important part. :D It tells you where to start and which direction to go.

```
code:

Strip out all the spaces, as we already know they are uninvolved.

teribuohelrtrsenyutoagmprerueofhnhwor
xxxercoaeeldbmorehonehsxloplomeemenmtn
alehodgostadihodmrabnoittuooftsrudoegm
sngturcrbbetsfuwcoistoalsoolivrbythkp

This is where the number four came in, to work out the size of the grid.

Now spiral the letters around the grid in the direction indicated.
In this case from the top left in a clockwise direction.

teribuohelrtrsenyutoagmprerueofhnhwor
hodgostadihodmrabnoittuooftsrudoegmsnx
epkhytbrdviloo slaotsiocwufstebbrcrutgx
lantmneemolpolxshenoherombdleeaocrex

Then read off each column.

theleopardknightboymustnotbeharmeddeli
verhimtolordolsmopersonallybaxunostoth
```

```
o
iseatingtoomuchpoweroureffortsmustber
edoubledbeforehecangrowmuchstrongerxxx

Finally look for words and add spaces.

the leopardknight boy must not be harmed deliver
him to lord olsmo personally baxunostotho is
eating too much power our efforts must be redoubled
before he can grow much stronger xxx

The xxx were extra characters added to fill out the grid. It also has
another meaning when added to the end of a message, at least here in England,
but I don't think Lord Olsmo cared about Vulturespiders that much.   :D
```

[May 12, 2008: Message edited by: Metalax]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 12, 2008, 07:58:00 am**

Very good, Metalax. I'm glad to have you among the ranks of the faithful.

By the way, Heavy Flak,

quote:

"We can prepare for the worst now, and make sure that **Olsmo - whoever he is** - won't be able to harm any of our number."

I haven't gotten there in my story yet, but Kuli more or less knows who Olsmo is already, or at the very least has heard of him before coming to Migrursut. I just hope my assumptions about the nature of Olsmo don't conflict with your own ideas, Heavy Flak.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 12, 2008, 08:48:00 am**

I'll get started on your statue garden post haste, Metalax. I like the suggestion of each statue representing a various union, and I'll put up a picture pointing to each one, and their base-type, once it's completed.

Electrum: I don't mind terribly if explanations to the cryptos are given out. With such a huge range of encryption methods available to me I won't need to dip my pen into the same well for a while (Oh no, inadvertent hint :)). When it comes time to eventually do that I'll make sure to do it in some obnoxious, screw-with-the-readers way. Because really, nothing gives me a greater joy than messing with you guys.

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
I haven't gotten there in my story yet, but Kuli more or less knows who Olsmo is already, or at the very least has heard of him before coming to Migrursut. I just hope my assumptions about the nature of Olsmo don't conflict with your own ideas, Heavy Flak.

I'll go back and make a quick correction on that post, then. I wouldn't think it would conflict, unless you suddenly made Olsmo a good and kindly Elven king or, like, a kobold child that vomited sunshine.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 12, 2008, 07:28:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
26th of Granite

The talk of the Fortress has been about Bax Unostotho. Word has made it's way through the civilians at a record pace and where ever I go these days, I hear conversations in the hallway, in the mess halls, down in the workshops. This has been a blessing - not for them, for me.

Stravitch and I, along with the Fountainspring Fisheries crew, have been churning out Idols to Lenod at a records pace. None too soon, I say. With the nobility gone and his power unchallenged Aryn has mostly left us to our own devices. The only scuffle was with Mayor Likot; Her daughter has finally grown into a young woman and Aryn wanted her to join the miners in the quarry, but Likot would have none of it. A shouting match ensued, and eventually the Mayor got her way; Her daughter is now in the marksman unit with her mother, plinking away at paper-and-rock targets with goblin bones hewn into bolts.

I'm kind of happy the kid isn't a minor. Archin, displeased with spending so much time outside mining a useless Quarry, has been sending up minors to report about the smallest of occurrences.

"We've found Microline!" one will yell at Aryn across the mess.
"We've struck Alunite!" Says another, interrupting Aryn's note taking.
"We've found Microline!" A third screams Top Side, causing Aryn to drop the load of blueprints he was carrying.

Her little silent protest has brought up a good point, though. Outside of lining the pockets of the miners, what use is this quarry? We have more stone than we know what to do with *now*, why would we need this much countryside excavated. The Nobility are gone, they no longer need to be appeased!

[May 12, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 12, 2008, 08:52:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
15th of Slate, 1061

Kuli's newest disciple, Vash, has been an inspiration for many of the Dwarves in this fortress. Here's a Dwarf who's new to the colony, but is following his heart all the way. The kid managed to break the Goblin's code, show it to arguably one of the most influential people not currently in an administrative position, and than donate the meager wealth he's accrued for a symbol of solidarity.

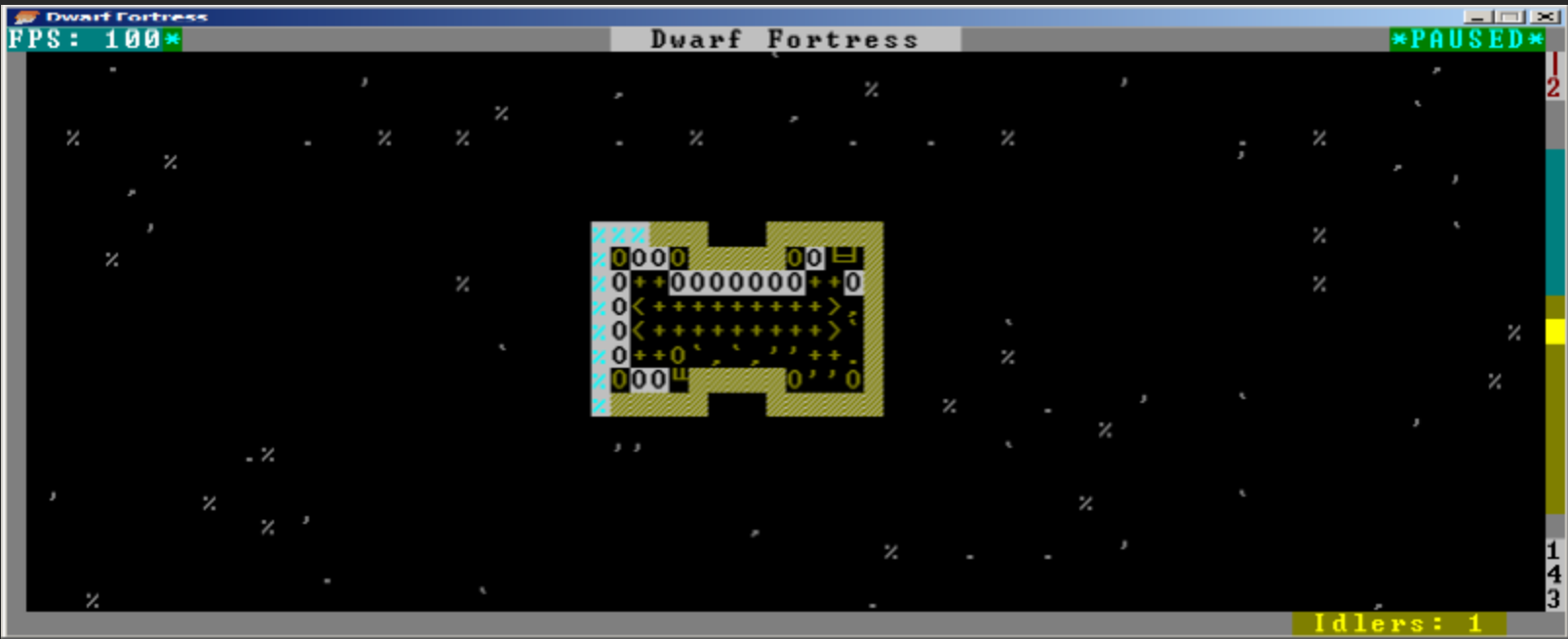
I can tell already he's going to be bad news, the little suck up...

However, I *can* get behind how this act of solidarity he proposed at the latest Union Meeting will happen. It was agreed to unanimously that we, each of the unions, would construct a statue that would represent us, and place it within a place of worship at the cliffs edge. It's actually ... not a bad idea, and I'm saving all the fish bones I can to properly decorate a statue as a skeleton mermaid. Perhaps I'll get Engraver Erith to help me...

Varen has proven himself quite adept with a spear. After distracting the Titan long enough for Ol' Stravitch to finish it off, helping break the goblins, and not having his neck snapped in training, Sergeant Towersacks *proudly* has promoted him to Champion status. As always there was a party, one of the few good things to happen when we have a new status increase in the military, but for once a good kid with the right attitude got himself something good instead of a crippling mace to the base of the neck. I think Stravitch might be getting soft in his old age.

Lastley, Dodik-Come-Lately has been acting, ahh... even stranger than normal. Her small coffer is completely depleted, having paid off a few of the miners to excavate a tiny room at the outskirts of the southern entrance to the fort. The logs purchased from the latest Elf merchants she's been converting into blocks and planks, and these are being used to floor-and-wall over this little enclosure.

When I asked her why she was having doors carved out of Petrified Wood, she said it was "quite fitting" and went back to overseeing the irritated stone worker.



[May 13, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **May 12, 2008, 11:12:00 pm**

HA!

sorry, just had to get that out of my system, I also never commented on how much i liked the melodramatic-villain-ness of the old goblin leader, I was always kinda expecting some one to build a set of train tracks for him to tie someone to.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 13, 2008, 09:55:00 pm**

The Events of the 24th of Slate, 1061

Dojango was topside, picking through the berries bought from the elves. He was preparing a special meal for tonight and needed something sweet to play off the cow and plump helmet roast simmering in one of his kitchens. Lost in thought, he didn't hear the footsteps crunching through the sand towards his trade depot.

There was a light tap on his shoulder from behind. "Excuse me, *sir*?"

Dojango started, and turned quickly, his heart pounding. With the recent increase of Dread Camel attacks that have left a carpenter, her baby, and two miners dead, no one was eager to step outside - even into the relative safety of the courtyard. He relaxed some at the sight of Dwarves, but eventually his brows knit together. "I'm... sorry, I don't think I know you all..." he said slowly. "Are you new migrants? Aryn has a First Day Initiation in the mess hall that you should-"

"No, you silly man," came the haughty reply from the woman. She shouldered past the man beside her, causing him to almost drop the half dozen suitcases he was holding precariously. "I'm *Duchess* Rocksmortal, and this is my-"

Her eyes went wide as Dojango paled. Breathing hard, he reached out to brace himself against the side of the trade depot, knees starting to shake. Glancing at her husband, she took a small step forward, attempting - and failing - to sound reassuring, "My good man, are you alright?"

"Oh no," croaked Dojango. "Not again..."

Before Duchess Rocksmortal could get a reply, Dojango shouldered past her. His berries forgotten he ducked down the stairs, leaving the bewildered Royalty staring at the small dust cloud he had kicked up.

"I want an explanation, *NOW*," shrieked Duchess Rocksmortal. "This is absolutely ABSURD!"

Aryn finally looked up from the papers on his desk, his upper lip curled into a snarl. With deliberation he set his pen down and straightened the stack in front of him, folding his hands across the top to hide the majority of the words.

"Miss Rocksmortal. I've put up with your ranting for long enough. Here are the facts: Your predecessors the Budseals and the majority of the nobility alongside them met an untimely demise during a construction accident. It was unavoidable.

"The fact that this news has reached the Mountainhomes so soon is ... a testament to the Dwarvish Gossip Mills; the part you most likely didn't reach your ears is that Nobility no longer has a spot in *my* fortress. You're kind if antiquated, unneeded. We're self sufficient. We trade for wealth alone, not because it's your caravans that give us life.

"If you want to stay here you'll need to become a productive member of society. We need miners. Can you swing a pick?"

Aryn raised his hand as she began to speak, shaking his head. "Just keep in mind. Everyone works. Your rooms are at the beginning of the hallway. They're still full of the Budseal's belongs, do with them what you will. Now leave, I'm busy with work orders."

The nobility stormed out, the door slamming behind them. Aryn stared ahead, growing uncomfortable at the unnoticed third of their trio who had stayed behind. Clearing his throat, he waved dismissively at the door, his voice cracking ever so slightly, "This meeting is over. You may leave now."

"I will, my dear Master Estetar. I just felt it best to introduce myself."

Aryn sighed and slumped farther down in his chair, "Go on, then. Make it quick"

The old man limped forward, his hoary, snaggletoothed smile sending a chill down Aryn's spine. "I'm Bertrand Gorgeinsights, philosopher by trade." His smile widened, rheumy eyes gleaming from under a bush of eyebrows. "But I'm known in some circles as Bertrand the Mad."

"As pleased as I am to meet you, old man, I-" Aryn started.

"I understand. You're so busy these days, young master. You never take a break for yourself. I've already moved my things to that fool Zefondesis's hut you so kindly had constructed at the edge of the cliff. My rooms will be expanded in the future. I need a writing surface, and a place for my books."

With his introduction finished, Bertrand the Mad turned without waiting for a response, leaving Aryn's study. Aryn stared at the door for a long time. Slowly, he lowered his head down into his palms, groaning deeply. "What do I have to do to get some normal Dwarves that will just work without complaint. How is that too much to ask?"



[May 13, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Daniel Charms** on **May 14, 2008, 07:31:00 am**

Gorgeinsights' Paradox: The cook of Oceanbled prepares +meals+ for those who don't cook for themselves. Does he eat the +food+ he cooks?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 14, 2008, 09:11:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Daniel Charms:
Gorgeinsights' Paradox: The cook of Oceanbled prepares +meals+ for those who don't cook for themselves. Does he eat the +food+ he cooks?

Haha, that is absolutely classic. Reminds me of my college days where I heard that paradox in Philosophy, Logic, *and* World Civ because the professor only had one curriculum for all three classes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 14, 2008, 10:03:00 am**

Rather half-assed paradox if you ask me... But then again, I never heard it in an official capacity, so I'm probably missing something. As it is now, it seems like it's got too many ways around it. I personally prefer the god-paradox, where an ancient philosopher (there aren't any "modern" philosophers are there?) asked if an omnipotent being could create a rock that it could not lift. *That's* a paradox.

Hmm... "Gorgeinsights"... Epicurean?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 14, 2008, 10:14:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Kagus:
Rather half-assed paradox if you ask me... But then again, I never heard it in an official capacity, so I'm probably missing something. As it is now, it seems like it's got too many ways around it. I personally prefer the god-paradox, where an ancient philosopher (there aren't any "modern" philosophers are there?) asked if an omnipotent being could create a rock that it could not lift. *That's* a paradox.

Hmm... "Gorgeinsights"... Epicurean?

The actual one was called The Barbers Paradox (or something similar) and goes like this:

There's a town where the mayor has mandated that every male in town has to be clean shaven; they either have to shave themselves **OR** have the barber shave them. This town also is only allowed to have one barber. So, does the barber shave himself?

- * If he doesn't shave himself, then the barber of the town has to shave him. He's the only barber, so he can't shave himself.
- * If he does shave himself then the barber of the town can't shave him. Bad news, he's the barber, so he can't shave himself.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 14, 2008, 11:04:00 am**

I'd say the barber needs to be female, then?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 14, 2008, 11:12:00 am**

Then it's obviously time for the mayor to admire his new floodgate.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Daniel Charms** on **May 14, 2008, 11:46:00 am**

If you like paradoxes that can be put to a test, then there's also Gorgeinsights' 2nd Paradox:

quote:
Bomrek sees a kobold thief sprinting down a hallway, 10 spaces ahead of him. He goes after the thief. Now, let us suppose that Bomrek is Perfectly Agile, whereas the thief is barely moving since he just tripped a stone trap which broke his leg. Bomrek will cover 10 spaces in some finite amount of time. The thief, however, will also have moved a bit in this time. It will take Bomrek another finite amount of time to reach the spot where the thief was - but the thief will have moved again. And so on and so on. So Bomrek will never be able to catch the thief.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 14, 2008, 11:59:00 am**

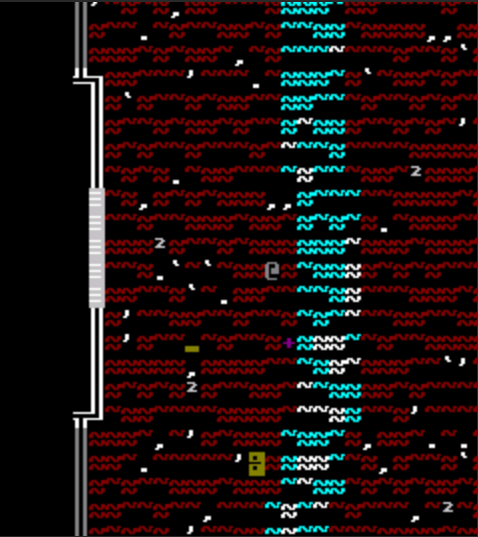
I consider that (and the archer's paradox...) to be more along the lines of "incomplete logic", where theory runs wild and passes a very confused physics along the way. It's like the "a chicken lays eggs, therefore it is a lizard" snippets.

It's something that can sound like a very solid proposal, but would only be applicable in a fantastical environment. A dreamworld, complete with its own dream logic.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 14, 2008, 06:09:00 pm**

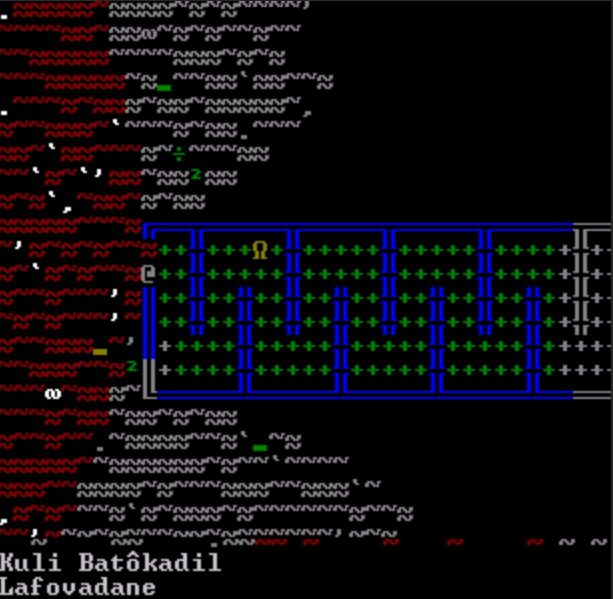
From the memoirs of Kuli Problemwalled.

I wandered the desert for many days. I stayed close to rivers and streams as often as I could, not only for the sake of survival but also because of the information that Zoden Zefon was built next to a river. It became obvious why no one had seen Zoden Zefon for centuries. The desert was such an inhospitable and desolate place that no ordinary dwarf would survive long enough to find it. But, I was no ordinary dwarf. I was on a divine mission and not even the harshest, deadliest environment could stop me. Constantly I marched on, my determination never wavering, until one day I crested a red sand dune and was suddenly blinded by a brilliant light. I stopped and rested a while until my sight returned. Then I looked around cautiously for the source of the light. What I found was a massive stone wall, and in the middle of it was a large gate of pure silver.



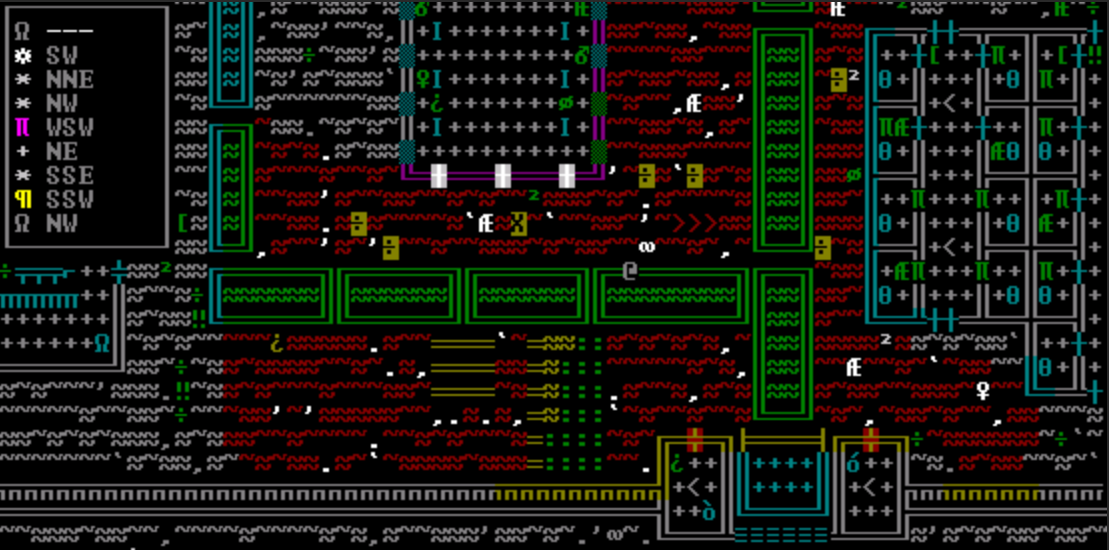
I approached the gate, using my hand to shield my eyes from the dazzling sunlight reflecting off the gate. The gate was obviously old judging by the dust and sand that had gathered on it, yet the silver remained untarnished. Truly it must have taken masterful skills to build such a thing and have it be in such good condition after centuries of neglect. Certainly this had to be the eastern gate of Zoden Zefon.

There being no apparent way to open the silver gate, I began walking around the great stone wall looking for another entrance. The wall encompassed a very large area and I found two other gates - one of solid gold in the west and another one of bronze in the south. The bronze gate was larger than the other two and I guessed it to be the main entrance. Both were firmly shut. Fortunately I spotted some other structures south of the bronze gate. One was small and full of debris - it appeared to be nothing more than the ruins of a trade depot. Further south was a larger structure with an open entrance. I entered it and found it to be some sort of maze.

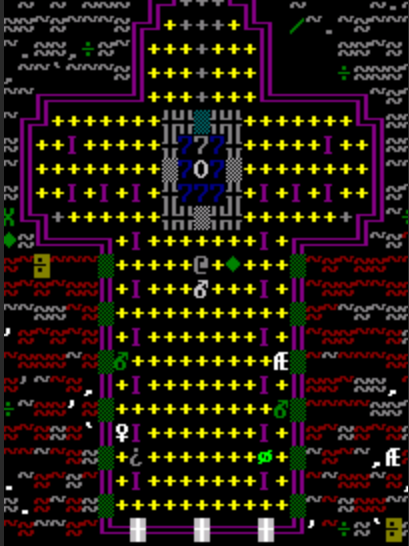


Perhaps the maze was a defensive structure for Zoden Zefon and had once been filled with traps, or maybe the fortifications allowed for invaders to be pelted with crossbow bolts or ballista arrows. Regardless, the maze was now relatively harmless and I wound my way through it ultimately finding a stairway leading underground. The stairs did not go very deep and led to a tunnel dug into the sand. I followed the tunnel north for some distance and just when I guessed that I was somewhere beneath the bronze gate I came across a set of stairs leading up. Filled with excitement, I ran up the stairs eager to see the lost secrets of Zoden Zefon that were hidden behind the great wall.

I gasped. I stood in the middle of the holiest site in the world and was left breathless. Zoden Zefon was not a mountainhall. It was a city, a huge aboveground city built in a manner not unlike that of humans. I was surrounded by numerous buildings ranging from small stone cottages to tall spires of solid gold.



For some time I stood there, simply taking in the majesty of the city that remained despite centuries of neglect. There were countless wonders to see in Zoden Zefon, but I have written about them elsewhere and for now I must stay on the subject of my journey. Eventually I collected my wits and set about exploring the city. The building that caught my attention first was a large cross-shaped structure that stood in the very heart of the city, and I believed it might be the great temple of Zefon that Master Logem had told me about. I entered it.



It was no mere temple, but a cathedral! I marveled at the opulence and beauty of the gold floors, the gem windows, and the exquisitely carved columns. All of those things, however, seemed cheap and insignificant compared to what I found in the center of the cathedral. It was a fountain carved out of obsidian with a spout of pure nickel. The fountain was so simple and so pure, it seemed elegant while making the rest of the cathedral seem crude and unnecessary. I realized that must have been the architect's intention to create such a juxtaposition. Certainly this had to be a baptismal fountain. The people of Zoden Zefon probably came to the cathedral to worship this symbol of rebirth while disdaining the meaningless material wealth around them.

I spent a while praying in the cathedral, but realized I needed to continue exploring. I came to Zoden Zefon to find something that would restore the faith, but the cathedral appeared to be empty apart from the accumulated debris of time so I needed to move on.

After I had thoroughly explored the aboveground city I returned to the underground tunnels. It is the custom of our people to engrave our history into stone, and I hoped it to be the same with the dwarves of Zoden Zefon. Perhaps in the city's history I could find guidance for what I needed to do. After wandering the tunnels for some time I located a staircase that lead deeper into the sand and ultimately into the bedrock below.

(I'm splitting this part in two because it was kinda long. Continued in the next post.

Doesn't make much sense for a Zefonist cathedral to be built like a Christian cathedral, but oh well. You make what you know.)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 14, 2008, 06:17:00 pm**

From the memoirs of Kuli Problemwalled.

The stairs brought me to a large chamber in the stone. The chamber had a familiar look to it and I realized it was just like the vast catacombs back in the mountainhomes. It seemed that even if they lived above the ground, the dwarves of Zoden Zefon still buried their dead beneath it. On one of the walls was written these words:

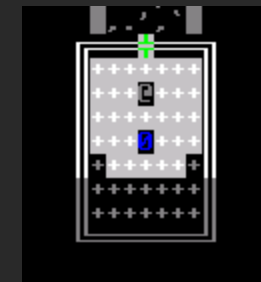
VISITOR, DISTURB NOT OUR BONES. BY THE GRACE OF ZEFON WE SHALL ONE DAY RISE AGAIN.

Initially I was going to obey those words, but as I thought about it I was overtaken by the desire to see if the dwarves of Zoden Zefon had already been reborn. Surely if any were worthy of rebirth it was those who lived and worshipped in the House of Zefon. I went about examining the catacombs, but even though I did not actually open any of the coffins out of respect it was obvious that none of the tombs had been disturbed in centuries. Clearly the time had not yet come for these dwarves.

There was one more tomb, however, that was set apart from the others. It was sealed by a magnificent metal door of the highest quality. I knew there had to be something significant about it, so I slid the door open and entered the tomb.

Usenarban, "Helpedcradles", a Laconium door

This is a Laconium door. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is decorated with Oak and green glass. This object is adorned with hanging rings of Laconium. On the item is an image of Helpedcradles the Laconium door in Laconium. On the item is an image of Solon Rainboot the dwarf and dwarves in Rock salt. Solon Rainboot is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the ascension of Solon Rainboot to leadership of The Revered Lash in 968. On the item is an image of Helpedcradles the Laconium door in one-humped camel bone.



The tomb was very large and decorated in a way fit for a king. The walls and floors were engraved with masterful images, all of them appearing to depict the life of a single dwarf. This dwarf was dressed as a priest and many of the images showed him presiding over ceremonies in the cathedral above. Perhaps the dwarf buried there had once been the high priest of the House of Zefon. In the center of the tomb was a sarcophagus carved from cobaltite.

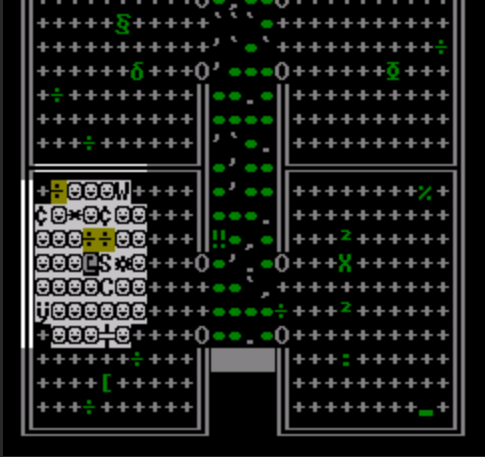
ïggalurist Thabost Addor, "Trapdaggers the Flare of Drowning", a Cobaltite

This is a Cobaltite coffin. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encircled with bands of Cobaltite. This object is adorned with hanging rings of Cobaltite.

The lid of the sarcophagus was slightly ajar, leaving a sliver through which one might peer inside. My curiosity got the better of me and I indeed looked through the sliver. It was too dark to see, however, so I pulled the lid off entirely. The sarcophagus was utterly empty.

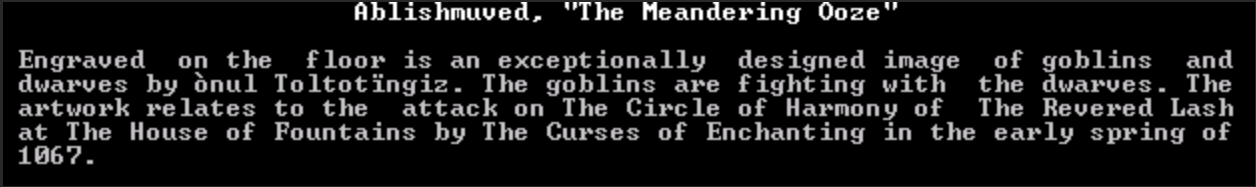
I have no way of knowing if the high priest was actually reborn. Perhaps the grave had been robbed and the body removed at some point. Maybe the high priest's body never actually made it to the tomb. There are any number of possible, reasonable explanations, but my faith tells me that this dwarf came back from the dead through Zefon's power and walked out of his own tomb. I still believe that to this day.

When I was done searching the tombs, I returned to the stairs and descended even deeper into the ground. Suddenly the stairs came to a stop and I found myself in another chamber. Hallways led off in all directions and each was lined with doorways leading to large rooms covered in engravings. This was what I had hoped to find - the Archives.



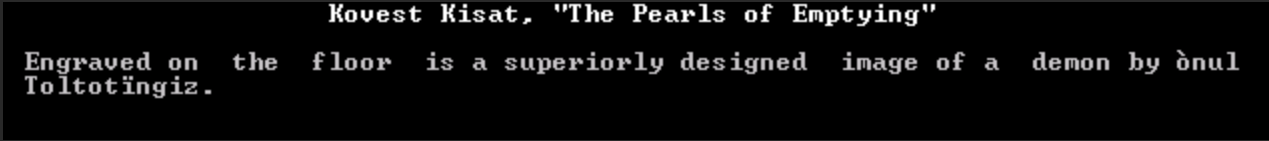
The Archives were vast, and it took me several days to examine the ancient records, surviving on my provisions and only falling asleep on the bare stone floor when I would collapse from exhaustion. Contained in the Archives was the whole history of Zoden Zefon, of which I unfortunately will not write here for I have already done so elsewhere. I was greatly inspired by the stories of Zoden Zefon in its days of unbroken peace.

Eventually I came to what was apparently the last chamber that had been engraved, and there I found some indication of how Zoden Zefon came to its end:



The dwarves of Zoden Zefon were very peaceful, perhaps too peaceful for their own good. The records indicated they fended off a small goblin attack, but it seems likely that the goblins returned in much greater numbers and wiped out the city. Strangely, many valuable items remained among the ruins, meaning that the goblins did not loot the city. Was their only goal simply to destroy the House of Zefon?

There was one engraving that caused me to shudder with horror:



Master Logem had told me of such beings, demons that pretended to be gods and perverted nature for their own ends. It seemed the dwarves of Zoden Zefon knew of some demons and clearly depicted them as enemies.

Next to the demon's image was written these words in a crude, almost childish scrawl:

OlsMo LiVES!

Something about those words filled me with dread. Was Olsmo the demon depicted? Was he the one who sent the goblins to destroy Zoden Zefon? At that time I knew nothing for certain about this entity, though there were many things I suspected that I discovered the truth about later in my life.

Eventually I returned to the surface. Although I had learned many things at Zoden Zefon, I still had not found the divine inspiration that Master Logem had told me to seek in order to restore the faith. My plan, then, was to return to the mountainhomes and bring together as many Zefonists as I could find and take them to Zoden Zefon, and hopefully something would be accomplished by that.

Before departing, I returned to the cathedral to pray one last time. As I kneeled at the fountain, something behind it caught my attention. There was a glimmer of metal not belonging to the golden floor. I approached it and found a small altar, and on it was something that nearly caused the metalsmith within me to die of surprise.



It was adamantine, that rarest and most powerful of metals, shaped into a masterfully made sword and spear. How could I have missed such a thing before? I picked up the sword and admired it in great detail. I was torn by various desires, should I take these precious artifacts for myself, or should I leave them in the House of Zefon? Before I came to a decision, I happened to notice a message carved into the altar:

Take these to fight evil and defend faith.

Instantly, as if struck by lightning, I was overcome with an intense feeling and I knew exactly what I needed to do.

(Are the images showing up? Please tell me if they aren't.

I love that door. It has an image of itself on itself *twice*. By the way, laconium is a metal I modded in. Pay it no attention.

I also love the name of that coffin. I wish I could have buried someone in it who fell into a trap where he was stabbed, burned, and drowned at the same time.)

[May 14, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

[May 14, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Originally posted by Kuli:
From the memoirs of Kuli Problemwalled.
...**awesome story follows...**

Oh wow. This is absolutely fantastic! The amount of detail you put into Kuli's backstory is stunning.

[May 14, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **May 14, 2008, 07:43:00 pm**

Damn! That was awesome! This thread rocks! Not only do we have an awesome story going on we also have a really cool and extremely detailed background for one of the characters!

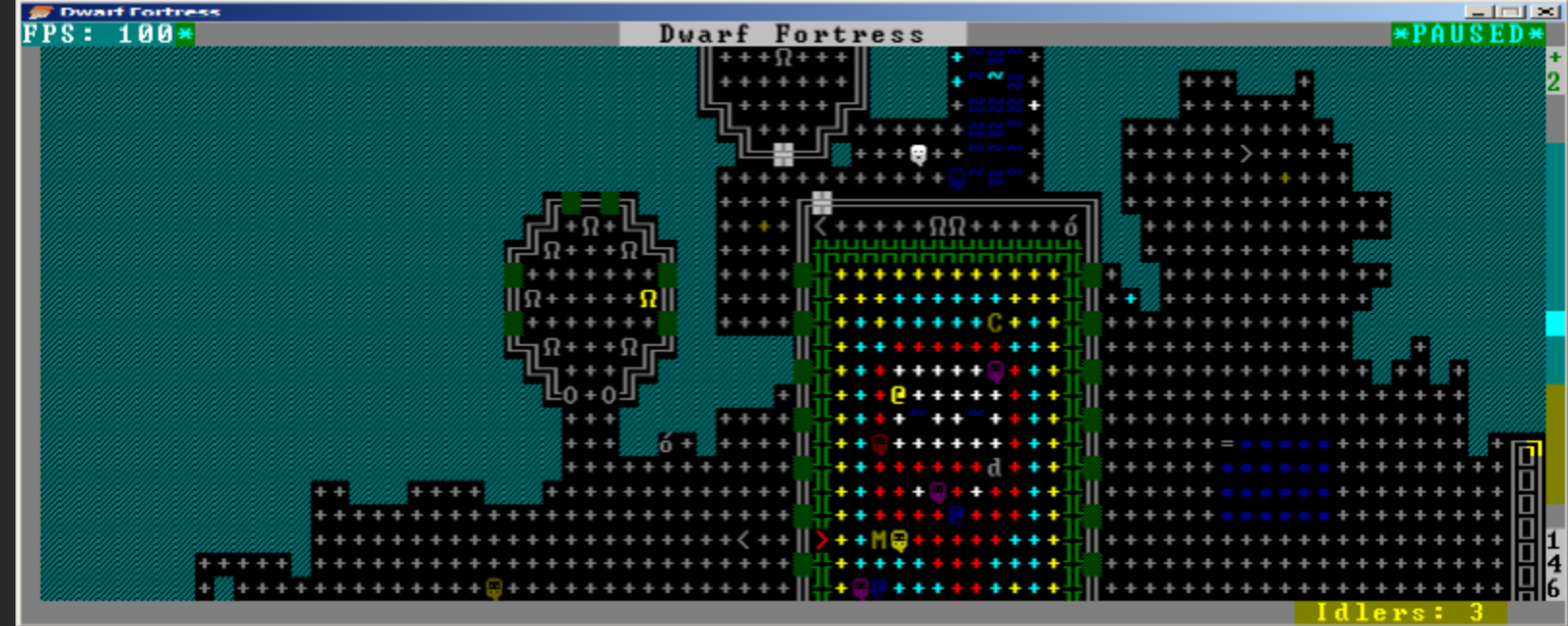
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 14, 2008, 09:29:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
20th of Felsite, 1061

The construction of the union hall has gone much faster than I thought possible. Perhaps this was just what was needed to finally snap the populace out of their long-lasting funk: a project revolving around unity and togetherness.

Ugh.

I've made a simple sketch of the room proper, complete with the statues for each *proper* union:



Clockwise, from bottom left to bottom right:

- * This is a well crafted gabbro statue, adorned with rings of citrine and spikes of tigerseye. This was constructed by Istrath and the Jewelers Union, and is in the shape of his family line - the Leopardknight.
- * This is a gabbro statue encircled with bands of seahorse bone, and adorned with hanging rings of char bone. I, and those in Fountainspring Fisheries, put this together in the form of some hideous mermaid.
- * This Obsidian Statue menaces with spikes of two-humped camel bone. Akroma wanted to cover it with grinning skulls, but eventually was talked out of this route for fear of scaring those who might come in at night.
- * This is an iron statue, decorated with well-crafted two humped camel bones. Kuli and Vash designed this statue, symbolizing the iron will of Dwarves in their constant fight against the corrupted souls that wander our wastes.
- * This is a masterfully designed Basalt statue. It's in the shape of an obelisk... Archin and the miners artistic design showing OH so well.
- * This is a well-crafted brass statue. On the statue is a picture of toy boats. Rice said it was either toy boats, or Erith was going to cover the statue in engravings of Sulari despite the uproar it would cause.
- * This is an iron statue, menacing with spikes of well-crafted steel. Lucy and her crew lovingly crafted it in the shape of a large gear, each spoke represented by the large steel spikes - the only magma proof object in the fort.

Even I have to admit, this is a very nice tribute to the hard work put forward by our citizens. While this was admired, it was asked why the carpenters union wasn't represented with a statue.

"We have a Carpenters Union?" came the puzzled reply.

For some reason, Dodik-Come-Lately left the whole affair more pouty than normal. Oh well, one less Dwarf at a party means one more drink for me.

[May 15, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **May 15, 2008, 10:11:00 am**

Would it be too late to request a dwarf?

Preferably a male Hammerdwarf with a sense of duty, or that strives for excellence.

Call him Merkil

(Oh, and would it be possible to be assigned to pump for a season or two, to atleast get tough and agile?)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Akroma** on **May 15, 2008, 10:27:00 am**

yay, a statue as tribute for my union :D

I can't wait to travel here as an adventurer

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 15, 2008, 11:18:00 am**

Varen trailed another glance along the parched lands of the Least Waste, squinting against the red sand carried by the stiff easterly wind. Thankfully, his Akroma-issued ornamented ≡two-humped camel bone horn≡ doubled as a spyglass, keeping the worst of it away. No towering, bellowing forms crested the horizon, still no cause for alarm. He *expected* something to show up, perhaps a surge of greenskins to come and taint the inauguration of the little guildhall, proud symbols of our unity and commitment to improving our lot in life.

It seemed like only weeks ago that he'd arrived here, some kid fresh from Enogmigrur, and nowadays, he was one of the fort's great protectors. People greeted him in the corridors, he was respected for who he was and what he did. He was sure to be kind to others, and to flex or drum his spearshaft on his shield to impress the little ones. Hah, doesn't every dwarf child want to be a soldier when he grows up? He smiled, his mind feeling remarkably clear.

Nothing stirred as the hours drew on into night, no-one dared interrupt our festivities. Varen, stalwart defender of the fortress, yawned pleasantly and retired to his bunk. He filled an hour before sleep sketching spearblades on his stationery, mangling the perspective on huge hands dropping from the sky.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 15, 2008, 08:16:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
6th of Hematite, 1061

A new tax collector showed up at the beginning of the summer. The first words out of her mouth were, "I don't know how the last Tax Collector could run this place so poorly but things are *about* to change around here."

I'm not really sure about everything she said in the middle, but the last thing she said to me was, "Oh God oh please, oh God, don't pull that lever, of God, I won't collect any taxes I won't send anything back I won't make any reports, *plleeeeeaaaassssee*"

the idiot had to be carried away from Sgt. Pepper's Magma Drop and she's yet to leave her room. I have no problem with this. As was told to the duchess: Everyone works, no one quits. Unskilled in anything else, they've taken to just hauling goods, and stones, and deconstructing scaffolding and temporary floors. But the second they stop performing is the day they take The Big Plunge...

I've been trying my hardest to avoid Bertrand. That old fool gives me the heebiejeebees, and I've had to alter my schedule to avoid him in the drink line. He had the audacity to come into my office - and AFTER Rice and his crew expanded his *already spacious* living quarters - practically demand of me that an alchemy lab be constructed.

"I've been alive a very long time, Mr. Estetar," the fool slurred at me. "And in this time I've come across some very important discoveries. I need workshop space. I can better our lives."

I signed off the order immediately to get him out of my office, then spent the next hour washing my hands in the basin. Yeech. Perhaps this workshop will keep him away from me. Perhaps I need Mayor Likot to have a word with him...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 15, 2008, 09:34:00 pm**

An Excerpt from the Tale of Migrursut
ACT II
SCENE II - The Fortress Exterior

ENTER ROSYCATS, GUILDSTERN, MERCHANT PRINCESS NATIONTEMPT

ROSYCATS
I propose we play a game, until our goods have fully arrived to the depot
GUILDSTERN
Of course, dear friend. What do you offer?
ROSYCATS
I say a sporting game of questions.
GUILDSTERN
Questions! Well then, alright. But why did you pick that game?
ROSYCATS
There's nothing else to play with, we brought no cards this go-round.
GUILDSTERN
Ha! Foul! Statement, My point and serve; one to zero. Can you believe this heat?
ROSYCATS
I- how do the Dwarves survive it?
GUILDSTERN
In, ahh, in thei-
ROSYCATS
Foul. Hesitation, one to one. How much did Aryn pay you?
GUILDSTERN
Pay me for what?
ROSYCATS
Did you forget what you did for him?
GUILDSTERN
Did you not get paid for it?
ROSYCATS
What did I not get paid for?
GUILDSTERN
Was that repetition?
ROSYCATS
What! No, I hadn't repeated myself.
GUILDSTERN
Ha! Foul, statement, two to one, my-

ENTER VAREN, SERGEANT TOWERSACKS

VAREN
I'm sore all over, Sergeant. How many of the Dread Camels did you count?
SERGEANT TOWERSACKS
Fourteen. It's no wonder we lost a jeweler, a carpenter, and another miner. They're growing in numbers, every day. Sulari is exhausted from taking out fifteen herself, and Sna- the swordsmen have been right ornery since their last shift in leadership. These spears don't do anything against the walking dead.
VAREN
At least if you can hit them between the eyes they usually go down. Those bones must have been preserved in this desert heat, sometimes my spear would bounce off their skulls entirely...

EXIT VAREN, SERGEANT TOWERSACKS

GUILDSTERN
I think there's something rotten in the state of Stukos Matul
ROSYCATS
...I often wonder why I bother traveling with you, you fool

EXIT ROSYCATS

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Daniel Charms** on **May 16, 2008, 12:31:00 am**

Hey, I thought these guys were dead?

[Edit] This was excellent, by the way.

[May 16, 2008: Message edited by: Daniel Charms]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 16, 2008, 08:43:00 am**

IronValley: You got it. I'll have to wait for the next batch of migrants though, currently all the hammerers we have are female. For some reason, it seems this world is a real matriarchy; Duchesses, female hammerers, female axe-swingers, a Queen in charge; the merchant princess ... it's enough to drive a guy mad, I'll tell you. I'll have an iron pump or two set up in the barracks for cardio training and a stronger, sexier core.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **May 16, 2008, 10:37:00 am**

No problem with waiting a bit.
Reading this story so far has been a lot of fun, hopefully my Dwarf will be able to survive a few seasons ;)

Btw, is it just me, or are Champions better sparring partners than clean recruits? In my current fort dwarfs become champions really really fast. Capped immigration at 150, and I'm currently sitting at 43 champions, and during the last 5 years, I've had two new recruits get permanent injuries.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **May 16, 2008, 01:52:00 pm**

Much like all professional wrestlers, Champions know how to pull their punches and stomp the ground with each blow!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 16, 2008, 08:39:00 pm**

The Events of the 21st of Hematite, 1061

"Johnny, friend, we *can't* buy these trinkets from you."
"Wha'?' The feck ya'talkin' 'bout? Ya'never'ad a pro'lem befa'r now!"

Rosycats shrugged his shoulders expansively. Behind him, Guildstern toyed with a gold coin, trying to stay out of the conversation. "Aryn told me that," he swallowed hard. "Told me that he knows about your 'cute smuggling schemes'. He says if we buy anything from you and he finds out, that we're cut off. That we need him more than the other way, and-"
"And he'd be right," Guildstern interjected sullenly. "We do need him. Our largest profits come from here; you Dwarves may see nothing but wastes and death, but we-"
"We see a land plated in gold," finished Rosycats. "As long as we can get past those monstrosities in the wastes, we're guaranteed a kings bounty. Did you know we broke an axle last year, hauling back all your goods? We won't risk that just because you talk smooth and offer a few backwoods idols and jewelery."

"Fine. *Fine!*. Dunae be expectin' any help from me, o'our boys than. Stravitch won't be happy t'ear bout' yer decision."
"Help? Help with what!" Jeered one of the pair.
"Wi'the goblins that have been sneakin' up the path," Johnny said severely. "I'm goin' inside ta'get a drink. Maybe fifteen minutes ah'll send Stravitch up t'help. Keep that in mind the next time ya' say you won' be purchsin' any'a my crafts"

Rosycats and Guildstern turned quickly, eyes widening in horror. The setting sun had gazed an angry red glare across the land, and shielding their eyes, they could make out the slim shapes creeping across the wastes. With a cry they dove into the relative safety of their wagons, the guards rushing out to fight; and though many of the humans were left crippled or dead, the swordsmen were rebuffed... and Johnny's point driven painfully home.



"I'm quite sorry, dear chaps," the administrator screamed over her shoulder. "I have, ahh, just, quite the most important meeting!"

Behind her, the goblins gnashed their tusks and followed in hot pursuit - though their chase was swiftly cut off by Sulari, and her axe.

OOC: The absurdity of that Administrator "conducting a meeting" instead of "running away" was too good to pass up.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 17, 2008, 11:25:00 am**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
6th of Malachite, 1061

After what seemed like years of nothing but sieges, the greenskins are trying subtlety once more. Their last attack came in two small waves of Gobbo Commandos, their skin caked with mud and sand, their weapons smeared with tar to hide the shine - it was luck alone that I spotted the swordsmen, and hopefully Rosycats and Guildstern will have learned their lesson now that three of their guard are dead and two have crippled arms.

They've also been sending more snatchers here. Archin had to pick two of them that she caught on the stairwell from the quarry. Re-killing walking corpses is one thing, but actually snuffing the life out of something living - even as worthless as goblins - could be distressing, and Archin has requested a few days off to calm her jangled nerves.

The Union Gardens couldn't have been finished at a more opportune time; the snatchers were no where near our children who are in there partying with the soldiers and nobles. I refuse to go in there, the floor is covered in vomit and spilled ale, but I suppose the party-goers, into their second month already, are so liquored up they don't notice the smell at all.

Likot Ropetunnel has stepped down as mayor. While this may be cause for celebration as no longer will we have to suffer under her green-glass gaze, she's removed herself from power so her daughter, Melbil Ropetunnel, could take the throne. The citizens are happy; Likot stays mostly in the barracks target practicing to perfect the use of her one armed custom-crossbow, but I don't believe this at all. She's stepping back into the shadows, controlling the throne from afar with Aryn, and using her daughter as a meat shield for anyone who might want to "strike a blow" at those in control.

I didn't want it to come to this, but it may be time to consider removing Likot from the equation...

Edit: Damn you, Dojango! You jinxed me. I was vomit free until you asked me about it, and now there is barf *eeeevvverywhere*. I think a soldier, crippled for 2 or 3 years, or happily running to The Party Room and just spewing bile all over the place. If I find out who it is... Grr!

[May 17, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 17, 2008, 08:55:00 pm**

!!ATTENTION!! !!ATTENTION!!

Two things, folks, then back to your regularly scheduled story.

1) The next cryptogram will be posted Thursday, May 22nd around 8pm EST. There may be a couple story posts that night AFTER it, but you're not going to hear from me until Tuesday, May 27th. I'm going out of town for the Holiday weekend. It's a funny coincidence, because the time limit for this puzzle happens to be on the 27th! Standard rules apply: Solve it, you get a request. Don't solve it? Something "bad" will happen.

2) I wouldn't say this is a second *contest* per se, but I am putting something out there for my dear readers. As could be seen from my attempt at sketching the founding party, I'm not really the most artistic cat in the alley. So here's the scoop. I want two or three murals that can be done in stone for the Great Flooring Project. They'll either go in the courtyard, or alongside the southbound road that leads to the town. I've got the standard colors (grey, white, yellow, green, (some) red, (some) dark blue, some teal) and want to spice things up a little.

So, have at it. So long as it's not a modern day thing (like ... uh, an 8-bit Cellphone), or some meme, it'll be considered. Our civilizations symbol is a mountain goat if that could help spark any ideas. If I don't get any suggestions in a while, I'll make up something wholly generic like axes and swords and sickles and hammers.

!!END ATTENTION!!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 17, 2008, 10:03:00 pm**

The Events of the 3rd of Galena, 1061

Dojango sat at the top of the unfinished 3rd-story parapet, his stubby legs dangling down over the edge. He kept his chin in his hands and sighed heavily, glassy eyes staring out across the expansive wastes. He watched, bored, as the out of control Swordsman tromped across the sand, scattering the bones of yet another group of Dread Camels. He sighed again as one of them was knocked back, his back stepped on, the commander cuffing the bruised dwarf with the back of his hand before knocking off one of their heads with the flat of his sword.

"Oh! I didn't think I'd find *anyone* up here. There usually isn't,"

Dojango turned his head towards the voice, and saw the red-faced philosopher Bertrand peeking his head up from the stair well. He flashed a toothless smile, limping up the last of the steps. Eventually, he took a seat beside the cook, puffing slightly. "You look dejected, friend. What's on your mind?"

"Well," started Dojango. There was a moments pause, but he soon continued on. Why hide tihngs from the the old man? The only one he rubbed wrong was Aryn, and in this day and age that was a blessing in itself. The master chef shrugged, "We're out of food stuffs. I've got no work to do."

"No food?" Asked Bertrand, his worry exaggerated. "But if we have no food, what will we eat?"
"No, no, I mean... there's no more meals to make. If you've been in the larder recently, have you seen all those barrels? They're all packed with dried roasts, with preserved stews. We've got *thousands* of meals down there, thousands of gallons of liquor. The only animals left here are pets. Aryn has ordered the farms shut down too, because there's just no space for the produce; all our barrels are used to store prepared meals... I'm basically jobless now."

Bertrand shook his head slowly. One wrinkled hand lifted; came to rest on the cooks shoulder, squeezing reassuringly. "Isn't that always the way? You pour your heart, your *soul* into something you love, and just as you hit your stride it's snatched away from you by men who just don't understand. You could have work, and so could the carpenters, building barrels. The farmers would get work then, too... but a dozen have been laid off because of ... what? The mandates of a single man, lacking vision."

They sat in silence for a few minutes; young and old, both staring across the red sand, across a plain of bones and dust, a land of death.

"Do you know why the camels come back to life?" asked Bertrand, breaking the silence.
"What? Uhh, no I don't. Do you?"

"I have theories," said Bertrand. "I've been studying the lands. I've bought a few bones from Akroma to look at. I think there's something in the ground here, it's seeping through. I don't want to make any wild accusations," he smiled. "But I think this... energy leaks out, latches on to things. I think that's why it's perverted the natural order of life, because it soaks into the camels bones. You know, Dojango, I've seen you in the kitchen. You're a hard worker. You don't deserve this treatment, the things Aryn has said about you." Though Dojango narrowed his eyes, Bertrand continued on before he could ask a question, "It's not much, but would you like to help me in my laboratory? I- oh, look at me. I'm sorry. Of course you wouldn't. It would be an insult to you, what with the pay being so poor and the work so menial..."

Dojango sat in silence for a moment, his head bowed, staring down over the edge. He glanced to his right at the old man, a faint smile on his face. "Well... I could only work with you until work in the kitchen came through. I wouldn't want you to think I'd be a full-time assistant. I wouldn't know the first thing about what you do."

"You've just made an old man very happy. I understand completely; your first obligation is to the stomachs of the civilians, I'm just pleased to have an assistant - however short term. Meet me in my lab in an hour. I'll have you caught up in no time."

Bertrand stood with a groan, knotted hands holding his lower back as he straightened. He slowly walked to the stairs, and down them, vanishing from view. Dojango watched until he was gone from view and turned his gaze back to the wastes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 17, 2008, 10:38:00 pm**

Any minimum/maximum size requirements for the mural? Not saying I'll do one, but I'll at least think about it.

The civilization symbol is a mountain goat? What about the group symbol for The Polished Trumpet?

If anyone was curious, at Zoden Zefon the civ symbol for The Revered Lash was a sasquatch, while the group symbol for The Circle of Harmony was a hatch cover. For some reason my engravers made a whole lot of sasquatch images but hardly any hatch cover images. Hopefully choosing your group's symbol will be possible in future version of DF. Hmm, I should check the bloats it might already be in there somewhere.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 17, 2008, 11:29:00 pm**

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quote:
Originally posted by Kuli:
<STRONG>Any minimum/maximum size requirements for the mural? Not saying I'll do one, but I'll at least think about it.

The civilization symbol is a mountain goat? What about the group symbol for The Polished Trumpet?</STRONG>
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Oops! Turns out I made a mistake, thanks for bringing that up Kuli. Mountain Goats are the symbol for The Polished Trumpet (and Rice LOVES engraving them). For some reason I can't find out what the symbol for The Razors of Dance are. Maybe once I get a little farther in I'll explore the world some more and try to turn up just what it would be. For the record, I think your sasquatch symbol beats out mountain goats any day.

The requirements on mural sizes? Uhh... something like 16x16 would be pretty good. Even something as big as 24x24 wouldn't be balked at, but might be hard to place properly and we might run out of certain colored stones (specifically, kimberlite and cinnabar).

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 18, 2008, 02:49:00 am**

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The mighty mountain goat. Dwarf Fortress style.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **May 18, 2008, 06:15:00 am**

My local goblin ruler is called Olsmo.
That's a rather nasty coincidence <:C

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 18, 2008, 02:27:00 pm**

The Events of the 24th of Galena, 1061

Johnny leaned against one of the statues in the tombs. He was covered in a layer of sweat and dust, and though exhausted from the work he was happy. He'd started a competition with Engraver Erith over who could make the most pictures the fastest, and they'd been going at it all morning, good natured insults hurled down the usually-silent hallways. Johnny was actually up by two in points, and as a reward he afforded himself this small breather.

Stretching his sore muscles, he picked up his mallet and chisel, moving to an unengraved section of floor. There was a pause as he thought of what he could put down... inspiration eventually hit, and with a smile he began to lean over, to set to work.

Johnny was sent sprawling as a Dwarf collided with him at nearly a full run. Rebounding his head off the floor, a sunburst of sparks flashed in front of his eyes. When the daze cleared from his mind and his eyes focused, he looked up confused to see a very agitated Vash tugging the tattered shirt off his back. As the fabric ripped Johnny slumped back down to the stone.

"Wha'... the feck are you doin'?" He groaned weakly. He reached out before Vash could get away, snagging the hem of the shirt. Vash stopped his retreat, looking apologetic.

"I'm sorry, but it's ... Aryn's new mandate. He said we looked like filthy peasants and dirt farmers and that would not do. So, ahh, all clothing that isn't in good condition gets the magma bath. Once that's finished, all clothing that isn't exceptional gets it."

Johnny blinked. Brows knitting together in thought, he started to open his mouth. It was only then he noticed Vash was wearing a blue dyed dress. Vash averted his eyes, coughing softly before saying, "Everyone who isn't a miner or engraver has to round up the clothing. And it's to be tossed regardless of the owners wants... I was blindsided by Akroma and Dojango earlier, who seem to think this is the height of comedy, and this is the only thing I could find..."

Picking himself up off the floor, Johnny sighed. "Fine, whatever. Look, nex' time, jus' lemme know, okay? Ya' dunnae need to go 'round knocking me out then tryin' t'strip me down."

"Well ... alright. But you better drop those duds off soon."

Vash left quickly, leaving Johnny alone in the tombs. He rubbed the back of his aching head, cursing quietly.

OOC: The idea of dumping all the old clothing came from something Stravitch said to me, and I liked the idea enough to enact it in this fortress. These dwarves socialize too much, their time needs to be wasted doing more hauling tasks!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 18, 2008, 09:01:00 pm**

From the journal of Aryn Estetar

The Soldiers are complaining of being on duty for months on end, but we can no longer afford the luxury of constant training. Another jeweler was trampled to death, along a butcher. Regardless of how many of these foul beasts I have put to death, it seems two spring up in their place. We're drowning in bones now, and despite Bertrand and Dojango having free reign to take any that Akroma doesn't want for their studies, we're still overflowing the courtyard. I may start having the bones dumped as well ... perhaps the cleansing magma will stop them from returning, or resurrecting, or whatever it is those beasts do.

The caravans from home were seen on the horizon, their wagons laden with pig iron. Hopefully we'll receive a fair price for this years haul of useless trinkets and crafts, but I doubt that-

"Behind ya', Nish!" Kel bellowed. The macedwarf spun in time to see the leering skull face of a Dread Camel bearing down on her. She swung her mace in a backhand, the hardened skull cracking under the blow. The beast toppled and rolled to a halt in the sand, holding it's shape for just a moment before the powers granting it a second life broke, and the bones collapsed into a vague camel shape.

"Thanks Kel," she called, watching the hammerer crush another camel. "The merchants seem to be making it alright, let's finish these off and - what? What is that?"

"What is what?"

"Don't you see it? Over that ridge there, that... is that an iron helm?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, I don't see any- Oh no, are those? GOOOBBBBBLINNNSS!"

"Run! Get to the fortress! Go!"

"I'm ru-Auggh!" Kel dropped to the ground, his screams muffled by the mass of yellow and black fur on top of him. Nish glanced over her shoulder to see the zombie jaguar mauling the hammerer. She could try to save him, but the goblins would reach her...and that would leave them both dead. That wasn't something she particularly wanted. She said a silent prayer for her old friend and looked forward, puffing hard as she pounded sand, towards the safety of the fortress.

"Ha ha ha! Die! <chnnk> Die! <chnnk> **DIEEEE!** <chnnk>"

Ranger Papercontrolled stomped down on the foothold at the end of her crossbow. She yanked back on the slide with one hand, the other grabbing a bolt from her quiver, stuffing it into the slot. She kicked the tip of the crossbow up as she lifted her arm, shouldering it quickly and taking aim.

"Ha! DIE GREEN SKIN!"

She'd been out hunting the only live camel in the plains when the siege was announced. The large, clanging bell inside the fort was ignored, the Rangers bloodlust taking over for good sense. Already four goblins were laying face down in the dirt, pierced through with bolts. The hammerers closest to her were laughing as the bolts flew past, unaware that she was dropping them back-to-front. Their numbers dwindling already.

Five down; six, seven. Laughing and slotting another bolt, a hammerer charged into her but she moved at the last second, sending him sprawling into the sand. Pulling to his feet he took a swing at Ranger Papercontrolled, who blocked with her crossbow and put a bolt through his stomach.

The goblins set upon her, sheer numbers overwhelming her. She was still firing as they knocked her unconscious with hammer blows. They continued to beat at her corpse, leaving it just a smear in the sand, an unrecognizable lump of mangled meat and worn, un-burned clothing.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 18, 2008, 10:37:00 pm**

from the files of Aryn Estatar
17th of Limestone, 1061

The goblins have been routed, as to be expected. They're nothing but animals, attracted to shiny objects. They just so happen to be graced with opposable thumbs and the most rudimentary understanding of tools. In my travels, I once witnessed a Mandrill attempting to open a large cache of walnuts. Try as he might he couldn't get in, but eventually his tiny brain understood that with a rock, he could crack the shell and get to the meat inside.

These goblins are nothing more than green mandrills, dressed in armor, pretending to be sentient.

Sergeant Towersacks defended the south and east of the fortress, while Sulari took the north. To even mention what happened north would be an insult to our Great Axeswinger, but four of the peasants did vomit upon seeing the abattoir the wastes have been reduced to.

According to Sergeant Towersacks, Varen was the stand-out star of the southern defenses, personally sticking eight goblin hammerers; routing the attack. Despite this success, we still lost one of our Swordsmen, one of Stravitch's Guard, and what was apparently a suicidal ranger, her corpse found surrounded by more than a half-dozen dead gobbos.

At least the *merchants* made it into the base safely. This whole ordeal could have been avoided if I could have closed and locked the gates, but after the last incident with Rice and Lucy I'm going to do nothing with those mountainhome fools except trade. When all this shit comes to a head, when we're under the thumb of someone worse than Queen Risen, I'm going to make sure Rice and Lucy have their faces rubbed in this mistake before I fix the problem once again...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 19, 2008, 12:34:00 am**

Good to hear my guy's making goblin brochettes! Sergeant Towersacks might not have Sulari's accolades, but she's level-headed, respectable and fun to work with. I loved reading the Rosycats & Guildstern bits, and Miss Papercontrolled's rapid reload crossbow.

Come to think of it, whatever happened to Major Fourdash Daycovering? If he was a hammerdwarf, maybe the new guy'll be working with him?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 19, 2008, 08:43:00 am**

Kagus: Heh, that's actually what my original thought was for the murals, just make giant g's and C's and <different> g's, and not explaining to anyone what the hell they were. Is that ... a camel? Or a colossus? It's a mystery!

Maggarg: You need to watch out for that goblin ruler; sounds like bad omens indeed! Olsmo's great and terrible power extends even to other players games. All Hail Lord Olsmo!

Electrum: I actually thought Papercontrolled was going to get out of there alive. A simple ranger took out 7 hammergoblins, and was blocking and dodging them and shooting them in the stomach at point blank range. A lucky hit busted her hand though, and that was all she wrote.

Major ---- DayCovering is an interesting case. He's an exceptional wrestler/hammerer/axeman/swordsman who will NOT go into combat. It was to the point where we had Dread Camels running amok in the courtyard, and he was blithly ignoring them, chilling out by the well while they terrorized civilians until Stravitch ended their fun. Regardless of where I put his squad marker if he's on duty he's hanging out in the Church. Off duty, he'll happily training. Maybe pairing him up with The New Guy could break him out of this funk... Hmm.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Kuli on May 19, 2008, 09:38:00 am

If you're going to do camel murals, do one with a red background so it's a *dead* camel.

Do the goblins never attack with trolls? I can't recall you mentioning them before. I at least thought they still brought trolls along sometimes in the current version.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Jools on May 19, 2008, 11:18:00 am

How about a mural of a mural? So many artifacts have images on them commemorating their own creation, why not large-scale artifacts? ;-P

Failing that, how about a landscape, like a front-on view of the Temple of Zefon? Possibly even with images of dwarves engraved into it, standing in front of the Temple...

Or a demon - someone ordered the floor paved, they didn't care what with, and the randomly-scattered tiles seemed to almost arrange themselves into a mural of a demon - the energy of the land that re-animates the camels is growing stronger...

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Electrum on May 19, 2008, 11:54:00 am

How about a dread camel facing off against a goat in the middle horizontal third, with a demon stretching his arms up to both of them, and whatever the Razor of Dance's symbol is helping from above? Or perhaps Zefon or Äkim or Lenod... Hm.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: IronValley on May 19, 2008, 12:14:00 pm

I guess working with an old and harmless officer would increase my survival rate ;)

Once things get going with my dwarf, I might write small background logs. So that you know how to weave him into the story.

He's more or less a Royalist, and will be quite shocked an suprised to see that the Queen is no longer alive. Since as far as he knew once he headed out on his journey, the queen had just left the last capitol.

However, coming from a smaller settlement, he has had no major dealings with the Dwarven nobility, and should not have any problems seeing the problems with the current noble system.

That's the short and eventless background on Merkil.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on May 19, 2008, 07:57:00 pm

Notes from Bertrand the Mad
9th of Sandstone, 1061

This land is amazing; to think, the stories the merchants would tell! Of horrors stalking the sand, of tyrants cracking whips on the downtrodden. These poor men had no imagination; They concerned themselves not with the mysteries of the world, instead spending their lives dealing in the mundane - in a world of coins and courts. Where they see abominations, I see gifts. Gifts handed down from the hands of Gods, puzzles designed to test us mere mortals.

Studies have proven very promising indeed. Assistant Dojango has been procuring the best specimens he can from the ghoulish Akroma, the arduous tasks of grinding, and sawing, and filing left to his capable (and much steadier!) hands. Preliminary tests have yielded some interesting results:

1) Calcium was found (as to be expected), constituting majority of bone density. Outer shell of bone has been partially fossilized through sand and heat

2) Fire had unusual effects. Bones refused to burn in small lab fires, only catching when dipped in magma (as to be expected). NOTE: Some substance *in* the bones was highly flammable; a simple flame would catch and ignite in the hollow center. When crushed and lit a brief flash and plume of smoke would rise from the crucible.

More tests need to be preformed. Hopefully this mystery substance will be separated. Dojango has been given a few days leave to rest - complaints of bizarre dreams have been keeping him awake. I've recommended an increase in Rum to help with this problem.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on May 19, 2008, 09:46:00 pm

From the files of Aryn Estetar
2nd of Timber, 1061

Dwarven Caravan left unmolested; their trade-goods strapped to wagons. They were unhinged, perhaps rightly so at the goblin forces chasing at their heels, but the thoughts of gold drive even the most cowardly of men to acts of minor heroics. Our kitchens are back into full production thanks to the gobs of salted meats they brought and Archin has been wasting her time planting whip vines and sunshine berries instead of carving out *the quarry as I have instructed*.

Occasionally a mason, or a miner, will go missing for a day or two. Johnny and Erith are worst, and I've seen the two of them walking out of the wastes with that absurd creature Dodik-Come-Lately. Sometimes money is seen exchanging hands, jaunty waves given as they break apart at the stairwell. Ex-Mayor Likot doesn't seem to feel this warrants attention at all, more concerned with governing her Daughter than policing a few notable slackers like Johnny and Dodik-Come-Lately, or perverts like Erith.

The doors to the church have finally reopened; Kuli showing off a spotless Temple of worship with his new assistant, or alter boy, or whatever he feels like calling the doting furnace operator Vash. The only *good* thing about them is they're followed my mandate of new clothing, sporting emerald blue suits in place of their old threadbare clothing.

After the recent battles, our population has dwindled to a meager one-hundred fifty-one, something I'm not particularly upset about. Less mouths to feed, less Dwarves mooching, leaching off of the system that has been given life at *my* feet...

OOC:
Kuli: In other forts trolls of come, along with the Goblin King. I'll be honest, I have no idea what's happening with ours because I haven't seen either, ever. I've been debating modding the goblins raws to make them a little bit more difficult.

Jools, Electrum: I liked that design idea a lot, but the artistic issues come into play again. I played around with some designs, but they all came out looking, well ... I'll be honest, pretty terrible. A Camel and a Goat (side views) looked decent enough and with a background they would be okay but not eye popping. For the life of me though, I couldn't get a demon - either a demonic face or one raising his hands up - with the constraints of a grid layout. Time for more planning...

IronValley: I like the idea of someone who actually LIKES the nobles coming to the fort and being totally confused by how their treated / the total lack of them. My only concern isn't from your end, but from mine. I haven't had a group of migrants in a couple seasons now and I'm starting to worry I've fallen into the same trap as Cap'n Mayday's Nist Akath and the fact no one wants to wander out there and get trampled to death by Skelk. If that's the case, well, I may have to fake some things to bring in new blood or start "resetting" useless Dwarves, like all the threshers.

[May 19, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **May 20, 2008, 12:16:00 am**

From what I understood the goblins only bring the beasts that they have in their territories/sites, so its possible for gobs to not have trolls or beakdogs

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **May 20, 2008, 06:01:00 am**

shouldn't it be possible to use companion to change the race of a unit? Could try to make a Dwarf out of a zombie Camel.

I tested this out, and it works. However, you end up with a Dwarf that has no last name, no squad name, and no preferences on items and materials. He will have a personality. This might ofcourse lead to horrible crashes and the ruin of an entire save ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **May 20, 2008, 06:58:00 am**

Guess what?
Shortly after I posted, Olsmo sent a goblin ambush.
I was underprepared, but I started winning.
Unfortunately, I somehow ended up with 3 ambushes at once, and 2 of them were mostly marksgobbos.
Out of 73 dwarves, only 20 survived the battle, and of them, only 10 recovered from their wounds, most of them the founding 7.
I had to abandon as the fortress took on a resemblance to the last few posts from Boatmurdered.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 20, 2008, 07:33:00 pm**

The events of the 5th of Moonstone, 1061

They'd forgotten about Miss Strappedrags; they'd ALL forgotten about her! She'd been in jail for the past thirty days failing a mandate by the new mayor, but in her internment she began to think it wasn't just Mayor Melbil, but her mother Likot that was pulling the strings. The old bitch, punishing those who were close to Kuli and the church, punishing those of the true faith!

They'd stopped feeding her long ago, more concerned with their petty jobs. She was the only one in the prison, and long ago her vocal cords had been rubbed raw, silencing her shouts. But in this time of solitude, she'd built herself up - the rope she was chained with had enough slack to allow her to do pushups and squats, and slowly but surely she built up her strength.

The rope she broke after days of rubbing it against the heel of her boot; and with utmost patience she waited with her ear to the door. Waiting and listening.

Tax Collector Crowpages was the first to remember there was a prisoner, and she hurried down the hallway with bucket in hand, ready to water Strappedrags. When the door was opened, however, the cell was empty. Confusion caused her to take a step inside the small holding cell, staring at the broken rope. Strappedrags, her muscles aching from holding herself aloft near the ceiling, waited until the tax collector had stepped over her cot before dropping down atop her.

They collapsed into a heap, Strappedrags silencing the tax collector with a hard elbow to the nose, knocking her to the back of the cell. The Armorer, raging, advanced on the cowering noble but a growl behind her made her stop. She turned to spot one of the war mastiffs of the fort, his hackles raised. Behind the dog stood Stravitch. His face was mostly shadowed over by his helm; only his smile was visible, wide and terrible.

"Well, well, hello there little girl... why don't you just come out quietly so we can figure out what can be done, huh?"

Of course she didn't leave quietly, but Stravitch had never expected her to. Screeching, she dove over the dog and was met in midair by Sefolkubuk. Her head exploded like a ripe melon, splattering the floor with brains and bone. Her corpse collapsed at Stravitch's feet, steaming and twitching in the cool cave.

"CLEAN UP THIS MESS!" He barked, stalking away without bothering to check on the bruised noble. There were more pressing matters to attend, like the drink he'd left in his office.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 20, 2008, 09:19:00 pm**

The events of the 25th of Moonstone, 1061

The Dwarves awoke early, their beards and hair tousled as they trudged from bedrooms, from barracks, towards the larder to gather up breakfast before setting in to the days work. None were prepared for the posters tacked up near the store room, near the larder, and on the door to the mess hall.

quote:

[depicted is a charcoal drawing of a female dwarf in lingerie, sitting cross-legged on an ale barrel]

OPENING SOON!

Dodik Come Lately's

Nobility riding you raw?
Tense after a long, hard day of sparring?

Let Dodik and her girls ease your tension!

Located just a mile south east of the main road is your ticket to the REAL Utopia in the Wastes!
Drink specials every night! Fully stocked kitchen for that home-cooked touch! Musical reviews starting soon! Engravings provided by noted pornographer Erith Othsindoren!

And don't forget the lovely ladies. When the threats of death and unlife have got you down, don't go for a magma bath. Just head to **Dodik Come Lately's**, where the girls will make sure the only thing you'll die of ... is pleasure!!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 20, 2008, 09:48:00 pm**

Debauchery! Depravity! I don't think the church is going to like this one bit.

Totally brilliant, though. I would never have expected that Johnny, Erith, and Dodik Come Lately were planning some sort of dwarven burlesque house. Okay, I would've expected this of Erith but that's beside the point.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 21, 2008, 07:33:00 pm**

The Events of the 8th of Opal, 1061

"**Kuli Problemwalled. Wake, and rise.**"

Kuli woke from a sound sleep, his heart thumping hard in his chest. He didn't move, his training serving him well in this instance. Through slitted eyed he surveyed the darkness in his room, his stomach sinking as he caught sight of the Hammerers' tattered blue robe.

"What are the charges," he whispered, his voice heavy with sleep.
"**You failed to meet a mandate, Child of Zefon. It's been decreed that you receive two hammerstrikes for this insult.**"

Kuli shivered at the coldness in her voice. "Who signed my sentence?"
"**You already know who did.**"
"Yes... I do."
"**Come along.**"

The walk to the jail took ages. Kuli was just thankful this was being done at night, that the gossip, the rumors, and the outrage could wait until the deed was done... the thought offered some satisfaction, though hollow and cold, and for this one favor he was thankful to the Hammerer.

He stepped in to the cell unprovoked, the blue-robbd Hammerer stepping in behind him, and shutting the door. She hefted her heavy maul, pointing to the wall with it. "**Turn now; the one liberty afforded prisoners is the uncertainty of death. Those seconds before my hammer hits, you can live a hundred lifetimes, you could dream a thousand dreams. To take that away would be a worse crime than you could have committed.**"

Kuli did as told, turning to face the wall. He pressed his palms to the cool surface, his head bowed, eyes closed. And dream he did: of days past, of the travels he'd done, of the good he'd accomplished since arriving. He dwelt not on those that had wronged him, instead focusing his last seconds on the friends he had made, on his Flock, and deep in his mind he was pleased that he still wore a smile even in this cell.

The faintest of taps at the back of his head brought him back to reality. A second, light tap at the top of his back jarred his thoughts. He turned in time to see the Hammerer opening the door, her maul back at her side.

"I don't... I don't understand. What was this? I'd been sentenced."
"**Aye, Child of Zefon. And I did *my* duty. *Justice* will always be served - but as it's mortal embodiment it is up to *my* will to determine the severity. Go now, you've paid your debt. Always keep the faith.**"

[June 04, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 21, 2008, 10:44:00 pm**

The events of the 22nd of Opal, 1061

"C'mon, boy, you're in for a real treat," Stravitch said. The almost cheerful tone he took worried Varen more than the fact the Captain was taking a personal interest in how they spent their leave.

"Sir, I'm not, okay, I'm not really sure where we're going, but- "
"I *told* you. We're going to the burlesques outside of town; For being so young and such a decorated soldier, you really haven't seen much of the world."
"...Sir? I traveled all the way from Bisekdastot to here. I've seen a lot, and-"
"That's nothing. Trust me, this'll put some more hair on your chin."
"What are you going on? That poster near the mess? Sir... do you even know who started this place? Couldn't it be a trick?"
"Lenod be praised. If you're going to act like a woman maybe you should just turn your spear in and go to work here. Now come ON."

With a sigh, Varen followed the venerable captain of the guard as he pushed through the large oak doors. They traveled down a few flights of stairs, the walls and floors covered in warm wooden planks. At the third, Varen groaned. Under his feet was one of Erith's classic renditions, carved directly into the stone. From the room to the right they could hear a commotion.

Stravitch led the way, swaggering through the doors. Dwarves were in constant motion, hauling stone, arranging tables and chairs. Sitting on the edge of the bar, her legs crossed, was Dodik-Come-Lately.

"Captain," she called dully from across the room, "Sorry, we're still under construction. The workers have been complaining of the Dread Camels outside so the hauling jobs are slow. But by the first of obsidian our doors should be, you know, open."

Turning at the sound of the voice, Stravitch groaned low. "Ughh! What are you doing here? Don't tell me you're one of the girls."
"Uhh. No," She replied. She dropped from the bar, adjusting her corset and blowing red-root streaked hair from her eyes, "I'm the Madem. Captain, I'm Dodik? You've *met* me. Twice."

"...I can't be bothered to remember the name of every pouty near-suicidal dwarf in this hell pit we call a home, I just hope the rest of the girls..."

As Stravitch trailed off, wandering from the main room to examine the engravings in the hallway, Varen stood rigidly by the bar. Dodik-Come-Lately sidled over, an almost-smile on her face, "So... what do you think of the place?"

"I think it's ... I like the layout a lot."
"Thanks. See, we've got the store room already, and we're outfitting the girls rooms. In the hallway we'll soon be putting in a room for our bouncer, and over here," she swung her hand wide to the left, towards the back wall of the bar, sounding almost excited for once. "That's going to be carved out into a stage. We've also commissioned a bunch of statues carved out of petrified wood, hopefully they'll come back looking great."
"That's, that's great, ma'am. If you don't mind? I'm going to find Stravitch and... just let him know I'm heading back to the barracks. You just ... keep up the good work, though."
"Thanks," she said, her moroseness coming back in spades.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 22, 2008, 08:52:00 am**

Kuli was really sentenced to a hammering? And survived? I don't suppose the hammerer is a Zefonist.

You really scared me there. I thought my dwarf was going to meet his maker sooner than expected. I'm totally mad at Aryn now.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **May 22, 2008, 09:55:00 am**

If a Zefonist is in charge of dealing the punishments, woe be it to those following the true faith of Lenod!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 22, 2008, 10:33:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:

Kuli was really sentenced to a hammering? And survived? I don't suppose the hammerer is a Zefonist.

You really scared me there. I thought my dwarf was going to meet his maker sooner than expected. I'm totally mad at Aryn now.

I actually had to be really creative on the punishments. If ... okay, if a named dwarf gets killed by Camels or Goblins, they went out as a true dwarf should. If my mismanagement gets them killed in a cave in, that sucks but, well, that's kind of realistic. If I forget to meet a mandate for armor stands and someone gets picked, I hope they survive.

But Kuli got flagged because I didn't make 3/3 bismuth [] items. It's an unmeetable mandate, and that's not fair at ALL. I tried to get him in full plate, but as soon as I turned that on he fell asleep ... so, while the hammerer was dragging him to the jail, I had a peasant run up and dump her hammer just before she chained him up. Yeah, it's cheating, but it's also not fair that a bug would get a named dwarf killed :(

The hammerer isn't a Zefonist, but her name IS Zefon. That should count for something, right?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **May 22, 2008, 01:29:00 pm**

I don't believe it.

I started again, miles away from my old fortress, and guess what the Goblin king's name was?

Olsmo.

Curse you, Olsmo!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 22, 2008, 02:44:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Heavy Flak:

Yeah, it's cheating, but it's also not fair that a bug would get a named dwarf killed :(

Bah, no, it's not cheating. You're writing an interactive story here, as the main author, so it's your prerogative to fix things if a game mechanic tosses its cookies. If this was a roleplaying game and some random die roll made an important character die, completely randomly, without player input? The GM would be so utterly justified in disregarding it.

We've got three factions now, broadly - Arynites, Stravich & Johnny, and the Zefon Faith. Letting one get beheaded just like that would make the whole story a lot less enjoyable. As far as I'm concerned, that was a completely fair choice in the face of a completely unfair game element. And hey, it's *Kuli* - the most engaging character you don't write, and a man of the cloth with a backstory. If anyone deserves a meaningful death, it's him.

At least now we know why Johnny was engraving, too. :D (If it's really getting engraved, we might end up with a few strange decorations too.) This really counts as an unexpected development, and I'm having fun imagining poor Varen's reactions, tagging along with Stravitch and chatting with morose glitter girls. You can just picture him *hoping* something will come along that's easier to deal with. A titan or so.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 22, 2008, 03:15:00 pm**

Maggarg: Bad luck, old top! Anyone else have a high-ranking Olsmo Goblin in their games? If so, make a mention of it some time, perhaps it's a curse... we might have a monster to slay!

Electrum: Thanks for the kind words. I know exactly what you mean about the DM thing. I used to run D&D, Shadowrun, and Deadlands campaigns in high school and college (Christ, what a nerd I am!) and every now and again I'd have to just fake a throw because the guy who was going to die was actually doing something heroic/awesome/downright funny and just didn't deserve it. Then again, I also faked rolls so the obnoxious kid died over and over, sooo... I'm not always benevolent.

Lastly, a reminder. Crypto 5 goes up at 8pm EST **TONIGHT**. Outside of (maybe) one or two story posts after it, I'm basically on vacation until next Tuesday. That's a vacation from video games and internet, mind you, unless I can find a quiet moment to sneak on.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **May 22, 2008, 03:22:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Heavy Flak:
every now and again I'd have to just fake a throw because the guy who was going to die was actually doing something heroic/awesome/downright funny and just didn't deserve it. Then again, I also faked rolls so the obnoxious kid died over and over, sooo... I'm not always benevolent.

Damn you making me suck in those poisoned darts!

shakes angry fist

Tite: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 22, 2008, 04:33:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Stravitch:

Damn you making me suck in those poisoned darts!

shakes angry fist

Haha, man, you got off *light*. And it was freaking hysterical, to boot. A double-win~!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 22, 2008, 06:23:00 pm**

From the notes of Bertrand the Mad
22nd of Opal, 1061

This mystery powder is not effected as drastically by other stimuli as I would have hoped. Water does nothing but dissolve it. Dry heat does nothing either, nor does as cold a temperature as I can supply.

Akroma has been taken on as my second lab assistant, and though the ghouls distasteful treatment of the dead is disturbing, he has been quite useful in helping Dojango and I recover as much substance. Though he is wont to play with the skulls between experiments, he can be controlled enough in small spurts to answer questions and aid in their disposal and substance recovery.

We were at a loss for a few days of work, almost writing off this "white powder" as nothing more than a low-grade, high cost explosive. An accident in the lab, however, gave us our largest find yet.

A dropped crucible resulted in Akroma taking a face-full of powder. No adverse effects were noted upon contact, or for many hours afterwards, and it was promptly forgotten about. The next day, Akroma returned complaining of extremely vivid dreams; the same from Dojango the days after grinding bones.

More testing has been performed on that fool Erith. A days worth of dissolved powder has been dissolved into his drink, and Dojango delivered it tonight with his dinner. Results from this should hopefully be spectacular. More will come as results are uncovered.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 22, 2008, 07:10:00 pm**

The events of the 29th of Opal, 1061

"Come along, Vash," Kuli said while pulling on his wide-brimmed preachers hat. "We need to get down to the crafts shop. Time is of the essence."

"Maester Problemwalled, I understand the need, but ... why did we wait so long? Erith has been in there for almost a week now, shouldn't we have acted sooner?"

Kuli sighed, stopping his movements. How could he explain this? That he just disliked the pornographer, that the insanity, the debauchery, the corruption inside this fortress were beginning to take their toll on him? His days were spent supervising the dwindling number of metalworkers; his nights hearing the confessions and concerns of the citizens. A good nights sleep - one not haunted by nightmares of the past - was a commodity he would have given any amount of gold to get.

"Because it was assumed he had only gone Fey. He hid this very well; it wasn't until recently that the truth came out. We must assess the situation, see if the pornographer can be saved before we make any drastic actions."

The citizens moved out of their way, a corridor of Dwarves silently watching the pair descend to the workshops. A sense of dread washed over Kuli, and the silence on the final floor did nothing to alleviate it.

Outside the crafts shop, it was deathly silent. Kuli found himself holding his breath and forced himself to exhale. His hand tightened upon the book of Zefon.

"Ready, apprentice?"
"Yes, Maester."
"Keep your Faith close. Be prepared for anything."

The door swung open, Kuli and Vash stepping quickly inside. A single candle flickered in the corner, the light falling on the destroyed workshop.

"Oh, Zefon save me, I see him," moaned Vash. He pointed to barely-lit corner where Erith slumped, mostly obscured by darkness. His face was streaked with blood, thick rivulets running down the gouges in his cheeks and matting in his beard. An unidentifiable green goo caked under his eyes, and dribbled slowly from his mouth, his nostrils, his ears. Clutched in his hand was a Basalt Bracelet.

"Vash," Kuli said, "He's ... still alive. He's breathing. Quickly, go get Archin and Rice, have them help you get him out of here and to bed."

As Vash sprinted from the room, Kuli set to work. Distastefully he took the bracelet, something he'd already mentally dubbed The Afflicted Language, between two fingers, scowling at the tainted piece of jewelry. He couldn't discount the workmanship of Red *Flash* Opals encrusting it's edges, finishing in an engraving of a fire snake. Two thin crosses were worked into the stone in expertly worked *spidr* silk.

Something on the wall caught his eye. Putting the bracelet on the table, he lifted the candle high. The pale light illuminating the smoothed wall.

Eldritch designs covered most of the surface, started in charcoal and chalk, eventually finished in blood. Sketches of unnamed horrors, of the walking dead, were crudely represented on the smoothed stone along with multiple squares, and many, many systems of grids. Foul designs, marring the purity of the shops.

Drawing closer, Kuli squinted at to read the ruddy smears of blood. He did not look up at the sound of running footsteps, lifting his hand in a quick greeting as Vash, Archin and Rice came in.

"Should we get Sulari?" Rice asked, concern in his voice.
"No, this room is empty. Keep her informed when you leave, but I... think that it has gotten out."
"...What has gotten out?" asked Archin, worried.
"Whatever caused Erith to write this-" He took a step to the side and swung the candle to the wall, illuminating the writing:

quote:
<div>SUUUP NPMHS OREQH CFOPV MKFRK FXUCD LHKVP EJLSX XHHQA BFQWM RBHHE DJLPP EGMSK TGRPK XWLEC NHEQB JJTDR LTWPP HXWBX TBFUN TRTEH</div>

Rice cursed, his legendary patience running briefly thin. The others turned to look at him, and he offered an embarrassed smile in apology. "Sorry fella's, I just ... can't ANYTHING around here just write normally? What's next? Our mandates start coming in tongues and codes, so more of us can be punished?"

"Hush, Rice," Kuli said gently. "Don't say that too loudly, or some unsavory Dwarves may pick up on the ideas."

[June 04, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 22, 2008, 09:04:00 pm**

Goblin homeboy addressing a group of bathing water nymphs:

"Suuup, npmhs?"

Hmm... I *wonder* if there are any key *words* this *time* around.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 22, 2008, 09:05:00 pm**

I can see the hint jumping out at me, but darned if I know how to use it. I'm just good at basic substitution ciphers, not this five letter grid stuff. I'll still give it a try, though.

And yeah, my first thought was "suuup, dude!"

[May 22, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **May 23, 2008, 06:54:00 am**

I fed it through the Enigima simulator I found, and i got a scramble.
Oh well.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **May 23, 2008, 08:00:00 am**

Two key words. Could be a cypher with $y=a(x+b)$ or similar (x = plaintext letter, y = encoded letter, a = letter from key1, b = letter from key2). I've played around a bit and not found anything yet.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 23, 2008, 08:49:00 am**

Well, spaces mean nothing (again), since everything's chopped into blocks of five. It's not that German text-replacement-code-thingy that was explained on the site, since that would require two letters for every word and there are 21 blocks of five letters.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 23, 2008, 05:34:00 pm**

quickly pops in

I've arrived at my destination safe and sound, and was allotted a few minutes of internet time. Before you guys get too off track, I'll give one quick hint. I hope it makes this one a teeny bit easier.

Spaces DO matter this time around. It's just a freak coincidence that this, and the last, are five letter blocks. Good luck guys!

Edit: Fixed that little word error as Kagus kindly pointed out. The trip went just fine, probably the best time I've had making the ten hour drive to Kentucky for the umpteenth time.

[May 23, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 23, 2008, 06:17:00 pm**

I believe you mean five *letters* apart.

Okay. That could mean each block contains one letter. The message would then be 21 letters long.

Hope the trip was reasonably bearable.

[May 23, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 25, 2008, 10:12:00 am**

My girlfriend made the mistake of leaving me at her place while she went to go run some errands for about an hour, so what does that mean?

I can pop on here for a minute to give a helping hand or two. Also, it means I'm going to get mocked relentlessly when she gets back.

For right now, I'll say two quick things:
1) Though Kagus did point out that there were key words sprinkled throughout, there were also a few more hints that I felt the need not to italicize. I wouldn't say it was done more subtly, but they're certainly there. That leads to -
2) Reread Kuli's post, because he said a few things that were definitely on the right path.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 27, 2008, 01:00:00 pm**

From the memoirs of Kuli Problemwalled.

Somehow, everything became clear as I gripped the adamantine sword. My mind was filled with visions of goblins and demons rampaging through the streets of Zoden Zefon, hunting down the faithful without mercy. Fiercest and most terrible among that vile host was a demon of immense power. The word "Olsmo" escaped from my lips unintentionally as I stood there imagining Zoden Zefon's destruction. If this Olsmo was responsible for destroying the faith, then I realized that by destroying it the faith could be restored. The words on the altar - fight evil and defend faith - that was all the confirmation I needed. I would find the demon and slay it, but I knew I couldn't do it alone.

I departed from Zoden Zefon somewhat reluctantly, taking with me the adamantine sword and spear. There were still many things to explore there, but I felt that to stay would only serve to delay my mission. After some weeks of travel I returned to the mountainhomes and sought out the other Zefonists so I could tell them of Zoden Zefon and my revelation. Most of them were skeptical. That was the state of our faith at that time, we were so downtrodden that most did not dare to hope my story was true. There were some, however, who did believe me.

The first to listen was Kogan Racecopper who was a fellow metalsmith. Kogan was friends with Master Logem and had been converted by him many years ago. I also became friends with him and it was for that reason he trusted me. Although Kogan lacked any formal combat training he could still wield his forge hammer as well as any military hammerdwarf. He vowed to go with me to hunt down the demons responsible for attacking our faith, or die trying.

Kuli Batôkadil, Swordsdwarf: Join me on my adventures!
Kogan Imsalgusil, Hammerdwarf: I will agree to travel with you if you lead me to glory and death.

The only other to believe my story was Erush Scorchsteel. She had the zeal of a fresh convert, because she had in fact recently converted to the faith. Erush was a former military axedwarf who took to the more peaceful pursuit of woodcutting after her conversion. She did not doubt my words for a moment, and volunteered to go with me to slay the demons without hesitation.

Kuli Batôkadil, Swordsdwarf: Join me on my adventures!
Erush Othlestdeler, Axedwarf: I will agree to travel with you if you lead me to glory and death.

It was just the three of us, planning how to find and attack an enemy that had wiped out an entire civilization of our kind. We did not doubt our success, however. We had the adamantine weapons to give us hope. They seemed holy somehow, as if Zefon herself had placed them in this world just for us to use in our mission. Though I kept the sword for my own use, I offered the adamantine spear for one of them to use, but neither of them had any skill with a spear and they thought that I should carry both weapons.

The only problem was finding our enemy. It had been centuries since the destruction of Zoden Zefon and there was no telling where the demons might have gone since then. The decision we ultimately reached was to seek out any goblin settlements near Zoden Zefon and trust in faith to guide us to the right location.

We journeyed south, eventually reaching a human town just outside of The Soaked Dunes where Zoden Zefon lay. We rested at the tavern there and learned from the humans that there were actually several goblin fortresses to the west that had plagued the area for a long time. The humans had many stories to tell about the dark fortresses, including one about an evil temple where fell ceremonies were held to honor some demon-god. That was all that Kogan, Erush, and I needed to hear. The very next day we set out west for the nearest dark fortress.



(Not much this time. Just setting things up for what should be the last update.

Also, I give up on the cipher! I really did a lot of research, but I still can't tell what kind of cipher it's supposed to be! I've looked at several ciphers involving grids like ADFGVX and Playfair, but I can't make heads or tails of them.)

[May 27, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 27, 2008, 01:38:00 pm**

I feel you, Kuli. I spent the better part of three days on this, trying to rotate it like the last cypher, hoping it might be foursquare or Vinègre, but I just couldn't manage. It's possible I'm just doing something wrong, or that there are multiple layers in it. I'm pretty sure there's a substitution aspect, but apart from that...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 27, 2008, 05:41:00 pm**

Whew! Just drove back into town, and boy are my arms tired! I don't know if you guys have heard, but these gas prices, huh? Who are the ad wizards that came up with that one? I mean, it's getting to the point where you can either by a gallon of *gas* or a gallon of [/i] milk!

crickets

...Uhh. I'll be here all week, folks. Try the veal, and don't forget to tip your waitresses!

Common consensus seems to be that this cryptogram was "tough". I've noticed a trend about them too, so that means unlike computerized tests I won't just keep pushing the same styles because where's the fun in that?

You've gone past the deadline, and for that, something "bad" will happen. However, because of how tough it was, I'll extend the deadline until tomorrow at ... say, noon, EST. If you solve it, I'll grant a *minor* request, and minimize the amount of "bad" that will happen. Also, I'm going to give you two pretty big pushes.

1.) This group has a decided weak area for ciphers based on the polybius square, which is why this will be the last one for a while based on that particular group.
2.) Looking at the ones Kuli tried (I'll admit those were not correct, though he was once again on the right path), and what ones I've used previously, will help narrow down which one is left. Don't let the number of keys fool you - that was my ham fist attempt to both help and push you in the right direction.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 27, 2008, 07:37:00 pm**

How bad is "bad?" You're not going to kill our dwarves are you?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 27, 2008, 08:01:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Kuli: How bad is "bad?" You're not going to kill our dwarves are you?

I'm not exactly sure yet what "bad" will encompass, but I can ensure you Story Dwarves (especially player-named ones) won't have any harm done to them. That wouldn't be fair at all nor would it be fun. As far as I can help, Dwarves will only die due to their own follies or invaders.

Other Dwarves dying, nobility being insane, mandates going unmet, unfair decrees, or accidents on the job could all be fair game though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 27, 2008, 09:06:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite

I add these entries out of habit more than anything. Two leather workers were mauled by a Dread Camel. Likot and her Mayor-Daughter arrived late citing training as the reason, and if it had not been for the intrepid Hunter on the scene, they both would be dead. A miner of some skill, Ushat, tangled with what seemed to be a scout from another group of camels. He was kicked off the top of the access stairs, dead on impact eight stories down. Sulari, in a black rage, spent nearly a month waging a war against the horrors. Twenty four fell to her blade, and still more are prancing about the borders.

That foul old fool Bertrand has been working tirelessly in his workshop, his two idiot assistants Dojango and Akroma spending every moment not plying their normal trade in his workshop. I've been unable to sleep well for weeks now thanks to their incessant working. My days are spent in a daze, my nights tossing and turning. I've been using this time to get caught up on paperwork, to make sure my administrator's work orders are correct, and when there is nothing else I'm down in the forges, tirelessly turning sand to glass.

To my amusement, Stravitch and Vash have been getting into shouting matches during mealtimes over their heathen Gods. The old bull is getting so angry these days the cords on his neck stand out as he shouts, and Vash, the religious zealotry of youth showing fully, screams back until he sounds hoarse. Kuli and Johnny, the voices of reason, have agreed on meal times that don't cross, thus ending one of my few sources of laughter.

Blueprints: The current [lay of the fortress](#)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 27, 2008, 09:47:00 pm**

I'm a little mystified by the placement of Dodik-Come-Lately's. Having to travel across the wastes, even if it's a short distance, seems rather dangerous. Are you not going to build an underground or otherwise safer route to it? Then again, I can see why you'd want to have that element of danger to it.

When the place finally opens Kuli might just have to organize events at the church to compete for the dwarves' attention. Dwarven Bingo night, perhaps? Ha!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **May 27, 2008, 09:52:00 pm**

How do you plan on getting people to go there? Making a meeting hall there probably isn't going to bring that many people considering your main dining hall is much larger.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 27, 2008, 09:58:00 pm**

Interesting question. I've never set up two separate meeting halls myself, so I don't know if dwarves will split their attentions or prefer one hall over the other. I imagine if Heavy Flak sets Dodik's as a dining room dwarves will eat there once in a while, though probably not often since the main dining area is closer to the food stockpiles. Then again maybe he'll just use a utility to teleport dwarves there when he needs them there for story purposes. Whatever the case I assume Heavy Flak knows what he's doing.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 28, 2008, 08:05:00 am**

Kuli: As said to me by Vactor, "The risk of being barbequed by a dragon is part of the thrill of venturing out to Dodik Come Lately's!" I'd imagine a brothel really isn't something many leaders would want in the middle of their homes and workshops, and I bet Kuli and his flock would be even less happy if it was a stone's throw away.

Ricemastah: Currently my main dining hall isn't also a meeting hall. The only one designated is the Church because I like seeing our little Dwarves socializing in there. I think if I was to shrink it's size and make Dodik-Come-Lately's one as well will get the haulers in the field to go hang out there. If not, I'll think of something else.

IronValley: Don't think I've forgotten about you. If we haven't gotten an immigrant wave near the end of Spring, I'm going to fake one by "resetting" a Dwarf's skills.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mookie Love** on **May 28, 2008, 01:26:00 pm**

While you're planning to reset dwarves for newcomers, could I hop in with a dwarf? I'd prefer a female, and if that's possible, then name her 'Mookie' and have her work at Dodik-Come-Lately's.

If only males are open, then name him 'Mook' and have him work as a bonecarver.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **May 28, 2008, 05:15:00 pm**

Haha, i love the back rooms with the chains in them..

Oh and I noticed you've got 2 z-levels of water pressure built up over your shower system, so i'm guessing it is bursting out whenever it is released. if you could get a lower amount of pressure being built up it would be much easier to control.

[May 28, 2008: Message edited by: Vactor]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 28, 2008, 07:11:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
13th of Granite, 1062

The years are certainly taking their toll on me. Youthful and spry when I first arrived, what am I now? Achy and constantly wounded, that's what. These desert air, so damned dry and hot has made me look aged well beyond my years, and the constant work in the quarry is taking it's toil on my body. Aryn's shouts echoing down from the highest level are just about the only motivation I have to keep doing it, that and the extra coin in the pocket.

To think, I could have followed in my fathers footsteps, joining the army, seeing the world, fighting the "good fight." I could be waking up in mud every morning instead of a warm bed, fighting The Horde instead of wrangling a bunch of salty fishermen... Stravitch had the right idea, leaving the old fool with his swords and elves and toy soldiers and going into business with me. But even with the luxuries I have, I'm becoming weathered, cynical, and so damned tired of working the mines. Perhaps I should just give the pick up, go back to the leisurely duties of fishing and fencing.

The Camels are back, finding their way into the quarry to terrorize Archin, the other miners, and Istrath. Istrath was almost trampled, trapped between the hooves and the wall as he attempted to grab Rose Opals for a project of his. Varen, watching from the edge of the cliff, managed to make it down and break it's back before Istrath met his end. This led to a suggestion - guard towers along the ridge and along a new road extending east to protect workers and caravans.

Aryn ate this idea up like candy. Of course he did, because who is he? He's the guy not going out to build the whole thing, isn't he?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 28, 2008, 08:39:00 pm**

The events of the 21st of Granite, 1062

"Mister Estetar," Diplomat Deerowl began happily. Her voice was strong and melodious, the standard for the elven race. Dressed in the finest silks of her forest home, she sat at the table in the Duchess's room, across from Duchess Rocksmortal and Aryn. "We of the higher races have been very pleased indeed with your ability to keep to our sanctions."

"Of course! We would do *nothing* that might keep us from being honored with your presence," Aryn said, his normal tones of disdain dropped. The Duchess was shocked at this about-face, at the almost sniveling way Aryn fawned on the Diplomat. "Our haulers are bringing goods to the trade depot as we speak and I'm certain you'll find their quality - and their make! - to be to your liking."

"I'm sure we will, at that," Said the Diplomat with a smile. "Now, let us discuss this years sanctions... what with your forests being so prized, so full of life, we couldn't bare to let you harm more than ... say, a hundred of our tree-kin?"

The Duchess could no longer hold her tongue. "This is absurd. Were you aware of your surroundings when you came upon this fort or were you blinded by the silk screens in your litter? There isn't a tree for almost a hundred leagues, and those are in YOUR forest! What foolishness to-"

"Quiet, Noble," Aryn hissed. His eyes darted in her direction, anger flashing in them. "The Elves of Ilcavcalovi have been honored guests of this fortress for over a decade now and I've had the pleasure of dealing with them far in the past. I'd warn you to hold your tongue."

"So well spoken," crooned the Diplomat. "Please, control your short temper Duchess. You're attendance is perfunctory, the real person of interest is our Dear Aryn here. Now if you'd be so kind,"

With a noise of disgust, the Duchess rose from her chair. "I'm ... sorry. I have something important to oversee in the workshops. I'll leave you two to your talks."

They paid her no mind as she stormed out, continuing with their discussion in private.

"Archin! Back!" Johnny shouted, an arrow whizzing by his face to clatter against the rock wall behind him. The goblin ambushers had caught them unaware, and while Sulari and her Axe's were tending to the goblin axemen on the slopes, their Bowman leader had snuck past. He was laughing, his terrible face screwed up as he took his potshots at the scattering Dwarves. "Get back t'the fortress, I'll ... I'll take carra' this one."

"No, Johnny! C'mon, we can out run him, we'll let Sulari take him down."

Another arrow clanged off the rock. Johnny shook his head quickly, waving a hand back behind him. "Jus' feckin' go! Ya' can outrun him, but not his Arrows!"

Archin paused for just a second, weighing her options. With a shout of "good luck!" she turned, sprinting towards the stairs. Johnny waited until the goblin loosed the string before charging forward, his pick held high above his head with both hands. He miscalculated the Goblin's speed, another arrow flying at him as he neared.

The metal sank into his right hand, forcing a grunt of pain from his lips. It went cleanly through, embedding itself into the haft, pinning his hand to it. Trying to notch another arrow, the goblin's left elbow was shattered with the blunt end of the pick.

Screeching, the goblin tried to back peddle but caught his foot on a rock. As he toppled, Johnny's pick came down hard, piercing through his thigh. Returning the favor, it was embedded into the ground, pinning the hapless goblin. Cursing and fighting with his stuck hand, Johnny twisted the pick around to try and free it, kicking at the goblin as he tugged on the haft. Torrents of blood gushed out from the arterial wound, and gibbering and thrashing, the goblin bled out.

Falling backwards, Johnny managed to pop the pick from the ground finally. Breathing hard, he stared at his hand, closing his eyes as he grabbed the arrow by the shaft. With a hard scream, he snapped it in the center and slowly pulled his hand backwards. Slowly, he tore his shirt with his teeth, making a small bandage to wrap around the bleeding hand.

"Jus' feckin' great," He said to no one. Standing up, he wiped his forehead, giving the goblin corpse one last kick, "Ah'm not even safe out here..."

[May 28, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 28, 2008, 09:10:00 pm**

I love the way you handle the elves, and how Aryn sucks up to them. I find it highly amusing. That sort of thing happened at Zoden Zefon, too, where there weren't any trees.
"We demand you not cut down any more than 100 trees this year."
"You got yerself a deal, elfy!"

Can you please post the solution to the cipher? I want to be able to learn from it.

[May 28, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 28, 2008, 09:34:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
I love the way you handle the elves, and how Aryn sucks up to them. I find it highly amusing. That sort of thing happened at Zoden Zefon, too, where there weren't any trees.
"We demand you not cut down any more than 100 trees this year."
"You got yerself a deal, elfy!"

Can you please post the solution to the cipher? I want to be able to learn from it.
[May 28, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

You've got it chief! I'm going to leave the cryptogram encrypted because for story purposes, it will be solved eventually. However, I'm fine posting the solution and if you'd like to work out for yourself what the message is, by all means, have at it. I just request you refrain from posting the answer for those who want to wait until it pops up In Game.

I used the bifid encryption scheme, which is based off of the polybius square. The two keys I gave were what I had hoped would be both a small clue as to what type it would be (with the bi in the name and all), and a way to give you guys more letters in the square. This is what the square looked like:

code:

1 2 3 4 5
1 F L A S H
2 V E X P N
3 J B K I Y
4 O T Q D C
5 G M W R U

Because of the encryption scheme, each block of text was run through the bifid. That means that the first block doesn't actually affect the second and so on. I'll demonstrate on the first block of text.

code:

Step 1: Figure out what the letters are as numbers
S U U U P
14 55 55 55 24

Step 2: Combine all the numbers without spaces, then cut into half and drop down
14555
55524

Step 3: Read down the columns, and figure out the corresponding letter
H C U M R
15 45 55 52 54

Lastly, because I'm a jerk, I reversed each word in the puzzle. That leaves us with

"MUCH R" as the first block of text once it's been decrypted and mirrored. Most of the blocks, because of the 5 letter size, turned out to be total gibberish unless the whole puzzle was looked at together. With that in mind, I made sure there were four blocks that were correct five letter words that hadn't been broken up so hopefully they could be seen in reverse.

EDIT: Thanks Rice for pointing that out, I keep using quotes where I should use code

[May 28, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **May 28, 2008, 09:45:00 pm**

code:

1 2 3 4 5
1 F L A S H
2 V E X P N
3 J B K I Y
4 O T Q D C
5 G M W R U

I believe that should make it readable

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **May 28, 2008, 10:56:00 pm**

EDIT: Man I'm stupid... Electrum I didn't post nothing

[May 29, 2008: Message edited by: ricemastah]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 28, 2008, 11:22:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Heavy Flak:

Lastly, because I'm a jerk, I reversed each word in the puzzle. That leaves us with

buries face in hands Agh! At least I know now that I'd interpreted the clues correctly, I just couldn't figure out the letters that made up the rest of the table. I gave up on it eventually since it was producing nothing but gibberish, and thought you were being *more evil* than you actually were. So I went on to foursquare cyphers, since it did say "multiple squares" and I thought the cypher might actually be just 21 letter pairs, the UUU serving the same role as the XXX in the previous one.

Or maybe you weren't a jerk, but a sucker for "Sup, nymphs?" jokes. Regardless, I'll get you next time, Mr. Flak. :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **May 28, 2008, 11:26:00 pm**

Mhh? Who mentioned anything about posting something?

[May 29, 2008: Message edited by: Electrum]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 29, 2008, 07:03:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
25th of Granite, 1062

Being put on bed rest for my perforated hand has been a bit of a godsend. I'm finally able to unwind and relax a little, and it's apparent, going over my actions and journals of late, that I've been dangerously close to the edge. Having my Fishery Workers doting on me hand and foot is a stellar way to spend my time, and Stravitch has been instructed, on pain of death, to trade *only* the elf-friendly goods. Regardless of how many of the pointy eared bastards he's killed their only here to trade, and *we're* only here to turn a profit.

Sulari came to visit and check on my hand, and it was then I noticed the small white strand of cloth, dotted with blood, tied around her upper arm. In jest, I asked if one of the recruits managed to get in a "killing blow", and much to my surprise she told me another ambush hit, a full squad of Goblin Bowmen. Before she could get down there, a miner and a mechanic were both filled with arrows. According to her, the saddest thing about the attack was the mechanic's death. he's a father of seven and with his wife a lowly clerk there could be issues with housing for them.

To that, I say good riddance. There are too many children underfoot already, and perhaps one or two starving out will lead to less noise in our halls.

Or, perhaps, I could get into the meal-making business, selling gruel to the unfortunate... Hmm... now there's an idea...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 29, 2008, 09:57:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
25th of Slate, 1062

Deerowl has left the fortress, and on some level I'm sorry to see her go. Her grace, her cleanliness, her eye for *real* aesthetics were such a change from the ... the standard that I've learned to deal with.

We've got quiet the bounty of all natural, free range logs this year. These, of course, were euthanized in a humane fashion, their wooden corpses treated with the utmost respect. Perhaps we mountain folk can learn something from our woodland brethren - though out here, I'd sell out ever Dwarf that's in my charge to just get a patch of grass, a shrub, to... By the Blood Red Sun God, I'd kill one of them myself for a single day of rain.

Rice and Lucy have taken to the idea of an eastern roadway with outposts like camel bones to sand dunes, and they're already drafting up plans. Rice has seemed burnt out lately, his workdays filled with beautifying projects in the courtyard and getting back to his roots of building actual walls seems to have cheered him up. That, or scraping up enough money to move into the Duchess's old room. It's larger than the one he's in now and with the Duchess having been pushed to the large rooms by the barracks for "safe keeping", I saw no reason at all to deny him this further upgrade.

Much talk has been made of Dodik-Come-Lately's, which is slowly beginning to pick up what seems to be a steady clientèle of our young soldiers and guardsmen. There's talk she's taken on a half-blind human missing half his legs but I've yet to see this oddity, and frankly, there isn't any way I could care less about who she hires or who visits - including the Budseal brats, now that their supervision has been splattered all over that worthless temple.

No, this in itself isn't, and has never been, an issue. If anyone in this hellpit deserves some happiness, it's the Dwarves who are keeping me from getting the Double Smile from a goblin assassin. What bothers me is that by basing itself outside of the fortress gates, that drab hussy and her harlots have effectively created a tax-free zone. Yes, I *could* take my cut from their earnings, but in doing so that raven-haired slut would increase her rates, and the soldiers would pay more for their services... something that would get back to ME.

[May 30, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 30, 2008, 06:38:00 pm**

From the memoirs of Kuli Problemwalled.

We stood before the goblin dark fortress debating how to approach it. Kogan favored sneaking in silently so we might find the temple without needless fighting. Erush favored a bolder plan, suggesting that we simply charge in and cut down any foul creature that stood in our way. It was Erush's plan that I chose. Perhaps it was not the more intelligent approach, but all I could think about was the words on the altar - "Fight evil." I gripped the masterful adamantine sword and trusted in the power of Zefon to guide me in battle.

We marched steadily at the dark hole that was the entrance to the obsidian castle. Several goblins outside spotted our group and immediately attacked. They had not been expecting an invasion, however, and many of them were not even armed. The goblins fell easily to Erush's axe, Kogan's hammer, and my sword, thus boosting our confidence.

By the time we reached the entrance, the whole fortress had been alerted to our presence and we began to face some real resistance. An entire mob of armed goblins greeted us as we stepped over the threshold into the dark castle.

Things quickly became confusing as we were swarmed by dozens of goblins all at once. I lost track of Kogan and Erush as I too focused on fending off the goblins that had surrounded me. Kogan disappeared from my sight completely and I know not where he went after that. Several minutes later I did manage to catch a glimpse of Erush. She was slumped against a wall with a goblin sword buried in her chest.



Strangely, I had no reaction to Erush's death. All feeling and thought had escaped my mind, replaced by one blinding and overriding prerogative:

Fight evil! Destroy evil!

The goblin mob thinned out over time. My adamantine sword rended goblin iron, goblin flesh and goblin bone with the utmost ease until I was the only living thing left in the room. Forgetting Erush's body and the missing Kogan, I charged deeper into the castle slaying every poor green-skinned creature that had the misfortune of entering my sight.

Eventually I found my way to a large, open courtyard in the middle of which stood a short tower. On every inch of the tower was engraved images of demons, goblins worshipping the demons, and goblins conducting foul rituals. There could be no mistake - this was the temple the humans had mentioned. A small bit of rationality returned to me as I looked at the temple. I remembered Kogan's original plan and I decided to stealthily sneak into the temple so I could find and slay the demon without any more interruptions.

I crept toward the temple which appeared to be empty on the ground floor. I entered and made my way up the stairs to the higher floors. All was dark and eerily silent. In the middle of temple was a pit which led all the way back to the ground floor, and I made every effort to stay away from its edge. Just when it seemed that I had explored every corner of the temple only to find it completely empty, a cold and bone-chilling voice called out to me.

Goblin High Priest Ngoso Onestotho stands before you.
Ngoso Onestotho, High Priest: I am Ngoso Silverbad!
Ngoso Onestotho, High Priest: Prepare to die!

A goblin stepped out of the shadows toward me. He was dressed in ostentatious clothes woven of giant cave spider silk decorated with various gems. Perched on his head was a tall black hat with an image of a demon woven into it. The goblin spoke again, identifying himself as Ngoso Onestotho the high priest of "The Sanctuary of Plagues." The goblin priest demanded to know why I had come to his temple. My emotions returned then, for I felt a profound fear of his cold voice. For a few moments I was too frightened to respond. Then I suddenly blurted out an answer without thinking.

I said I had come to find Olsmo.

The priest laughed with a laughter that was even more chilling than his voice. After a few moments he turned serious again and told me not to interfere with things I did not understand. Regaining some of my courage just then, I raised my sword to strike down this creature that stood in the way of my mission. However, I had hardly taken a step toward the priest when he muttered a chant and a ball of dark energy shot from his hands. I barely dodged in time, but I was driven back. The priest began chanting again and I realized I would never get close enough to use my sword. Then I remembered my other weapon. Quickly I grasped the masterful adamantine spear and hurled it at the priest with all of my strength.



My aim was true and the goblin priest was struck down instantly. I ran forward to retrieve the spear and check to make sure the goblin was truly dead. Just as I grasped the spear, however, there was a great noise around me. All of a sudden dozens of goblins poured out of the shadows. I was surrounded in moments and was being attacked on all sides. I defended myself with my sword but I was gradually being pushed back - back toward the pit. When I reached the edge I was forced to dodge a goblin spearthrust, and before I knew it I was in the air. I fell. Then I hit the ground. Hard.



As I lied on the floor of the dark temple I saw an engraving. It was an image of a demon and a dwarf. The demon was laughing. The dwarf was dead. That was what I saw before I lost consciousness and I knew no more after that.

I awoke in a bed. I recognized the room as the human tavern where we had stayed the day before. Standing over me was Kogan who bore some minor injuries but looked to be in good condition. He explained how he found me unconscious surrounded by goblins, and how he managed to drive them back long enough to carry me away and escape from the dark fortress. Kogan said I was lucky to be alive. Was I alive? I felt like I had died, or at least deserved to be dead. I had allowed a mad obsession to control me, and I had lead Erush to her death. Although she was one of the faithful I doubted she could ever be reborn having died in the very heart of evil, and there was no telling what the goblins would do with her body. A great despair washed over me as I realized how wrong I had been about my supposed "divine mission."

I stayed in the human town for several days, despondent to everything around me. Kogan tried to pray with me and lift my spirits, but I ignored him and he eventually went back to the mountainhomes on his own. After some time I decided to return to Zoden Zefon to seek

some answers.

I marched through the desert in a daze and I soon found myself in front of the House of Zefon again. I entered the cathedral and knelt before the great fountain to pray to Zefon. How could I have been so wrong? Had I misinterpreted the message on the altar? Was I at fault for Erush's death? I prayed for hours, but no answers came. I could no longer feel the love of Zefon. I stood up and simply stared at the old stagnant waters of the baptismal fountain for a while. Feelings of guilt and despair assaulted me until ultimately I felt nothing but a dull sense of numbness.



I jumped into the fountain, intending to drown myself. As I began to pass out from lack of oxygen, my only thought was that I probably deserved a more painful death. But then something happened.

A miracle occurred.

I suddenly found myself gasping for air as I regained consciousness. The stagnant water had turned clear and fresh. All of my despair and guilt was washed away and once again I could feel the love of Zefon. At that moment I was born again.

I understood everything I had done wrong. I had been far too literal in my thinking. Nothing can be gained from destruction. My mission was to restore the faith, not participate in a bloodbath. The true way to fight evil is to spread the love of Zefon so that no one will have to fear death. I pulled myself out of the fountain, understanding clearly the message of Zefon for the first time.

Reinvigorated in my faith, I returned to the mountainhomes immediately with a sense of purpose. My first act was to reclaim Master Logem's abandoned forge. There, I melted down the adamantine weapons into wafers, which I then sold to the very same Duchess whose desire for adamantine had lead to Master Logem's death. With the money I received I built a small chapel and began gathering a congregation. I also undertook a good deal missionary work, traveling from mountainhome to mountainhome spreading the word of Zefon. Not only that, but I lead a number of pilgrimages to Zoden Zefon as well. Because of my travels, many people took to calling me Bomellegon or "The Remarkable Wanderer."

Kuli Batôkadil Bomellegon, "Kuli Problemwalled the Remarkable Wanderer"

But fame and reputation did not matter to me. The only thing I cared about was restoring the faith, and because of my honest effort my congregation began to grow. Still, I was left with the feeling that there was something else I could do, some possibility I had not yet considered that would strengthen the faith.

One day, a certain Aryn Estetar came to the mountainhall where I lived. He preached wild stories about a "utopia in the wastes" and I could not help but think of Zoden Zefon - a pure jewel amidst a harsh desert. That was when I realized what I needed to do. I would go with this Aryn Estetar to seek a new life and a new home. There I would build a new House of Zefon and the faith would truly be reborn. At last Master Logem's dream would be fulfilled, and I would not let any hardship or opposition stop me from achieving it.

And that is all there is worth writing about my life before coming to Migrursut. Everything after that should already be quite well known. I thank you for reading. May Zefon's love go with you.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 30, 2008, 09:37:00 pm**

The events of the 24th of Felsite, 1062

*ThEy'RE lAuGhIng at yOU
"What?"
aLI of tHEm, SEE thEM oUtSiDe, OUT tHE wINdOWs?
"Yes... but those are my friends..."
HAhaHAhahA, tHey'VE bEEEn MoCKinG yOu. PuNIsH tHEm
"Are you sure?"
YeS, PUnIsH ThEM. WhAT haVE thEy DoNE to HeLP yOU?
"Nothing..."
THaT's RiGht. ShoW THem. shOW theM all.*

While the other Dwarves slept, Sulari was on constant patrol. With attacks on the rise and Dwarves dying in two's and three's each season, it was imperative the others were able to live their lives safely and without incident.

Tonight, while moving from the south to the west through the court yard, she saw a light on in the Temple. A curious affair, as Kuli had taken to sleeping in the common halls and Vash generally across the billows of his furnace. And here light, faint but there, was spilling through the stained glass by the large oak doors.

Tip-toeing across the bridge, Sulari leaned over the water and peered through the windows, her eyes growing wide in horror. A horse was dead inside, blood smearing the floor of the temple in ancient, evil patterns. Tendrils snaked out towards the watery eyes of the mosaic, leading towards the lone Dwarf, kneeling there. Her hands were wrapped around the throat of a foal, and with little effort she jerked her right hand back, ripping it out completely.

Seconds later, the door to the temple was thrown open wide. Sulari stood in the frame, her axe in hand. "Stop, Heathen!" she called. "In the name of the Fenced Lakes, I'm placing you under arrest. Raise your arms fiend, and come quietly."

The Dwarf rose from the floor in one quick motion, a shudder running down Sulari's spine. She moved... unnaturally, her arms and back spasming and twitching. When she turned, a wide cruel grin plastered on her face. Sulari's gaze was drawn up higher, to the fully-white eyes, twitching in the sockets.

Her resolve was momentarily broken as she recognized the Dwarf before her. It was Stukos the glassmaker. And here she stood, twitching and leering, her eyes rolling in her head, mouth and beard coated with horses blood. After all the killing she had done, Goblin, zombie scorpions, skeletal jaguars and dread camels, the simple thought of horror at the condition of her fellow Dwarf was a small comfort that there was still specks of humanity left in her soul.

It was these specks that allowed Stukos to rush her, sending her sprawling to the floor. The possessed glassmaker wrapped her fingers around Sulari's throat, nails raking at the skin as she began to tighten her grip around the champion's windpipe.

Starbursts exploding in her peripheral vision, Sulari groped with her right hand at the ground beside her. She found the hilt of her axe and swung her arm upwards, the razor-sharp blade singing through the air.

Though the Glassmakers head landed on the floor beside her, it took nearly a minute before the hands at her throat slackened. The floor, and Sulari, were coated in blood, another thick spurt of red splattering the tiles as she kicked the corpse off of her. Shuddering in disgust, she quickly walked from the temple.

The report of this incident could wait. She needed to clean the blood of the possessed off of her, she felt foul already.

OOC: Kuli, I'm really impressed with how your story turned out. Stellar work! I've been meaning to ask, would you want me to put Kuli through a crash-course with sword and spear? Not enough to get legendary, but a few levels to show the work that he's done in the past? If you want to say his skills have degraded after his turn to peace, that is fine too, I'm just looking to keep options open.

For the record, Glassmaker Stukos got possessed in the early spring. Instead of claiming a workshop, she spent her entire time standing in the center of the temple unmoving.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 30, 2008, 10:00:00 pm**

Sure, go ahead and train Kuli with some weapon skill if you want. Only swords, though. Kuli never had any spear skill, just spear-throwing skill. Just please don't let him get badly hurt training.

In my adv-mode game, Kuli never got above Proficient Swordsdwarf. So his skill level should be at that level or lower.

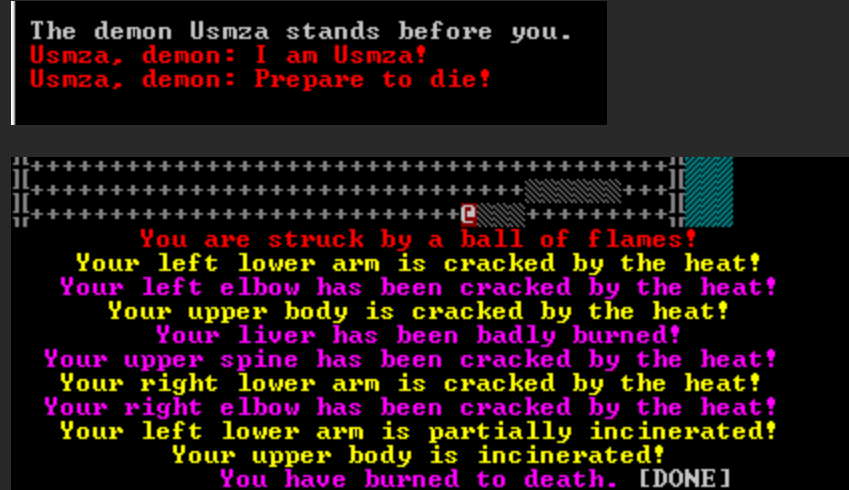
[May 30, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 31, 2008, 08:56:00 am**

From the memoirs of Kuli the forum poster, not the dwarf guy.

Here's a little post-story bonus content.

I had a rough outline of how I wanted the story to go before I even started. The hard part was just getting an adventure mode game to line up with my intentions so I could get some appropriate in-game images. My original intention was to end the story with Kuli fighting a demon instead of a goblin priest, but things didn't quite go as planned:



Where's your God now, Kuli Problemwalled?!

I didn't realize demons could fly and throw fireballs. I thought it was just Spirits of Fire that did that. Live and learn. Well, in DF it's more like die and learn.

Speaking of death, it was always my intention to have either Kogan or Erush get killed. I originally intended it to be Kogan, and when I generated him as an adventurer I made him drop all of his equipment except for his hammer before retiring him. I was quite surprised when both he and Erush started killing gobbos with frightening efficiency. I actually had to have Kuli murder one of them to accomplish my purposes. I chose Erush because she was simply standing closer to me than Kogan was. Poor girl! I then had to murder Kogan too because he didn't appreciate having his friend stabbed in the chest with an adamantine sword. The screenshot where Erush dies was doctored to make it look like a gobbo was responsible. All of this will be our little secret, okay?!

[May 31, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 31, 2008, 11:25:00 am**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
18th of Hematite, 1062

A month of "bed rest" was just what the doctor ordered. In that time, I was able to better organize the fishers and work out a schedule with Stravitch. Idols are selling like hotcakes, as always, but the real money, the *REAL* money, is in the military.

And why shouldn't it be? These are hard times, and even though we've been blessed with a few years of peace with the elves and the Humans have been knocked down from their former glory, we must still contend with the goblins and their ilk. Over the years they've grown over from the petty annoyance before, and it makes me sick to think that instead of working with them to deforest leagues of the HolyWoods, our time is spent working with the pointy-eared bastards. If we have to suffer their pride, we might as well profit from the sale of ballistas, and swords, and shield.

Though we live long lives, our brethren are quick to forget. How can those in Nish Neth, or in Stukos Matul, or even in the far northern reaches of Lolumzasit, forget the decades of war with the elves Araliinefa? How could they forget the hundreds of thousands of Dwarves murdered as they slept by Elven Assassins? How can the elves forgive their forests burned, their women raped and gutted?

Perhaps the elves haven't forgotten. I hear they never do, that their senses of time are just warped compared to reality and that forgiveness is easier when you can't remember if the Dwarf your speaking to is the same from a century before. But we have. We have completely. Perhaps selling them armor now will hurt us in the future, but I'd like to imagine that the money I make now will safeguard me from that eventual war.

Take our Mayoral situation. Melbil, daughter of Insane Likot, was elected after a sham race. She grew bolder over time, eventually balking her mothers advice from the shadows, and began to make absurd demands. "NO trading Iron!", "Construct Lead Crafts!", "No Trading Lead!" This resulted in Likot staging another race, beating her daughter for the position. And how did she win?

Because the Dwarves who voted her, the goggle-and-mask wearing horror, into office had forgotten that only a few years earlier she was sentencing their kin left and right to hammerings. They can only see The Now, of the Ex-Mayor making absurd demands and once she was beaten, starting a bar fight in Dodik-Come-Lately's. She punched out one of Dodik's new "serving" girls and wrecked a table before Stravitch put a stop to it all.

I've got a sure-fire fix for this situation. If the Dwarves around me aren't willing to remember, I will for them, and I'll make sure that Mayor Likot and her brood will get what they deserve.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 31, 2008, 06:05:00 pm**

The Events of the 6th of Malachite, 1062

"Major DayCovering, do I have to continue working on the screw pumps?" asked Merkil. He was covered in sweat, having spent the two weeks after his arrival working the pump almost without break. Major ---- DayCovering, showing interest in something other than his horse shoes for the first time since he took up residence in the fortress, was now busying his days sleeping in a chair by his working apprentice.

Opening one eye, he peered suspiciously at the youth. He pushed the cap on his head up with a thumb, slowly pulling out of his nap-time slouch. "You need to build strength, then our training can begin."

Merkil dabbed at his forehead with a handkerchief, leaning heavily against the pump's arm. Things just weren't turning out exactly as he had expected. Having traveled from an outlying hall at the edge of Stukos Matul, Merkil was expecting to see royalty and high courts, justice done, a massive trading hall. But what was here? A mangled mountainside, an ants nest of hallways and rooms carved seemingly at random. And where was Queen Risen? Dead, he'd been told, after an accident that took her, her court, and her retainers.

He'd wanted to join the Queen's Guard, using the hammer he'd swung back home to dispense The Queen's justice. He'd been told by the old bear he now served under, "The only Guards are Aryn's personal jackboots. Or Stravitch's broken and beaten peace keepers. You're better off with me. I'll show you the ropes. We'll make it far together, you and I."

Oh, he'd made it far. Three thousand revolutions in the past five hours...



"C'mon, Son!" Stravitch called over his shoulder. "Yer' lolligagging is holding us back!"

Varen sighed, the spear he was dragging behind him drawing uneven, curved lines in the red sand. Sergeant Towersacks spent the evenings with her child and her boyfriend, her instructions to her charge, "Listen to the Veterans. We of the Spear need all the help we can get; Take their advice. Do their bidding. Learn from them, to bring honor to our profession."

He followed her orders as directed, though he wasn't quite sure how getting drug to the brothel by the highest-ranked soldier in the Fortress would teach him how to better survive in battle.

Walking through the petrified wood doors, they were immediately assailed with the smells of heavy incense and perfume, and meats being fried. The bar was lively, multiple voices shouting and laughing from inside. It seemed Ex-Mayor Melbil's tantrum and bar room brawl hadn't decreased the popularity of the brothel; if anything, it had increased thanks to the stories told.

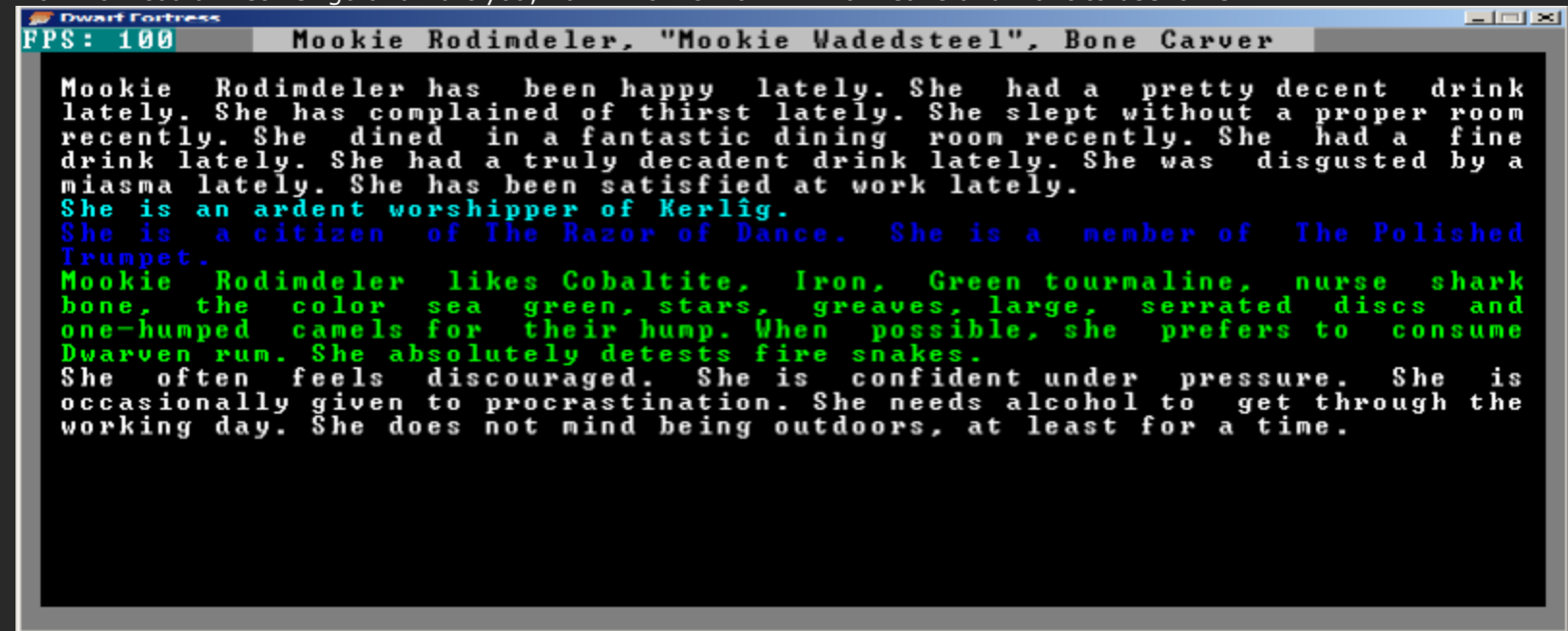


They passed the stunted oddity sitting in the chair, Stravitch waving his hand contemptuously in the bouncers direction. He was making a bee-line for the large set of doors at the end of the hallway, and the attractive girl in front of them. Her beard was in braids, a simple and small leather-and-bone outfit covering her. She smiled demurely as he approached, giggling as he gave her a slap on the rump.

"You're eye's looking a lot better, Mookie. I can't believe that Melbil caught you with that right hook."

"Well, it's thanks to you that she didn't do anything worse," purred the working girl.

"Now how could I let her go and hurt you, huh? Now c'mon. I'm on leave and want to use it well."



As Stravitch vanished behind the doors with his girl, Varen sighed again. He supposed he'd go and get a greasy meal at the bar and have a couple drinks, listening to the arguments over a card game. He glanced over his shoulder towards the bored bouncer, stopping after a few paces.

He turned and stared at him, eyes narrowing. He was ratty looking in his mottled leather armor, a thin line of stubble running along his jaw. Long, unkempt hair was pulled back with a bandanna, weathered face asymmetrical thanks to the large eye patch. Varen smiled faintly, remembering the old...

"Snake?"
The Bouncer snapped his gaze over quickly, the one good eye widening.
"...Snake?!"
He lifted his hand up, pressing a finger to his lips. Varen silenced immediately, dread filling his stomach as one of the Hero's of Old, long missing, gestured towards the room beside his chair.

They sat in Snake's small room, taking turns pulling from a silver flask of whiskey. Varen had listened to the story of his exile, how he'd been shaved and sent away for being a traitor, how Sulari had begged for him to be spared the hammer. He talked of his years living by the river, living off of turtle meat and the occasional live camel that he could hunt.

"I thought it would be easy to leave," He said softly. He blew a plume of smoke, ashing into a small bowl on the table. "I'd already sold the place out, I'd been caught, and it was Zefon's grace that I wasn't sent to sleep in the crypt. But I couldn't, I just couldn't bring myself to cross that stream. And no. I hold you no ill will, you didn't know what you were bringing me."

Varen sighed, the question on his lips dying as Snake went ahead answering it. Instead, he asked, "But... why *did* you do it? Why did you send the nobles all that information?"

"Because Aryn is ruining this place. He's power hungry, anyone can see that, but...I don't think he's all there. He's selfish and has no honor. He wasn't 'sparing my life', he thought he was giving me a prolonged execution. I sent those messages to the Budseals because I was hoping that getting the nobility interested, they could come in and shape it up. Reign him in. Make sure nothing drastic happened, and ... look what it got us. He had The Queen killed, and cared as much about doing it as he did leading cats to the butchers.

"Do me a favor, kid. Don't let the others know I'm here. They've already forgotten me, I can see it in their eyes when they walk in here to get their jollies. That useless ass Sodel - my apprentice! - just sees me as the sawed-off human I've been posing as. Years training him, and he doesn't even recognize my voice. Just... just keep this between us, alright? I make a decent living, I get room and board. This is enough."

Varen nodded his consent. "I, uh, I won't say anything to the others. But I hope you don't mind if I talk with you when Captain Stravitch drags me here. You were a legend, and Sergeant Towersacks instructed I needed to learn from the Veterans we had on hand. Who better than you?"

Snake laughed, snuffing out his cigarette. "That would be fine, kid. If you want to learn how to get your beard hacked off and your ass kicked out of your home, I'd be the right Dwarf to teach it to ya'."

[June 01, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 31, 2008, 10:55:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Kuli: From the memoirs of Kuli the forum poster, not the dwarf guy. [May 31, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Haha, a "behind the scenes" featurette is awesome. I might steal the idea once chapter two closes down. For fun, I tried to track down a demon in one of my worlds and six adventurers met roughly the same fate you did. Damn Demons.

Also, I've got Kuli up to Skilled in Swords. Since all his sword work was done pre-Migrursut I'm going to pretend that it's always been like that story-wise. I had a *really* hard time keeping him away from Stravitch who seemed to be thinking, "Fresh meat!" and wanting to play with the new recruit. Kuli ended up practicing mostly with Varen who lit him up with bruises but who thaknfully never took it any farther.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 01, 2008, 11:09:00 am**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
22nd of Malachite, 1062

Mayor Likot is back to her old games. Her latest trick was to drive her daughter to suicide.

She's been harassing the miserable girl for a month now, after she won the recent election, chiding her for what a poor job she had done with her charges. She seemed to be in a melancholy for the past few days, sitting on the bridge out front of the temple staring at the lake. When the fortress became distracted with two more Deaths By Camel - A brewer and one of Aryn's retinue - she dove from the bridge, drowning herself in the pool.

Kuli is, obviously, livid about this. Not at the Ex-Mayor who drowned herself in the lake, but at the Mayor for driving her to this. She, and the rest of the marksdwarves have been banned from the Temple, though that doesn't have much of an effect as they've been spending their time at Dodik-Come-Lately's drinking and fighting. I'm glad to see that anger is being drummed up against the current administration, it makes my job that much easier.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 01, 2008, 09:32:00 pm**

From the notes of Bertrand the Mad
4th of Galena

Success! Weeks of trials and experiments have brought me the greatest find yet. Originally Akroma played guinea pig, eating larger and larger amounts of powder. With the incident that took place with the pornographer my assistants and I agreed that we should determine the minimum amount of powder needed to results.

It took a full week before Akroma began his vivid dreams. We spent another three days detoxing him to verify that there wasn't a steady buildup in his body, then continued with the last dosage. There was much celebration when he reported the dreams once more.

The second experiment was to test the effects on someone else. Erith hasn't spoken about the event, and I'd prefer he not know that it was my order that had him drugged. That will come in due time; By then the name Bertrand Gorgeinsights will be hailed across the lands! No longer will I be attributed with Madness, just because my ideas buck convention.

Dojango was the second test subject, and the most curious of results turned up. Akroma and Dojango both reported the same dream and more bizarre, they were in each others. Though the dream itself sounded mundane - they were both dressed in the rich yellow robes of the High Clergy, and were praying at a simple obsidian alter to The Star God - but the fact that they separately told me the small things the others did in their respective dreams.

It's time to increase these trials. The fools in this fortress wouldn't further scientific knowledge; their content to blindly follow the Old Ways. Think of the things we could have, the lands we could conquer, if our energies were moved from digging to learning? Dojango has been mixing powder in to the kegs of ale destined to Dodik-Come-Lately's, and hopefully there will be positive results to put onto this paper.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 01, 2008, 09:39:00 pm**

I was always sure I wasn't going to like Bertrand. And now I know I was right! He's feeding crazy zombie powder to everyone!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 02, 2008, 07:42:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
23rd of Galena

Beautifying the courtyard is almost complete. Just in time for the Dwarven Traders too, by my estimates. I want those mountain bred yokels to gaze upon our accomplishments, upon the richness we've wrenched from the very breast of Death. Though their merchants, weak willed as they are, fled our lands, Merchant Princess Nationtempt made the trek up to our fortress to the delight of many. More meats, and more liquors are being ordered through her, and as soon as Sulari says it's safe to leave, she'll be taking the purchase orders, and threats on the merchants heads, back to Stramgil with her.

A weaponsmith has been bitten by the bug of inspiration, claiming one of the unused magma forges. I can only hope that she produces something of use. Stravitch's mace, terrible as it is, has smote many a foe. Sulari, wearing the artifact gauntlet Ningusen has become deadly in hand-to-hand combat. And Mayor Likot... I just wish she would stop carrying Edtulalod with her, that crossbow, special made for her crippled arm, is just as frightening as her.

During our tour of the fortress, Miss Nationtempt asked, out of respect, to see the tombs. I haven't been down there in years and the silence in the halls, in the reverence the Dwarves working diligently on constructing statues and engraving the Fortress's histories, was a sobering affair. One hundred and Thirty Five coffins were filled with corpses in these tombs, and it seems another one of my Dwarves are buried here weekly. We have a hundred thirty eight left, but these numbers are dwindling thanks to The Dread Camels, or The Melancholy. So many lives, wasted...

All I ask of you if you exist, Lenod, is to let these foul idiots complete the tasks I've set out for them before they get themselves killed. I don't care at all about their lives, I care about how long my projects are taking! I care about how the outside world views me, ME, ARYN ESTETAR, Idealist! Creator! Visionary!

Every single death is another black mark on my unfinished legacy. Perhaps Likot should punish a few Dwarves, break a few wrists, *teach* them to be cautious in these wastes.

[June 03, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 02, 2008, 10:11:00 pm**

The Events of the 7th of Limestone, 1062

Merkil was stronger now, thanks to the screw pumps. He was up to working on them for ten hours a day, another five spent on agility training at the top of the parapet. He was generally on his own, Old Major ---- DayCovering was content to sit in the yard pitching his horse shoes, but it seemed whenever he attempted to slack off the Old Veteran was there, waiting to crack him sharply on the back of the head with the handle of his hammer.

To spare himself the rod, Merkil finished out his days exercises, the monotony leaving him sore and exhausted. Wiping his face off with a towel, Merkil slowly began to make his way from the barracks, heading to the mess hall for a quick meal before bed.

A hand on his shoulder made him pause, and turning he saw the craggy features of his commander. A small bead of sweat dribbled from his forehead, bracing himself for the whack with the hammer handle.

"Come with me," Major ---- DayCovering said kindly. "We should talk."

They made their way to the top of the parapets in silence, Merkil's mind racing with what the soldier would say. As they stood at the wall, watching the setting sun blaze redder than the sand, Major ---- DayCovering removed the hammer from the thong tied at his belt.

"Do you see this, son? Litast Mansionlions made it for me in a burst of inspiration. She named it Sombith Kiron, specially crafted it for me. I've never asked a thing from Maester Kuli's smiths. Why do you think she did this?"

Merkil looked The Executioner of Holiness over. It was exquisitely designed, worked copper encircled and studded with steel. It menaced with spikes of a variety of stone, and was engraved with pictures of Dwarves in Steel and yellow diamond. An image of a small toad, done in turtle bone, was inlaid on the top.

"I don't know," he said after some time.
"They did this, *because* I never asked."

Merkil's brows furrowed as he thought this over. He watched the sun in silence, eventually saying, "I'm not sure I understand, sir. Why would they make you something you've never asked for?"

The old soldier replied softly, "Patience is the greatest of virtues. I'm not rash like young Sulari, always out to prove herself with axe and shield. I've never been duplicitous, like Aryn and Snake, always striving to get ahead. And I've never even been like Varen, so happy with his position, so eager to please.

"I'm a veteran of hundreds of battles. I've had every limb broken at one time or another. I'm growing old. And through it all, I've never made any attempt to hide what I am. The other soldiers have these minor incidents handled, they don't need me to steal their glory like that old bear Stravitch does. Something is happening, I can feel it in the air. And the others can feel it too. Something dark this way comes, and this "inspiration" can be nothing but divine guidance.

He turned to face his apprentice, smiling warmly. With the sun behind him, obscuring his features in shadow, he looked all the world like a younger man, like a Dwarf who *could* fight, who wasn't uselessly pitching his horse shoes all day, or drinking in the mess. "Your already learning important lessons. Patience is a virtue. Your training, your *real* training, will begin very soon."

[June 03, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **June 02, 2008, 10:52:00 pm**

He he he I'm so excited for the next piece. The old Major is an awesome character! Very few things make me giggle like a school girl, but there it is.
(Note: I am not a little schoolgirl and any attempt to make it seem so shall be met with a fierce denial as well as some form or retaliation. Well at least a fierce denial. I'm too lazy to retaliate.)
Also, he he he.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **June 03, 2008, 09:13:00 am**

Zombie powder? This story is on crack, or possibly bonemeal. I love it.

And Major Daycovering is awesome, but everyone knew that. Is there any chance of seeing what the story dwarves look like or are up to? Maybe at the end of the chapter.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 03, 2008, 10:27:00 am**

Sure, I wouldn't mind doing that. We probably don't need to wait until a chapter break for this first one, and it certainly couldn't hurt to do something at the end of each chapter as an update on each Story Dwarf.

My only question is, how should it work? I could just post profiles again, but I'm also open to suggestions if you guys have other things in mind. I'm kind of hesitant to post inventories, only because it's kind of depressing when I see hardcore Dwarves like Stravitch strutting around wearing two dresses, a set of pants, and a full suit of steel armor. I just hope he has the modesty to wear his armor over the dresses so no one knows what he does in his private life

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **June 03, 2008, 02:45:00 pm**

I think the skills would be the most interesting part, and a little blurb on whether they've made an artifact and what they're actually doing in the fortress these days. The inventory shouldn't matter all that much - I imagine you have most military dwarves in steel anyway. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 03, 2008, 06:48:00 pm**

Quick Updates on each Dwarf (complete with any interesting OOC info)

Archin, Lead Miner: Happily working in the quarry. She holds the privledge of being the only Dwarf with a "grudge" relationship. That grudge is with Aryn.

Dodik-Come-Lately, Madame: Dodik has almost single handled laid down all the wood blocks for her brothel (along with carving them)

Rice, Lead Stoneworker: Rice has been beautifying the courtyard. When he's not, most of his time is spent with Lucy in the mess - an interesting note because he has NEVER gone to the brothel.

Kuli, Child of Zefon (Creator of Ningusen <Burnhelped>): To get rid of the iron bars I've been swimming in, I've been trying to make iron weapons and armor of masterwork quality. I was so happy to see that Kuli threw his first part at the statue in his sanctuary... and much to my chagrin the only other Dwarf to show up was Aryn. Kuli walked out and left him in there, partying alone.

Vash: singlemindedly working in the furnace, Vash has actually depleted the entire stockpile of Goblin Armor with the other furnace workers

Istrath, Lead Jeweler (Creator of Konadossek Idek Akest <Bandcouncils the Paddle of Domination): After his wife died, Istrath spends all his time either building roads or cutting/setting gems. He has no friends, which is in direct contrast to his son Limul who has the MOST friends of anyone in the fortress.

Akroma, Lead Carver: Working with Mookie to try and put a dent into the bones of camels.

Mookie: Working with Akroma to try and put a dent into the bones of camels.

Dojango, Master Chef: He's been popping out masterpiece meals like a champion!

Merkil, Grasshopper: He's been working that screw pump like a real champ. In a season or two, he'll finally start weapons training.

Lucy, Lead Mechanic: She ... actually hasn't been doing anything but chilling with Rice. With no need of mechanisms as of late, I can't think of anything to do. How should she be reassigned?

Stravich, Captain of the Guard: It's almost a blessing we haven't gotten any new migrants, because any recruits in that group would get smashed to a pulp by the jerk.

Sulari: She's been on constant patrol, killing wave, after wave, after wave, of fucking camels. (perhaps I'll capture some and throw them in a pit and hope they don't respawn)

Varen: He's been practicing, and is getting really good with a spear. As a soldier, he's usually hanging out in the Brothel.

Snake: Working at the brothel, and wrestling camels to death if they get too close

Johnny (Creator of Thun Okin <The>): Just working in the quarrys

DayCovering: Pitching horse shoes, what else?

Bertrand, The Mad: Bertrand does what all philosophers do: eat meals for free and think, and grind bones into zombie powder to feed to folks.

Aryn, Idealist (Creator of Stesokavog <Moltendredge>): He's been chased around the fort by Nationtempt. She just wants to be friends, but he has bridges to build, damn it! BRIDGES. TO BUILD!

Edit: Happy 400th post!

[June 04, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

[June 04, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 03, 2008, 07:51:00 pm**

quote:
Kuli: To get rid of the iron bars I've been swimming in, I've been trying to make iron weapons and armor of masterwork quality. I was so happy to see that Kuli threw his first part at the statue in his sanctuary... and much to my chagrin the only other Dwarf to show up was Aryn. Kuli walked out and left him in there, partying alone.

Hilarious. I didn't even know parties could be thrown at private statue gardens.

Why is Kuli only dabbling in all the social skills? I mean, he's been around for many years. You must be keeping him awfully busy if he hasn't had the chance to talk to anyone.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 03, 2008, 09:06:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
27th of Limestone

The Dwarven traders have arrived, much to the rejoice of the citizens. Having come from afar, scattered across the lands, these little meetings with the Dwarves of Stukos Matul are reunions for many. They're able to reunite, however briefly, with friends of old, and these few days laughing and drinking and playing cards do so much for moral.

In celebration, Dojango has been making meals for the merchants, and his culinary expertise has been extremely appreciated. A variety of goods were purchased; enough gems to keep Istrath happy and busy, and we bought a cart load of poorly crafted steel armors and weapons to smelt and rework into something more appropriate for our troops. The furnaces have been working constantly, the sea of iron bars being turned into heavy doors, all the old basalt ones littering the fortress taking The Red Bath as soon as they're replaced.

I made a purchase for myself, just a taste to make sure that it would do well. I purchased fifty pounds of limestone and it is of excellent quality. I have some little tests to run with it, but I'm almost positive I'll have one of my fishermen bringing an order to Zan Burnaxe for a few tons of it. If word gets to Aryn, we'll just reassure him it's for use in the smelters. That should shut him up.

OOO (and Edit): For some reason, hardly any of the starting Dwarves have gained social skills. Probably because they're so high in their professions, they get to the jobs first and are always working, leaving the slackers to socialize. I've been debating turning them all but

Aryn off of work for a season to get bulked up in social skills.

[June 03, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 04, 2008, 01:52:00 pm**

The Events of the 7th of Sandstone, 1062

"Kuli Problemwalled. Wake, and rise."

Kuli woke from a sound sleep, his heart thumping hard in his chest. He didn't move, his training serving him well in this instance. Through slitted eyed he surveyed the darkness in his room, his stomach sinking as he caught sight of Stravitch's gleaming steel armor.

"What are you doing here," he whispered, his voice heavy with sleep.
"You failed to meet a mandate, False Prophet." Stravitch grinned wide, the faint light making it all the more chilling, "You've been ordered to rot in a cell for this insult."

Kuli's eyes narrowed, teeth clenched tightly together. "Who signed this sentence?"
"Are you THAT blind? Aryn did. He bullied the Duchess's Consort about the unmet Billion mandate, and I championed the cause."
"You did *what*?"
"Ha! **Come along**, or shall I put my mace to work?"

The walk to the jail took ages. Kuli was fuming; he thought this was taken care of, that the Hammerer and her sense of warped justice had prevailed and thwarted the attempts of the Petty and the Evil. These thoughts offered him no satisfaction, and it wasn't until they reached the cell that it dawned on him that the Hammerer *couldn't* get involved - the administration of jail time was solely in the domain of the Captain of the Guard. And the Captain of the Guard was an ornery old man with a chip on his shoulder.

He entered the cell unprovoked, Stravitch stepping into the doorway behind him, shoving him roughly to the wall. As he pressed against the stone, Stravitch squatted and attached the heavy metal shackle around his ankle.

Kuli turned slowly to face the jailer, the heavy chains Vash had made earlier at the Duchess's request binding him now. "So is this how it's going to be?" Kuli asked. "What was your price, Captain Fillwhip? This isn't justice you're doing, this is just the meanspirited will of a man lost touch with reality. What did he promise you? I hope it was good enough to sell you as Aryn's lapdog. May Zefon's love find-"

A hard blow silenced him. Stravitch had unslung Sefolkubuk and swung it backhanded, catching the armorer on the jaw with the handle. Kuli sat down hard on the cot, his mind jarred, his jaw throbbing.

"Lapdog? The only man I follow is Johnny, but that doesn't make me deaf to a good idea when I hear it. There is only *one* true God, False Prophet, and that is the God of the Bloody Sun. Keep your faith as a bright light, *Child of Zefon*. It will be a hundred and a half days before you see more than darkness again."

The heavy iron door, the ones built by his own crew, clanged hard behind Stravitch as he left. The cell descended into darkness, leaving Kuli with his thoughts, and a possibly broken jaw.

OOC: Damn that Duke Consort. He keeps demanding Billion items, and before I could catch that the mandate had gone unmet Stravitch had hauled Maester Problemwalled to jail. At least the situation has furthered the story along, unlike the last time when the game decided, "We're just going to kill him!"

[June 04, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

[June 04, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 04, 2008, 02:15:00 pm**

rubbing my hands menacingly Excellent....eeeexcellent.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 04, 2008, 03:01:00 pm**

Damnit, the system is out to get me! How long is it before poor Kuli becomes a martyr? Aryn, Johnny, Stravitch - all of them are going to theirs if they keep persecuting the Children of Zefon!

By the way, Heavy Flak, his name is Problemwalled. You keep spelling it as Problemwelled.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **June 04, 2008, 03:13:00 pm**

Oh Rice, ever am I glad that you decided to quit playing at politics! You never need to worry about problems that Kuli must deal with. It must suck having the people in charge against you.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 04, 2008, 03:52:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Kuli: By the way, Heavy Flak, his name is Problemwalled. You keep spelling it as Problemwelled.

coughs Errr, that would be a problem, but as you can see... somehow all records of those errors have vanished. I'm going to pretend they never happened, because it's obvious I'm infallible and couldn't have done that ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 04, 2008, 08:06:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
22nd of Sandstone, 1062

The merchants have left, their goods packed and their bounty large. In the good cheer that merchants brought, the fact that Kuli has been imprisoned went unnoticed for days.

To be fair, I wouldn't have known at all except that Stravitch did the arresting. We had words, The Captain and I, but in the end I know he's right. Aryn's authority must appear unchallenged to keep the peace. At least for a while; he still has the majority of the military following his order, and even if they were to turn, there is still his private guard. I doubt they could hold a candle to Old Stravitch, or even Sulari, but they could seriously damage us, and possibly keep that weasel safe enough that he could escape. He's got a silver

tongue, and the last thing we would need is the Nobility of the Mountain Homes giving him a hundred swords and license to march in and butcher us like cats for whatever lies he spread.

Though I may not agree with Kuli's religion, or the way he's taken his life since we've founded this fortress, I *like* him as a person. He's always been pleasant to me, and he's always championed for The Common Dwarf - a noble cause that directly reflects on my imports and exports. Because of this, I've managed to afford him one luxury in his internment. Vash, and the rest of his metalworkers, are allowed to bring him food and drink after hours, to talk to him through the slats in the heavy iron door. It's not much - but I know well, hearing the voice of a friend and getting a hot meal can help you survive years in the clink.

I hope you come out in one piece, Child of Zefon. Godspeed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 05, 2008, 07:19:00 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
12th of Timber, 1062

Duchess Rocksmortal found out about Kuli, and was incensed. Her anger was first turned to her husband, the man who made the mandate in the first place. But I'm to assume that he fessed up quickly about Aryn and his thugs bullying him into pressing a mandate for useless Billion items into something bigger. She then went to Aryn to express her displeasure, but that lasted only ten minutes. She left his office pale white, her hands shaking.

This anger came out in an outburst at Dodik-Come-Lately's, where she had been drinking heavily. My little birds have said Mookie, having served her *many* drinks, went to one of the stoneworkers and asked for his assistance in getting the drunk Duchess out of the brothel before she caused a scene.

Sadly, that's just what happened. As the stoneworker came to ask her to leave, she hit him in the chest, laying him flat on the floor. A scuffle started, and Stravitch left a few of Aryn's guard on their backs - the Duchess having sobered up enough to get the hint and leave.

A body was found by the magma vent. It had been there a while, rotting in the hot sun and that's why it was even discovered at all; by the stench raising up from the pit. No one had been down there in years and the stairway down had become damaged, leaving Archin to quickly carve a staircase. It was the missing miner Fikod, and it looks like he'd died from having his head smashed open.

At least that's what Bertrand said. But what would the old loon know, Fikod was found at least a good twenty feet from where he landed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 05, 2008, 08:08:00 pm**

The Events of the 19th of Timber, 1062

"EHhehhEHEHehehE! COME BACK HERE!"

Glassmaker Wardswords glanced back over her shoulder, her eyes wide with terror. She'd been carrying a bag of sand from Topsyde down to the workshops to keep working on the endless Green Glass Blocks that Aryn had ordered, when she heard the scream, terrible and frightening.

The Duchess was baring down on her, her beard streaked with spittle, eyes wide and bloodshot. She was gibbering, hands held in front of her in claws. Strings of greenish goo were leaking from the corners of her eyes like tears, dribbling from the corners of her mouth to splatter on her clothes and the stone.

Ribs crunched as the Duchess Rocksmortal tackled the glassmaker. The air was expelled from her chest as the Duchess hit her, forcing out the last bit in their lungs as they crashed into the ground. Covering her face with her arms, Glassmaker Wardswords cowered as the Duchess slowly rose to her feet, cackling madly. She lifted one foot up, hovering as she aimed for the glassmakers face.

There was an explosion of blood and bone. her legs were disconnected from the body, flying to splatter against the stairwell. She fell hard, dashing her skull against the stone floor, blood and brains leaking out. Even in death, her smile stayed in place, her eyes wide and glassy.

Glassmaker Wardswords stared upwards, her face and arms splattered in blood. She saw Stravitch wiping the blood off his mace onto a nearby farmer. The old Captain looked down at her, shaking his head disgustedly.

"Get back to work, Glassmaker. You've had your fun for today."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 06, 2008, 08:19:00 am**

!!ATTENTION!!

It's that time again folks! Crypto #6 will be posted on Sunday June **8th**, around... oh, let's say 2pm EST. Standard rules apply: solve it and make a request, don't and something 'bad' will happen.

And before any of you jump in and remind me that nothing has happened after the last one, will - I haven't forgotten. It's building up. Oh, is it ever.

!!END ATTENTION!!

EDIT: GOD you guys!! Stop pointing out my errors!! Isn't it obvious I NEVER make any? ;)

[June 06, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **June 06, 2008, 09:34:00 am**

Uhhh, Sunday June 8th? Or Friday June 6th? Cause today is the 6th and its Friday. At least according to the little thing at the bottom of my laptop

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **June 06, 2008, 09:36:00 am**

Thanks for posting those! And with everyone's artifacts, too. I'm inspired by you changing your dwarves' job titles, I should try that too sometimes. Merkil as Grasshopper is wonderful.

Don't you mean the 8th, though?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 06, 2008, 10:12:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by Electrum:
Thanks for posting those! And with everyone's artifacts, too. I'm inspired by you changing your dwarves' job titles, I should try that too sometimes. Merkil as Grasshopper is wonderful.
Don't you mean the 8th, though?

I think I might go back and add at the bottom WHAT exactly the artifacts are (with a picture to them) and both last names and titles. I'm also debating revamping the military ranks to be something more concrete, and possible sketching out who does what with whom, who likes who, what their ranks, etc are... Anyway, check back to that post come this evening if anyone's got an interest in more information and be on the lookout for my chicken scratch popping up in a completely useless fluff piece in the future.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 06, 2008, 07:01:00 pm**

The events of the 9th of Moonstone, 1062

Merkil had finally graduated from working the pumps on the 1st of the month, and for that, he was unbelievably proud. Maybe things HADN'T been going exactly as planned when he made the trek east to join The Polished Trumpet. The nobility here had an unsettling way of dying early, and after hearing of how the Duchess's life had ended hearing her husband had gone into a depression Merkil had a sneaking suspicion he'd be meeting Captain Fillwhip sooner than later.

But whatever pride he had felt on the 1st had deteriorated by the 9th. He'd been put in plate mail and given a silver hammer and a silver bucket. Blinking at the Major, Merkil asked, his voice unsure, "What... is the bucket for?"

"You're to fill it with water," Explained the older soldier. "Then you're to take the water to the top of the parapet, and throw it over the side. When you've finished, you're to go get another bucket and do it again."

"But what about this armor, and this hammer?" Merkil asked, his confusion growing. "I thought I was in training. Why did you give them to me if I'm just a water hauler?"

"Oh! Of course, you're to do it in your armor, and with your hammer. Oh no... it seems your bucket is empty. That should be fixed."

And so Merkil had hauled water. And was still doing it. He was drenched in sweat, his legs aching as he trudged up the stone steps. Reaching the top, he was surprised to see the old Major. One hand was behind his back, the other stroking the long white beard that hung well past his belt.

"You seem depressed with your job. What's wrong."
"I- I didn't think this would be my training! I came to learn how to fight, to be honorable. And all I've done is menial tasks. This is ... this is beneath me! I guarded the caravan I came with, I know how to swing a hammer, I don't need to do these jobs, that's what the other Dwarves are for!"
"Hmm... I see your point. Yes. You're right. Please. Would you throw the water across the stones?"

Merkil looked at him suspiciously. "Why would I throw the water over the stones?"

Major ---- DayCovering stepped away from the wall, walking until he was fifteen paces away from his student. "Because you're correct. I'm going to give you your first weapons training. And you can't do it holding a bucket, now can you? Dump the water, and attack me."

Merkil did as told, throwing the water across the stones, the bucket clattering into the corner. Merkil grinned through the T-Slit in his helmet, pulling his hammer into hand. He sized up the old soldier, tightening his grip on the warhammer. Major ---- DayCovering pulled Sombith Kiron free, holding it loosely in one hand.

With a battle cry, Merkil charged forward, his hammer held on high. Major DayCovering took slow steps forward, his hammer held low, eyes bored underneath the thick white eyebrows. As they neared, Merkil took a swing - surprise showing on his face as the Major sidestepped and dropped down to one knee, the silver hammer swinging harmlessly over his head. His eyes grew wider as he tried to turn and found himself sliding, his iron boots losing traction on the wet stone.

As Merkil went flailing past, The Major rose quickly. Sombith Kiron collided lightly against the recruits chest, but still he went tumbling, sprawling heavily on the ground.

The sun was blocked by the silhouette of his Mentor. The old man shook his head slowly - his hammer back at it's thong. "*That* is why you carry water. To build up the strength to wear your armor, to increase the agility to overcome surprises. What did I tell you before? Patience is the greatest of virtues. Never attack first, always wait for the first blow. Now fetch your bucket. I believe you spilled the last one."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 06, 2008, 10:00:00 pm**

From the notes of Bertrand the Mad
28th of Moonstone, 1062

Akroma and Dojango have confirmed that more have begun to appear in their dreams, worshiping with them. I've had them keep notes on the events, and there are some discrepancies (as is to be expected), but the important details are in both of their dreams: the same people, the same outfits, the same being, hidden and unseen - The Star God. Of note, The Duchess and Mookie appeared, most likely spurred by the heavy ingestion of rum supplied to Dodik-Come-Lately's. It's a shame the Duchess ran afoul the Great Murderer, Stravitch. I'd love to see how the highborns react to these tests.

With Akroma generating so much powder, I've been dumping it outside. I've been throwing it in the magma. I've been using it to store the corpses of cats. And I've been planting it in the sand with seeds. Up until now, there were no results, nothing. I've just been looking for ways to get rid of the foul stuff when I'm not feeding it to the others.

While working late tonight, I heard the most pitiful of mews. I searched the hallway but couldn't find anything... but when I returned to the lab...



The jar had fallen off the counter, and stalking towards me was the corpse I stuffed into it, the skin rotted and hanging in tatters, the belly bloated to bursting. Oh god. The terrible thing yowled at me, dust and maggots spewing from it's maw, and lunged at me. Without thinking, I punched it out of the air, sending it sprawling on the floor.

It came at me again, tearing a chunk out of my thigh with it's rotten teeth. I was able to grab a flask from the counter and ... beat the creatures head in. I swept the corpse into a bin with the broken jar, and dumped it into the magma. The others need not know about this, but I fear that... the land around us may be trying to drive us out. Perhaps we've made too many changes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 07, 2008, 04:24:00 pm**

Cool. Zombie cat. Did you use a utility to create it?

I've been playing Pokemon Pearl lately and decided to name all my pokemon with DF names. For example, my Empoleon is named Urist and my Luxray is named Bomrek. But most importantly, I decided to give my Palkia the name Zefon. It turned out to be an appropriate name since Zefon brought me back from the brink of death multiple times when I fought the Elite Four.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 07, 2008, 10:00:00 pm**

The Events of the 27th of Opal, 1062: Part 1

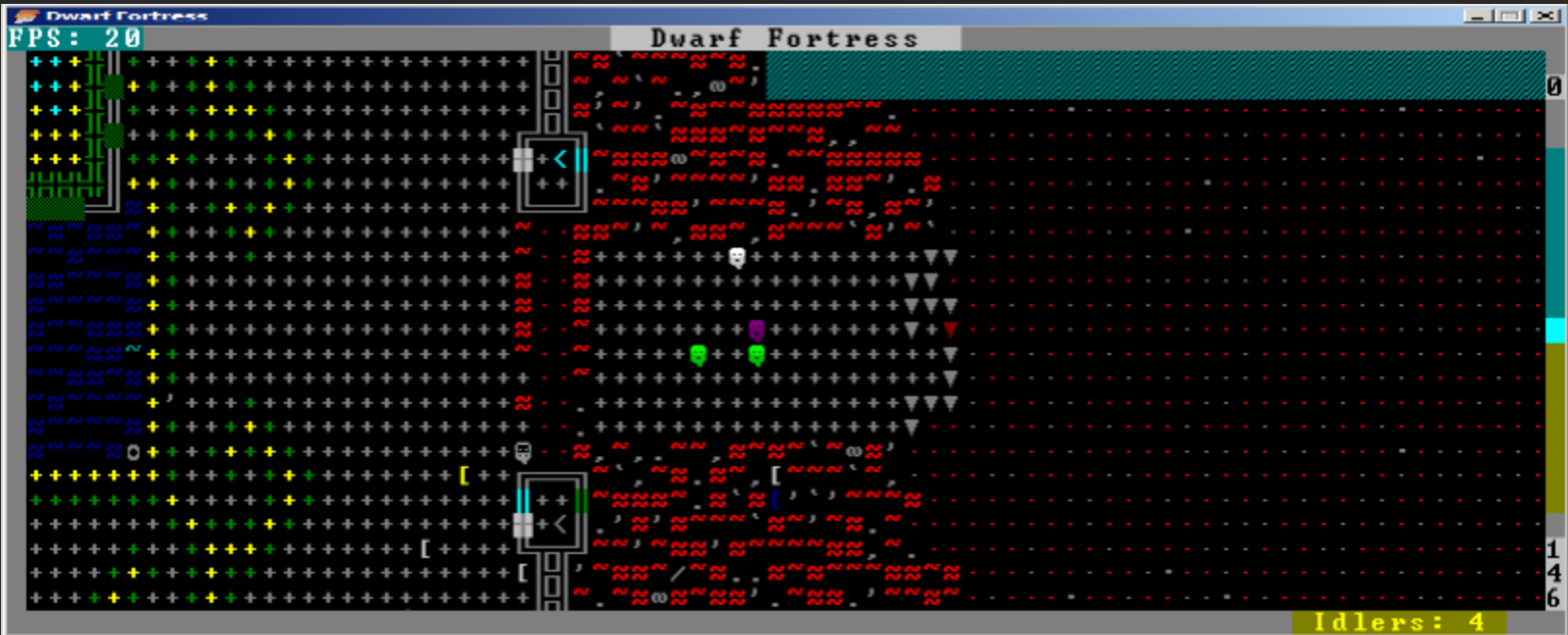
Mayor Likot, flanked by her marksmen-in-arms, stalked through the south gate on their way back from Dodik-Come-Lately's. Her troops were happy and lit from the liquor on hand, and the Mayor's night had been made quite enjoyable by an impromptu bar fight with one of the miners, breaking a few of the rotten teeth out of his head with a lead-lined glove.

As she walked across the basalt courtyard, she was able to pick the form of a Dwarf hurrying towards her out of the darkness thanks to the green lens on her goggles filtering the light better. As he approached, she saw it was Johnny, a look of worry on his face.

"Mayor, I- uhh, I dunnae want th'bother ya', but yer needed at the eas'gate!"
"Why," came her cold reply, the hollow voice muffled slightly by her respirator.
"Goblins," He said. "They're on th'march, and they've reached the unfin'shed roadway. I got the ress'a th'miners to come inside. They're heading down to round up Sulari, but... Aryn thinks ya' should hold'em at the hill. Rain bolts upon 'em to get'em distracted until the others show."

There was a curse from the Mayor, her good hand tightening on the handle to her custom crossbow. She pointed a finger to the east gate, barking out, "Go! Take formation at the pass. Those melee idiots... Let's leave them with nothing but corpses to clean up when they've rounded their lazy asses from below."

As the marksmen took position at the road, a noise from behind caused Likot to glance over her shoulder. She growled low in her throat as she saw the drawbridge trundling upwards slowly, the chains rattling through their pulleys as they pulled the heavy cinnabar bridge upwards.



Johnny's face appeared in the window to one of the gate towers, his smile cold and cruel. "Mayor, yer' goblins aren't back thisa' way. Turn 'round, face yer' foe."

"How quaint, you little pissant," She snarled. She was dimly aware of the sound of the south bridge being raised too, her eyes narrowing behind her goggles. "You mean to have the Gobbos do what you're too weak to."

"Aye, ya' speak true ya' foul cripple. Ya' shoulda' died long ago, when yer' arm was mangled. Ya've had many of my friends sentenced t'death with yer' insane orders. If I thought I could kill ya' m'self I'd be down there wi'me fingers round yer' feckin' throat. I-"

He was silenced as a heavy iron bolt embedded itself into the fortification, inches from his face. From the road below, Mayor Likot calmly cocked another bolt into her auto-loader, green glass goggles staring up at him. "That was a demonstration," she said hollowly. "I placed that bolt there on purpose. That's to let you know that when I kill each and every one of these greenskins, as soon as I get back inside I'm going to put an entire quiver through your stomach. I'll make my initials out of bolts and blood."

She turned, lifting her crippled arm laboriously to point towards the darkness. To the sets of red pinpoints glowing and bobbing in the black. "Step forward. The first one of you to bring a greenskin down can keep Fountainspring's hand as a trophy."

Dojango was working late in the workshops, something he'd been doing more and more of lately. The work he did for Bertrand the Mad was menial, often times dull, but he liked it. Grinding bones left him sore, and mixing the salty sulfuros powder into food in correct amounts and disguising it with spices felt like solving a puzzle. It was with this feeling of pride he carried up a large stack of roasts up from the workshops, ready to place them in barrels for transport.

As he passed the workshops though, he slowed down. He glanced towards the one Erith had claimed and defiled, staring into the dimly lit space. He hadn't gone in since the incident months earlier, but now? Now, he was bitten by the curiosity bug.

Stepping inside, he gingerly set the roast down on the counter. The walls had mostly been scrubbed clean, but the outlines of designs could be sign. As he walked around the work bench, something caught his eye. He moved a saw out of the way, looking at a string of letters - unfound until now - crudely etched into the stone.

He stared at it a long while. Though in the back of his mind he knew it was the same gibberish scrawled big and bold months earlier, he wasn't focusing on it. No, he was focusing through it, his mind wandering. It wasn't until minutes, many minutes later, that his unfocused eyes saw the letters for what they were. Saw them lined up. Saw them ... pieced together correctly.

"Much stronger now Olsmo shaking in fear I'm alive again thank you little Dwarves beware him beware his dead beware now they come..." he whispered.

His eyes grew wide as saucers. Oh no, how long had they been sitting on this? This...

"ARYN!" He hollered. The roast was forgotten as Dojango sprinted for the steps, his shouts echoing louder than his boots on the stone.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 08, 2008, 01:18:00 am**

The events of the 27th of Opal, 1062: Part 2

Marksman Boardknives was the first to fire. The squad mates were laughing, watching the Goblins as they marched towards the gates, and as the first bolt sank into the flesh at the green skins chest Boardknives let out a small cheer.

It died in her throat as the goblin glanced down at her own chest, and reached up to grab the bolt, rip it out, and toss it aside. The other Dwarves, exchanging glances, opened fire, making a pincushion out of the goblin. But her marching didn't cease.



"I'm out," yelled Pillarrushes.

"Oh Akimurist, I'm out too," seconded Smithglowing.

Mayor Likot cursed low. She'd run out of bolts seconds after them, and still the Goblins marched on. Through her green lenses she could see the leader, his arms perforated. She could also see how his jaw was only connected by the barest threads of muscle and skin, how the armor and flesh had melded together, rotting off the bones of his ribs.

Her warnings were cut off, back peddling as she bashed the lunging Zomblin in the shoulder with her crossbow. From her right, Smithglowing was shrieking, "My eyes! OH GOD MY EYEESSS". The sounds of ripping flesh were heard over the clang over crossbows being used as bludgeons.

It was pandemonium. Likot herself brought down four of the goblins, bashing their skulls in with her crossbow. Boardknives wasn't so lucky. She was set upon by the goblins and ripped to shreds, her screams lasting for minutes as they gorged on her entrails.

Pillarrushes was the next to fall, her throat torn out by the gnashing teeth of one of the horde. Likot was backpedaling as she was set upon, her heel catching on a rock. Even as she was set upon by the horde, she continued to bash with her crossbow and kick. She took one of them down as hands peeled her armor back, bony claws digging into her stomach.

She stayed silent as she watched her guts hauled from the gaping hole in her stomach, sweat beading up on her forehead. Her left leg was twitching madly, and though she tried to lift the crossbow her strength failed - dropping it uselessly into the sand. As her vision blacked behind the glass goggles, a last tangible thought floated through her mind: *I'll make you pay Fountainspring, I'll make you pay...*

The courtyard was a mess of blood and bones. Johnny hadn't expected that, as he turned to leisurely head downstairs that behind him, a host of goblins had risen from the bone piles. They were hideous and rotten, and the few that still had skin wore it like tattered rags atop their bones, their bleached grins terrible even in the night.

He was able to get to his room and the door locked behind him, but a miner and a farmer, and one of the only two millers were caught by the grabbing skeleton-hands. When Sulari and her crew reached topside, breathless from the sprint, they were greeted with horror living - at the sight of Dwarves they'd spent years working beside turned into a mass of meat, and blood, and ribbons of flesh.

Axeman Laborfaith vomited at the sight, spewing bile beside the staircase. The others didn't hesitate, rushing forward. The Skeletons didn't stand much of a chance, not compared to the champions of the fortress. Though covered in cuts and bruises - they were mostly unharmed.

"What's that... do you hear anything?" Asked Axeman Rackreleased.
They went silent, Sulari's eyes widening as she heard a faint shriek in the distance.
"Drop the drawbridge! DROP IT! We need to get out there!"

By the time their boots hit the sand, they were too late. Mayor Likot was separated into two pieces. Only Smithglowing was alive - if you could call it that. She was surrounded by the dead, gnawing at her thrashing, blind body. Her arms and legs were pinned, teeth rending the flesh as they ripped away large chunks.

Distracted as they were, the zombies were made short work of, something Sulari privately held as a bittersweet victory. These weren't the brittle skeletons from the courtyard, these were more taut, their muscles hardened almost to the consistency to steel.

As the rest of the fortress came flooding across the bridge, they saw Sulari throwing the last of the corpses atop the hastily constructed pile. The Dwarves had emptied their wine skins onto them, and while it soaked in Sulari readied her flint and steel. Bertrand, at the back of the crowd, moaned low as she struck the stone to her axe, sparks catching on the high-proof alcohol.

Strong as steel the muscles may have been, they burned as easily as dried wood. In minutes, the pile was a roaring fire, the flames licking at the sky. Sulari walked slowly towards the fortress, her head hanging low. The Dwarves parted silently as she passed, and soon the flames failed to illuminate her, losing her in the night.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Daniel Charms** on **June 08, 2008, 01:50:00 am**

I'm secretly hoping that the next cryptogram will remain unsolved as well, as I really like the "bad things" you've cooked up (or was this just the beginning?).

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 08, 2008, 01:11:00 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1063

I was given a real kick to the crotch last month as that idiot Likot charged blindly out to meet an entire host of shambling, undead goblins. I hope she suffered as they tore that stupid cripple to pieces, because now, NOW, I am suffering!

Yes, having her as Mayor wasn't the greatest thing in the world, but she was both strong and scary, and the others were kept in check as she stalked past their workshops or prowled the courtyards. After she drove her daughter to suicide I was often convinced she'd as easily put a bolt through me as she would listen... but she got results.

With the position open, every damn Dwarf in the fortress is vying for the position, strutting around, giving little pep talks at the statue gardens, or the union hall, or Dodik-Come-Lately's. All but Rice, at least. He learned his lesson about politics, and he and Lucy have been staying FAR away from any political rallies - despite his stone workers constantly pushing for him as The Fair And Just Leader. I need to handle disaster recovery, and... Oh lord, my head is throbbing.

Blueprints: [The current lay of the fortress](#)

EDIT: What the hell? Making a tour of the grounds, I saw [this](#). That damned rice, it doesn't even go with the fortress flow. I'm having it ripped up post haste. Artistic idiot...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **June 08, 2008, 01:37:00 pm**

Great stuff as always - and a great way of encoding a message into the fortress itself...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **June 08, 2008, 02:19:00 pm**

A scribbled diary entry, torn from the book it was originally kept in

I was taking a break from my labours and getting some fresh air outside when it happened. Perhaps it was the scorching sun on my brow, or dehydration, or an aftereffect from an off batch of ale, but I was strolling along the southern wall when suddenly a wave of dizziness hit me. Before I knew it, I was falling towards a messy patch of stonework, random stones of various types plonked in any old how - very messy, not like our usual work. Only as I fell, it seemed that time slowed... the pattern beneath in the stones seemed to make sense, as if I could read it... it formed itself into words that wreathed around me and burned themselves into my mind, before the words became flames, grower ever brighter and hotter... until suddenly I woke, as someone chucked a bucket of water over me, and they dragged me into the shade.

I am fortunately uninjured from the fall, but I am greatly troubled by this vision. What could it mean? What horrors await us? Or am I worrying about nothing, and just need to spend more time underground like a sensible dwarf?

If this is a message, who to tell? The fortress is mayorless, after that old nutcase got killed by the goblins, and I'm not strongly affiliated with any of the various factions vying for control.

Should I tell Aryn? He's too caught up in his own schemes to pay any attention, unless whatever comes might slow down his work schedule. Someone in the military? These days, all most of them care about is that Dodik-Come-Lately's stays open. Stravitch? He'd just grunt and fondle his beloved mace. Perhaps Bertrand - he always seems to have an answer for any question, but he's occupied by some secret project at the moment, and probably has his mind on higher things.

No, I need advice from someone not caught up in the petty politics of this place. This is a clear warning about a threat to the survival of all of us. I shall go to the Temple and pray for guidance. Perhaps Kuli will also be there to offer some advice on the vision I had.

beware bigger foes come

OOC: Given I'm a latecomer, I don't technically have a dwarf in the fortress to have written this message - is there an unclaimed Zefonist sitting around? If not, I'm sure we can work it into some existing Zefonist's life...

[June 08, 2008: Message edited by: Jools]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sparrow** on **June 08, 2008, 02:36:00 pm**

Throw me in as a Marksdwarf, please.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Metalax** on **June 08, 2008, 05:25:00 pm**

Heh, nice work with the zombie goblins. Now why am I getting flashbacks of DOOM from the last few posts? :p Hmmm... Bertrand is suspiciously close to Bertruger.

Although it is a little late, the dialogue between Kuli and Vash back when Erith wrote the last message had interesting shades of Jedi and apprentice.

Merkils training with Major ---- DayCovering is excellent, I look forward to seeing their actions when the excrement impacts the rotary atmospheric manipulation device.

Oh and what are all the items lining the council hall? Are they the various not in use artifacts that have been created?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 08, 2008, 08:21:00 pm**

Jools: Good show! I've wanted for a while to try integrating the ciphers into the story in more ways than just slapping text into a post, and I'm happy this worked out so well.

I'd be happy to pick a Zefonist out of the group. Any preference on his profession? Also, don't forget - you've got a request, feel free to use it as you see fit.

Kuli: The zombie cat (and the zombie goblins) were whipped up with Dwarf Companion. There are some ... inherent issues with both, and actually getting them to work, and attack, and not die, and not kill each other, and not be too weak, and not run away, took much more time than the actual fights. Also, it was all trial and error.

Sparrow: I'll put you in the queue! We're still without migrants, and if another thread is to be believed the death of higher nobility scares them away for a "very long" period of time. I'll get you added, but it may take a little while.

Metalax: The items in the council hall are all garbage that Akroma has decided to throw around. He has a room (a full furnished room, damn it!) but instead of working he's constantly running around, hauling idols and money and throwing them all over the area.

Actually, I like the idea that it's all artifacts and items of importance. So if anyone asks again, that's what I'll respond with :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 08, 2008, 08:55:00 pm**

I was kind of hoping for a POI of Kuli in his cell, but seeing as he's the only one in jail right now he was easy enough to find.

Zombie goblins! And I kind of liked Mayor Likot, so I'm rather sad. I guess I had better work harder next time there's a tough cryptogram.

[June 08, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 08, 2008, 10:12:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Kuli:
I was kind of hoping for a POI of Kuli in his cell, but seeing as he's the only one in jail right now he was easy enough to find.

Zombie goblins! And I kind of liked Mayor Likot, so I'm rather sad. I guess I had better work harder next time there's a tough cryptogram.

[June 08, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

I went back and put one in, along with a little OOC blurb. I did all the POI's as I was putting up the crypto so I forgot about some. I might go through and add a couple interesting engravings, too, if there are any.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **June 08, 2008, 11:44:00 pm**

Haha I didn't even get time to look at it before the solution was posted, I've been at work all day

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **June 09, 2008, 08:34:00 am**

...Yes, it took me till now to figure out *that* was the cryptogram. So much for staying up, hm? *Jeez... Still nothing. And Jools posted a weird little story whitout having a dwarf? What's that all about? Oh well... I'll just go to bed, I guess.*

At least it was won by someone who shares my first name! ;) And at least the Zefonists are morally clean people.

Dreadful ending for a dreadful person, though. Major Likot... Unlike Kuli, I didn't particularly like her, but Smithglowing's end was just brutal. At first, I thought Johnny was going to end up buying the farm, he'd already been marked by some bad luck... :eek:

The Akroma, Lead Interior Decorator bit made me laugh, though. One of the most interesting things about the fortress is that it looks very designed, in an austere way... My own fortresses are usually a mess of little hallways and small rooms. But why do you have all those underground trade depots?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 09, 2008, 08:43:00 am**

Those aren't trade depots. Those are shops you can build after you activate the Dwarven Economy. Whoever owns the shop will cram a bunch of random stuff in there, then other dwarves can purchase the items.

And thanks for the "Kuli in the clink" POI, Heavy Flak. Interesting bit of OOC info there. Probably Stravitch is the only one who can administer beatings since he was the arresting officer. Or maybe he just has it out for Kuli.

[June 09, 2008: Message edited by: Kuli]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Electrum** on **June 09, 2008, 09:50:00 am**

Oh, sorry. I've never gotten to that point, in my defense - I have a lot of problems with corrupted saves, and I get tired of having to play the same season over and over...

Also, Stravitch has it in for *everybody*.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 09, 2008, 10:02:00 am**

Those shops seemed like a good idea at the start, but I think they've given Akroma license to play decorator as all he does is skulk around, waiting for me to stop paying attention then grab a bunch of crap and throw it into the union hall.

I've been thinking of just locking the door and using the tweak util to make the squares those items are sitting on as hot as the sun. It may cause unhappy thoughts, but what's one more pissed off Dwarf? Maybe if it works well, I'll do it with some of the random armor and socks. I can't see how that could possibly end badly!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 09, 2008, 11:36:00 am**

I don't have it out for everyone. I just want to make sure everyone is ready at a moments notice to take a beating... >.> <.< Yeah, that's the ticket.

(OOC)

Any profession will do - preferably some sort of minor mason or stonecrafter, but I don't mind as long as they're a godfearing Zefonist - and preferably a civilian.

As for the request, I shall have to think about that - so far statue gardens seem popular, but I feel like something different - maybe a mural somewhere, or a private stash of alcohol, or even just the largest sword you can beg, borrow or steal, and the honour of having first crack at whatever larger horror is coming... I'll try and come up with something in the next day or so.

The events of the 15th of Granite, 1063

Limul Leopardknight sat at the corner table in Dodik-Come-Lately's, staring blankly down into the mug of dark stout. The Budseal twins, Bim and Rith were arguing as they always did, their fight refereed by the fourth child, Melbil Machinescalded.

"No! No no, Sulari would win. Sulari wins at EVERYTHING," Rith said smugly, stroking his youthful goatee. "You're so stupid," Bim nearly shouted. "Varen would. He can stab things farther away with his spear, and he's young AND quicker than dumb ol' Sulari."

Melbil waved her hand for attention, talking over the two boys. "But Varen wouldn't fight Sulari," she said with authority. "Varen isn't a squadleader, Sergeant Towersacks is, and *she'd* fight Sulari and she'd lose." The bickering continued, until finally Bim said, exasperated, "Limul, you think I'm right, right?"

"Huh?" Limul looked up from his untouched ale. "I'm sorry, I didn't, I wasn't really paying attention..."

The others trailed off their argument, their heads cocked curiously at their friend. He'd been acting oddly for weeks now. Always morose, shuffling around the hallways with his head hanging low, his eyes downcast. They'd mostly ignored him, after all, a child does as it pleases. But this was becoming excessive.

"What's wrong?" Melbil asked quietly. "I, uh..." He stammered. His eyes dropped down again, and with a heavy lift of his shoulders, he said in a rush, "I miss Mayor Likot."

The others stared at him in disbelief. Mayor *Likot*? The creepy old woman in the leather greatcoat and scary mask? Though two of the trio kept their tongues, Rith powered through with his mothers grace.

"Why would you miss her? She was mean to everyone!" "Not to me," Limul said simply. "She always listened to me. She wasn't *that* bad and now -" he choked up for a second, "She's dead." "My parents are dead," sulked Rith, "and you don't see me complaining about it." "Your parents were jerks," Snapped Limul, "And now there's no one here to talk to, not when I have problems, Dad doesn't have time, he's always working..."

The din from the table was threatening to interrupt the others, even in the bawdy atmosphere. Stravitch looked like he had half a mind to storm over and silence the brats himself, but Mookie worked her charm as she whispered something in his ear, and he quickly left with her.

Eventually the group was quieted down by Melbil, looking concerned. "You... you shouldn't feel this bad. I know it's sad, and stuff, but, people around here die a lot... you know, if you need someone to talk to, you might want to try talking to Maester Kuli." "No one talks to Maester Kuli anymore," Limul said, matter of fact. "He's locked up forever."

"Well... I don't know about that," Said Melbil. "But my Daddy went to talk to him the other day. He said he had something VERY important to talk to him about." "But ... no one's seen him. Not in months." "Yeah, but Daddy is friends with Vash, and *Vash* got him in. He said so, he said he warned Maester Kuli about *everything* and he'd be keeping us safe."

Limul thought about this, momentarily forgetting his depressing as he took a drink of excellent stout. "So... if I go and talk to Vash, he might let me go talk to Maester Kuli?" "Yeah, he might," conceded Melbil. "He's always wanting to help, and I'm sure he'd help you. Even if he is gone."

Limul smiled briefly, taking a deep drink from his cup. His good humor didn't last terribly long as the Budseals went back to their bickering, but at least he had an idea on his mind. Now, to find Vash...

Melbil's Daddy:



[June 10, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

The events of the 15th of Granite, 1063

"Are you sure this is okay?" "Shh, just be quiet. If the Guardsmen hear, we'll have to leave."

Limul tried his best to focus, to see through the darkness, but all he got was vague shapes. He was lucky to be able to hold on to Vash's cloak as they tip-toed through the empty barracks, occasionally catching his toe on some discarded armor or a hammer left on the floor, and had he not had something in hand he might have went sprawling.

They inched past the cells of the soldiers - many of them now standing empty, their occupants either in the crypts, or thrown unto the great pyre that lit up the night weeks earlier. As they neared the second to last cell, Vash stopped and turned, placing a hand on the child's shoulder.

"We must not dally; please keep this quick. And, give him this."
A wineskin was pressed into Limul's hands, and a slab of thick cave lobster roast wrapped in parchment and tied with string. He nodded, gaping silently as he heard the jangle of keys, and the soft scraping sound of the doors edge on the stone.

"Maester... Maester Kuli?" Limul tenatively stepped inside. His eyes had finally adjusted, and he could faintly make out the shape in the cell. The Maester looked thinner, his face more gaunt, and even in the darkness the streaks of gray and chalky skin were easily seen. Shaky hands held out the offerings, and gaunt fingers reached from the darkness to take them.

"Bless you, Child. Vash has told me of your wish to speak with me. How may I help?"
"Please, sir - if... if Vash has keys to your cell, why can you just not be free?"
"Because there are evil men walking the halls of our home," he said plainly. There was no trace of malice in his voice, only weariness.
"Evil men, who are not believers. In order to succeed, to continue doing Zefon's work, we must play their games. Even when we lose, we must continue to play, to not give them an excuse to try and push us to the beyond early."

Limul thought about that in silence, and Kuli took the opportunity to open the parchment. The sliced roast was quickly devoured, and after squeezing the wineskin he sighed happily.

"Ahh, Strawberry wine. Is there any drink sweeter?"
"Maester Kuli... sometimes I feel like I don't have a purpose here."

Kuli was momentarily taken aback by the rush of words, by the first confession he had heard in more than five months. The wineskin was passed back mostly empty, then the parchments, and finally he spoke.

"We all have a purpose, child. You may not see it now, but you're helping, and more importantly, you're *learning*. Your father is extremely proud of you, you know. He tells me so quite often."
"He does?" Limul asked, surprised.
"Aye. He does often," the rattle of chains was followed by Kuli leaning forward, his elbows on his knees. "I can't fathom why you could miss Mayor Likot, but I can understand how you could miss [/i]someone[/i]. This is a hard life we've carved out; we're all told to grow up so fast. There are big things in place for you, child. I'll be out soon, but if you ever feel you need to talk to someone come and sit by my door - I may not respond, but I'm always listening."

Limul left the cell with a smile, and even as the door was closed and locked, his heart didn't feel so heavy anymore. Vash placed a hand on his shoulder and squeezed, whispering, "Now let's get you back before Istrath realizes you're gone, 'eh? There's no wrath quite like the worry of a single father."

"Do you hear drums?" Varen asked.
"Aye, they're marching from the north. You don't see them?" Sergeant Towersacks asked.
"Well, no. I was watching out for Stravitch. He knows my shift is over soon and I was going to try avoi-Ack!"

He was cuffed upside the head by his commanding officer.

"Focus!" she barked at him. "There, look, to the east. What do you see?"
"I see... pikemen. Standard bearer up front with sword and flag, the ... Black Hand of Tode Lustu," He said, privately pleased with all he'd learned of the Green Race. "And... wait. Those aren't... those aren't goblins."

"Very good. They aren't."
"Then what *are* they?"
"Half breeds. Get your spear and helmet. It's Sulari's shift to sleep, and it's up to us to guard the pass until she wakes. Let's move, and bring honor to the Spearmen's Squad."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 11, 2008, 09:36:00 pm**

The Events of the 18th of Granite, 1063

Sergeant Towersacks was at the lead of the defenders, flanked by Spearmen Varen and Guildslide. She leaned on her spear, her face impassive as the drums grew louder, the sounds of marching boots filling the spaces between drum booms.

The creature climbing the hill was no goblin Varen had ever seen. It was almost as large as a troll, it's skin a mottled brown, covered in coarse patches of black hair. The face could be considered goblinoid, but the tusks were elongated to the point of excess, the nose flat and smashed compared to it's smaller brethren.



The Halfbreed roared with laughter as it saw the trio standing on the roadway. It began to sprint towards them, it's voice deep and booming, "We've come for the child, half-men! We've come for the child!"

The halfbreed hefted his pike on high, prepared to bring the heavy blade down on the little Dwarves. He was not prepared for Varen to drop to one knee and brace the butt of his spear against the iron boot. It ran the halfbreed through, puncturing his heart and exploding out the back, tendrils of flesh hanging from the tip.

"Untangle your spear," Sergeant Towersacks shouted, thumping Varen on the back. "There are more on the march! Hurry!"

Sergeant Towersacks was a sight to behold on the battlefield. Her spear flashed brilliantly in the sun, and all around her the lumbering halfbreeds were howling in pain, blood spurting from arterial wounds in their unprotected inner thighs, of broken hands, or with one unlucky Ripemalice, stabbed clean through the eye.

Left behind to collect his spear, Varen was soon surrounded by the Halfbreeds not tangled up with Towersacks or Guildslide. Unable to wrench his spear free, Varen scooped the large helm off the beasts head, swinging it around in a hard arc. It caught the closest of the Halfbreed in the jaw, shattering it and bringing the beast down to one knee. A second swing cracked into the beasts temple, knocking him out of the fight. Dodging to the side, Varen ripped his spear free, grinning wide as he turned to face his attackers.

His foes perforated, Varen turned towards the other two, ready to help his commander. Instead, he saw Sergeant Towersacks grasping the beasts long ear in one hand and yank it down towards the ground. Her spear was lodged in his leg, and once he was on a knee yowling in pain, she yanked it from his thigh and drove it through his heart.

They were breathing hard as the dust settled, but they were without a scratch. Sergeant Towersacks smiled wide, "I suppose we *don't* need Sulari. Let's get back inside and lock the gates, I'm sure there are more in the hills. We don't need them getting in while we recuperate."

[June 11, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 12, 2008, 10:03:00 pm**

The events of the 23rd of Grantite, 1063

"What happened to the pumps?" Lucy asked suddenly.
"I... don't know what you're talking about?" Rice said, perplexed. He looked up from his job orders, eyebrows lifted quizzically.
"Don't you hear it."
"Hear... what?"

"Exactly. They've stopped running. They've never stopped running before," she said. "This isn't good. They've wrecked our pumps, oh no. What will we do for water?"

Rice spent the next ten minutes wrestling her away from the door, making sure it was locked and barred. He pointed through his office window to the barracks, where Dwarves were hurriedly suiting up. "Even if you could get out there, you can't fix them immediately. Just wait until we're given the all clear, alright?"

The Halfbreeds came in a swarm, occasionally stopping to fire off one of their wicked barbed arrows. They stepped over their dead colleagues without even a glance down, their tusks gnashing in anticipation of the tender flesh standing firm before them.

Sergeant Towersacks lowered the visor on her helm and charged, followed closely by Varen, Sulari, Guildslides, and the other two in the axemans squad. She didn't bother to dodge the arrows flying in her direction, charging straight through them. Steel arrows bounced off of her lobstered mail, doing little more than denting and scratching the metal.

Even with their enormous surprise, they halfbreeds were ill prepared for the force at which the tiny, armored soldier plowed into them. She bowled one of the bowmen over, rebounding off his chest to stab her spear through a halfbreeds hand, the tip spearing it completely, pinning it to his own thigh. An arrow fired from one of her blind spots pierced the chain at her elbow, embedding the tip into the bone.

Letting loose a fell battlecry, Sulari dove into the horde of halfbreeds, her axe slashing great gouts into the mottled brown skin. They weren't prepared by the ferocity on display, and only after seeing one of their number disemboweled did severity of this attack sink in. Varen was more cautious than the commanders, but even as he dodged and weaved and stabbed arrows clanged off his helm and breastplate, leaving deep gouges in the finished metal. A lucky shot took Guildslide in the hand, piercing it through completely.

The bowmen, in such close numbers, were out of their area of comfort. The spears flying in their direction and the hellcat with the axe were breaking their morale, but still they pressed on, the ones farthest from the fighting still firing. Soon the only ones left standing were the Dwarves, covered in gore. An arrow jutted from a crack in Sergeant Towersacks cuisse.

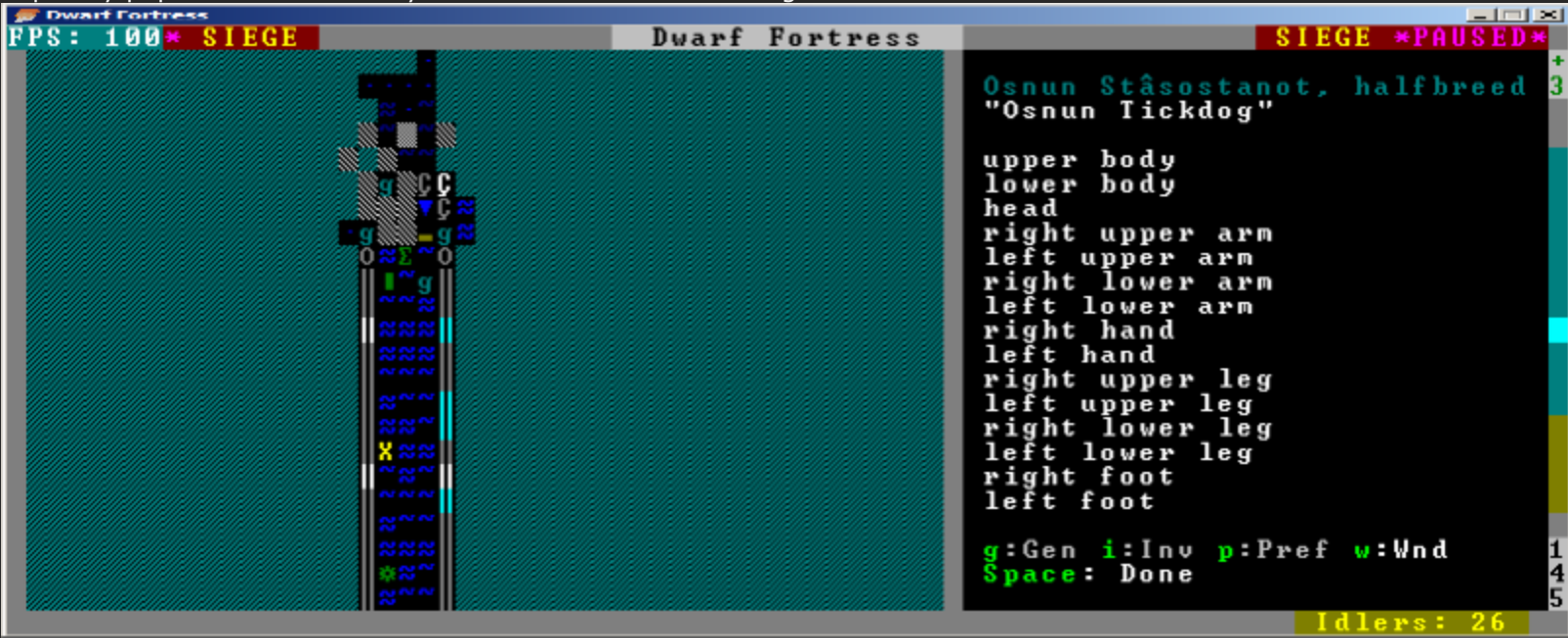
"Check yer' squad mates for wounds, we need to get wrapped up quickly before this foul desert makes the wounds fester," Sulari said, plucking an arrow from her shield. "You all did well today, very well. Extra rations for the whole lot'a ya'!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 13, 2008, 08:50:00 am**

Funny OOC Note about the last post:

I had to savescum that battle three times. Generally I don't do that, but these were events I just couldn't let unfold.

The halfbreeds attacking the fortress are modded, obviously. I just thought they'd be ... more impressive. They fell to a single soldier without doing a lick of damage. That would not due, not at all. During the course of this, they knocked out the water pumps which was really cool, I hadn't expected that at all. And I was giddy as I watched them climb the aqueducts, plowing through items, and would hopefully pop out into the courtyard while all the soldiers fought outside.



Then they got knocked over by the water and all fell off the top. They got bored and decided to just march on the east gate. Disappointment.



The second time, I made every invader way above legendary in all their skills. Bad move. The entire fortress was slaughtered by bowmen when I got cocky - by everyone, I mean the all but two or three of the named Dwarves, and the majority of the unnamed ones.

The third time, everything went well. It was a pitched battle, a couple civilians died, but the halfbreeds were routed. Since Kuli had been freed from prison during the battle I went to go check on his mood and run damage control if he was still unhappy. Color me surprised when he's ecstatic for both being freed, and entering into a new romance!

He was in love with Aryn.

I promptly savescummed for the last time.

[June 13, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **June 13, 2008, 09:18:00 am**

Just finished reading from start to finish and gotta say love the story, it's ace!

But those codes? Harsh! The one scrawled on the wall of the craftsroom? I was only able to get about 3 words of it and that was *after* you'd posted the explanation *and* the cipher!

Keep up the good work matey, and btw I agree with Kuli, I'll miss the 'ol Mayor. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **June 13, 2008, 09:22:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Heavy Flak:
 Color me surprised when he's ecstatic for both being freed, and entering into a new romance!
He was in love with Aryn.
I promptly savescummed for the last time.
[June 13, 2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

Arf. That's priceless.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **June 13, 2008, 09:37:00 am**

I laughed so hard it hurt.
Now I'm waiting for someone to bring me water so I can recover.
Oh why must I wait for so long.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Metalax** on **June 13, 2008, 10:02:00 am**

Quote
Color me surprised when he's ecstatic for both being freed, and entering into a new romance!
He was in love with Aryn.
I promptly savescummed for the last time.

:o Bwahahaha! That is just evil. Lucky you noticed it then though rather than finding out when they married. ;D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 13, 2008, 01:36:00 pm**

Oh god, that's hilarious.
Um, aren't both Kuli and Aryn male, though? I've never seen same-sex romances before. Do you have any idea how that happened?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 13, 2008, 02:29:00 pm**

Flar Moonchill: Thanks for the kind words! Glad you're enjoying the story. I didn't realize the creepy mayor was that well liked; I guess it's fitting that Istrath's son went into a depression after she bit the bullet.

Kuli: That's part of the reason I had to savescum. I've never seen same-sex romantic relationships either. It might NOT be a bug, because four of the starting Dwarves (Johnny, Aryn, Lucy and Sgt. Pepper) had their genders switched with Dwarf Companion to fit the characters. While Lucy picked Rice... I have NO clue about Aryn, and the thought of it turning into some messed up Mr. Mom scenario grosses me out big time. Maybe somewhere, deep inside, he really feels like a pretty little girl from the impromptu sex change. It could explain the dresses everyone in the fort seems to love to wear..

From the files of Aryn Estetar
2nd of Slate, 1063

As the recent attack on our home has shown, we are in *dire* need of a strong leader to carry us through these rough times. That leader is me.

For once the death of a civilian came as a blessing. Instead of the wailing that usually accompany some random soaper who fell off a ladder or took an unexpected trip to the magma baths, we had anger and fear at these new and fearsome beasts pushing into the very courtyards of our home - our sanctuary.

I've taken executive power. Of course, I'm only "holding the position" until we are considered safe from attacks and a "fair election" is run. The death of that creepy bitch Likot is one of the best things These are good times again.

The destruction of the aqueduct pumps comes as quite a blow. They've been operational for years and apparently, taken for granted. The Goblins have never been interested in hindering our water supplies, but perhaps they were just ill equipped to cause damage to our machines. Lucy has been irate but with the lake gushing out into the wastes at high rates, I can't risk the life of one of this forts only useful Dwarves. Rice on the other hand, perhaps he could go out there and fix the pumps...

The events of the 10th of Slade, 1063

Aryn was flanked by four of his personal guard, a wicked smile on his face. Bright purple cloak flapping behind him like great bat wings. Those in the workshops ignored him; they were hard at work meeting mandates that he'd instructed - bone bolts (even without a squad of marksdwarves), rock blocks, glass blocks, the colossus statue finally decorated with gems. His boots carried him around the bend and down to the end of the hallway, to the alchemists workshop.

To Bertrand's Lair.

Pushing open the door he was nearly knocked back by the stench. The room stank of death and decay, and under it all of the cinnamon sweet smell of flesh long preserved. Dojango and Akroma looked up and the newest member of their group Mookie looked startled as the door crashed open, the bar wench almost dropping the large jug she was carrying.

Bertrand didn't so much as flinch. His old head was bent low towards a large tome in front of him, a monocle wedged deep into one socket - a finger tracing the words. He read from the book in his mumbling tones, undisturbed by the newest entrant to his workshop.

"And it will be heresy if the lowly goblin is to mate with the higher breeds; the human, the elf, the dwarf. If the Gods, in their cruel jests, were to allow a child of such union to quicken in the mothers womb, the only course is to put her to death for that creature would be a blight upon the lands. It will be abomination, and shunned by all.
"Goblins, much like the dog, take to interspecies breeding without ill effect. Much as mutts may be formed with the canine, so too will Goblins if they chance to breed with such foul beasts as Trolls, as Ogres, as Harpies. These hypothesize have led this scholar to believe that Goblins have only a rudimentary intelligence. They are like dogs, able to bark and growl, able to perform tricks at command, following instincts alone.
"Their Halfbreed Brethren would obviously fair much worse. Cursed with the disabilities of both parents, it's a wonder that any might make it from child birth alive. The ones that do though are fearsome, exhibiting the strength of their larger families and the cruelty and malice of their smaller. They should be put to death on sight, they offer nothing but destruction to the societies at large."

Jotting down a few notes onto a small pad of paper beside him, Bertrand placed a mark into the book and shut it. He raised his head, peering at Aryn through the monocle. "Yes, Mr. Estetar? May I be of assistance?"

"Assistance? Yes, you foul old man, you can..." he trailed off, his face screwing up in disgust as he looked around the lab. One of the least damaged half breed corpses was sprawled across the table behind Bertrand, a variety of tools ominously laying beside it. A second was crammed into a much too small wooden coffin, salt and sand packed around the body. Other coffins, their lids sealed, were stacked along the side wall. He shook his head and continued, "Yes. You can stop what you're doing immediately. This foolishness is over; I've received MANY complaints about your antics down here, and frankly? I just don't like you... I want you cleared out now, before I have you all hauled away to rot in the clink."

Bertrand pulled the monocle away from his eyes before he clasped his hands in front of him, his head cocking to the side ever so slightly. He smiled, wide and nearly toothless - an effect that sent a shudder down Aryn's spine.

"We will not stop, Mr. Estetar. We've made quite a number of breakthroughs in our research and it is *my* coin paying these underappreciated workers now, not yours. You don't have much of a say on this matter."
"Then you leave me no choice. Riddlewire, Shellpaint. Round up the rioter."

"I think not, Mr. Estetar. Do you forget when you were living in Onulnamash, in the mountains of Nish Neth? Oh yes. You may have tried to block that from your memory, but I certainly remember it. I remember it *just fine* Mr. Estetar. I remember how you left quite quickly, before your beard could be chopped off to reflect your shame. I also seem to recall you taking the contents of the banks vault with you, and a pretty young thing belonging to the Baron. Don't... don't *you* remember any of this? What did you tell the citizens of Stukos Matul? That you were a merch-"

"Enough!" Aryn shouted. He was sweating, and an embroidered handkerchief pulled from a pocket was quickly dabbed at his forehead. "I will not stand..." He took a deep breath, rushing on, "Fine, old man. Continue with your experiments. But I'll be watching you - the second step you take out of place and I promise you will be taking the Big Plunge. Let's see how YOUR bones hold up with the magma."

With a flourish of his cape, he was gone, stalking out of the labs - his guardsmen following quickly behind.

OOC: And with that, this will be the last story post I make before The Great Forum Migration of '08. Though I'm bracing myself for the worst (the worst being all the work I've done over the past 2 months vanishing into a puff of smoke), I'm looking forward to a board that might let me spoiler crypto answers and do other neat tricks within a thread.

See you all on the other side!

The events of the 15th of Slate, 1063

Though the Spring was not much cooler than the rest of the year, many Dwarves enjoyed taking their breaks outside by the reflecting pool. There were two reasons for this. Firstly, If they spent it inside at the mess their union leaders could find them and force them back to work. Secondly, after the halfbreeds wrecked the pump systems, the water was slowly receding and many were convinced the lake would never be full again; For that, many wanted to spend as much time by the water as they could.

Many were gathered around the lake's perimeter, or sitting on the edge of the bridge. Archin and Lucy were among the loiterers, talking about the work left to be done.

"It's going to be a real hassle getting the pumps back up," Lucy said.

"Yeah, I know. Thanks to Aryn's damned quarry, we're effectively cut off from the north of the site. It'll take ages just to haul down more parts."

"And even if we did," continued Lucy, "There's the Dread Camels to worry about. We'd have to pay Sulari to patrol the area for us, and I don't even know how long that would be, and the time she's down there with us is time she's not up here guarding the fort."

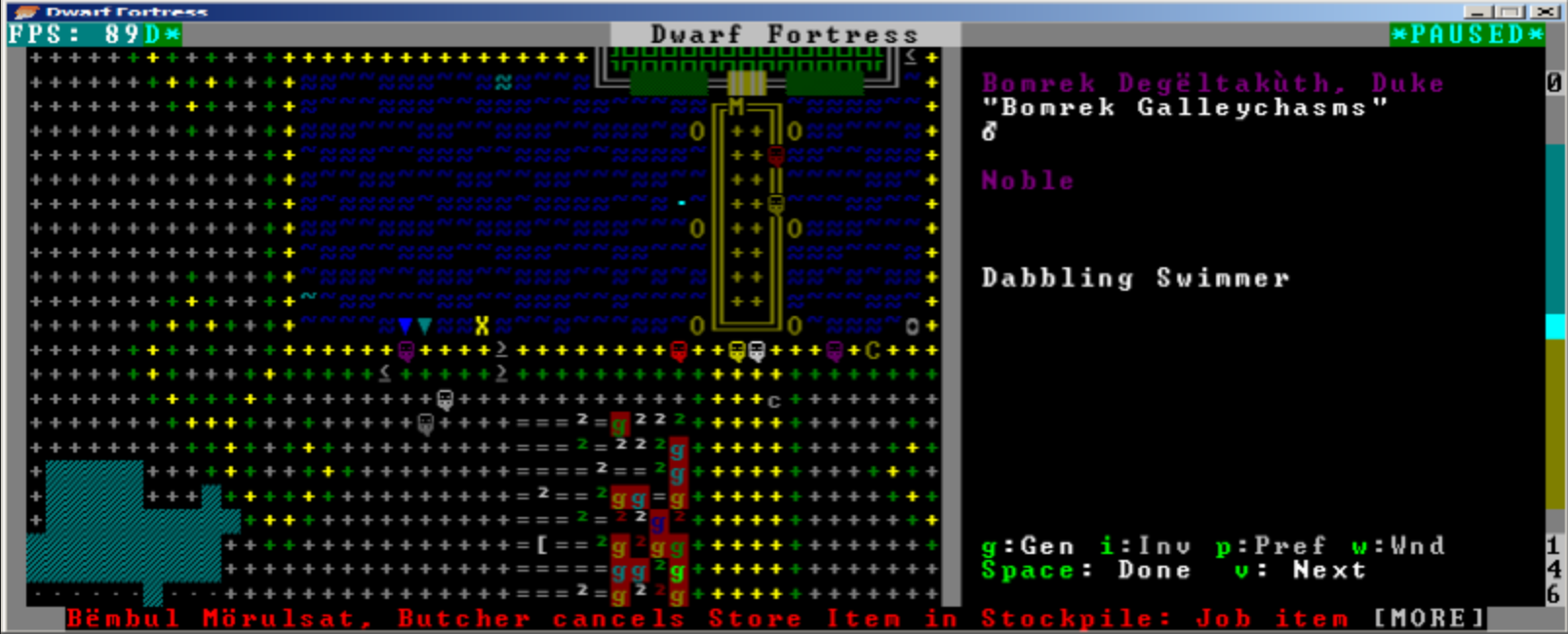
"Maybe," Sulari said slowly, "we should just write this up as a loss? I mean, we had almost a decade of water, and thanks to Dojango the booze productions are astronomical. What's water, when you have rum?"

The argument that was about to break out between them was abruptly cut off by a noise in the lake. Slowly they turned to stare at the water, at the ripples and bubbles breaking over the surface. The others began to take notice as well, all eyes turning towards the frothing water.

"Oh god, are the halfbreeds back?"
"Get away! Something is coming out of the water!"
"GO GET VAREN! Quick! Go get Varen!"

Lucy choked back a shriek, hiding behind Archin. The venerable miner hefted her pick menacingly, hoping the fear she felt in her gut wasn't showing. Slowly, something pulled itself from the lake. Something hideous and damp, and covered in moss and mud and muck. It pulled itself from the banks, a growing puddle under it's terrible form.

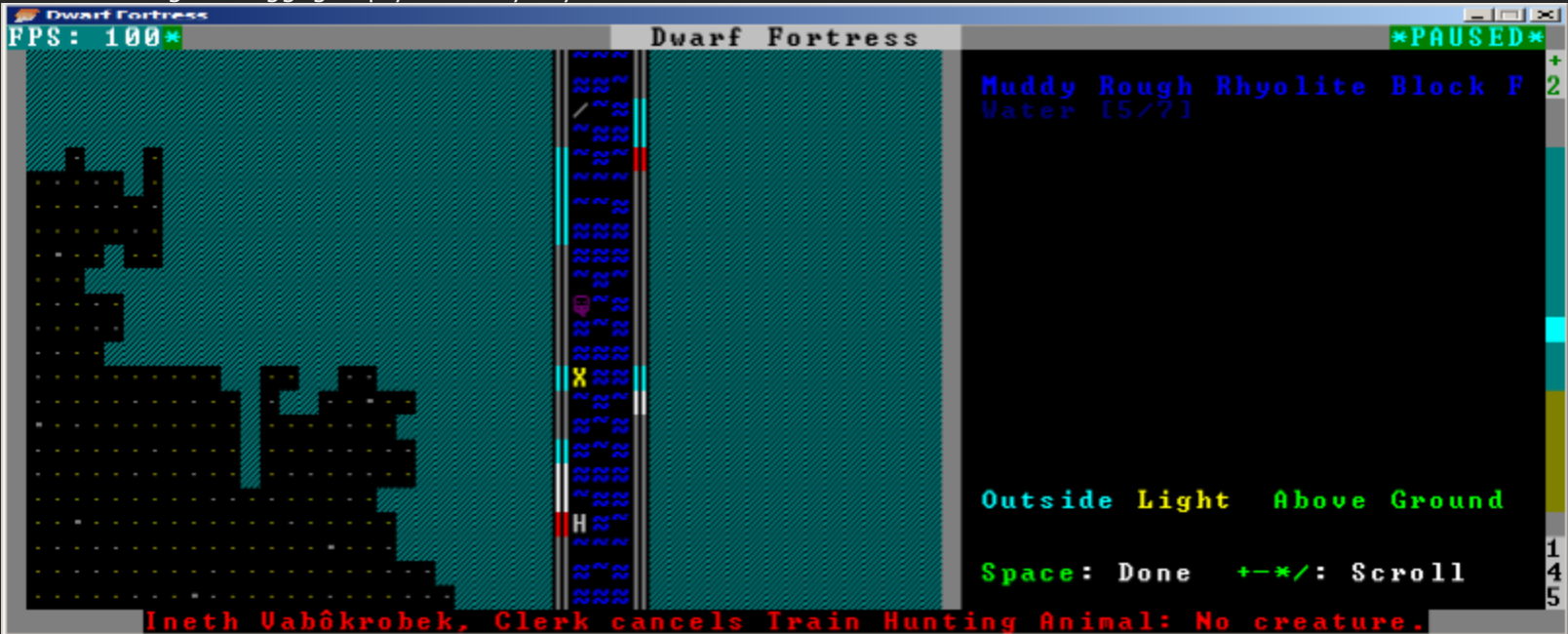
Archin held still for almost a minute. She finally lowered her pick, looking dumbstruck. "You're ... a dwarf?"
"A DWARF!" Bellowed the creature standing before her. "I'm *the* Dwarf. I'm your new Baron, Bomrek Galleychasm."



He extended a hand slicked with grime, and reluctantly Archin took it. He nearly crushed her hand. Underneath his coating of muck, jet black hair could be seen, a bulbous nose, and massive arched eyebrows. "It hasn't been very long since Baroness Limul died, and..."
"Yes. Word came with the last caravan, and we set out immediately."
"We?" Asked Lucy quietly, "You and your guard, your retainers?"
"No! Me and my wife, Meng."

"WHAT!" Archin and Lucy cried in unison. "Just the two of you, across the wastes?"
"Of course, those fools in my guard wanted to wait until we'd amassed a full host, but that could take years. You know how the mountainborn are. Full of bluster! No, we set out alone - besides, the first month here we'll be on honeymoon anyway."

Archin stared at him in disbelief, but it was Lucy who asked the question on her mind. "Where... is your wife?"
"She's hauling the luggage up your entryway."



OOC: And we're back! I'm giddy over the new tags, and the obsessive in me is debating going back to every old post and fix the HTML, the quotes, and make sure all date suffixes are properly superscripted. Then the lazy part of me doesn't want to do that at all.

I have no idea why the Baron and his Wife decided to swim up the aqueducts but my God, does it make me love him.

With the ability to link to specific posts, I've changed the chapter listing on the first page to reflect both when Chapter 2 (Do Demons Dream?) starts, and to give specific links to Kuli's back story. I obviously can't do that for all player-written journals, but I'll happily add player-written back stories in there.

Lastly, there is now a spoiler tag which makes me unbelievably happy. However it doesn't work and requires mod privileges, which just crushes this. Once it's ironed out, hopefully we can start spoiling crypto information for those that might want to figure them out on their own.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **June 15, 2008, 04:45:14 pm**

The baron SWAM up the aqueduct?? Now that is just awesome!! Also, yay for the new forum.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **June 15, 2008, 08:09:26 pm**

Heh... I just managed to read through the whole story on the 14th. I like it.

Is there a spare male tanner or leatherworker? If so, I might claim him.

Call him Makrond.

Also... are the nobles trying to sneak into your fort via the aqueducts now?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 16, 2008, 07:29:47 am**

I'm back, too. And now I have a sensible password, too.

Wow, that's just epic. The duke swam up the aqueduct. And with no "assistance" from you, Heavy Flak? He just did it on his own? If so, that's incredibly awesome.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 16, 2008, 08:31:08 am**

Quote from: ricemastah on June 15, 2008, 04:45:14 pm
The baron SWAM up the aqueduct?? Now that is just awesome!! Also, yay for the new forum.

I think it might be a bug. See, I've got four Dwarves doing the Saint Vitus Dance in the aqueducts. They keep wanting to push forward and dump stuff, or drink, or sleep, and the shortest path from where they to where they want to be is to keep going up the channel but the water makes it dangerous terrain. The Baron and his Wife showed up and just plowed through. "MOVE ASIDE, YOU CRAVEN BASTARDS" he shouted. He drowned for half the trip until he built up his swimming skill, then suddenly didn't care, swam around a little, and popped up. I can't make this stuff up!

Sparrow, Makrond, you both are going to be in the next update.

Hehe,
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Toady fixed the spoilers!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Metalax** on **June 16, 2008, 10:30:00 am**

Maybe this baron will last longer than the previous incumbents.

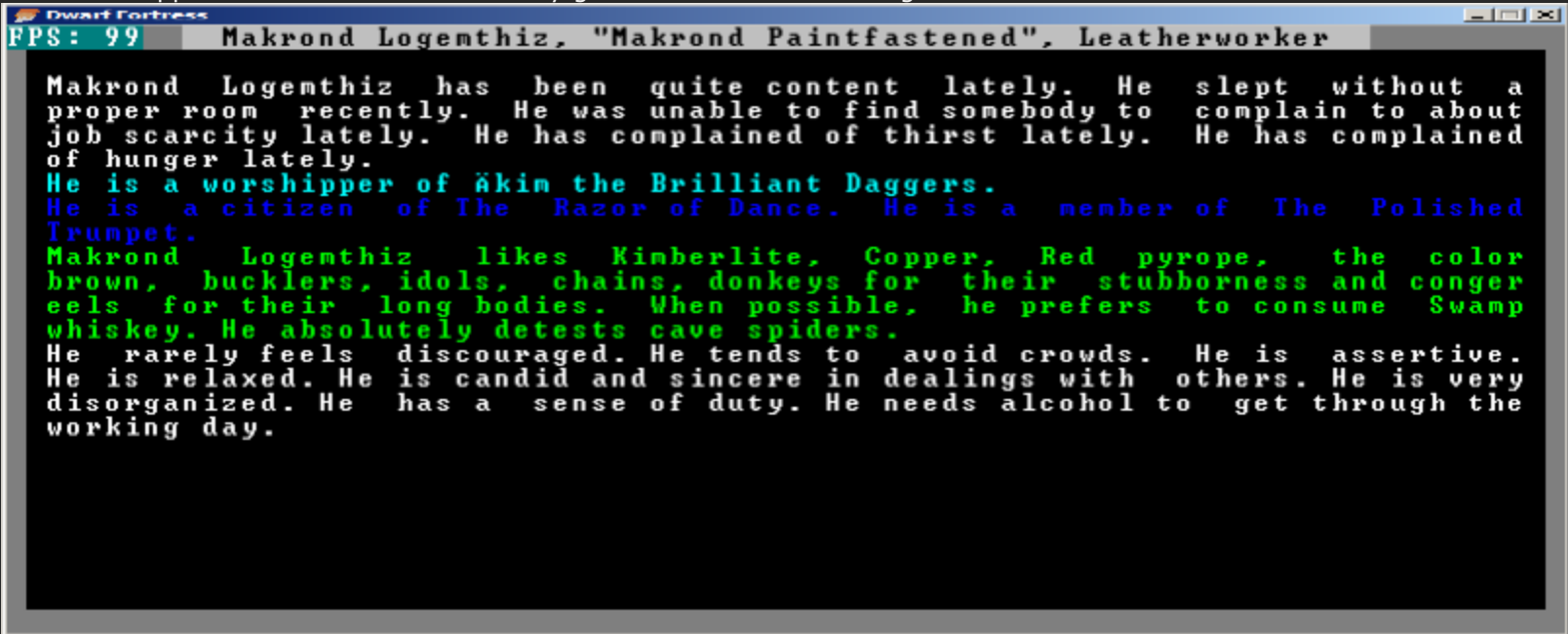
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 16, 2008, 09:02:31 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
4th of Felsite, 1063

I don't know what to do about the lack of water. The others seem to think it a novelty, some bauble given to them by The Management, but Lucy at least understands that we Dwarves, even in our alcohol dependent state, must have water *sometimes*. This leaves me with two choices. Redesign the entire series of pumps and water wheels, or enclose the entire thing in a wooden pump house. The second option will get Dodik-Come-Lately out of her absurd brothel for a month or two and hopefully bring revenue back to the fortress proper, but the first could possibly make it more efficient and give Lucy something she likes to do.

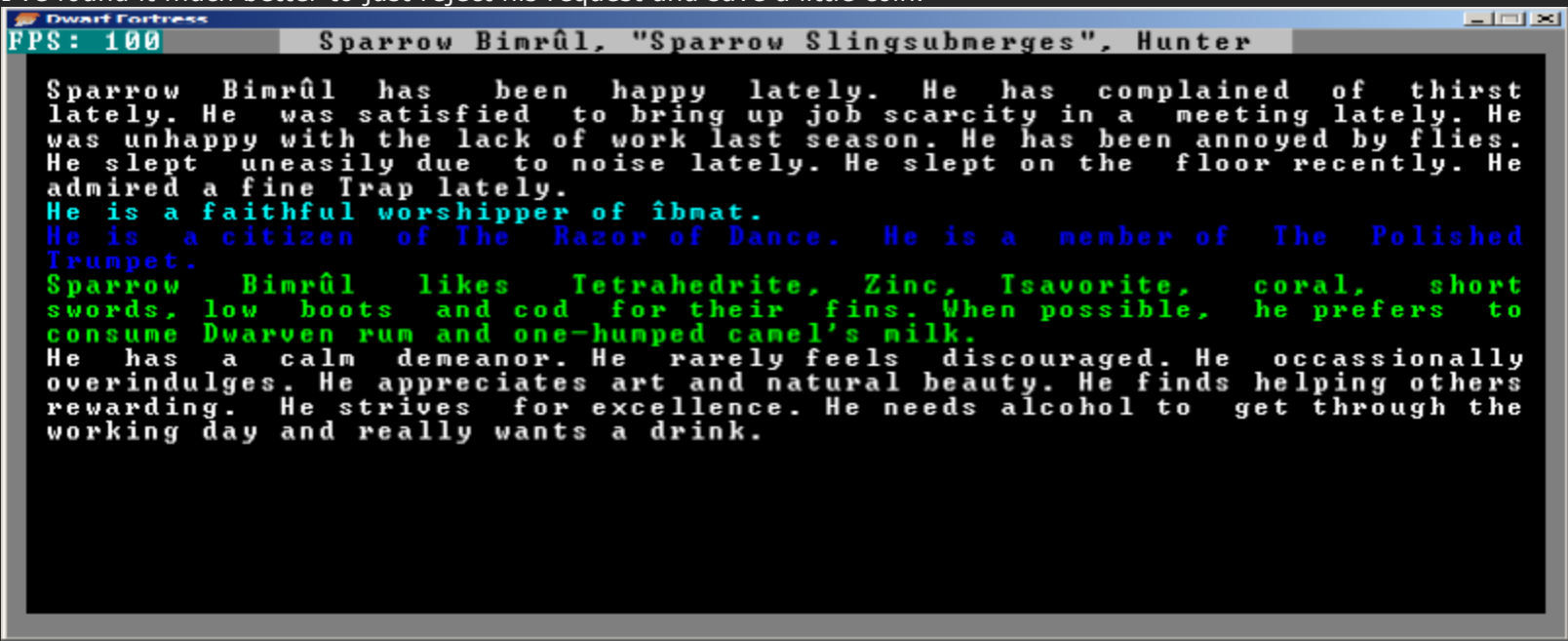
The arrival of the new Baron fills me with dread. What is it with this fortress that draws in the terminally insane. We have a whore running a back-yard brothel, a ghouel stacking corpses in the laboratory of an ancient fool with too much of his memory left, an old legend who refuses to fight, and a religious zealot treating this place as his own personal playground of the Gods. And now, we have Baron Bad-Ass, his *grand* entrance made swimming up the aqueducts and thoroughly impressing all the weak willed plebes.

The stories I've heard in the mess have pegged him as a micromanager. I don't like that at all. He has commented on the "deplorable state of attire" that we are in, and though I distinctly remember signing the order that all rags and tatters be incinerated, I don't quite remember signing the order to stitch up replacements. He must have seen the horde of nearly naked children go screaming though... anyway, he's instructed Makrond to start making full suits of leather clothing, and once that's finished to start plowing through our silk and cloth supplies. I think this is an awfully grave mistake he's making.



I've been harassed for weeks now by a hunter named Sparrow. His claims of "no game" are no concern of mine - he should have realized that his profession was obsolete during the hundreds of miles of wastelands he slogged through to get here. Every week, he goes to my administrator for a military requisition form, and every week he brings it to me personally for approval. He's been wanting to start a new Marksdwarves squad since Likots was wiped out, but I can't see the point. If he starts a squad, he'll recruit from our ever diminishing pool of civilians. And once he gets three or four saddled up with him from the pool of the unemployed, that will be even more Dwarves I'll have to pay from my coffers.

I've found it much better to just reject his request and save a little coin.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **June 17, 2008, 03:04:14 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 16, 2008, 09:02:31 pm

He rarely feels discouraged. He tends to avoid crowds. He is assertive. He is relaxed. He is candid and sincere in dealings in others. He is very disorganized. He has a sense of duty. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

Hah! I can't believe you picked a dwarf with my exact personality.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 17, 2008, 02:16:48 pm**

I guess that is one way to train up your dwarves swimming!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 17, 2008, 10:20:03 pm**

The Events of the 13th of Felsite, 1063

"Left!" **clank**
"Left!" **clank**
"Right!" **clank**
"Strike! Strike!"
"Top!" **clank**

Merkil was drenched in sweat, his legs and arms as loose and uncontrollable as rubber tubing. He'd been training with Major ---- DayCovering for a full week now, having finally graduated from the simplicities of hauling water and firewood, and as he stumbled and nearly fell a small part of his mind was chastising his idiots decision to constantly push the idea of weapons training. He'd gotten his wish. Like many granted to others, it wasn't quite what he wanted.

The Major, as old and grizzled as he appeared, seemed to have unlimited stores of stamina. He was dressed in his full plate, hefting his legendary hammer effortlessly. Each strike he'd deliver to his apprentice was proceeded by a quick bark, a shout of the side he was aiming for, and it was up to Merkil to lift his lead-coated iron shield and deflect the blow. He'd let one get through once, and for the rest of the day his ribs had screamed pain whenever he turned to the right. It hadn't happened again.

And I left home for this? I could be working with my Pa in the smiths, or in the Mayor's Guard drinking mead and laughing. Instead, I'm on this blasted parapet, nearly suffering from sun stroke as an old codger tries to bash my brains out from between my ears

On the rare occasion Major DayCovering barked, "Strike!", it was up to Merkil to get his lead-covered iron hammer hefted and swinging laboriously slow towards his mentor. The shots were always deflected, but they had to be done. If Merkil didn't swing in an "appropriate" amount of time, The Major would take an unannounced swipe at him, leaving him scrambling to bring his heavy shield up in time.

With the sun slowly setting, painting the wall with long shadows, Major ---- DayCovering took one last swing at his charge and stepped back, hanging his hammer through the thong at his side. "Very good. You're learning quite fast."

Breathing hard, Merkil hang his hammer from his hip as well, leaning over to place his hands on his knees and try to catch his breath. When he could talk without his throat burning he looked up, sweat dampened hair hanging down over his eyes, "Sir, why am I-"

"Because you can't walk before you can crawl," Said the Major with a deep sigh.
"What?"
"You need to think for yourself. Think! What good are these?" He reached out, his grip hard as iron as he gripped against his students bicep. "If you're not using this" A single finger jabbed Merkil between the eyes, a spot that would be darkly bruised by bed time. "Why would I make you train with such absurd weaponry? Why would I *tell* you where I will hit you?"

Merkil thought about this, slowly regaining his breath and his composure. He started out, tentatively, "Because... if I can swing something this heavy and awkward, then a real hammer and shield should be of no problem. And if I know what side your attacks come from, I can pay more attention to *how* you move, and how to quickly react," He ended with a rush - grinning at the sudden epiphany.

"There's a good boy," The Major said, one bushy eyebrow lifted high. "Now, was that so hard?"

Before Merkil could answer, the old man had walked past him, towards the stairs. "Come 'long. It's dinner time. Perhaps Dojango will have prepared something other than Ratweed Stew."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 18, 2008, 10:22:31 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
24th of Felsite, 1063

From the frying pan, straight into the fryer. We had a good month though, didn't we? With no mayor, the baroness having offed herself via Suicide-by-Stravitch, there were no controlling entities to keep us from our trade. I alone pulled in gobs of money, paying the Dock Workers handsomely to haul the goods to the trade depot at the dead of night. Stravitch, too, made a good deal of money selling old armor and weapons to the Dwarven traders. He tells me they pay far below human - and goblin - rates, they can at least *wear* our

armor. The old bear claims they crm their fat bodies into our armor out of sheer stupidity and the quality of our craft, but I have a sneaking suspicion they buy our steel to melt down and refit to their own size and shape. It's what I would do, at least.

I thought we might get a reprieve with the death of the mayor. I actually had money placed that Varen would be our elected official. The kid may come off a bit soft, but he can hold his own in a fight, and he's got a fair head on his shoulders. Instead, we get the Aryn bulling past the whole lot of candidates to exert his will. I should have thought he'd pull this; There are no dirty deals in the game of politics, and his awarding himself commander while we're in "martial law" was quite the fine card to play.

I may have exerted all my favors in ridding the world of foul Likot. This leaves me a bit short handed in dealing with the next enemy on the list, Aryn Estetar. Of course he's disliked, that's a given. He's a weasel and a shyster, but he's had results. In less than a decade, what other outpost could claim to be named a Mountain Home? In his audacity he put the queen herself to death, and in doing so he terrified the citizens *and* won their respect in freeing us from the tyranny of nobility.

I need to speak with Stravitch. He'll have ideas - though chances are I won't be listening to *those*. I'm sure it will end like every time I bring this up to him: Wearing Aryn's pet bear's head as a hat, while he pounds the little fools face into jelly.

After hours were the only times the workshops were quiet. During the day the din was deafening, the mixture of hammers, saws, chisels, and irons created a terrible cacophony among the smoothed halls. Tonight the rooms were silent, the forges cold, but anyone coming down to finish a nights project might hear voices coming from one of the back smelters, hushed.

"This is becoming absurd. How much longer can he handle these insults?"
"Maester Kuli has more patience than anyone I've met. He'll weather these attacks with humility and grace. I've heard he's done it since the start of this fortress, why would he stop now?"
"I know, I know. It's just... He can have his grace, and his honor. But that shouldn't stop us from acting in his stead. Let *us* be his shield, and sword. Let *us* strike for him."
"What do you propose?"

"We strike evil. We rid this place of it, cleanse it to the very stone. Without these worthless projects, like The Great Quarry, we'll no longer lose civilians, we can barricade the gates. With our supplies and farms, we could weather any siege."
"You're right. You're so right. These days I'm more afraid for my daughter than myself. What kind of world is she being brought up in, where her friends run the risk of being murdered daily? Then it's settled. We act for Maester Kuli. We act in his stead. We rid this fortress of Aryn."

"What! No, he's a fool, and he's uncaring of our plight, but if we were to die he'd have no one to increase his coffer, or his power. Ruling an empty fortress is not what he wants. No, he's not the problem."
"Then who is?"
"Captain Stravitch Fillwhip. Follower of the Bloody Sun God. He didn't have to follow Aryn's mandate as he did - and in the past he'd overlooked all number of order and command. But his dislike of the Zefonists... he tried to suffer us a blow by letting our Maester wither away in solitary. He's the problem. Him and his followers."
"...Then our first target is Captain Fillwhip. The disrespect he has shown us will be paid back in spades. Praise be with Zefon."
"And Zefon's praise with you."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **June 18, 2008, 10:47:50 pm**

I love the subplots and subtle political currents in this... it's like the old dwarven pub brawls with a hundred participants and one hundred fifty alliances.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **June 19, 2008, 01:39:04 am**

Ohwow, this is an awesome story. I started reading yesterday and just got caught up. I really liked the character development so far, I was a little disappointed when Likot died, but zombie goblins is a pretty awesome way for her to have gone. I actually did a quick sketch of her, or at least my impression of her. If no one minds, I could post it I guess.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **martinuzz** on **June 19, 2008, 05:47:44 am**

This story keeps rockin'!
Little question: How did you manage to line the dwarves up by profession at the coronation?
Did you give them all a personal lever, set to repeat, and took a screenshot when the dwarves were visible? Did you put them all on military duty and did the coloring yourself? Or did you pause the game and teleported them all?
Anyway, that is a great screenshot.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 19, 2008, 07:39:21 am**

Aw, damnit. I liked how the Zefonists were such a *peaceful* sect. I hope Kuli at least gets an opportunity to appeal to reason.

So Aryn is mayor again? I'm a little surprised by that. I thought he liked having a figurehead in place so as to reduce the likelihood of his being a target for assassination. Then again it's not as if everyone doesn't already realize he's the one really in charge.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 19, 2008, 08:05:29 am**

Quote from: Xofrevlis on June 19, 2008, 01:39:04 am
Ohwow, this is an awesome story. I started reading yesterday and just got caught up. I really liked the character development so far, I was a little disappointed when Likot died, but zombie goblins is a pretty awesome way for her to have gone.
I actually did a quick sketch of her, or at least my impression of her. If no one minds, I could post it I guess.

Glad you're enjoying it! I'd love to see a sketch you have of Likot, that's really cool you did one. On that subject, when I was looking for avatars, I ran across this picture that made me think of the old mayor. Obviously it's a he, and not a Dwarf, but it's still it's still creepy as all get out (http://s258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/?action=view¤t=likot_gasmask2.jpg)

Quote from: martinuzz on June 19, 2008, 05:47:44 am
Little question: How did you manage to line the dwarves up by profession at the coronation?

It was a combination of squad manipulation and photoshop (actually MSPaint) trickery. I got one dwarf of each profession lined up where I wanted based on how many were in their profession at the time, then duplicated them. What you see in that picture is the full number of Dwarves in the fort at that time, not counting the few I mentioned didn't show up for story reasons.

Quote from: Kuli on June 19, 2008, 07:39:21 am
Aw, damnit. I liked how the Zefonists were such a *peaceful* sect. I hope Kuli at least gets an opportunity to appeal to reason.

So Aryn is mayor again? I'm a little surprised by that. I thought he liked having a figurehead in place so as to reduce the likelihood of his being a target for assassination. Then again it's not as if everyone doesn't already realize he's the one really in charge.

I was a little surprised he was reelected Mayor, too. I really thought it would be Varen. Outside of Istrath's son, Varen is the most popular guy in the fortress. I think since both previous Mayors died, it fell back on the guy who was in charge before them - that means weasely Aryn.

And my original idea was to have Kuli lead the movement to forcefully end evil, but I got better control of my senses. He's a peaceful man, he wouldn't do that at all! But some of his followers may have turned a bit bitter in his incarceration. Heh.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **June 19, 2008, 04:36:47 pm**

The image you posted is giving a "moved or deleted" error. Here's the drawing though
The crossbow is probably off, as I was in the middle of reading when I got the idea to draw it and didn't want to look back to find the actual description of it. That, and the proportions could probably be a bit more dwarf-like. :P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **martinuzz** on **June 19, 2008, 04:46:40 pm**

Yeah that's like the image I had of her. Lean and mean. Nice drawing!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 19, 2008, 07:53:52 pm**

Woah, that's really good Xofrevlis! I agree with Martinuzz, that's just about how I pictured her, gas mask and goggles and trenchcoat and all.

Also, I fixed that broken link. I have no clue what was up with *that*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 19, 2008, 09:11:06 pm**

From the notes of Bertrand the Mad
6th of Hematite, 1063

We have achieved two *amazing* discoveries, my assistants and I. I've been giddy for days now, the high achieved from great findings having yet to wear off.

Dojango, and later in the day Akroma, have both told me of their dreams. They're injesting this powder by the spoonful now, yearning for their dreams with The Star God. I've instructed they keep pen and paper by their bedside tables and their lucid dreams are transcribed with clarity and redudancy. They announce twenty Dwarves that are constantly in these dreams, the perverts that frequent Dodik's brothel, and in that time their great dream-cathedral has blossomed. It is now lit with lights, cool blue stones lining the walls and floors. From the alter, a great figure of blue sapphire staring down from the alter, his image terrifying in it's beauty. That is first of only two parts of their shared dreams left unremembered, The Star God himself.

But that is alright. He's started holding sermons with them, and though his words are lost upon waking I have confidence one of my pair will be able to transcribe one of these meetings.

The second discovery is easily the most important that has been made in years. Centuries! I, Bertrand Gorgeinsight, have conquered death.

Merely packing corpses in powder had no effect, but once a skinned cat was *stuffed* with it, it rose within a night, mewing pathetically from it's cage. It had been dead no longer than a week, and though it died within a few days from exposure we have achieved our first success.

Or second was strapping one of these animal halfbreeds to the table and filling it so full of powder it's mottled stomach was distended grotesquely. It took longer, but within the week it was moving, fighting it's bonds, babbling in some incomprehensible after-death gibberish. As the ties began to break, Dojango recommended we put it down. Akroma did the honors, using his bone-drill to puncture it's skull and scramble what was left of it's brains. The head was separated and deposited in the magma. The body died immediately upon the drill, the other task was just a precaution.

Knowing these animals can be given life after death, this is one step closer to achieving the immortality I so deserve. To think, all this knowledge could vanish in the blink of an eye. That will soon no longer be a fear. We have many specimens within my lab, but I've sent Akroma out to round up some more. Animals are successful. It's time to test more intelligent species.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **June 19, 2008, 10:56:16 pm**

Nice update! And I'm glad the drawing is liked, even if it's just two responses.
Maybe I'll try drawing some more, could be good practice, and there are a few other characters I'd like to take a crack at. Oh, and the zombies, haven't drawn zombies in ages. ;D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **martinuzz** on **June 20, 2008, 02:53:35 am**

'more intelligent species'?

OMG. I sure hope mayor Likot's corpse was too badly mutilated to use for this..

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **June 20, 2008, 02:58:03 am**

Zombie Likot's a scarey thought! Like the nemisis from the Ressie Evil series :o

Stories still top-notch HFlak, loving it.

@Xofrevlis: Good picture mate pretty much how I pictured her too. The description always reminded me of one of the new Doctor Who episode where he's nobbed by people turning into Gas-mask wearing zombie children!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 20, 2008, 06:42:17 pm**

Though other plans may have been placed on the back burner until they can be fully realized, I have no issues at all with that. Human merchants were spotted on the horizon; bringing with them a diplomat that has been spending time with the boisterous new Duke, and Nationtempt who has been spending her stay at our fortress with Aryn - keeping him away from us as he hashes out just what it we'll be seeing from them in the future.

The caravans also brought Rosycats and Guildstern. Those two fools have had their attitudes mellowed quite a lot since our last encounter when I left them in the capable hands of a few goblin ravagers. They met with me inside of one of the gate towers, shifty eyes constantly moving towards the door for fear of being caught. They agreed to do business with me again - of arms, and armor, and a wholesale movement of Deity Idols - and gave me a heartfelt apology.

If they were really sorry, they'd show it to me with the gold they offer for my hard-to-obtain goods.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 20, 2008, 09:50:20 pm**

The Events of the 6th of Malachite, 1063

"And this is how you found her?" Kuli said, his voice fringed with weariness.
"Aye," Johnny said, leaning on his pick. "I came down ta' start piecin' t'geth'ar the new screwump an' saw her corpse layin' there, all twisted like that."

Kuli exhaled hard, and slowly squatted down onto his haunches. He rested elbows on his knees, staring at the broken, twisted corpse of Zefon Seamined, dealer of justice, Fortress hammerer.



Vash and Jools flanked the Maester in their dark suits, exchanging uneasy glances. They had both heard of her fairness the first time Aryn's unmet mandates fell upon the Zefonists and to see her like this was just a travesty. Her hood had fallen away from her face, and they were shocked to see it perfectly normal, curly blond hair framing her high cheek bones and thin jaw - bright green eyes staring up at the sun unseeing.

"What do you think happened?" Kuli asked to his two assisstants.
"Well..." Jools started, stroking his beard thoughtfully. "It looks as if she fell. See how the ground is cracked under her? She took a fall from the aqueducts..." he tilted his head back, eyes squinting as he looked at the stone structure looming overhead.
"She didn't fall," Vash said sullenly. "She was pushed."
"And why do you think that?" Kuli asked, his gaze still on the corpse.
Because she was fair thought Vash, *and because she didn't punish you for your beliefs. She let it slide because not making a billion mug isn't equal to the death of a great man.*

"Because if she jumped, she'd have landed facing east," Vash said, pointing. "Or she would have landed on her head and crumpled like an accordion. But she landed on her back facing towards the aqueducts. Why would you jump that way? You'd risk breaking just your neck; here she's broken everything."
"Maybe she just slipped," offered Jools.
"He speaks the truth," Johnny added. "I almos' got crushed inna' cave in, due ta' slipa' the pick. It cannae happen."
"Yes. But she had no reason to be out here. She dispenses justice, she doesn't build pumps, or rig up gears, or construct waterwheels. Perhaps if she slipped into the emptied pond, or even into the magma. But why here? There was no reason."

They stared at the corpse in silence, lost in their private thoughts. With a sigh, Kuli rose, clasping his hands in front of him. "Regardless of the cause, Miss Seamined's death is a terrible tragedy. I never knew her as a friend, but I knew her as someone who was just, and fair, and in these harsh lands those are attributes any one of us could hope to attain. Vash, Jools, take her to her tomb... see she is properly put to rest."

Kuli watched in silence as his assistants carried the hammerers body back up the empty aqueduct, and as Johnny stacked up the few things that she had dropped to take to her tomb. As they vanished from sight, he slowly shook his head.

"Ill omens, that someone might do this to a bringer of justice. Ill omens indeed."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 21, 2008, 10:51:19 am**

!! ATTENTION !! ATTENTION !!

This is to give everyone fair warning that Cryptogram #7 will be posted on Monday, June 23rd at or around 8pm EST. Usual rules apply - solve it, claim a prize. Don't solve it and I'll make things *more* interesting for our little bearded charges. The time frame is going to be ... five days, so about 8pm on Friday will be the cut-off date.

I'll go ahead and add a new line to my normal spiel - just because you don't have a Dwarf in the fortress does *not* mean you're not able to play! A couple puzzles in the past have been solved by undwarfed readers, and I totally encourage that.

Now back to your regularly scheduled broadcast.

!! ATTENTION !! ATTENTION !!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Fiar Moonchill** on **June 21, 2008, 11:46:14 am**

Sweet! First cryptogram for me as the the last lot had all finished while I was reading through the back posts!

Now I can totally fail to understand whats going on in real time!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 21, 2008, 05:18:34 pm**

This afternoon, I made up a relationship map of all the current main players in the fortress. This was done to help me keep track of who is mad at who, who leads what, who's related to whom, etc etc, and I figured I should post it here in case anyone wants to brush up on all the intrigue and drama of Stukos Matul: 90210 in fast-paced power-pointesque flowcharts.

The new Duke and his wife, some other squads, and some characters that have minor roles (Such as Pundik Nationtempt, and Rosycats and Guildstern) are currently left out. This is Dwarf only, unless otherwise noted. Left out of the legend is that boxes filled in with reddish/pink are *objects*, like a squad, a union, or an enemy.

I suppose this could be considered a minor spoiler. I haven't added any relationship that hasn't yet happened, but with 200 some odd posts, and 13 game-years of story, some old feuds, and old relationships, may have been forgotten.

Anyway, here's the chart (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Dwarf%20Fort/relationshipcharts1.png>)

note: It seems photobucket capped me on the size! If this is too small to read, let me know. I'll get it corrected.
second note: It makes me really sad to see Sparrow just sitting out there right now, unaffiliated. Now I want to fix that!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 21, 2008, 05:37:28 pm**

Very nice, and very helpful! All it's missing is some indication of who belongs to the Church of Zefon. I've always been curious about that, and have not been able to keep track of the Zefonists very well.

Not complaining, though. I like the chart. I, too, feel sorry for lonely Sparrow.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 21, 2008, 07:58:02 pm**

Quote from: Kuli on June 21, 2008, 05:37:28 pm

Very nice, and very helpful! All it's missing is some indication of who belongs to the Church of Zefon. I've always been curious about that, and have not been able to keep track of the Zefonists very well.

Not complaining, though. I like the chart. I, too, feel sorry for lonely Sparrow.

I try to keep track of who is, and who isn't, of certain religions but I end up forgetting. With 8 civilization deities and 300+ dwarves coming through these gates, sometimes they get lost in the fold. I updated the chart for the important religions, and fixed a couple line issues (Johnny also created the engineers union, fixed the line for Asmel's swordslinging daughter, and made it implicitly state Likot was Melbil's mother). Just hit F5 to refresh if the old chart comes up.

Also, I don't *try* to make story-dwarves Zefonists. It just seems I'm directed by a guiding hand, that the majority of them are of that particular belief :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 21, 2008, 08:42:22 pm**

The events of the 22nd of Malachite, 1063

"You must understand. We're not ones to normally do this."
"Correct, normally, if anything, we'd just pocket the money."
"Pocket the money and run, quite quickly. It's not our place to question-"
"To question mercantile events in a fortress. What business is it of ours?"
"Quite right. We're traders, not politico. It's just with the utmost respect that we come to you."
"Right. Respect! And-"

Aryn's hand slashed across the air, his lean face hard and grim. "Save your simpering. You're money-loving merchants, what do you know of respect! The only reason you're here, before me now, is the hope that more coin may end up jingling in your purse. Am I right?"

Rosycats and Guildstern exchanged glances. One of them (Rosycats?) tugged at the wide collar on his jacket, the other fingering at the dangling cold rings on his vest.
"As you say, sir. We're just simple merchants. Coin is nice, but loyalty nicer. You've treated us well, and we..."
"Feel it is in our best interests to report an incident to you."

Aryn's eyes narrowed at the words. He folded his hands together, leaning across the expanse of his desk. "What kind of incident?"

"Well..." They said at once. Another exchange of glances, and one (Guildstern?) waved a hand, his head lowering while he let his companion explain in full.
"We were approached last night, while the wagons were being loaded. A group of Dwarves dropped off barrels of idols and trinkets, but with them came two fine bins stuffed to the brim with Dwarven steel. We couldn't make out the loaders, but the one we dealt with was your Northern-born miner, Johnny."

"Was Stravitch there?" Aryn asked, his voice cold.
"Who?"
"Stravitch! Captain Fillwhip! The stout greybeard with his idiotic mace."
"Oh! No, just Johnny."

Aryn leaned back in his chair, chewing lightly on his lower lip as he thought. "If Captain Fillwhip wasn't in attendance ... how did Johnny get barrels of steel." he mused aloud. "Perhaps it was earlier. They could have secreted it out one night together, hidden it away in the fortress... just waiting until traders arrived. He couldn't have gotten it alone, he'd have to have someone with access to the armory to fetch it for him..."

"Sir?" Rosycats asked tentatively.
"What! Oh... you did very good, bringing this to me. Here." Reaching inside the sleeve of his robe, Aryn pulled out a catleather bag and tossed it to the end of the table. It landed with a heavy clank - gold coins bouncing off one another in the tight confines of the pouch.
"Thank you for this information. Remember, don't just bring me goods. Bring me information, it's worth just as much in pay."

"About our-" Started Guildstern.
"Keep it. What do I care how you use a paltry sum of steel plate? It's the principle that offends me, that Mr. Fountainspring thinks he's above the letter of the law. Now go - and do NOT let word of this meeting leave this office."

"Oh, of course," One said with a wry smile. The other had deftly pocketed the pouch, clanking as he moved. "We'd make far less if we did that."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **June 21, 2008, 09:23:31 pm**

Quote from: Flar Moonchill on June 21, 2008, 11:46:14 am
Now I can totally fail to understand whats going on in real time!

Yay, me too!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 21, 2008, 10:07:50 pm**

Thank you, Heavy Flak!

Dodik-Come-Lately is a Zefonist. How bizarre. Must be a casual or dubious worshipper?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **June 22, 2008, 04:43:02 am**

Perhaps she is taking the first steps along the road to becoming Born Again, Maester Kuli.

Also, I believe I have a request that has yet to be claimed... would it be possible to have a small zoo filled with donkeys? My dwarf seems to like them, and the idea of just trying to get by as a stoneworker and quietly run a donkey sanctuary in your spare time, while surrounded by Dread Camels, goblins, monsters, demons and more political intrigue than you can shake a white house at, rather appeals...

Placing, size, layout etc. are completely at your discretion - and if you don't have any donkeys, then a general animal sanctuary will do - with space set aside for any donkeys you can find.

And of course, my dwarf would be most upset if any of his charges somehow got zombified...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 22, 2008, 09:58:07 am**

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And of course, my dwarf would be most upset if any of his charges somehow got zombified...

You've got it, Jools. The only donkeys in the fort that haven't been turned into biscuits or stew are pets, but there are some other animals (just purchased, I think) that can start to flesh out your sanctuary. As soon as the next batch of traders come, I'll put in a rush order for donkeys!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 22, 2008, 12:12:44 pm**

The events of the 26th of Malachite, 1063

"WHAT IS GOING ON HERE!" Stravitch roared, "You should be INSIDE, TRAINING! And what are you doing, you're out here fooling around?"

Guardsmen Bravepainted and Watchedboard stopped in their tracks, the color draining from their face as the Captain of the Guard bore down on them, an incredibly uncomfortable Varen trailing unhappily in his wake. Supported between the two of them was their sister-in-arms Erush Claspfancies, as pale and drenched in sweat as the other two.

She had an excuse much better than fear of an overbearing commander: she was missing her right arm from the elbow down. There was nothing but ragged meat and broken bone, blood still oozing from the hastily cauterized stump.

"Sir? Are you ... sir, look at Claspfancies here! She got mauled by one of them, uh, zombie jaguars. It just ran up and ripped the whole thing off."

"...And where is her mace? Where is YOUR mace, Guardsmen?" Stravitch snarled at the wounded dwarf.

"It's... the jaguar ate it, along with some of my fingers," Claspfancies said weakly.

Stravitch shoved hard on Bravepainted's chest. He almost went sprawling, letting go of the wounded soldier quick enough that neither dropped to the sand. "You've to get that beast to the butchers."

"We can't eat that! It's already rotting!"

"IT'S NOT TO EAT!" Stravitch bellowed, "Get her mace out of it's gut. Leave it on her bed. As soon as she gets back to the fortress, she's to get her weapon and get back to training. What an insult, a Guardsman losing her weapon... count your blessings I don't have you thrown in the clink for your traitorous attempts to get out of work."

While the others begrudgingly set to work hauling the jaguars corpse, Stravitch picked an extremely unlucky Jools out of the crowd of onlookers. "You! Hod carrier. Take what's left of her arm down to the workshops."

Jools quailed. "You can't be serious? It should be... properly disposed of."

"I don't believe I asked for your opinion. I *believe* I wanted her arm taken down to the workshops, and a nice idol of Lenod carved out of it. Now hop TO IT!"

As Jools gingerly picked up the near-fingerless lower arm, carting it off where told, Stravitch turned to Varen. He smiled wide, jerking a thumb over his shoulder. "Well, *that's* over. Shall we hit Dodik's? Nothing like some fine wine and finner breads."

"...You won't even care if I say no, will you?" Varen said morosely.

Of course Stravitch didn't. He had already turned, tromping across the sands to the brothel, his shouts carrying back on the winds.

"Come on, Varen! I've got a feeling this is going to be a great day!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 22, 2008, 10:54:53 pm**

The events of the 19th of Galena, 1063

Bertrand stood in the entrance to his workshop, arms folded over his wizened chest. His jaw was set firmly, rheumy old eyes staring into the dimly lit area. Akroma and Dojango shifted nervously behind him, keeping quiet.

"Yesterday. When we left for the day. Do you remember the table-top being empty?"

Akroma scratched at his beard, eyes dropping down to his scuffed boots. Dojango tried to meet the damp stare but quickly looked away, rushing his excuse out. "Yes. There was an experiment there. But, we did as instructed. I don't know what happened."

I know what happened thought Akroma. *and Dojango is right, we did exactly as instructed. But not your instructions old man...*

Bertrand sighed heavily and limped his way inside. Looking behind the work bench, he groaned low, pointing to the ground. "Did you break ALL the wooden bins? There's wood and powder EVERYWHERE. Get in here, clean this up!"

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
19th of Galena, 1063

We've had excitement lately, something I'm always pleased to report. The monotony around here can be overwhelming sometimes, just working or drinking or sleeping or getting attacked by skinless camels. It's such a bore. Jools came and joined Rice, Lucy and I in the mess hall the other night, and seemed like he wanted to say something of importance. With some good natured ribbing, Rice finally got him to open up to us.

He wanted to create an animal sanctuary.

While I personally think the idea is all kind of silly, Rice and Lucy *love* it. Jools has amassed a decent fortune, and it was all passed over to the stonemason for this task to be completed. They're still working out the specifics of the layout, but it seems as if animals that aren't cats will be getting a reprieve from the butchers once they pass through our hallowed gates.

Perhaps I should get myself something exotic like Aryn has. I'd feel much safer with something big and full of teeth guarding my stairwell. I've been getting the strangest of feelings that I'm being watched when I cross the courtyard at night, and it's keeping me on edge. I keep seeing flashes of green, and hearing whispers by the parapets.

I sure hope Aryn didn't build this place on an old Elf burial ground. That would just be icing on the cake.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **June 23, 2008, 04:56:12 am**

This fortress ias already one hell of a cake.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 23, 2008, 07:44:26 am**

And one day hundreds of XXSkeletal ElvesXX will suddenly rise out of the ground. The horror!

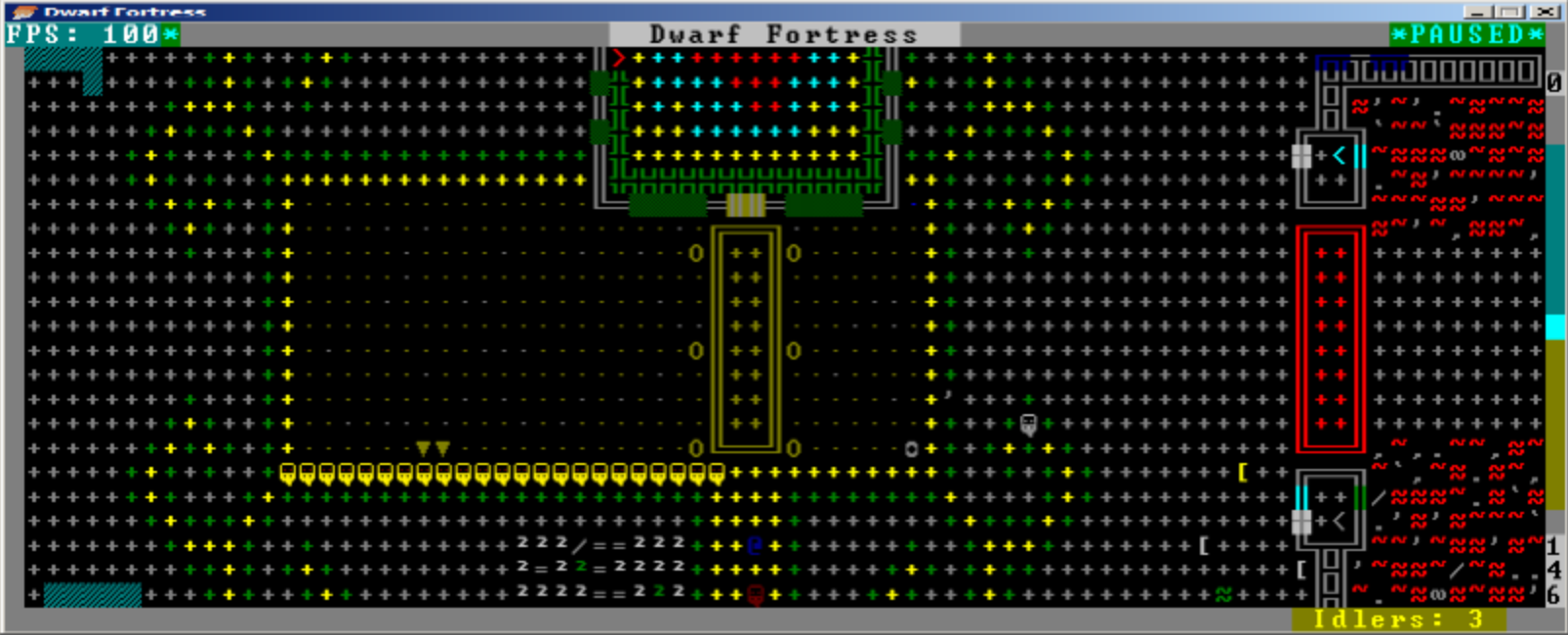
I probably shouldn't be giving Heavy Flak any ideas.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 23, 2008, 07:19:47 pm**

The events of the 27th of Galena, 1063

Aryn shoved his way up through the crowds, snarling threats at the Dwarves loitering in the main stairwell. Shoving a hapless thresher aside he pushed into the sunlight, boots ringing loudly on the stone-covered courtyard.

His jaw slowly fell open at the sight in front of him. Of the twenty - no, twenty three - Dwarves wearing brilliant yellow-dyed robes kneeling at the edge of the empty reflecting pond. Kneeling as if in prayer, their hoods down, Aryn counted Dwarves he had seen many times before. There was Dojango and Akroma a few spots away. By the bridge Mookie and Dodik-Come-Lately knelt side-by-side. The Machinescalded brat Melbil was there, and Cog Citypillars, the fool who created that masterful cabinet Bothontangak.



From them rose, low and rumbling, a chant of "Bax Unostotho dutsmon Olsmo" rose from the crowd.

"Mr. Estetar, we seem to ... have a problem."
"What the hell is going on here!" Aryn shouted as he turned, his skin crawling in revulsion as he recognized the hoary old philosopher. "I was able to get a small word from my apprentice Akroma before he left the shop. He says they are praying to The Star God. These are Dream Children."
"...I want this stopped, now. Go get your men, and get them inside, or I'll have them all put to flame where they sit. This is absurd."
"They can't hear you now," Bertrand said sadly. "I've tried, I highly doubt burning them alive will do more than fill the area with smoke. Do you see that?"

Aryn looked to were the old man was pointing, squinting to make it out from this distance. Intricately stitched onto the back of each robe was this:

BAAAB AAABB BAAAA ABBAB AAAAA BABBA
AAAAB AABBA AAAAB AAAAA ABABA ABBBA AAAAB

"When did they ever find time to do that? What does that mean?"
"I've no clue. I've seen it before, in ruins far to the north. The lands of Smostostrambegozru Ngedlu are so desolate, so ancient, that most of the towns are buried under ten, twenty feet of snow and ice and soil." The old man shook his head, slowly limping towards his house at the edge of the cliff. "I'm going to consult my books. If you can translate that evil scrawl, perhaps it will help explain their

insistence on Star Gods."

OOC: Apologies for this being twenty minutes late. There were last-minute crypto issues that had to be worked out. That said, let the games begin. And for forgetting the picture the first time, oops!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 23, 2008, 07:25:41 pm**

Okay... Dream Children listen to Abba. I don't see what all the fuss is about...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 23, 2008, 08:29:16 pm**

These ciphers are very successful at making me feel stupid.

If it helps anyone, the word dutsnom is a goblin word meaning "destroyer." I assume it's intended as a verb here, so the chant probably means "Bax Unostotho destroys Olsmo."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **June 23, 2008, 10:03:28 pm**

Gah! You're truly evil! I know what it is but I get nothing but nonsense!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 23, 2008, 10:07:06 pm**

What is it? Maybe I could help you. Once I understand the method, I might be able to figure it out.

I'd still let you have the credit, Makrond.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **June 24, 2008, 12:00:00 am**

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
It looks to be Bacon's Stenograph...

What I have so far is:
Code: [Select]

```
Original Translation:

BAAAB AAABB BAAAA ABBAB AAAAA BABBA

= S      D      R      O      A      Y

AAAAB AABBA AAAAB AAAAA ABABA ABBBA AAAAB

  B      G      B      A      L      P      B

Assuming small = A (it doesn't work as B)

AABAA AAABB AAABB AABAA BAABB AABAA

= E      D      D      E      U/V     E

BAABB ABAAB ABAAA BABAB BAABB AABAA AAAAB

  U/V    I/J    I/J     X     U/V     E      B

Which works out as:
S  D  R  O  A  Y

  B  G  B  A  L  P  B

  E  D  D  E  U/V  E

U/V I/J I/J X U/V E B

26 letters, so unless one is a 'filler', then it doesn't work as a 5x5 grid.

I tried removing all instances of B, U, D and O (Bax Unostotho dutsnom Olsmo - it was worth a try)
but the resulting 4x4 grid (with slight modification) doesn't work either.
```

I'm stumped, as no matter which way I try to arrange the letters I get nothing.

Unless it's been double encoded, I'll check that now...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **June 24, 2008, 02:53:50 am**

The answer if blatantly 42.

Failing that I'm stumped. :(

How about you make the next cypher a word jumble and give me a 24hr head start? That was I may stand a chance!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **June 24, 2008, 04:04:30 am**

Heh, I'm terrible at ciphers. I think I'll just stick to drawing, speaking of which Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Stravitch this time, and oh my it turned out a little blurry. :(Quite a shame, I'll see if I can trace over it sometime to make a cleaner looking version. Took me a while to find the description for "Enteredlanced the Unseen Chances" but I got it eventually, and other than that I was kinda stuck with my imagination. Er, unless I missed some description somewhere, I'd love to make corrections if someone would point me in the right direction. After all, it is more than 30 pages of posts.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **June 24, 2008, 05:18:27 am**

He looks like an overbearing bastard who likes to use that mace, so I from what I've read, that's stravich. Awesome beard.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 24, 2008, 07:08:07 am**

Amazing drawing Xofrevlis! I really enjoy it, these spoiler boxes are a blessing and a curse. I want to hover over them, but I want to work it out for myself! Oh, Lenod, guide me in my time of weakness! I shall not falter!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **June 24, 2008, 07:51:45 am**

Options for working on the cypher... no solution though.

Besides, I've just got a donkey sanctuary, I'd hate to be greedy...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Well, could be words backwards again, but it doesn't look like that. The cyphers themselves being back to front doesn't work either, it blows the letter count. The temptation to see it as a four-symbol system is there but just doesn't work either. Could be a simple substitution cypher on top of the stenograph.

Or... two phrases pop out at me: "Smostostrambegozru Ngedlu" and "Bax Unostotho dutsmon Olsmo". Same number of letters in each, though they don't also match the decoded letters. Anyone got any ideas about this?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 24, 2008, 07:58:39 am**

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Nevermind. I can't deal with grids. If it was anything else I'd have a chance. But show me a grid and my mind flies out the window for some reason.

Well, I might still try. I can't find any information on Bacon's Stenograph on Google or Wikipedia. Do you know where I could find out more about it, Makrond?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 24, 2008, 08:00:28 am**

I just got out of a meeting, and my coworkers don't know how to take a compliment. I told one of them, "I'm really glad you have skin." and he just got confused. "What do you mean, you're glad I have skin?"

"I mean, if you didn't have skin you'd look really gross. I wouldn't want to talk to you. But you do, and I'm glad for that."

Then he left the room. What a jerk.

Xofrevlis: Awesome work, absolutely awesome! I've got to admit, when I think "mace", I think of the cartoonish round spiky thing stuffed onto the end of a stick, but the one you've given Stravitch seems more realistic and much more menacing. I'm absolutely flattered you like this story enough to spend time drawing characters from it :)

Flar Moonchill: 42 is *a/ways* the answer.

And a quick note about the cipher: You guys are coming up with a lot of good ideas, and some of you are definitely on the right track. I'll wait a few days before saying more on the scheme itself, but I will give a small hint. By now, you're probably aware that I like to mess with you guys. I reverse words, or whole sentences. Keep in mind, with encryption, following the steps to the letter could make it easy to decode. Sometimes the ciphers should be used as a template, the broad idea, and the execution altered.

Also: Happy 500th!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 24, 2008, 08:09:53 am**

We're getting close to 1/3 the length of Nist Akath! Woo!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Daniel Charms** on **June 24, 2008, 10:45:25 am**

I think I got a bit further with the cryptogram, but I'm not sure where...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
First of all, it seems to me that the real cyphertext is, in fact, hidden inside the message. If you look at the cryptogram, you'll notice that some of the A's and B's are bigger than others. To be more exact, 25 of them are, which means you can nicely arrange them into a grid:

ABBAA
ABAAA
BAAAB
AAAAA
ABABB

Which works out into "nisam". But this makes no sense. This is all I've got.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **June 24, 2008, 11:11:55 am**

I think Nisam is a word in dwarvish

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **June 24, 2008, 11:16:04 am**

Quote from: Daniel Charms on June 24, 2008, 10:45:25 am

I think I got a bit further with the cryptogram, but I'm not sure where...
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
First of all, it seems to me that the real cyphertext is, in fact, hidden inside the message. If you look at the cryptogram, you'll notice that some of the A's and B's are bigger than others. To be more exact, 25 of them are, which means you can nicely arrange them into a grid:

ABBAA
ABAAA
BAAAB
AAAAA
ABABB

Which works out into "nisam". But this makes no sense. This is all I've got.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Or EYRBF is you read it across and not down. I think. Though I'd be less surprised if NISAM and perhaps OLSMO weren't the beginnings of some sort of cypher key... or adding/subtracting NISAM to the letters of the code e.g. S+N, D+I, R+S, O+A, A+M, Y+N etc.

Not come up with anything yet, but something feels more right about the slightly larger letters being a key and not a second part of the message.

I could be dead wrong, though. None of this has got me anything intelligible.

On edit - nisam is "COUNSEL" in Human. Nothing in Dwarfish, Elvish, or Goblin that I could find. I might not be using the right dictionary though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 24, 2008, 11:59:34 am**

Might as well put the spoiler tags to use since I was so happy about finally getting them.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

I don't want to stifle anyone's creativity, but I need to step in before you guys get way too far off track. In the hints and information you post, some of it is *very* relevant to the current crypto. Some of it is not. Let me come out now and remind you all that The Dreaded Polybius Square, and his numerous and equally terrible children, have been temporarily banned from playing with you all. They're grounded until they can learn to play nicer. I'm only saying this so you all don't put more work into false leads, but the translation from gibberish-to-human is just an unfortunate coincidence that I didn't prepare for.

It does, however, give me lots of ideas for future ciphers. You can punish Daniel Charms, Maggarg and Jools for that, if you want 😊

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **June 24, 2008, 12:01:14 pm**

No, no, please no!
Not the hammerer!
wails

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 24, 2008, 01:41:55 pm**

I got something different than you did Makrond

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Code: [\[Select\]](#)

```
I get all the same letters as you except the 4th
and 6th group decoding.

In the 4th the 1st and 3rd character are capitals
and in the 6th group the 3rd and 5th letters are
capitals.

I'm not sure if you can go from there, but that is
where I've dead ended and decided to come back
to the thread where I noticed you've gotten the
same cipher method.

BAAAB  AABAA  E
AAABB  AAABB  D
BAAAA  AAABB  D
ABBAB  BABAA  W
AAAAA  BAABB  U-V
BABBA  AABAB  F
AAAAB  BAABB  U-V
AABBA  ABAAA  I-J
AAAAB  ABAAA  I-J
AAAAA  BABAB  X
ABABA  BAABB  U-V
ABBBA  AABAA  E
AAAAB  AAAAB  B
```

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **June 24, 2008, 01:51:04 pm**

Maggarg, it's either the Hammerer, or Stravitch and that mace of his. Personally I'd rather take my chances with the Hammerer..

Good spot, Stravitch (please don't hit me ;-D) - though we still need to work out what devious twist Heavy Flak has put on the end of that double-message encoding...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 24, 2008, 01:53:57 pm**

I wish there was a way to lock open or closed the spoiler windows -_-

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 24, 2008, 01:59:04 pm**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

It occurs to me that the smaller and larger letters may be two separate messages or two separate words. In that case, let's separate them shall we?

larger: ABBAABAAAA BAAABAAAA ABABB

smaller: BAABA AABAA BABAA BABAA ABBAABABAA BAABBAAAA

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 24, 2008, 02:43:05 pm**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Gives us
Code: [\[Select\]](#)

ABBAA	N	BAABA	T
ABAAA	IJ	AABAA	E
BAAAB	S	BABAA	W
AAAAA	A	BABAA	W
ABABB	M	ABBAA	N
AABAA	E		
BAABB	UV		
AAAAA	A		

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 24, 2008, 05:21:05 pm**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Why are we whispering?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 24, 2008, 08:35:17 pm**

I still don't understand the method you guys are employing. No one ever answered my question earlier about the stenograph thing.

Oh well, I assume my idea wasn't very helpful?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 24, 2008, 09:44:42 pm**

Kuli get ahold of me on AIM if you have it and am still interested

CDSMassive

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 24, 2008, 10:04:46 pm**

Maybe some time. It's not a big deal, though. I'm just mystified that searches on Google and Wikipedia have turned up nothing about it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 24, 2008, 10:10:28 pm**

The events of the 10th of Limestone. 1063

Merkil was getting better, there was no doubt about it. He had yet to bring Major ---- DayCovering to his knees, or knock the hammer from his hands, but he was Better. Stronger. Harder. Faster. He was becoming a *real* soldier.

Even the training, sometimes as much as twelve hours a day, was beginning to become routine. Not the techniques that were being taught to him. No, there was so much to learn about his heavy lead-and-steel hammer, just as he thought his mentor might move on he was instructed on a different way to stand, or defend, or even attack. No, the training itself, the memorization, the movements, the repetition, it was becoming so much easier.

He no longer became winded, spending hours jogging up and down the stairs to the parapet in his full armor. No longer did he ache when he moved, the bruises and bumps that seemed to cover his body were suffered without complaint or thought. No longer was he so sore he could not lift his hammer. The heavy weapon felt as natural now as if it was an extension of his arm.

"Good!" Shouted Major ---- DayCovering as his apprentice deftly deflected a blow. "Left! Left! Right!"

On the third shout, Major ---- DayCovering brought his hammer singing in an arc to the left to complete the trifecta. But Merkil wasn't listening to his voice anymore, he was watching the way the old man moved. He saw him tense for a brief instant, and push forward with his right foot instead of the left. His shield came up, the metal ringing heavily as the Sombith Kiron clanged against it.

Grinning wide, Merkil readied his own blow. He'd been thinking about it for months now, the day he'd be able to finally land a blow on the old man. His hammer swung hard, a sharp forehand blow delivered from the hip, his twisting frame adding to the speed.

"EeeEEeeeeEEEEEE!"

The scream from the courtyard caused him to jerk, a small shift of his shoulders, and without thinking he tried to glance down to the floor below. He was rewarded with a crack to the helm which brought him groaning to his knees, hammer and shield clattering beside him.

"Tsk... You were doing so well. What happened? Why did you slow? Why did you take your eyes from me?"
"Didn't you, ohhh, by Lenod's gaze, my head... didn't you hear that shriek?"
"Aye. What of it?"

"...and you weren't distracted? What if it was an attacker? That could have been our warning that goblins were sieging again."
"Did I just strike you? Then I wasn't distracted. Until you're aware of your surroundings, you'll be able to be beaten. From where that noise came from, I knew that any attacker would be either behind the wall, or so far below that we would have time to finish our training before meeting him."
"You're right, sir. But what *was* it?"

They moved to the edge and peered into the courtyard, looking for the source of the scream. They eventually found it. Climbing out of the empty pond, and pushing past the kneeling yellow-robos, the now-naked Duke Consort Rocksmortal shoved through the crowds, a rictus grin plastered on his face. He was soaked in mud and vomit, his loping gait bringing him swiftly to the edge of the pond. With another bloodcurdling shriek, he dove over the head of one of the kneeling dwarves, arms outspread, and belly flopped into the soft mud with a loud splat.

Minutes later, he had pulled himself from the pond and rushed forward, shrieking and jumping again.
And again.
And again.

Major ---- DayCovering sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose between his eyes. "Well, it looked like the new Duke commandeering the old Duchesses space and kicking him out finally took it's toll. Nothing we can do for him now."
"Shouldn't we go down and at least ... put some clothes on him?" Merkil asked, his nose wrinkled in distaste.
"I don't suspect he'll be living much longer. He might yet grow tired of the mud, and give himself a lava bath. Now come on, attack me. We can use the old Consort as a training exercise for you."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Makrond** on **June 25, 2008, 02:17:57 am**

Kuli: try searching Bacon's Cipher on Wikipedia. Unfortunately, while Bacon's Cipher should actually be called a steganograph (and I did so for accuracy - though I left out the ga...) most people call it Bacon's Cipher.

Meanwhile, I'm sick of staring at As and Bs. I'm going to try again tomorrow if nobody else has solved it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **June 25, 2008, 04:48:40 am**

I just try not to look at them

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 25, 2008, 07:30:42 am**

Quote from: Stravitch on June 24, 2008, 01:53:57 pm

I wish there was a way to lock open or closed the spoiler windows -_-

OMG ask and apparently I shall receive! Thanks Toady!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **June 25, 2008, 07:47:59 am**

I think he was scared that you'd go and batter him if he didn't.
Even the mightiest of toads doesn't like being belted round the head.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 25, 2008, 10:18:36 pm**

From the journal of Johnny Fountainspring
20th of Limestone, 1063

They fled with as much fanfare as they assembled; the yellow robes surrounding the pond dispersed in the middle of the night after weeks of their chants. There has been no explanation, and the Dwarves who were involved that could be picked from the crowd are acting as if nothing happen. You can see in their eyes that they remember, but they're dodging questions left and right, and the Union Leaders are too ecstatic to have their laborers back to care what was the cause or why. Though, a second round of chanting and prayer may not be met with such curious bewilderment.

Outside of preparing excellent meals, Dojango has found time to buy a crafts store from Aryn, spending his off hours when he's not with Bertrand and Akroma hawking mugs encrusted in bone. There was a minor altercation a few days ago as Erith sauntered in there to pick himself up a new beer stein and was summarily socked in the nose. It seems his latest engraving in the mess hall of a large nosed clown stirring a massive pot with a rack, entitled "The Cold Snots" didn't go over as well with the Master Chef as it did the others.

The skirmish was broken up by Sulari and Varen, and though things have calmed down, it's an unofficial rule that Erith isn't allowed to shop in Dojango's store anymore.

The merchants from Stukos Matul have arrived for their yearly trade, and I'm already readying the goods in my room to sell to them. Aryn hasn't even been near the trade depot since they've arrived, and I've barely seen him in weeks, which is a godsend for our efforts. Stravitch thinks I should be laying low; he said he has a "bad feeling" about this, but when has he ever been known for seeing into this future? The only future he's ever seen is one washed in the red of his enemies and the sparkle of gold.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 26, 2008, 07:44:07 am**

With a day and a ... little more than a half left, I'm going to throw one more hint your way. While I'm not saying any of the methods that you have employed are wrong, I am a little wary of just jumping head first into cracking something. Start with the simple: try to work out patterns, or similarities. Don't begin to over-think the problem until you've exhausted the easier methods.

I'm sure more than just Makrond are tired of looking at A's and B's.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Glacies** on **June 26, 2008, 10:15:45 am**

I'd like to get a dwarf, if you would.

Glacies, if male, or Mint, if female.
Book keeper

Preferably worshipping the bloody sun god, but zefonist is okay too.
Inobtrusive, likes new experiences.

Wants to create a library; Basically a 12x8 room with rows of wooden cabinets in it. That would give Dodok-come-lately something to do, right?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 26, 2008, 12:42:27 pm**

Glacies: I'll get you put in, but it may take a little bit. We've still had a shortage of migrants (I'm kind of convinced I've depopulated all of Stukos Matul with the number of deaths we've had). I'll reset one of the current dwarves to fill the spot of the current legendary-but-really-unremarkable book keeper, and make a moral decision if he/she should be allowed to retire or die spectacularly.

Also, I'll put in your library request because that sounds like a fun idea and fits the book keeper motif, but it's going to be a while on that. Priority wise, I've got to complete Jools' animal sanctuary and finish making the pumps halfbreed safe. Once those are done, I'll kick that project off.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Kuli** on **June 26, 2008, 03:33:58 pm**

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
NEVERMIND. I just realized Stravitch already attempted the method I used.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Lord Nightmare** on **June 26, 2008, 04:45:06 pm**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Has anyone considered breaking the message down into binary format?
where first digit is letter (0 for A, 1 for B) and second is bold state (0 for not bold, 1 for bold)
AAB**B**B would become 00 00 10 11 10

also don't forget to try ROT13'ing any possible resulting message.
see <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rot13>
also has anyone tried the atbash? its a little like rot13 in that its its own inverse, but it involves folding the letter line back on itself.
see <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Atbash>

Edit: ok, if i change all bold A and B to C and D respectively, the message is:
BACAB AAADD BAACC CBDAB CAACC BADBC
CAACD ACBBA ACAAB CACAC CBADC ABDBA AAAAD

If I binarify this using the rules above, i end up with:
10 00 01 00 10 00 00 00 11 11 10 00 00 01 01 01 10 11 00 10 01 00 00 01 01 10 00 11 10 01
01 00 00 01 11 00 01 10 10 00 00 01 00 00 10 01 00 01 00 01 01 10 00 11 01 00 10 11 10 00 00 00 00 00 11

also an alternate reading could have all the bits reversed in every 2-bit letter, like:
01 00 10 00 01 00 00 00 11 11 01 00 00 10 10 10 01 11 00 01 10 00 00 10 10 01 00 11 01 10
10 00 00 10 11 00 10 01 01 00 00 10 00 00 01 10 00 10 00 10 10 01 00 11 10 00 01 11 01 00 00 00 00 00 11

Its possible all bits are inverted too.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 26, 2008, 05:45:52 pm**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
I tried the binary thing as well, problem is the total characters has to be divisible by 8 =(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **June 26, 2008, 06:23:33 pm**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
That's a little complicated there, Lord Nightmare. It seems too much like overthinking.

Mind you, I'm not sure my methods are any better. I'm thinking of going the hard slog, you know, back to the basics of cryptography.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 26, 2008, 06:57:50 pm**

I spent some time tonight mocking Stravitch on AIM by saying things like, "Just to make sure I didn't screw you guys over, I worked this crypto out by hand. It still works, so huzzah me."

He pointed out the obvious flaw that I knew the answer, but it proved to me that I didn't screw up and if done in the correct way (read: my way) it *is* solvable. However, it did bring something else to my attention as I was in the kitchen, and that is I might have made this unfairly hard. It might be asking too much to pick words out of solid blocks of letters, especially when the puzzle is so short and this has been one of few Achilles Heels of the group at large and is something I'll be keeping in mind for the future. So, in short, I'm going to take the original message and repost it in spoiler tags below, broken up by word. If there's an overwhelming majority that *don't* want this made a teeny bit easier, speak up and I'll take it down.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
BAAAB AAABB BAAAA
ABBAB AAAAA BABBA AAAAB
AABBA AAAAB AAAAA ABABA
ABBBA AAAAB

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **June 26, 2008, 09:52:12 pm**

Yeah, short cryptograms are the hardest; frequency rules tend to go out the window.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 26, 2008, 10:45:02 pm**

The Events of the 8th of Sandstone, 1063

Stravitch and Johnny stood outside the skeleton of Jool's animal sanctuary. Stravitch looked dour, as usually, and Johnny leaned against a hastily constructed wall, the bridge of his nose pinched between his fingers. Eventually, Johnny spread his hands wide, a gesture of frustration and futility.

"So he puts th'Orbsbarb woman innae th'mayors spot? What poss'ble reason could'e have for doin' that?"
"Because she's served well enough in the Book Keepers role. Her husband's dead, and she's managed to raise seven brats all on her own, on a clerks pay," Stravitch said.
"No, he did it to keep hiss'elf safe. He hides in his office and only leaves wi' an ent'rauge of honor guard. When he's down at his damned glass smelter, he 'as two Purple Cloaks standin' at'tention o'side the door. He's nearly untouch'ble."

"He's not untouchable," Stravitch said with a sneer. "Do you want him dead or not? I can head down to the workshops first thing tomorrow. I can kill the purple cloaks, and him, without breaking a sweat. Hell, I can kill him with his honor guard. I think it's time you grow a pair and act, I've been hearing this song and dance for a decade."
"grow'uh- Now you back off, ya' daft old fool," Johnny flared, jabbing a finger at the Captain of the Guards chest. "What'ave I toldja'? The civvies might not *like* him, but they res'pect'em! We cannae go out splittin the skulls of everyone we dun' like!"

Stravitch shifted his stance, his eyes narrowing. Out of instinct, he tightened his grip on the shaft of his mace, the leather in his gauntlets creaking. "Then stop dancing around the issue. If we're partners in this, treat me like one. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't go turn his head to paste, or it'll be done in minutes."

"A'right. Look. If he dies, who takes control?"
"We do."
"Fine, we're in charge. What 'bout Kuli? The Zefonists will push fer' him to be put inta' place. What 'bout Sulari? She's got t'whole standin' army behind her which are much greater in number than yer' guardsmen. What 'bout Bertrand, and his ghouls? He's got years of 'sperience, an' they got the Union backing. What'er we left with? A handful of Fisherfolk, and barely a dozen guardsmen. You wannae go kill Aryn, feckin' go fer' it. But be prepared to drop the rest of the civvies, the groups that rise in his death, and some of yer' own

guardsmen who want a bit of glory.
"You want Aryn dead? Be prepared to lead a feckin' shell of a fortress. All their bones'll make a mighty fine throne, if there are any bone carvers left."

They stared at each other in silence for a good, long while. Eventually Stravitch snarled a curse and spun on his heel, "Fine, he lives another day. But I'm warning you, I won't be held responsible for anything I might do because of one of his asinine decrees."

Johnny waited until his friend had left before stalking off towards his room, fuming. That hadn't gone nearly as well as he had hoped, but at least he had gotten a bit of sense through the old mans head, even if it wasn't all the truth. How could he tell Stravitch, the legendary mercenary, the Butcher of Rethiatera, that he was growing a bit soft? He'd finally gotten a place he could call home... they wouldn't be leaving. If anything, all the gold they were amassing would help them live like kings in thirty years. Eventually their little expedition would start receiving a flood of migrants and their elegant home would blossom.

It would turn into the ghettos of the Old Places, the shop streets of the High Peeks; nobles and merchants and sell swords and priests would all take up residence. And in all of this, as much as he hated the man, Aryn was needed. Because how could they attain more wealth, if they couldn't play the system given to them so well? Without Aryn, Johnny and Stravitch and their charges were nothing but peasants playing kings. But with these rules, and these mandates, and these trade agreements... there was almost no one who could compete.

Lost in his thoughts, Johnny didn't hear the soft scrape of leather and metal across the courtyard. He did hear the stony voice from behind him, cold and hollow; his blood freezing at the momentary fear.

"Johnny Fountainspring... it's so damned good to see YOU again..."

He turned slowly to by himself time, to hide the fear he was feeling. He couldn't see anything in the darkness, torches not placed this far away from the main entrance. He could feel the shapes, and as his eyes adjusted ever so slowly he saw a squat frame a dozen paces away. Two other figures stood beside the one in front, a slender and equally short one to her right, a massive one slightly behind her.

"You're never out late anymore. What's the matter. Are you afraid of the dark?"
"I'm not ..." He took a deep breath, and gently slid his pick from it's sling. He was met with cold laughter, and a faint flash of green as the moon momentarily peeked from behind the clouds.

"You should be. Run away, Johnny, run away. We're not ready for you yet. We'll come and fetch you when it's playtime."

Dropping his pick, Johnny turned and sprinted towards the safety of his room. He didn't hear footsteps following him, but he did hear laughter. He heard it all the way down the steps, and as he sat at his his table drinking bourbon and clutching a stolen crossbow, he could swear he could hear it through his iron door.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **June 27, 2008, 03:17:24 am**

Ooh, spooky.
This is probably something to do with Bertrand messing with stuff that dwarfkind was not meant to mess with.
That, or someone else wants Aryn to get it in the neck.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **June 27, 2008, 04:20:19 am**

Oooh, new intrigue!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 26, 2008, 06:57:50 pm

BAAAB AAABB BAAAA
ABBAB AAAAA BABBA AAAAB
AABBA AAAAB AAAAA ABABA
ABBBA AAAAB

Interesting. Implies that there's only one message in there, rather than encoding one message in the letters and one in the fonts. Unless the font encoding word spacing matches the letter encoding word spacing, but I'm tempted to discount that. Also it suggests that separating the letters out by their font won't work either.

I've not had a lot of free time recently but I'll be having another crack at it tonight. I suspect that it might be something quite straightforward once we work it out - maybe something like the already decoded letters, then the font representing a binary number telling us how much to shift the letters by.

What's the deadline for cracking this, BTW? I'd hate for something bad to happen to my animals because of it...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **June 27, 2008, 05:40:37 am**

I think there's like half a day or so left...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
I'm thinking the same way as Jools, oddly enough, but so far I haven't had much luck. In fact, I ended up with something resembling 'suimin'... and I doubt noodles in a cup have been invented yet.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 27, 2008, 07:39:00 am**

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
I had already tried shifting the translated letters in each way, and now with the spacing you would get something similar to

Code: [Select]
EDD WUFU IIXU EB
FEE XGVV JJYV FC
GFF YWHW KKZW GD
HGG ZXIX LLAX HE
IHH AYJY MMBY IF
JII BZKZ NNCZ JG
KJJ CALA OODA KH
LKK DBMB PPEB LI
MLL ECNC QQFC MJ
NMM FDOD RRGD NK
ONN GEPE SSHE OL
POO HFQF TTIF PM
QPP IGRG UUJG QN
RQQ JHSH VVKH RO
SRR KITI WWLI SP
TSS LJUJ XXMJ TQ
UTT MKVK YYNK UR
VUU NLWL ZZOL VS

WVV OMM APM WT
XWV PNYN BBQN XU
YXX QOZO CCRO YV
ZYY RPAP DDSP ZW
AZZ SQBQ EETQ AX
BAA TRCR FFUR BY
CBB USDS GGVS CZ
DCC VTET HHWT DA
EDD WUFU IIXU EB

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 27, 2008, 07:35:42 pm**

The events of the 23rd of Sandstone, 1063

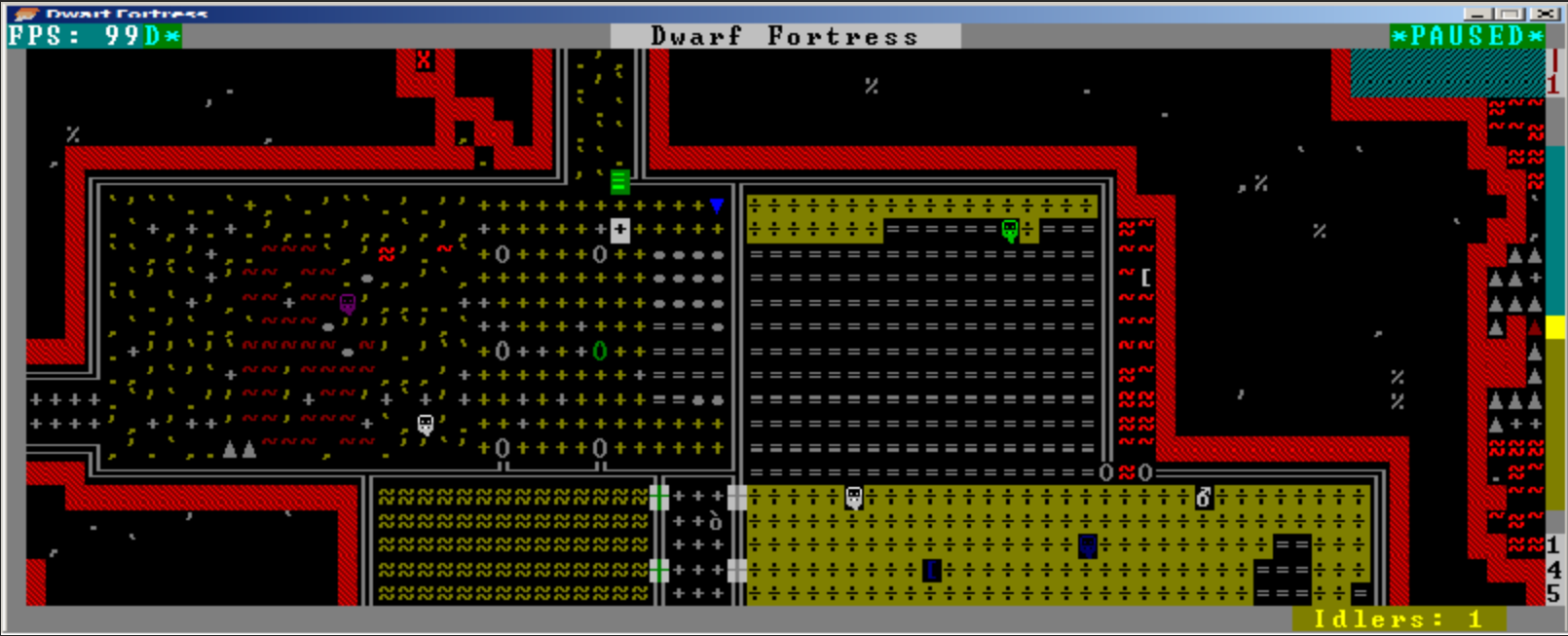
Aryn squinted, his head turned upwards towards the sky. Beside him the new Duke Bomrek prattled on, his talk of battles and wars and victories completely ignored by the businessman. When the buzzing in his ear had finally reached all Aryn could take, he turned his gaze on the grizzled Duke, teeth grit, "None of that is important. What is important, is that these merchants are leaving. These merchants are leaving because they've had five of their horses go missing. Why not put your energy towards finding out who the rustler is, instead of reliving your glory days marching before the barracks."

The Duke and Aryn never got along, and yet another of their legendary shouting matches was about to begin, if not for the wail that emanated from the emptied reflecting pond. Lucy came tearing up the ramp, her hand pressed over her mouth as she rushed to the edge of the cliff, dry-heaving into open space. Rice, carrying stones for the rewalling, dropped them, his face paled.

"What is it!" Aryn shouted, already beginning to walk towards the pool.
"I've...found the merchants horses," Rice said, his voice waivering.

As Aryn peered over the edge, the sight below filled him with dread. Not for what he saw, but for how wrong it felt. Horse-corpses were tossed into the side culvert, their throats and bellies slit. In the center of the drained pond, the dried mud had been painted with thick layers of ruddy-red horses blood into the shape of a leering demon, terrible maw opened wide to bare fangs. Written above it, almost lovingly, was the phrase seen on the back of the Yellow Robes. Below the demons leering face were the words translated to the common tongue:

YOU HAVE BEAT ME



Aryn nearly jumped when Kuli spoke up beside him, the Maester having moved quietly across the bridge while he was distracted. "That's the heathen Demon Olsmo. I'd recognize his foul image anywhere. To have him grace this fortress, even in this sacrilegiously work of art, is a foul omen indeed."

"But what of the words?" Bertrand's quavering voice called from afar. He was trudging up towards them, flanked by Akroma and Dojango, their faces grim. "Do not tell me you've ignored the message. Read it, plain as day. Powerful messages must take powerful sacrifices. The blood of brave stallions is a fair price for news of an evildoers demise. Even in death, Demons have great powers. Powers enough to carve their image in stone, or drive others to leave messages in their stay. This can be taken as nothing but a good sign."

"A good sign? I respectfully disagree, Elder Bertrand," Kuli said, his voice calm. "I've met Olsmo's followers, I've seen the destruction he has left behind. I have seen the Holy City in ruins, and from what? From his whims and machinations. This message should not be taken lightly, this is a message that screams to me. It screams of trouble brewing, it screams of mischief, and disaster."

The bickering, bubbling over among the Dwarves, was brought to an end by a cold voice behind them.

"The old man is correct, Problemwalled. I've seen the Demon's death myself."

Aryn missed many things as he turned. He missed the sight of dozens of dwarves, their faces contorted in horror. He missed Kuli, his resolve broken for only an instance, his eyes wide with the kind of terror only brought on through knowledge. And he missed Bertrand, the old man's wrinkled face turning white as bone, his apprentices exchanging worried looks. All Aryn saw was the Dwarf standing before him, her black leather greatcoat streaked with dirt and blood. Her beard was matted and unkempt and full of sand - a gas mask made of tubing and charcoal and copper covering most of her ruined face. Green-glass goggles covered her eyes, glinting cruelly in the harsh sunlight.

"With his growing strength, Bax Unostotho gave US life anew. With his followers growing, his energies swirling, he struck down the Fire Beast like so much cattle. We're his messangers. We're his servants. And we. Are your friends."

Aryn almost passed out at the sight of Ex-Mayor Likot standing before him. The last he had seen, she was ripped in half in the sands, slated for the funeral pyre. What had happened in the blackness of night to get her away from the cleansing fire? It wasn't until she had finished speaking that he noticed her two companions. They were both clad in trenchcoats as well, though the massive one behind her wore his like a jacket. They both wore full masks of wrought iron, smooth and faceless, green glass covering the eyes. It was with a moan of comprehension that he recognized them - seconds before Likot spoke again.

"Bax Unostotho knew I would be lonely, and he made me an honor guard. Why don't you say hello to Miss Valania, and Sergeant Pepper. It's been a while, but Bax Unostotho praises how well this desert can preserve a corpse. He praises you all for your vigilance against the evil of Olsmo. And he especially praises you, Problemwalled - he sent me with this message. 'One rebirth is the same as another.' I'm your friend, I've seen Zefon herself.

"Now I'm going to claim my old room. Bring me wine, and stew. We have much to discuss Aryn. I've been away too long."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 27, 2008, 07:44:01 pm**

Crypto Solution:

Even if Kagus claims it's whispering I'm going to put the solution in spoiler tags because it makes me feel super special. You all had really good ideas, and you even had the correct method picked out, but I did make a single tweak that kept you all from getting it completely.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Makrond was indeed correct, it's Bacon's Cipher. However, in my research, I turned up a few things. Specifically, that Bacon's Cipher is little more than a generic substitution that happens to break single characters into multiple ones. Because of this, I rearranged the order of the letters. That is why you kept coming up with gibberish, because if you applied the solution set on Wikipedia, the only ones that were the same were A and Z. Everything in between was different.

So how do you solve it, with the letters mixed up like I had it? You make it easier. Think back to your algebra classes, where you make a hard equation simpler by assigning repetitious parts single-letters. Assign a single letter to each group of five A's and B's.

a b c d e f
BAAAB AAABB BAAAA ABBAB AAAAA BABBA

g h g e j k g
AAAAB AABBA AAAAB AAAAA ABABA ABBBA AAAAB

That gives you, with the character break:

ABC DEFG HGEJ KG

From here, it's little more than running a substitution to get:

YOU HAVE BEAT ME

All the effort you put into solving this, though, gave me lots of ideas for the future. I can't claim I'll use them any time soon, but it does give me ideas for some very nasty problems. Huzzah!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 27, 2008, 08:08:49 pm**

Awesome update. Likot, Valania, and Sgt. Pepper all back from the dead? That's both cool and disturbing.

Somehow I don't trust this Bax Unostotho. Maester Kuli will continue to believe in the true rebirth of Zefon I'm sure. Also, I wonder whether Olsmo really is gone for good.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **martinuzz** on **June 27, 2008, 09:17:16 pm**

OMG. I guessed right. She lives again.. The horror.

I'm silently hoping for a new drawing. The undead Likot..

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 27, 2008, 10:08:16 pm**

What a fitting message to be hidden inside a cipher that wasn't cracked...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **June 28, 2008, 12:17:52 am**

Quote from: martinuzz on June 27, 2008, 09:17:16 pm

OMG. I guessed right. She lives again.. The horror.

I'm silently hoping for a new drawing. The undead Likot..

Well I was thinking about it before, but now I almost feel obligated. ;)

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 24, 2008, 08:00:28 am

Xofrevlis: Awesome work, absolutely awesome! I've got to admit, when I think "mace", I think of the cartoonish round spiky thing stuffed onto the end of a stick, but the one you've given Stravitch seems more realistic and much more menacing. I'm absolutely flattered you like this story enough to spend time drawing characters from it :)

From what I've gathered, if it has spikes it's technically a morning star, but they're pretty closely related as far as weapons go. And I'm just glad my drawings appear to be holding up to your story. I'd been in a bit of a drawing rut, but it looks like drawing something different from the usual is slowly getting me out of it.

I have some other stuff to catch up on at the moment, but I'll try to get a drawing done before monday. ...Of course, I'm mostly setting a deadline because if I don't I'll end up doing something silly to waste time, like trying to beat Kaizo Mario World 2 or making a fortress out of glass. ::)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **June 28, 2008, 12:20:20 am**

Hi! I just joined recently and i was wondering if you can name a male dwarf for me!

If you can, call him Zak and make him a x-bow user! He should be emotionally tough yet compassionate, and have a quiver if possible.

Great thread, keep it up!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **June 28, 2008, 01:13:19 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 27, 2008, 07:44:01 pm

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
So how do you solve it, with the letters mixed up like I had it? You make it easier. Think back to your algebra classes, where you make a hard equation simpler by assigning repetitious parts single-letters. Assign a single letter to each group of five A's and B's.

a b c d e f
BAAAB AAABB BAAAA ABBAB AAAAA BABBA

g h g e j k g
AAAAB AABBA AAAAB AAAAA ABABA ABBBA AAAAB

That gives you, with the character break:

ABC DEFG HGEJ KG

From here, it's little more than running a substitution to get:

YOU HAVE BEAT ME

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
...The hell?! How were we supposed to think of that?

The worst part is, I actually went through that step whilst looking for patterns, except I used numbers instead... I can't believe I didn't think of using letters... Grr...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 28, 2008, 02:59:02 am**

Insomnia has hit me hard, bringing with it the joy of never sleeping and the pain of never sleeping. So, I'll take the time to respond to a couple posts!

Quote from: Makrond on June 28, 2008, 01:13:19 am

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
...The hell?! How were we supposed to think of that?

The worst part is, I actually went through that step whilst looking for patterns, except I used numbers instead... I can't believe I didn't think of using letters... Grr...

I was trying to push you guys in that direction. The biggest hint I gave out was something ham fisted, like, "I think *everyone* is tired of looking at A's and B's." In my mind, that was a gentle push towards the right direction. Numbers would have worked I believe, but for me at least they would have been harder to read.

Zako: I'll add you to the list of those waiting for Dwarves. I'm quite sure Sparrow will be happy to have someone join him in any future marksdwarves squad.

Xofrevlis: Hehe, there's a little more of my ignorance coming through, I suppose. I've always thought Morning Stars were the balls on chains with the spikes at the end, though... I suppose those are just weighted flails.

Kagus: That message IS a little mocking, isn't it? My reputation as a jerk should hopefully keep standing, then :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **June 28, 2008, 06:38:53 am**

Bah! They killed those poor horses. If I find out who did that, I'll... I'll... I'll not be very nice to them.

Bringing Likot back is a very cool move.

With the cypher, doh! I must try not to read too much into the next one, and hence let slip devilish ideas for future ones. But would it be possible to have a bit more of a message to crack with the next one? 10 different characters in a 13-character message isn't a lot to play with or guess from...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 28, 2008, 09:02:06 am**

Quote from: Jools on June 28, 2008, 06:38:53 am

Bah! They killed those poor horses. If I find out who did that, I'll... I'll... I'll not be very nice to them.

Bringing Likot back is a very cool move.

With the cypher, doh! I must try not to read too much into the next one, and hence let slip devilish ideas for future ones. But would it be possible to have a bit more of a message to crack with the next one? 10 different characters in a 13-character message isn't a lot to play with or guess from...

You're absolutely right on that. As I was mocking Stravitch and working it out myself, and seeing just how few letters repeated ... well, yeah. 10 unique letters out of thirteen ISN'T much to go on at all. From now on, I'll give you all more a message to help you all out solving these.

It's so much easier writing these then solving them, I sometimes forget that the short ones are *incredibly* challenging.

Edit: Oh, yeah - and with Sgt. Pepper and Valania back, along with Likot, I think I can be proud to say I'm the *only* community fortress that still has all it's named dwarves alive in Year 12! ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Daniel Charms** on **June 28, 2008, 10:11:02 am**

A major d'oh! from me as well. I *totally* had all the right ideas at one point or another (that the letter size doesn't really matter, and that it's simple substitution), but I never put two and two together. I actually tried rot13 on it, but since it didn't work, I just gave up.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 28, 2008, 12:51:28 pm**

The events of the 3rd of Timber, 1063

Aryn and Duke Bomrek sat opposite each other in the Duke's study. They drank coffee and snacked on little prickle berry tarts, though Aryn's remained untouched. Across the room sat the Duke's wife, silent and unobtrusive as always, and beside the table, standing uncomfortably at attention was the mechanic Glacies.

"I don't quite see what the problem is," The Duke said jovially. "So we have some Mummers showing up, prancing about in their coats and masks. Let them entertain, what is it us? We have food enough for three more."

Aryn spoke, his voice muffled since his face was in his hands. "You don't understand. This is a nightmare. An absolute nightmare. These aren't traveling fools, these are Dwarves that have been dead for years. It was bad enough when Likot was alive..."
"I don't quite follow you, Aryn old chap. You're saying these are corpses walking around, talking and eating our food?"
"Yes, that's exactly what I'm saying! Likot and Sgt. Pepper have been training alone and are out of the way, but Valania has demanded to take her post back in the Engravers Union, stealing half the workforce from Rice... and now we have six engravers who are terrified and sick as they follow behind the capering corpse. If she thinks she can take back her position... Oh god, Likot might want the Mayors job back."

Aryn sat back heavily in his chair, eyes wide. The Duke was unimpressed, stuffing another of the tarts into his mouth before wiping his hands off on his beard. "And I still don't see the problem. You're saying she's dead? Any Dwarf with the stones enough to ignore death *should* be allowed a spot of authority. I've died before."

"...what?"
"Oh, yes. At least" The Duke paused, looking towards the ceiling as he thought. "At last three times, I'd wager. Maybe more. It's hard to keep track these days. How did they go?"
"Likot was ripped in half by a horde of zombie goblins; how she's standing I don't know. Sergeant Pepper was trampled to death by a

herd of Dread Camels-"
"Yes, I killed a good dozen of those before the missus and I hit your entranceway."
"-and Valania was given The Crimson Smile by some mustachioed thief before he blew himself up."
"Ahh, of course. That happened to me once, a cannon misfire, took me days to get completely over it. I spent nearly a week waiting for that hand to grow back."

"For the love of all the Gods, Old and New, can't you take this seriously! We need to go into damage control. First things first, I want you to start locking your doors at night, I can't swear that she or her honor guard won't go looking for trouble. Secondly, if she DOES go for her mayors position again, killing Ineth Orbsbarb will also get rid of our book keeper... that can't happen, we *need* to know what our stocks and worth are. Otherwise we'll get robbed blind by the next merchant that arrives. They'll just ... misplace some crafts, or underestimate what our gears are worth. That's where you come in, Glacies."

"Me, sir?" The Mechanic asked, startled. He had been looking more and more lost as the two nobles talked, and being addressed brought him back to attention quickly. A cold bead of sweat trickled down his temple.
"Yes. You're our new book keeper. You handled yourself well against those Camels, and the fact that you lived AND healed shows the kind of strength we need. Finish your tasking for Lucy to get those pumps up and running, and then get to your new job as master of the hoard."

"W-...why, thank you, sir! I'm honored you'd choo-"
"Yes. Wonderful, now leave, and finish the pumps. And do NOT run afoul of Likot, stay far away from her."
"I did before she was dead, sir."
"Then you're smarter than most. Get to it."

As Glacies left the room, grinning at his promotion, he heard The Duke say something. As he closed behind him, he heard the beginnings of yet another argument between Aryn and The Duke start - glad to not be a part of it.



edit: Oops, forgot to include Glacies profile!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 28, 2008, 07:24:37 pm**

The events of the 9th of Timber, 1063

Dodik-Come-Lately's was abuzz with conversation, the tables filled with Dwarves drinking hearty, playing tiles, or waiting on the whores to free themselves up. At one table sat Varen and Merkil, the former drug in by the Captain of the guard, the latter accompanying his friend in the few hours he had off after training.

"So the old Captain comes barreling through the barracks," Varen started. "Dragging this screaming metalworker behind him. The guy's gettin' locked up in the clink, and he starts trying to fight against him, which is ... is a bad move. So Stravitch grabs the guy by the shirt and hauls him over to the screw pump, yanks the front away to give it some play, and stuffs this poor sods head in there between the threads and the wall. He starts working the crank, and eventually the guy starts screaming again, sobbing, sayin' he'd be happier in jail. He gets thrown in there with a huge hole in his head and a broken neck, then he grabs me to go get a drink and a whore..."

"I heard..." Merkil said, shuddering, "That the Duke saw his wife was pregnant, so he looked through her skin - no, don't look at me like that - he said he looked through her skin, saw the kid was going to be weak, and shoved her down the stairs to toughen it up. And the miscarriage she had from it? Made him so mad he sentenced the first dwarf he saw to the jails."

Across the room, Erith and Istrath were discussing art - of the fine work the jeweler had been doing on the Bronze Collosus, and of the 'fine works' the Pornographer had been littering the fortress with.

Erith took a heavy swig of beer, grimacing. "I wish they'd just let me cover the fort with images of Sulari. Now there's a tart you can't get enough of seeing, yeah? Instead, Valania's back and is adding her chisel to the mix. You know what she engraved the other day? 'The Dregs of Rising.' It's a picture of Likot filling rotting goblins full of bolts, her entrails hanging out her stomach."

"I saw one the other day," Istrath said, smirking. "It was an engraving of a heap of bodies, all wearing party hats and masquerade masks. Stravitch was standing on them, his mace held high and a party hat on his head, and Queen Braidsabres was screaming and begging at his feet. She titled it 'The Scandal of Celebration'... quite the sense of humor on that one..."

The conversations died as the door to the pub slammed open. Mookie rushed in, out of breath, the food she'd been sent to get for Stravitch missing somewhere between the kitchen and the brothel. Her face was flushed, bonnet askew. Her voice rang out shrilly, in a panic, "Where's the sell-sword! Why isn't he guarding the entrance? Madam Dodik has been caught by the dreadcamels, she needs help!"

Chairs were knocked over in the patrons haste to stand, a tankard of ale clattering to the floor after a table was pushed a foot aside. Varen was already grabbing for his spear, and Merkil cursed the fact that he knew the sell-sword had vanished to pilfer real drink from the storerooms. The Dwarves rushed to the door to aid, but they were stopped in their tracks by the soft scrape of steel on stone.

The Madam rounded the corner, a heavy wood-splitting ax dragging at her feet. She looked tired, her wide-bottomed black dress streaked with dirt. Bits of meat clung to the blade.

"When the sell-sword returns, have him sent to me at once. Miss Mookie, go fetch the Captain one of Dojango's most impressive meals on my tab to thank him for waiting patiently. You all? So sweet to think to come to my rescue," her lips spread into a wide smile, and she hefted her ax on high - the first hint of real joy on the generally dour Madam's face. "But I was trained as a wood cutter first, a wood carver second, and a wood *worker* third. But in appreciation, the next round of drinks is on the house."

The roar of approval was deafening. For Dodik-Come-Lately, a poor girl who arrived without friend or family and an obsolete profession, this approval from so many was more intoxicating than any of the liquors in her stores.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 29, 2008, 05:36:38 pm**

From the notes of Bertrand the Mad
21st of Timber, 1063

That no one is more distraught about the resurrection and assimilation of three of their neighbors is the most terrifying thing of all. What has become of us, as a society? If this was to happen in any of the human settlements, if their aged mayor, ripped apart weeks previous by a pack of wolves was shuffle back into town and start making demands like nothing had happened, he'd be set upon with torches and pitchforks!

Our sanity should be called into question when, instead of acting rationally, we've taken walking corpses back. The only offense taken is that someone may be put out of a job, and that the engravers are being forced to work harder by a corpse than by a pornographer...

I don't know if they will be coming for me. I've been spending less time in my lab, it's door locked, it's torches put out. With the failure of the halfbreeds to be used as automate, we did indeed try bringing a Dwarf back from the grave. After robbing the tombs and seeing the dried conditions of the corpses, it was a Godsend when Likot was killed, and it was nothing to secret away her body from the scene of battle. Akroma is handy with a needle and thread, and Dojango surprisingly efficient with splint and twine, and in less than a days time she was sewn together, her broken bones on the mend.

She must have been biding her time on that table until she had been fully patched up, her innards stuffed with powder. And then she hauls off the corpses of her fellows and a bucket of the powder... and brings them back to.

Johnny hasn't been seen in weeks now, and the rumors are he's either been killed by Likot herself, or he's in hiding from her. If the second is true, I feel he has the right of it... I plan to spend as little time outside of my room as possible. My assistants have been trying to no end to "meet with me", but after seeing them at the edge of the pond chanting... I'm just not sure if I trust them anymore. What do they know? What have they been seeing in their dreams...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 29, 2008, 08:02:14 pm**

Bertrand doesn't seem to acknowledge that *he's the cause of all this*. ::) At least a regular Philosopher would just harmlessly take up space and nothing more.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 29, 2008, 08:21:17 pm**

Ah, the timeless rift between science and religion...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 29, 2008, 10:57:22 pm**

The events of the 10th of Moonstone, 1063

Glacies sat at his "desk", head in his hands. Since being promoted to the Master of the Hoard, his stress levels had increased tenfold. Unwilling to give him even the smallest of seats in his room, Glacies had taken up position in the mess hall, the tables in front of and beside him covered in ledgers and loose sheafs of paper. He talked quietly to himself, his pen scratching endlessly on the paper.

"Oh, by Lenod's fiery rage, do we honestly have twenty-thousand rough stones to count and cataloge? Where do we even keep them all? Oh, this is going to be a long week, maybe I need an apprentice..."

His thoughts were interrupted by a clearing of a throat beside him. Looking up, he saw a leather wearing hunter, his outfit streaked with dust and sand. He carried a crossbow, and a hopeful look.

"What is it, Sparrow?"
The Hunter shifted his crossbow to the other shoulder, eyebrows raising as he smiled. "With Ineth out of the position, I was hoping maybe you could put in a good word for me, hey? Let me get out of the fields, I could be much more help as a marksman, not a hunter."
"How many bolts would you say you use in an average week?"
"Bolts? Maybe ... sixteen, depends on if I see a camel or not."

"It doesn't matter," Glacies said with a sigh. "I ... I could probably get you set up in a marksmans' squad. I believe Likot has brought hers back, and-"
"Woah!" Sparrow said, eyes widening. "You can't be serious. No way."
"That's all we have a budget for, you can't start a NEW squad, not now, I haven't even gotten to the barracks yet to take tally of our armor."

A scream from the hallway silenced them both. They caught a glimpse of a child running at breakneck speeds, carrying a stone almost as large as he was.
"Is... that Mayor Ineth's middle son Kulet?" Sparrow asked.
"I believe so... did you hear him say that no one was allowed in the crafts workshop?"
"Yeah... I did."

Glacies threw up his hands, his pencil flipping into the air, soon lost amid the clutter on the ground. "Just great, ANOTHER priceless artifact that I'm going to have to account for..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **June 30, 2008, 07:08:20 am**

I'm pretty happy the way my personality has come out. Thanks.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **June 30, 2008, 08:19:45 am**

Sweet thanks! Here is a bit of backstory for my dwarf: he is training himself as a undead hunter & is trying to find out where they spring up from by doing undercover work for himself but using crafty alibi's to cover his tracks. So far no-one has found him out. Be sure to give him some close combat training if possible without being mauled by a certain captain...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **June 30, 2008, 09:12:00 am**

Poor old Bertrand.
What is a mad scientist to do when his own creations just bugger off without a word of thanks.
Interestingly, did you know that the word bugger is derived from a word in medieval French, and was coined when the Knights Templar were accused of sodomy and other such things when the king wanted their money.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Kagus on June 30, 2008, 05:12:58 pm

There are apparently multiple backgrounds for that word... One says that the the members of the Bulgarus movement, a Gnostic dualistic sect, were called heathens "bougres" by the French. Since heretics would naturally approach sex in a different way than most "normal" people, they probably committed a lot of sodomy. Hence, bougre - bugger - up the bum.

Another one (the first one I read) was that the Bougres were a different religious sect who believed that the physical world was a creation of the devil, and thus innately evil. Only the spiritual realm was created by God, and wast thus pure. Bougres sought to punish their flesh (a physical manifestation, thus made by the devil, thus evil) and attain pure spirituality with God (praying, death). Since bringing forth more people into the evil physical world would be a very nasty thing to do and would only prolong the existence of such a foul place, they performed many different types of birth control. Including one very simple and easy one (for the man, at least).

Hence, Bougre - bugger - up the bum.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on June 30, 2008, 06:25:24 pm

From the files of Aryn Estetar
23rd of Moonstone, 1063

How sweet it is, the comfort that comes with monotony. We've made lots of headway around the fortress. The pumps were operational, but Rice complained about a structural problem underneath the temple of Zefon. It has since been corrected, the sand bolstered with extra basalt walls, and starting tomorrow the pumps will be turned on again, the cool water flowing once more. As much as I dislike the Zefonists and their leader, the last thing I need is for the temple itself to collapse. It's right above the bedrooms, and in falling would most likely crush the majority of my labor. That will never do.

The Orbsbarb brat finished his little pet project in the crafts shop earlier this week, a simple tower-cap set of earrings. Monetarily, it's worthless, a paltry some of coin. But the craftsmanship is admittedly elegant. It menaces with spikes of anchovy bone and mako shark leather, and on it is a tiny picture of a dwarf in turtle shell. He named it, "Rentsmith the Recreation of Night", and blushing as bright as the sun, gave it to an overjoyed Dodik-Come-Lately. He mumbled something about wanting to be a wood worker when he came of age, and no one at the scene had the stones to ask just which type he meant.

Lastly, the first birth in ... years happened today. Jool's wife Kib gave birth to another little girl, Obok. This brings with it ill omens. Specifically, I'm not working my bearded charges hard enough if they're finding the time to reproduce. Jools is ecstatic, but I'm sure that will turn to sorrow soon enough. His wife is one of our champion wrestlers, and I highly doubt she'll be breaking from the tradition of using her spawn as a shield or bludgeon to toughen it up just so it might see a second year of life.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on June 30, 2008, 07:24:11 pm

The Events of the 28th of Moonstone, 1063

"AN AMBUSH! CURSE THEM!"

The four marksgoblins had made it closer to the fortress than any had in years - they were on the bridge. Furnace Operator Inkyveil was the one who had loosed the cry, taking a bolt through the arm for his troubles. Stonecrafter Daggerthrones, creator of one of the fortresses legendary piccolos, tried to dodge through the rain of bolts. One hit him square in the chest, his eyes widening as blood spilled from the wound and his mouth.

Before Sodel Abbeybucks, the last remaining Swords Dwarf could arrive on the scene, Daggerthrones had bled out, choked to death on his own blood.

In a fury, Sodel lopped off the right wrist of the first Goblin he fell upon, his crossbow dropping to the sand. The sword was thrust upwards, through his chin out and the top of his head. Yanking his blade free, Sodel spun in a tight circle, lopping the leg off one Goblin, and bisecting another. Turning to kill the one-legged crossbowman, he didn't see the fourth, crouched behind the rise of sand, readying his crossbow.

Before the green skin could fire, his forehead exploded, a crimson shower spraying out the back of his head. He dropped with a grunt, rolling down the incline. Glancing over his shoulder to see the tail end of the goblins life, he looked forward and saw Sparrow, dirt streaked, weather-worn, and grinning wide, slotting another bolt into his crossbow. The hunter gave a wave and turned back towards the courtyard, prepared to take this last encounter to Glacies, and perhaps get his own squad named.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on June 30, 2008, 09:59:31 pm

The events of the 3rd of Obsidian, 1063

Makrond clicked his tongue against his teeth, quietly talking around the pins in his mouth. Varen, looking increasingly agitated, stood atop the wooden platform, his arms held painfully out at his sides. The leather worker pulled the long length of measuring tape from around his neck and holding it to Varen's wrist, strung it out to his elbow. He measured twice, making a few marks in rough chalk on the poncho of untouched leather the Spearman had draped over him.

"Are you almost done?" Varen asked, his arms trembling in the air.
"Almost," Makrond soothed, squatting down to make a quick check of his inseam. "You wanted quality, yes? Quality takes time."
"I've been standing here for over an hour, and I hope you realize I don't have much off time."
"You asked for a full outfit, all leather. Leather trousers, tunic, hood, cloak, boots and gloves. This takes time! Now we're almost done, stop moving or I won't get an accurate measurement."

Varen tensed at the sound of heavy footsteps clomping down the hallway. Eyes widening, he said softly, "Quick, Makrond, go lock the door."
"Why? If that's a customer, I don't want him to think we're closed!"
"But it's not, it's-"

The door swung open, the light outside silhouetting Stravitch with streaks of orange. As he stepped inside, his features coming out of the blackness, he scowled, pointing a finger at Varen. "There you are! I've been looking for you for over an hour! C'mon, it's two-for-one at Dodik's."

"Sir, I..." Varen started, seeming to deflate a little. "I can't go with you tonight. I've..."
"You've *what*?" Roared the Captain of the guard.
"I've started seeing someone."

Stravitch was taken aback. "Why would you do that? The whores are as plentiful as sand here, and you ... go and tie yourself down? Are you sick?"
"No... she's very nice. She's from a mining family back in Stukos Matul. She's one of your guard, sir. Meng Flickeredvessel."
"...Meng's a girl?"

Varen groaned, and stepped down, shedding the sheets of leather he had been draped in. "I'm leaving, sir, why don't you find Johnny? I'm sure he'd love to go."
"I haven't seen him in weeks, he threatens to shoot me if I come near his room," Complained Stravitch. Varen, sucking up as much courage as he could muster, shouldering past the Captain to get to the doorway.

"Well I can't tonight, sir. Maybe some other time, but I have a date with Meng." As he exited the room and vanished from sight, his knees nearly gave out from under him. He wiped what seemed like a gallon of sweat from his brow, and as soon as his legs stopped shaking he sprinted from the area, wanting to put as much distance between himself and the volatile Captain as he could.

Inside the leatherworks, Stravitch scowled at Makrond. The leatherworker smiled, and held up his measuring tape. "Care to get fitted, esteemed Captain?"
"I don't have time," He growled sullenly, "I have whoring to do."
"Ahh, but you would look splendid in a leather vest, yes? Maybe a set of leather pants?"
"No. I told you, I - leather pants, you say?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **July 01, 2008, 06:13:41 am**

So whoring is just normal conversation in Migrursut now?
Soon the possession and sale of rat weed will be legal!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 01, 2008, 07:31:47 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 30, 2008, 09:59:31 pm
leather pants, you say?

Only 2 words can describe this.

Pure. Genius.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **July 01, 2008, 08:06:22 am**

Why the hell is he out hunting, anyway? There's nothing out in the desert except whores and undead camels.

Course', it'd be a bugger to give Likot more minions to push around, and it would be a bugger to manage another squad of marksdwarves.

Oh, how much unused stone do we have? And cut gems, how many of those?

shuffles papers *sketches*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **July 01, 2008, 08:12:46 am**

Thanks, I now have the mental image of Stravitch in tight leather pants in my head. :-\

...Okay, so it's not quite Monday anymore. I ended up finishing my other project on Saturday, procrastinating on Sunday (although if no one is going to call me on it, I could call it research since the game I was distracted by was about zombies. Hah) and finally ...had to fix my other project yesterday. I got to work drawing at around 11 PM PST, but neglected to think about how this drawing is a little more complicated than the previous two...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
I'm not much for backgrounds, so you'll have to excuse the empty white void for now. But yes, I wasn't kidding when I said I was thinking about Likot, but I decided to run with it and include her new honor guard.

I went to some extra trouble to try to get distinguishing injuries down, Sergeant Pepper was easy enough to find (although there wasn't much information there) but I couldn't for the life of me remember Valania. I'd like to thank Heavy Flak here for sending me that information, you know, on top of writing it in the first place. ;D

There's some stuff I kinda want to say about the details in this one (since they may not be clear, once again due to my smudginess) but I'm kinda curious what other people remember about their deaths.

Oh, and here's something just kinda silly I doodled while I was thinking.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
...Yes, it is a Likot snuffet. I'm not sure why I made it exist either, but I think I need to work on inking some more.

Oh, and just one last thing, I was thinking of posting the sketches up on my deviant art page, since I haven't updated there in what seems like ages. But, being another person's characters, I'd like to ask permission first. So how about it? :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **July 01, 2008, 08:16:18 am**

By Lenod, that Sgt. Pepper gives me nightmares. I just hope I can avoid seeing him in close detail.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **July 01, 2008, 09:24:31 am**

What gives me nightmares is having to fit pants for Stravich...

Also,
Quote from: Stravitch on June 30, 2008, 09:59:31 pm
"...Meng's a girl?"

Gold. Pure gold.

(By the way, click the link... I played with the code a bit ;D)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 01, 2008, 09:26:13 am**

Wow. I'm almost speechless, Xofrevlis. Their exactly as I pictured them, in all their terrifying glory. Fantastic work, as always. I'd place bets that the cute little snuffet is going to be someone's avatar at some point.

And I appreciate you asking permission. I don't mind at all if you post them to your deviantart. I also wouldn't mind if you put a link to this story under a picture or two. ;) Maybe we could drum up a little more attention to this story with excellent art to go with it, and some more people to donate for Toady.

Glacies: There are actually, every now and again, REAL camels. They're so infrequent I don't even notice there was a herd, until Sparrow comes trudging in hauling his kill. When they're not there... he's just patrolling, and usually bringing down herds of Dread Camels by himself. He's actually proven nearly unable to be killed. In that ambush he took a bolt to the leg, shrugged it off, killed the last goblin, and then went back to hunting. He's got the Dwarven Spirit, that's for sure.

Maggarg:
Black Screen. Voiceover

In a world... where the dead have risen from the very sand. Where goblins wage constant war against all that is good and just. Where political intrigue threatens the lives of all, there is one man...

A shot of Stravitch standing at a top of a cliff, scowling. The shot cuts away and looks down to a screaming dwarf falling and landing on the stones below, three feet away from a huge pile of corpses.
"Bugger all. My aim is off..."

Voiceover, while quick cuts of Stravitch walking, talking, and crushing things with his mace plays
who will do nothing to help them.

Scene of Stravitch leaning over a table, glaring at distraught Rice.
Rice: Captain, I have to ask, do you have to use the word "Whore" so much.
Stravitch: I'll stop usin' it, when they stop bein' it.
Rice: But it's offensive!
Stravitch: It's no more offensive than that lout who left half his face on the steps.
Rice: Captain, *you* left half his face on the steps.
Stravitch: *shrugging* Point is, that's a more immediate concern than some half-dressed tarts...

Voiceover
This summer, Stravitch Fillwhip IS Stravitch Fillwhip, Captain of the Guard. Coming soon to a forum near you

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 01, 2008, 11:34:54 am**

I'm practically wetting myself with laughter here. Stravitch suddenly getting interested in leather trousers, not realising Meng was a girl, and then the Hollywood-style trailer for him... almost worthy of his own show. Brilliant stuff.

(I'm also watching House re-runs and so am highly entertained by egotistical jerks - please don't hit me, Stravitch -stomping round and fixing things their way with little regard for what anyone else wants)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 01, 2008, 12:25:03 pm**

I definitely spit water all over my work papers when I read the line

who will do nothing to help them.

I could hear the movie announcer voice reading all those lines, it was perfect.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **July 01, 2008, 02:28:51 pm**

Wow. My compliments to everyone involved in this story. It's truly epic! I've been reading it slowly for the past...week or two I think.

If you ever get some more migrants, can I claim a dwarf? Make him/her a swordsdwarf named Runeblade. That can be the last name, if you prefer. Or a custom title. Hmm...that's a cool thought. A dwarf who inscribes runes on his blade in the belief that it makes him a better warrior. If he doesn't start off as a swordsdwarf, have him engrave for a while to up his stats and give him some skill with runes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 01, 2008, 03:50:31 pm**

Quote from: Mephansteras on July 01, 2008, 02:28:51 pm
Wow. My compliments to everyone involved in this story. It's truly epic! I've been reading it slowly for the past...week or two I think.

If you ever get some more migrants, can I claim a dwarf? Make him/her a swordsdwarf named Runeblade. That can be the last name, if you prefer. Or a custom title. Hmm...that's a cool thought. A dwarf who inscribes runes on his blade in the belief that it makes him a better warrior. If he doesn't start off as a swordsdwarf, have him engrave for a while to up his stats and give him some skill with runes.

You've got it, pardner! I've got my fingers crossed that with the sudden birth of a child (and miscarraige by the Duke's consort), that perhaps my fortress may once again be graced with new life. If not ... I've got other tricks I can employ to bring some more bodies onto the scene.

In short, you're on the list :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 01, 2008, 04:15:23 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on July 01, 2008, 03:50:31 pm
If not ... I've got other tricks I can employ to bring some more bodies onto the scene.

Living ones, or dead ones that aren't quite ready to stop moving yet? ;-D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 01, 2008, 07:49:46 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1064

Population: 133
New Births: 1
Deaths: Numerous.
Notes: I'm pleasantly surprised Likot hasn't tried to take her position as Mayor back from Ineth. She just spends her time at the shooting

gallery, plugging away at target after target with her custom-made crossbow Edtulalod. This is for the best, because the majority of her time is spent out of the way... just looking menacing before her target.

The pond has finally refilled, safety measures put into place against the Green Horde. There have also been three levels of water removal added in case any renovations need to be performed, though I can't imagine what else might happen.

Blueprints: The current lay of the fort (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-3005-oceanbled-oceanbled>)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 01, 2008, 09:42:47 pm**

The events of the 10th of Granite, 1064

Deep within the darkness of the crypts, forms began to gather. They filtered in slowly, their robes stirring up little cyclones of dust as they glided past. The meeting room was the newly garnished crypt. A single candle sat atop Likot's platinum coffin, a half dozen cloaked figures grouped around it, their faces illuminated by the flickering light.

"Your silence has been very appreciated," Akroma said quietly. "In these grave times, it is easy to forget that a simple slip of the tongue can bring down the best laid of plans."

There was a murmur of agreement from the surrounding figures. Opposite Akroma, Dojango spoke. "Bax Unostotho through us quite the surprise, using his growing power to breath life once more into Likot."

"That was a show of strength," Akroma said. "And a way to place the minds of our brethren at ease. Fear not, we are *his* servants. Though we may dream, we are also awake. As his oldest of servants in this desolate waste, HE has spoken to me alone, and asked I pass this message down to you all."

Akroma pulled a piece of weathered parchment from inside his sleeve, unrolling it atop the coffin. One end he weighted down with the single candle, the other he held with his hand. Scrawled on the sheet was the lettering found on the back of their robes:
BAAAB AAABB BAAAA ABBAB AAAAA BABBA AAAAB AABBA AAAAB AAAAA ABABA ABBBA AAAAB

Inked under it, in Akroma's steady hand, was this:
SOON I WILL RISE

"His time grows nearer, brothers, sisters. It will be shortly that we will be one with The Great Star God. With him, in his arms, he brings heaven incarnate. This is our reward."

Slowly the chanting began, the low hum of many voices, floating through the tunnels of the crypts, "Bax Unostotho dutsmon Olsmo"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bigmcstrongmuscle** on **July 02, 2008, 12:16:06 am**

Crap on a crutch! After reading the descriptions of the quarry, I definitely expected something less... insanely ambitious. I just spent about ten minutes scanning the thing for the support pillars holding up the roof. I'm surprised you didn't just collapse the top levels of the damn thing.

My hat goes off to you, sir!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **July 02, 2008, 04:46:17 am**

Looking through the thread, I finally thought about getting round to doing something a while ago. I'd like to have a dwarf called Maggarg, if that's possible. It doesn't matter if I'm alive or, um, differently alive. I'd like to be a swordsdwarf, possibly with other useless skills.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 02, 2008, 08:36:14 am**

Quote from: bigmcstrongmuscle on July 02, 2008, 12:16:06 am

Crap on a crutch! After reading the descriptions of the quarry, I definitely expected something less... insanely ambitious. I just spent about ten minutes scanning the thing for the support pillars holding up the roof. I'm surprised you didn't just collapse the top levels of the damn thing.

My hat goes off to you, sir!

I originally tried doing that, I was just going to collapse it onto itself and call it a day. But I did some tests, and it would have taken just as long to do it that way, as this. As such, we have many more floors to excavate before the Quarry can be called complete. (Did you find the single support pillar on each floor?)

Quote from: Maggarg - Eater of chicke on July 02, 2008, 04:46:17 am

Looking through the thread, I finally thought about getting round to doing something a while ago. I'd like to have a dwarf called Maggarg, if that's possible. It doesn't matter if I'm alive or, um, differently alive. I'd like to be a swordsdwarf, possibly with other useless skills.

You've got it, buddy. I might as well throw in the disclaimer for you, too. It'll be a little bit while I either round up some bodies or some migrants show up, but you'll get in either way.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 02, 2008, 10:07:46 am**

The events of the 17th of Granite, 1064

Aryn was all smiles and pleasantries today - Miss Deerowl, the lovely Elven Diplomat, had arrived with the caravan of goods. The other Dwarves weren't as happy, having been set to task to scrub the stones until they gleamed in the sun and instructed to suffer their noble effrontery with tact and grace.

He was in the mess hall, sitting across a table from her, beaming over a plate of Dojango's masterfully prepared Plump Helmet roast, which boasted exceptionally minced plump helmet, masterfully minced plump helmet, exceptionally minced plump helmet, and was tastefully garnished with superiorly minced plump helmet. Deeowl picked at hers daintily while Aryn talked, his voice oily.

"And of course, my dear Deerowl, we'd love to see trades increased. I think we've had a benifital relationship for years now, the Dwarves and Elves, and what better way to cement it than in crease in profits for both?"

"So true, my dear Estetar," Deerowl said with a smile. "Though don't sell yourself short. Our trades have been going on for years - you *were* one of the first to break the embargo so many years ago. We elves don't forget."

"And neither do I, that you were so welcoming of my goods in those days. This is why my offers have been so fair now."

Their conversation was interrupted by a dejected Glacies, followed by Mookie who was talking so fast no one could understand her. Aryn, his eyes narrowing, turned towards them.

"I told you to stay out of here," he hissed. "Miss Dearowl doesn't like you uncouth lot."
"Sir," Glacies said, "We've had a problem."

Aryn tensed immediately. "What kind of problem."
"No one said anything about trees being an off-limit item!" was one of the few things Mookie said that anyone could understand, "They said meat, and leather, and bone, and I left all those in the store room! But why trees!"

"Oh, Lenod smite them all," Aryn moaned, lowering his face into his hands. Deerowl had gone pale, her golden eyes boring a hole through the two intruders. "What did the traders say?"

"...They said..." Glacies said, gulping, "That our disrespect of nature is deplorable. They started packing their things to return home."
"What do you mean, they started."
"Well... Stravitch was in the courtyard, and told them if they were too proud to trade with us... they could leave us either their goods, or their hands as payment for crossing into our courtyard."
"HE SEIZED THEIR GOODS?"

Aryn nearly knocked Mookie down as he barreled past her, his cloak flapping behind him. He vanished out of sight, Glacies following quickly behind him. Deerowl sat at the table, her food forgotten, trembling with suppressed rage. Mookie fidgetted a little, and slowly reached into the pouch at her side.

"That's a lovely coat you're wearing, ma'am," She said, pulling her hand from the pouch. She opened it to show off a few small trinkets, carved from maple. "Perhaps you'd like to trade?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Prometheus** on **July 02, 2008, 12:20:02 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on July 02, 2008, 10:07:46 am
"That's a lovely coat you're wearing, ma'am," She said, pulling her hand from the pouch. She opened it to show off a few small trinkets, carved from maple. "Perhaps you'd like to trade?"

Oh damn. It was already awesome with Stravitch seizing those damn hippies' stuff but that last bit made it pure win.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **July 02, 2008, 12:32:37 pm**

I can only imagine the look on the elves faces.
Priceless.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **July 02, 2008, 12:35:33 pm**

just got caught up on the last week, i have to say Dodik-Come-Lately has really grown as a character, its great to see, i commend you on the subtly in which you use her profession of choice in regards to innuendo.

by the by..
if you've still got any whips laying around from the gobbos, Dodik's looks like it could use a small weapon stockpile, for defensive purposes of course

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 02, 2008, 01:26:41 pm**

The events of the 25th of Granite, 1064

Carrying buckets of feed, Jools stepped inside his newly-completed animal sanctuary, whistling a jaunty tune. The pains of the Zefonists had been momentarily put aside, the hardships of the Dwarven lives forgotten as he began to purchase the stray animals around the fort, saving them from the slaughter. The others, though skeptical at first, soon began to take tours of the area, watching the cattle as they lazed in their pen, the horses frolick and buck, and the Jaguar, purchased so long ago, stalked the pit in the top left watching the onlookers hungrily.

Stepping up onto a small stool, Jool's leaned over the grate and hung up one of the buckets for the cows, calling them by the names Dojango gave them. "Cerol, Edzul, come now! Dinner time! Din-din-din-dinner time."

He caught movement out of the corner of his eye, and glancing to his right, caught sight of Ex-Mayor Likot standing at attention outside the Jaguar's cage. The animal sat across the pit on it's haunches, staring back at her green goggles with it's yellow unblinking eyes. His voice catching in his throat, Jools got willed the nerve to raise a hand and give a small wave. "Miss... Ropetunnel? Is everything alright?"

"**This was my jaguar, you know. You have it locked in this pen.**"

Jools stifled a moan of dismay. "We- I know, ma'am. After you..." He paused, his tongue peeking out to wet his lips. He hoped it wouldn't be a faux pas, and quickly pressed on, "After you died, this graceful animal was left alone in your room. When he was remembered, we found him almost completely starved. It's...gained a lot of weight since we brought it here, it's healthier now. We're hoping the Elves will bring him a mate in the future."

"**This animal guarded my room for years. It preformed it's duty ably. I'm ... glad to see it taken care of.**"

Jools exhaled hard as he stepped down from his stool. He walked over to the jaguars' cage, standing beside Likot in silence for a few minutes. Eventually, he turned to look at her mask-covered face, asking, "Did you ever name it?"

"**No. Names come from service, not from the whims of Dwarves.**"
"But he served you so well. He can't go unnamed forever. Would you... like to name him?"
"...**Yes. I believe I would. I will think on it.**"

They stood in silence once more, watching the graceful animal watch them from behind the safety of the bars. Without warning Likot stood up a bit straighter, her face raised towards the sun.

"What is it, Miss Ropetunnel?"
"**There has been a death.**"

Down in the barracks, Merkil was stripping the armor off of Erush Claspfancies. She had collapsed during training, he face pale - though that was nothing new. She had looked bad for months now, a slow string of black curling up from the stump of her arm and along the veins.

"Get water! Hurry, water!" he bellowed, tossing aside the sections of steel plate. Without the plate on, they could see she was still breathing, but it was shallow and infrequent. As others gathered around her, distracted from their jobs, Merkil sat back on his haunches, his face grim.

"How many of you are trained in health care?"

Every dwarf in the room raised their hand. Merkil's frown deepened, "How many of you are trained to do more than shove water and food down a patients throat?"

Every hand dropped, except for a butcher near the front. "Get out of here! Give her room, and peace!" He screamed at the startled onlookers. They quickly fled from his anger, leaving him in the barracks with the one-armed guard. He held her until she died, and carried her down to the crypts himself.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Maggarg - Eater of chicke on July 02, 2008, 03:56:29 pm

Since I'm obsessed with holding on to old worlds and resettling near where I last died, it is now 1089 in my DF world. Guess what, my favourite goblin king sent some marksgoblins to say hello with steel bolts. Again. You were right about the name Olsmo, I guess. More on topic, I like the zoo scene, and I also like the zoo. That's all I can think of now, I'm tired and have the thinking power of a commodore 64.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on July 03, 2008, 01:55:06 pm

From the files of Aryn Estetar
6th of Felsite, 1064

Glacies has shown that the net-worth of the fortress is almost three billion in monies. This is mind blowing to me, that we could go from literal rags to swimming in riches in thirteen years. This was much better than I could have ever anticipated...and this wealth isn't even counting The Great Quarry or the slag we pull from the goblins bodies.

To celebrate, I paid a healthy sum of my own personal fortune to the metalcrafter Kadol Machineblown to commemorate the event. His work is masterful, though I take personal insult that my own rock mug Stesokavog looks so slovenly next to it. I did the best I could with all we had on hand, simple garnerite and gabbro. Kadol has produced his steel goblet Mivid Am, encircled with steel and platinum and silk, with steel spikes. On it's face is a picture of the warhammer Sombith Kirin in Horsebone.

My mug has been safely secreted away in my cabinet, this new goblet proudly on display at my desk. Within a few months, we'll be pushing past the three billion range. Within a few months, I'll have created the single most economically successful empire Dwarven Kind has ever seen.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on July 03, 2008, 04:23:48 pm

The events of the 19th of Felsite, 1064

Varen sat in the back room of Dodik-Come-Lately's across from the exiled Snake Splitskin. They drank coffee spiked with whiskey, and more often than not they sat in silence, lost in their own thoughts.

"What do you go by now? I can't exactly call you Snake when you're out on the floor."
"Cango," He said sullenly, taking a large drink from his mug.

Varen couldn't help but laugh. "You're not exactly the most subtle of Dwarves, are you sir?"
Snake waved him off, eyes glancing towards the door. "No one around here remembers anything. Outside of you and Sulari, and *probably* Aryn, I bet I'm not even on any of their thoughts. Besides, it's a good word in the Human tongue."

"How many Languages do you know, sir?"
"The Common Tongue of Dwarvish, a good deal of Human, I've passable in Goblisch... and after a few tours of duty I picked up enough to speak pigeon Elven, Trollish, and Ogrese."
"...You'd be an asset back in the fortress, Sir. Sulari told me you're a walking library on the beasts of these lands, and while the rest of the soldiers grow fat and lazy, we keep having civilians mauled in the wilds. A butcher was trampled to death just the other day bringing in one of Sparrow's kills, and the Guard didn't show up until nearly three hours after his corpse was discovered to get rid of the threat."

"Varen, I'm sorry. I've been exiled. I'm not coming back."
"But you ARE back! You're working here as a *bouncer*."
"I'm an exile. I deserve this," he said bitterly. He lifted a hand to stroke the stubble at his chin, his one good eye narrowing. "You know why I'm still here? Because I keep hoping Sulari will come in here, and I get a chance to just watch her from across the room, to see if she's okay. But she's too much a lady to come in this sin pit, and I don't blame her at all for it. You know who I blame? Me, for being unable to leave. For working for coppers a day, and a cheap meal from that fool Dojango."

Varen sighed and drained his mug. Slowly he stood up from the table and pushed his chair in, looking at the soldier in a mixture of awe and pity. "I know you're not going to listen to me, Sir, but there are more than just we three that remember you, I'm sure of it. I'm also sure that if you were to come back, Aryn's rage would be minimalistic compared to the good cheer you'd receive. You'd be protected and brought back, beard or not, and I'd be your most staunch supporter. Just take it into consideration, will you? I've got to go now, I'm sure Captain Fillwhip is almost done with his girl."

As Varen left Snake slumped in his seat, scowling at the wall.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on July 03, 2008, 08:44:07 pm

The events of the 15th of Hematite, 1064

Aryn met with his council in his own quarters. The Duke was there, shadowed by his silent wife. Glacies came though he was unsure as to what purpose he would serve. Crowpages the Tax Collector arrived late, escorting the recently arrived new hammerer Iton Wavepaddles. They sat around a circular table, a crudely drawn map of the immediately neighboring countries laid out before them.

"He's becoming a real problem to our productions," Aryn said, his gaze turned to the map.
"But he's one of the founding members," complained the Crowpages. "You can't just get rid of him. The others will talk."
"The others are talking NOW!" Aryn retorted. "We have a situation that is mostly dissolved - that of the dead reintegrating in our fortress. They've proven to be capable and tireless, and though their masks make me nervous I haven't forged a single complaint. But here he is, refusing to work, stalking around the fortress armed with sword and crossbow and threatening to shoot anyone that surprises him. And worst of all, he's taking his meals without working for them! We are NOT a charity organization, this is ultimately a business venture!"

"He eats on average three point three four meals throughout the day, and consumes nearly a gallon of ale now that the pumps have been restarted," Glacies said, rattling out the numbers without thought.
"It doesn't matter what he stuffs in his craw, the points is it's a bad example! A few of the miners are already beginning to talk that they should stop working as well, and the fishers put their poles away as soon as they catch a meal for them self."

"What is it he's scared of? The ragged looking chaps in the tattered cloaks?" Asked Duke Bomrek.

"Those 'ragged chaps' have been dead for a while, your grace," Aryn said icily.

"Even better. Let him fight it out with them. A real man would be pleased to be able to face his attackers on the field, and what better way to iron their grievances, yes? I remember back in my youth my Father came back from the dead, terrible time because I'd taken over his shop and he wanted it back..."

Raising his voice, Aryn shouted over the Duke, "We're not doing that. That leads to problems of it's own. Though once dead they're obviously not NOW, and we can't begin to let the civilians commit murders on a whim. It's one thing for we nobility to sentence people for their transgressions, but to let the civilians take this law into their own hands?" *Never mind he's a smuggler, a seller of contraband* thought Aryn. *He's been rubbing this in my face for years, making coin on the hard work of MY charges, suppling possible enemies with instruments of war...*

"Then just have this rabble rouser take the Magma Bath," The Duke said, exasperated.

"**That can not be done,**" the new Hammerer chimed in, her voice as cold and void of emotion as the last. **"He has done nothing wrong. The work he's preformed in the quarry has earned him far more in back pay than he eats in a single day. So he refuses to work now? His credit is good. He could retire now. What charges would you have him brought up on."**

There was silence around the room. The Hammerer rose from her chair and leaned over the map, placing a gloved finger on one of the human countries near the north west corner, beside of Nish Neth. **"This is the country of Stramgil, and their merchants are on the horizon. We have no power to punish the annoying but innocent. But other countries may. What is it worth to you to have this man gone, Mr. Estetar? Offer it to them as a tribute, along with a letter of intent, and send Mr. Fountainspring with their caravan as an envoy. He'll be out of our hair, and your ... sense of justice will be appeased."**

Aryn smiled wide, making a quick circle around the capital of Stramgil. "That is perfect, just perfect. With the tribute I'll offer them, they'll be dancing at the chance to help me with the little problem of Johnny Fountainspring."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 04, 2008, 03:04:47 pm**

The events of the 21st of Hematite, 1064 - Part 1

The Gold Robes were back, kneeling at the edge of the unsettlingly frothy reflecting pond. They'd been there for two days now, their chants sounding long into the night. But more importantly, these were Dwarves who were not working. Aryn was beside himself with rage, convinced this was the doing of Johnny Fountainspring. The Union Leaders, outside the boundaries of Aryn's law, were still being screamed at whenever they had the misfortune of running across the ill-tempered leader in the hallway.

The human merchants noticed the water level slowly declining, but their mentions of it were met with little concern. They had made the mistake of mentioning how they had ridden around a large host of Goblin Warriors as they traveled through the desert, and the gates had been lifted, the soldiers already beginning to assemble in the courtyard for a briefing from their leader Sulari...

The temple was nearly empty, but at this time of morning that was a normal sight. Kuli stood by the statues at the sermon mound, talking quietly with Vash and Jools. Olin Theaterinked knelt beside one of the water eyes of the mural, his head bowed in silent prayer.

Thinking he heard the faintest of gasps, Jools looked over his shoulder, his eyes narrowing in thought. "Wasn't Olin just here?"

"Olin is gone?" Kuli said, startled. "Did you see him leave?"

"No Maester Kuli," Vash said. "I think... maybe he fell in?"

"Fell in... oh no."

Kuli rushed over, his robes sweeping the ground, and after a worried glance Vash and Jools followed quickly behind him. They stared down at the well in the floor, at the turbulent waters frothing and lapping at the edges. Kuli's face grew more grave as he knelt down and touched the lip of the well. Raising it up, he showed two fingers to his assistants. They were smeared with blood.

"Come with me, quickly," Kuli said. "We need to get to the barracks."

"The barracks? But everyone is assembling in the courtyard, Maester," Jools said.

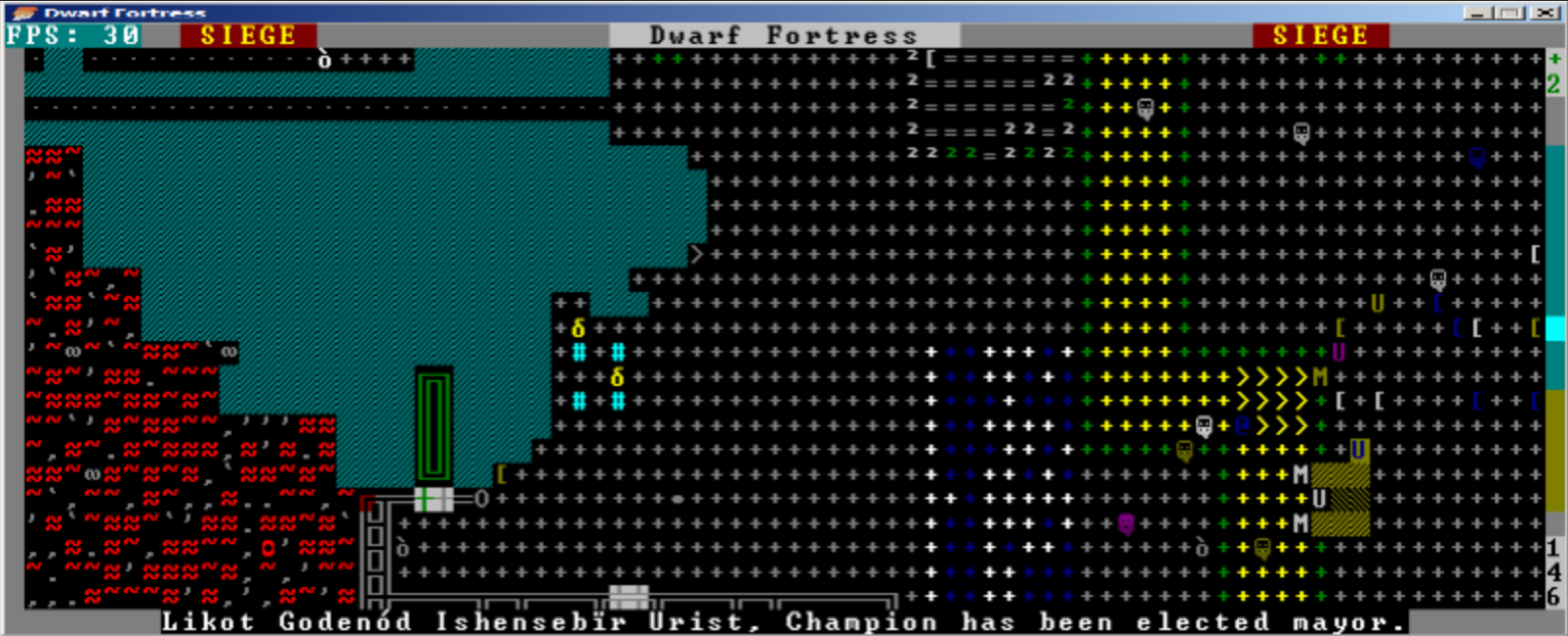
"Because those are Dwarves versed in steel," Kuli said in a harsh whisper, "And we are Dwarves cloaked in Faith. Now we must leave this place, *now*. Grab sword and armor, and hurry. I pray Zefon's love shines down upon us this day."

As they rushed from the temple, the heavy doors closing behind him, they were unaware of the spray of water that shot out of one of the eyes. How could they have seen the second waterspout, this time crimson, that sprayed the surrounding tiles of the mosiac, or the gentle sound the single hand made as it fell upon the floor.

The dwarves in the courtyard were startled by a loud bellowing from the parapets. Turning towards the sounds, they saw Sergeant Pepper's large frame standing by the edge, his hands cupped around his mouth. **"ATTENTION, Dwarves and Men. You are to stop your tasks, and pay your full attention to Mistress Likot "**

As he stepped back, the smaller Dwarf came into view, Valania standing beside her. She cleared her throat - a hollow sound - and stepped forward, her good hand clutching the crippled one. **"Standing as you are, you are looking upon a new day - a day where the petty and weak are no longer in a position of power. You're looking upon the new order - We three, brought back from the Great Mountains by the will, and charity, of the generous Bax Unostotho**

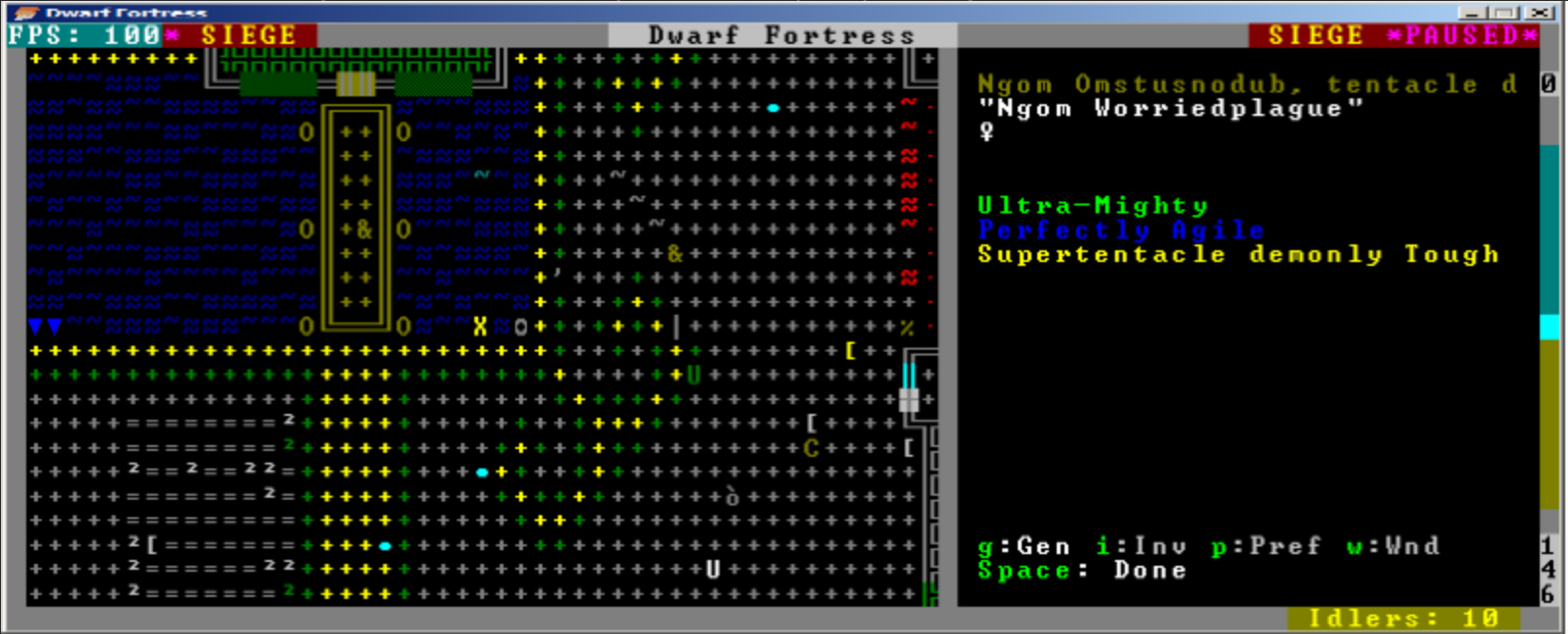
"Ineth is being deposed, her law laughable. I'm taking over my rightful position as Mayor of this city. It will be my will that guides you, my hand that rewards you, my bolts that punish you. I died in office, a claim NO OTHER Mayor can make. My own daughter was replaced by me, a worthless cretin unfit to rule as one should.



"Now I will bestow upon you the greatest gift of all, as a show of my generosity. Those Dream Children gathered at the pond have been

working tirelessly at my command. They're calling to The Star God. They're bringing him here for you. He wants to thank you himself."

All eyes were upon Likot, confusion plastered onto their upturned faces. It was the horrible scream of Naspa Adestruslot, Human Bowman, that made the assembled masses turn towards the pool once more. She was flailing her arms about, her body limp and twitching. In front of her stood a a large, green-skinned monster in rusted iron armor. It's head was elongated and bulbous, and a mass of tentacles writhed where it's mouth should be. Two of them were plunged through the bowman's eyes, and a third was wrapped round her throat - the crunching noises it made as they constricted quickly ceasing her screams.



More began to pour from the pond - scattering the terrified Gold Robes before their horrible mass. The soldiers in the courtyard gave a cry of surprise, momentarily petrified. From the battlements, Likot's hollow laughter rang through the courtyard.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 04, 2008, 03:42:32 pm**

Oh wow. Fantastic!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 04, 2008, 03:54:28 pm**

Supertentacle demonly Tough. That sounds fun...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 04, 2008, 07:03:14 pm**

The events of the 21st of Hematite, 1064 - Part 2

Likot turned to open the door to the tower, her teeth rattling in her head as she collided with the unyielding oak. Letting out a cry of surprise, she tried the handle, and though it jiggled, the door was lodged firmly in place. She kicked at it hard, her thick soled boots leaving large dusty prints on the wood.

On the other side, Johnny panted hard. He had wedged hastily carved stones under the doors edge, and the steel sword he had been carrying for weeks was stuffed through the handle and wedged into the jams. Mopping sweat from his brow, he stepped back from the door, raising his voice to be heard through it, "Yer' stayin' there, ya' rotted bitch. When this ordeal is o'er, I promise you'll be delt wi' as ya' deserve."

Johnny jumped backwards, almost toppling down the stairs, as a heavy blow shook the door in it's frame. On the other side, Sergeant Pepper was swinging his axe, crashing the great blade upon the thick door. It had yet to splinter, but given enough time, the three would break free of their third-story prison. He turned and sprinted down the steps and burst into the pandemonium in the courtyard. He didn't even notice the bolts fired at him from above as he charged towards his room to get his pick and join the fray.

Sergeant Towersacks was the first of the Dwarves to meet the foe in battle. She charged at a sword-wielding demon and ducked below it's swing, driving the point of her spear into it's foot to pin it to the stones. Axemen Notchdoor came up behind her, lopping off a few of the slavering tentacles. Notchdoor's second blow opened the demons belly, the purple snakes that made up it's entrails spilling out of the wound. But the demon didn't fall. Unseen by Towersacks, Shorast Guildslide was bulldozed off the edge of the cliff, grappling with the demon all the way to the bottom - his head shattering on the stones below.

Varen charged towards a demon mutilating a cow, bellowing out the names of his father, and his fathers father as he stabbed at it's bloated frame. Seeing how puncturing it's thin skin did little more than aggitate the beast, Varen began to bludgeon it with the spear, using the hafts length to stay safely away as he broke arms, legs, and battered tentacles. Human Lashers from the caravan, finally roused from their terror, turned to run to his aid, tangling the demons legs up with their whips. The demon delt with, Varen turned to sprint north, to aid the civilians caught by the quarry entrance.

Two swordsdemons fell upon a helpless animal trainer, ripping gouges from his leg. Before they could do more damage though, a bolt struck one in the chest. Raising it's head, it saw Sparrow, his face grim as he reloaded. The trainer tried to crawl away as the demons moved towards Sparrow - but one was stopped as the tip of a pick exploded from it's chest. Johnny bellowed and kicked it hard in the spine, ripping his pick free.

Even the demons seemed to be surprised by the ferocity with which Merkil attacked them. Once a lowly trainee, the hammerer bided his time until two demons passed by the kennels. He stepped out, his hammer swinging in a wide arc - the simple steel moving so much faster than his lead lined weapon of old. The demon's chest collasped inward with a lewd sucking sound, lifting the monster off it's feet and propelling it far away.

All around, the caravan guards that came to the aid of the Dwarves were being slaughtered. An unfortunate maceman had his elbows shattered by the flat of a demons blade. He was lifted into the air by his armor, his head popped off like a party favor by the mass of tentacles. A lasher was crawling across the ground, her entrails dragging behind her as she whined pitifully, one of the demons calmly walking beside her and occasionally stabbing her with his spear to keep her moving.

But soon the demons numbers were dwindling, in no small part to Sulari. Her great axe was cutting great swaths through their ranks, any tentacle or arm that came within range of her was lopped from the hosts body. Varen, his spear struck through a demon's face, was almost set upon by one of the fell swordsmen, but instead he was showered with white goo as it was severed in twain by her large ax.

As the demons began to dwindle, and the cries of the wounded faded as they passed into death, the soldiers without foes turned towards the bridge to the temple, where the largest of the foul demons stood, black eyes boring a hole through the mail-wearing Maester, Kuli Problemwalled.

The events of the 21st of Hematite, 1064 - Part 3

"**MaeStER PrOBLeMWaIlEd**" the beast roared, spraying the bridge with foul smelling ichor. "**LaY DOWN YoUR SwORD. AcCepT My EmBRAcE.**"
"Back, Demon. Away from my temple. These are not YOUR lands! These are not your people to corrupt! I've sworn myself to a life of peace, to seeing the rise once more of Zoden Zefon."

The Demon laughed, more ichor spraying the bridge. It took a step forward, the wood shaking under it's feet. It hefted the large hammer in it's hands, pointing it at the little dwarf. "**WHen YoU'Re brOUGHt BaCK iN MY serVIce, I'LL haVe A SPeCiAl PlAcE foR YoU, MoUTHy DwARF.**"

"Step aside, Maester."

Kuli glanced to his side. Sulari stepped forward, soaked in sweat and gore, her axeblade blunt from the work she had done today.

"No, Miss Clappedroom. This is my foe - this is evil incarnate, the great despoiler. The great betrayer. This is my task."
She waved a hand for him to step back, giving a quick shake of her head. "Maester, you've given yourself to a life of peace - do not throw that away in rage. Let me be your weapon, and let me draw from you the shield of faith."

Bax Unostotho - The Star God, The Nightmare God, The God of Dreams - let loose a fell roar, his tentacles writhing and thrashing. Kuli nodded, and stepped back, his poor copper sword sliding back into it's sheath. Sulari wasted no time, charging forward.

She was met with a backhand from the large demon, lifted off the ground. As she landed she brought her axe up out of instinct, barely deflecting the great hammer that came crashing towards her face. She scrambled up to her feet, raining glancing blows upon the demon. Always she would be swatted aside, and though Bax Unostotho was littered with gashes, white goo leaking from the cuts, he continued to press the attack as her strength began to fail.

Bellowing a war cry, she swung her axe in a quick arc from the hip, the blade biting through iron armor and bloated green skin. A burst of foul liquid sprayed from the wound - but as she tried to pull back, her axe became lodged on the armor, sticking in place. She fought with the blade as the great demon bent over, tentacles snaking out wrap around her armor, to slide around her neck. Blackness washed over her.

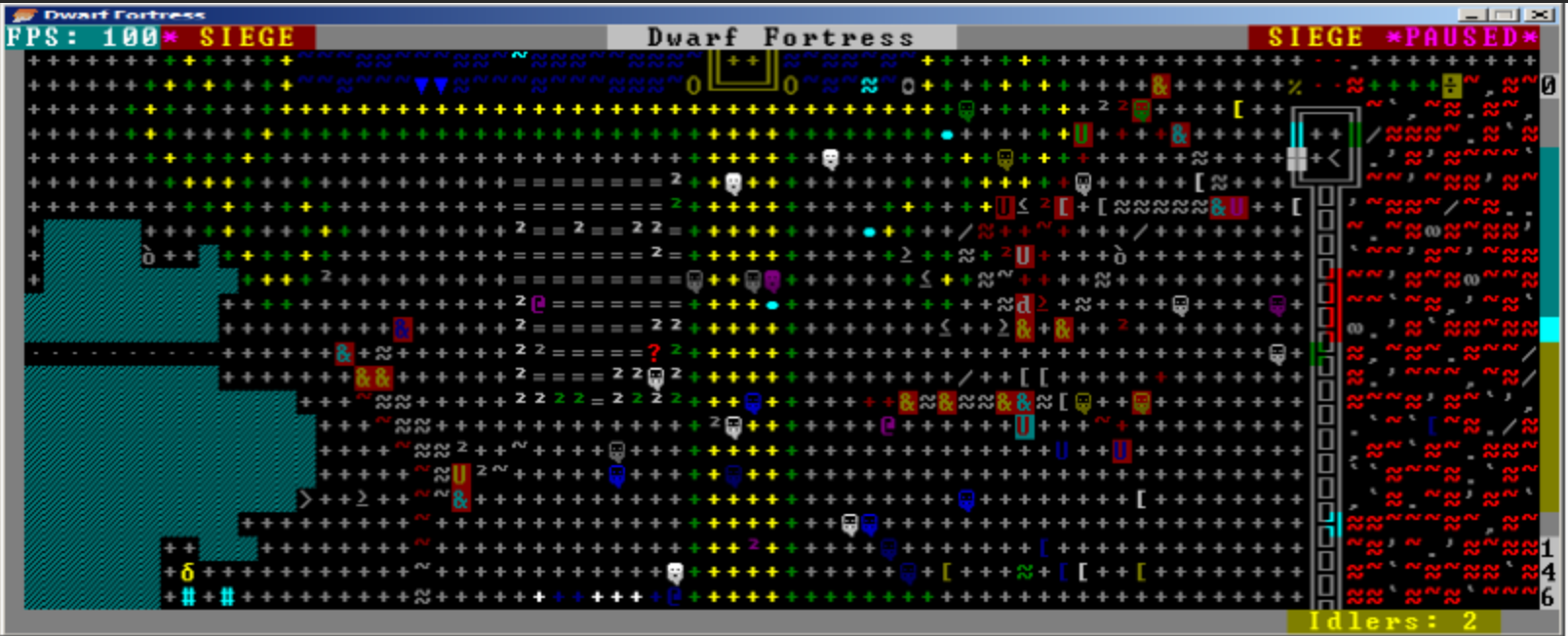
Then she was falling. Laying on her back on the bridge. The tentacle was still writhing around her neck, but it was loosening it's hold. As the blackness began to clear, she saw Bax Unostotho rearing back, most of the tendrils on his face hacked off - displaying the round, teeth filled lampray mouth underneath. A thin, leatherclad dwarf was sticking a thin steel blade through the chinks in the armor, dancing aside as the hammer crashed against the bridge sending up showers of splinters.

As the demon over extended himself in his rage, the Dwarf stepped forward, bringing the point of his sword upward hard. The blade skewered the throat of the Great Star God. It's screams were cut off, as the Dwarf yanked the sword hard to the side, ripping it free. With a great overhead blow, he brought the blade clean through what was left of the neck - the body slumping as the head rolled across the bridge before dropping into the lake.

Sulari was lifted up by the front of her armor, her head still light, her vision still blurry from air loss. But she knew what she saw before her - the beardless Dwarf, most of his bulk lost. He had an eyepatch, and a lopsided grin.

"...Snake?"
"Don't talk, your throat is too damaged. Wait until it heals."

She didn't talk. She just pressed forward, wrapping her arms tightly around him.



End Chapter 2: Do Demons Dream?

I bet Stravitch was off whoring wasn't he? -_-

Wow, I was just going to do some more character drawings, but after that update I think I'm going to try something a little more dynamic.

So Bax Unostotho was a tentacle demon, huh...

Does Olsmo still live then? Or was his death a fabrication on Bax's part? Ooh, interesting...

Also, would it be possible for my character to take a sudden interest in learning to be a speardwarf after this latest development?

EDIT: Oh, look, end of Chapter 2! Can't believe I missed that...

Can't wait to see the witty, creative and ultimately ending-concealing title you come up with for Chapter 3.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 05, 2008, 01:17:51 am**

Awwww man... I wish my dwarf was in the fray there... if i had one that is... :(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 05, 2008, 04:20:03 am**

Fantastic stuff!

What will happen to the dwarven zombies, now that Bax Unostotho is dead? Will they collapse, the magic sustaining them gone? Or will they retreat, and regroup, and plan a slower path to bringing back their god? What of the robe-wearing chanters, will they repent and see the light, or are they forever servants of the Star God? Is Sulari okay? Will Snake be welcomed back to the fortress? Where the hell was Stravitch during all this? Merkil kicked arse, but what was Major DayCovering up to during this battle? Will this affect the opening times at Dodik-Come-Lately's? Will Bertrand stop feeding the zombie powder to everyone? What will Aryn make of all this? Can Kuli purify the temple once more, and make it a House of Zefon, untainted by demons? Are the Aquaduct and pumps undamaged?

Most importantly, are the animals in the sanctuary all okay?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **July 05, 2008, 05:58:23 am**

You forgot "Can you make a mayday call in January?"

Feel free to substitute this with some even more stupid question that wasn't ripped from the A-Team.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 05, 2008, 07:40:14 am**

Heh. Nothing wrong with "borrowing" stuff from the A-Team.

Now drink your milk.

What I did miss out (and might have been a bit presumptuous/hopeful) was "Find out next week!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **July 05, 2008, 10:09:19 am**

Fantastic closing to a amazing chapter!

OOI What was the final death toll out of all that?

What were the Goblin Siege upto while this was on-going?

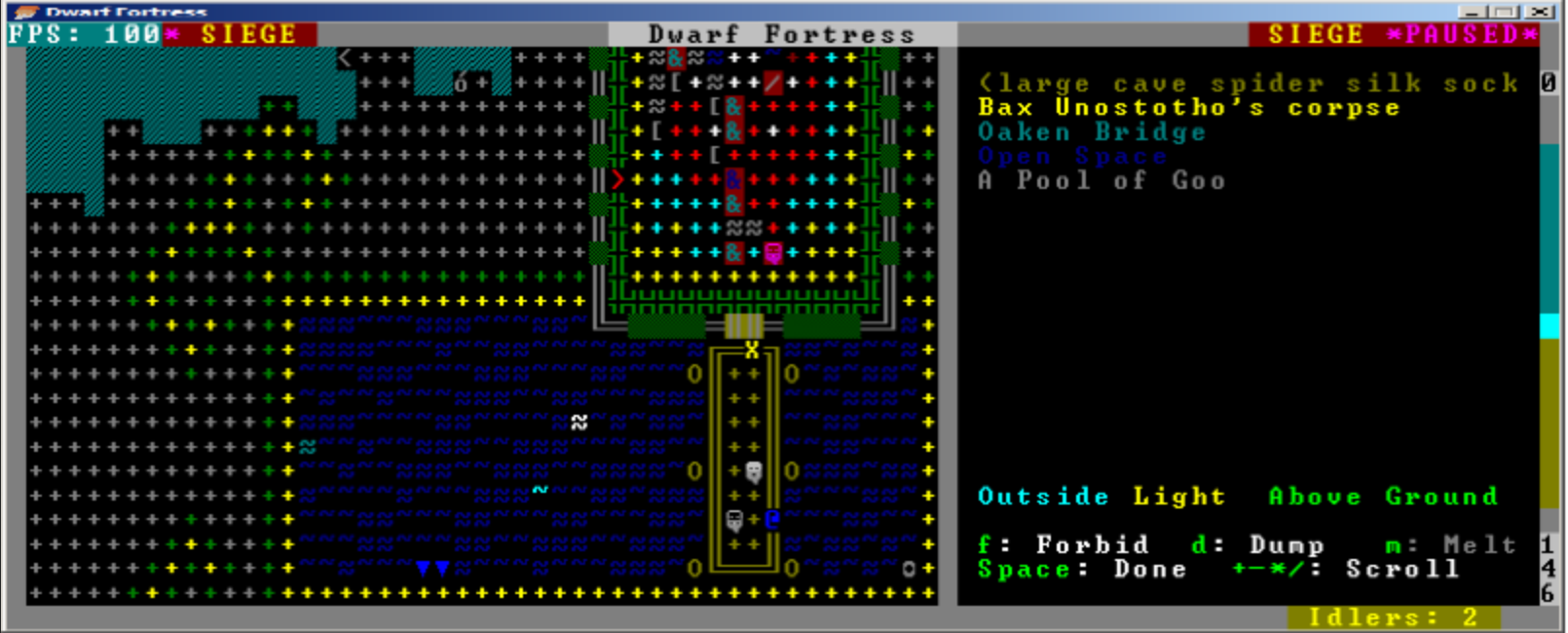
Bring on chapter 3!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 05, 2008, 11:21:05 am**

OOO Notes and commentary:

A bunch of stuff happened in the game that was either interesting or weird that I didn't bring up during play. Now that the chapter is over, I'll throw it all in here before answering some questions!

- * Likot was the hardest of the three dwarves to bring back to life, and I spent nearly two hours troubleshooting why she kept dropping dead. Even if I did the little trick of turning her into a bronze colossus to stop the blood loss, she'd die the second I turned her back. After all that time, I realized a flag I'd never seen in Dwarf Companion was set - and that after healing her, her intestines from being ripped in half were still *outside* her body. After they were shoved back in, she lived... *Again!*
- * With Likot again - after she came back, the first thing she did, above food or drink or sleep, was spend a day searching for her long-dead child. That tugged at the heart strings a little.
- * The fortress is full of rampant buggery. A couple of the soldiers (including at LEAST one named one) are all into the same sex. I think this is because I used Dwarf Companion to change sexes on a whim, just giving sex changes here, there, and everywhere, and it only sets the TEXT, it doesn't actually flip the bit or whatever. For all purposes, they're transsexuals, women trapped in the bodies of men. I haven't yet decided what I'm going to do about it... but I'm a progressive kind of guy, and we may have the first case of gay Dwarves... though, I can't be sure anyone who's Dwarf turns out to be that way will still love them...
- * This last battle took the longest of ANYTHING I had done in Dwarf Fortress, because the demons were so powerful. Almost every named non-soldier Dwarf died at least once, but I kept having to savescum as it would crash, or demons would get frozen in the air, or Aryn AND Johnny would die, or every named soldier died, or or or or or... In the end, we had *many* deaths, and the I'll be putting the death total in the next story-update. Stravitch asked for a picture of where Bax died, so, here's that.



* Lastly, for anyone who didn't translate the name, Bax Unostotho translates to Nightmare Buriedbad, and was pulled directly from the legends of the world. Sometimes the game just writes itself for me. :D

Now to answer a few questions:

Flar Moonchill: The Real Goblin Seigers were turned into these souped-up tentacle demons, and I moved them into the aqueducts. Then I raised the floodgates until I had everything like i wanted it, and when it was time for the battle to begin (after they had actually climbed into the temple and murdered Olin), I lowered them and let the fun begin.

Jools: Hehe, all but one of your questions have to wait for the story update. The pumps are undamaged, I was so annoyed rebuilding them I removed Building Destroy tags just for my own sake.

Zako: Count your blessing, your soon-to-be-made Dwarf will have a chance to blossom and grow among the wastes. We're still in a holding pattern on named Dwarves, but it's almost over.

Xofrevlis: I'm so damned giddy thinking about what you'll post next! Every picture I've seen is fantastic.

And one last thing, before I go and finally eat my breakfast:

I'm putting out an offer to everyone that reads this story, regardless of if you have a story mode Dwarf or not. There's something new coming up, and I want you all to feel free to throw out characters of any race (any but the megabeats, at least). Give some stats and a profession if you want, but I need to warn you, they MIGHT not live all that long so don't put too much thought into the backstory.

Also, feel free to have more than one, just try to consolidate them into one post.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 05, 2008, 12:53:53 pm**

Awesome. This is truly an epic story. I would have loved to see that battle in action (don't suppose you took a movie?), but I was able to imagine it pretty well.

Johnny redeemed himself slightly in my eyes by locking in Mayor Likot. It may have made a difference in the battle.

Migrursut has some real badasses on its side, doesn't it? Good to see Merkil's training paid off. I wonder where Major Daycovering was in all this.

I bet Kuli regretted getting rid of his adamantine sword a little bit as he faced the demon. Lucky for him Sulari is a Zefonist!

With both Olsmo and Bax Unostotho supposedly dead now, I wonder where the story will go now. Back to internal political struggles? New demon? Goblins get friskier? I think a lot depends on whether or not Likot, Sgt. Pepper, and Valania are still "alive."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 05, 2008, 02:25:39 pm**

The events of the 22nd of Hematite, 1064

The cleanup work was being performed by Dwarves with glassy eyes, the shock of the previous days events wrecking havoc on their minds. All around the courtyard Dwarves were breaking down, vomiting off the cliff face as they hauled mutilated demon corpses to the bone yard, or carrying the bodies of those they loved down to the crypts. All told, fifteen died that day, though more were expected to succumb to their wounds shortly - the skin already black with necrosis. Nine humans were among those placed onto the pile of bodies, ancient Dwarven Law forbidding mixing the bodies of the stout with those of the other races.

Six Dwarves died that day. Olin Theaterinked, one of Aryn's guard, was found floating face up in aqueducts, his arms ripped clean from the torso. Kosoth Glazekingdoms, the animal trainer, died of the wounds to her leg, the disease spreading through her too fast. Farmer Bembul Diplens and Stoneworker Eral Metaltown were found next to each other at the wall, their stomachs ripped out, the entrails halfway stuffed inside the maw of a dead demon. Another farmer, Kivish Doorspring, was found trampled by the entranceway. Shorast Guildslide, spear champion, was found by the magma vent, three demons surrounding him - crushed by Merkil's hammer.

The crash from the tower above was ignored by the dwarves, but the reappearance of Mayor Likot and her Honor Guard certainly wasn't. There was a scream, and the haulers in the courtyard began to back away quickly, their hands held up protectively.

"Oy, away from them ya' corpses, it's me ya' want."

Johnny pushed through the crowd, scowling. He tightened his grip on his iron pick, breathing hard. Likot came to a stop in front of Johnny, touching boots toe-to-toe. Her green glass goggles, never betraying where she looked, were focused on his face, and though he tried to keep his resolve, fear was beginning to gnaw at him. It was Valania who spoke first.

"We think freely now."

"As freely as anyone can," said Sergeant Pepper. "But we're no longer guided by the hand of the Nightmare God."

Likot reached forward, fingers tightening around the front of Johnny's shirt. Petrified, he was pulled forward until his forehead pressed against hers. Her voice was low and hollow, though it carried across the silence that had spread over the courtyard. "Don't think that freeing us from a demons grasp will get you back in my good graces. Though I no longer follow the drum of some nightmare beast, I neither have forgotten the pain of being ripped asunder. Remember that, when you decide the best course of action is to take on another member of authority."

She pushed him hard, and he stumbled backwards. His heel caught on a demon corpse and he fell hard on his rump. As the trio began to move off, he called out to them, "Where are ya' goin', than? Ya' leavin' here?"

Likot stopped and turned to look at him. "Leaving? Didn't you hear my speech yesterday? I'm Mayor again. I'm not leaving. I'm taking over from where I left off"

"Oh, ya' cannae be serious..."

"I'm completely serious. Now BACK TO WORK. Get the corpses hauled, and stripped. And take their heads down to Akroma, I want my room LINED with them once their cleaned!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 05, 2008, 03:32:45 pm**

Cool! Is it worth holding back a demon skull or two as mini-prizes for cryptogram solving or anything?

Also I note the new title... glass and steel says "skyscraper" to me. Though both can also be fashioned into blades...

Oh yeah - and I've forgotten to say it until now, but hooray for Snake.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Duke of Nawn** on **July 05, 2008, 03:40:56 pm**

This story is amazing. Could easily become a second Nist Akath, if it can continue this level of quality, which I suspect it can. I'ma request a kobold named Buse. He dreams of making beautiful arts, but isn't quite sure how to go about it. Possibly engraver/craftskobold, but anything works so long as he can think he's being creative. If he happens to get disemboweled immediately upon introduction, that's okay too. I'd appreciate it if his entrails make a nice pattern when they spill out onto the blistering sand, though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 05, 2008, 04:10:59 pm**

The events of the 28th of Hematite, 1064

"Where WERE you," Aryn bellowed, his fists crashing into the table top.

"Where were *you*," Stravitch said, his mouth full of baked gar.

"Hiding, like any sane Dwarf untrained in combat should have been. The difference between me and you, you daft fool, is that you ARE trained to fight. I dare say you're one of the best in this fortress, and you were NOT up in the courtyard to defend our home. Where. Were. You."

"I was taking a nap."

Aryn just stared at him, eyes bugging out comically. He started to speak, but it came out as gibberish, and he had to take a second to try and collect himself before he spoke again.

"you were... taking a NAP?"

"Yes. I had just finished showing little miss Meng Flickeredvessel how difficult it is to fight when her wrist is broken, and it wore me right out. Then I went to lay down. If the fighting was still going on when I woke up, I was planning to come stop it."

The door opening was all that saved Aryn from running his mouth more. Sodel Abbeybucks stormed in, followed by Sulari. Snake trailed along behind her lazily.

"Aryn, get rid of this exile. Have him executed, throw him in the magma! Do *anything*, just rid our home of his kind."

"As much as he deserves it for his traitorous actions, he did *kill the Demon God*. That's more than can be said of some people." Aryn glared at Stravitch, who just smiled and popped more gar into his mouth.

"He wants to take over my command!"

"He should," Sulari whispered hoarsely. "Every swordsman but you has been... killed since you took over. Give Snake the spot back."

"Give it back? So he can, what? Sell us out to the nobility?"

"We *are* the Nobility," Aryn said. "Leave now, I'll think on it. I need to finish talking with Captain Fillwhip here."

Stravitch shook his head slowly. "Oh, no, I'm sorry. I thought you knew, we were done talking. We've both agreed I'm the best soldier in the fortress, isn't that all you wanted to say? I have a meeting at Dodik's soon, and *must* finish this dinner."

Merkil slowly walked into Major ---- DayCovering's room, holding his helm in his hands. The old Major was staring down at sheets of paper, and maps laid out before him. He looked his years sitting at the table, an old gray man, bent with age.

"Sir," Merkil began softly, "I don't think the others noticed, they were too busy dealing with the invaders, but... you weren't at the battle."

"I wasn't," He said. "I was down here, reading these letters. Did you do well?"

"I killed five. Sir. Why weren't you out there? We needed you."

"I couldn't bring myself to go out."

Merkil frowned, his head tilting slightly. "You couldn't... what are you talking about?"

"I haven't killed anything in thirty years... I haven't been in a single battle since then, a single fight. I carry this hammer around, and all this bluster, and I train soldiers and I regale them with stories. But after the skirmish at Rethiatera, I can't... bring myself to go into battle, not anymore. Perhaps I'm not fit to lead this squad anymore, especially if this gets out..."

Merkil took a seat in a chair, slouching heavily. "If you don't lead the squad, that will look mighty suspicious. They'll catch on that..." He couldn't help it, it was the only word that would work. "You're craven, sir."

The old Major took no offense. He scooped the papers up into one pile, and moved them back into his cabinet. "That's why you were given a field promotion, *Major* Merkil Paintlengths. You're in charge of our modest squad. I'm retiring."

Varen and Asmel stood at attention before the tomb, watching as the haulers placed the last of Shorast Guildslides possessions into the sarcophagus. Asmel was the first to speak, her voice betraying none of her grief.

"He was a good man, Varen. A good man..."

"Yes he was, ma'am. He deserves better than this simple tomb. For all he's done for this fortress, that he'd get no big ceremony, no accolades, no ... no titles at all. It's not right."

"It is right," Asmel said quietly, "It's the price we of the Spear pay. We're often overlooked, we're often hit the hardest. The titles given to the others, the grand tombs, those are nothing more than props they hold themselves up with. We give our everything, and ask nothing in return. Shorast ask-...asked nothing in return."

She stepped forward into the small alcove, and leaned over. Her hands on the cool stone, she pressed her lips to his name. When she turned to leave, she was surprised to see Makrond standing off in the distance, mostly obscured by shadows.

"Have you come to pay your respects, Master Leatherworker?"

"Yes ma'am, but, not in the way most would." He stepped forward, fidgeting with the tape draped over his neck. "I want to offer myself, as a spearman. Seeing how hard you all fought, I ... I want to do my part too."

Asmel looked at him curiously, the faintest of smiles playing on her lips. She reached back into the corner of the tomb, and when she stepped out, she carried with her Shorast's plain steel spear - holding it out to the young leatherworker. "I'd be honored to have you join with us. Go and gather your things. Today is for mourning, but tomorrow, training begins once again."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sukasa** on **July 05, 2008, 06:22:03 pm**

I don't post much, but I've been following this story very closely. Incredible work, as it's always been. Anyways, I'd like to create a character. Umed ("oo-med") AnyLastName, Dwarf. He's always been a mechanically-minded dwarf, and is always coming up with new designs for mechanical systems of any sort. He also dabbles at, and would be willing to defend his home, with a crossbow.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Drakon** on **July 05, 2008, 08:15:36 pm**

Just decided to register, but I've been reading these forums on and off for a good month or two now, great story, you along with the cap are great story tellers, and I eagerly anticipate the next chapter!

I wish I had creative wit like you guys, and good at those ciphers :P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 05, 2008, 08:40:10 pm**

And so the old Major retires, and his apperentice has taken up his mantle. Poor old guy... :'(

Seems like the story is on a brand new tack, and i like that the undead are still 'alive' so my dwarf still has his backstory working. Be sure to give him plenty of training, of both ranged and up-close (crossbow butt to the head!) as well as some kind of armor, i prefer plate or mail, but then again i just love the high end stuff so even leather armor will do in a pinch. Sorry if i sound demanding... :-[

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 05, 2008, 10:58:51 pm**

So some good news: I finished Revision 2a of my book tonight. That leaves me with some rewriting, and a bunch of heavy additions, but this is coming along nicely. My only complaint is it's not a fantasy-based story, but something more real world. That's a complaint to me because I sometimes find myself in "real world" mode when writing up the tales of Migrursut, and I find myself in "fantasy world" writing up a modern day work of fiction. Reminds me of an interview with George Clooney, where he was complaining about filming From Dusk Till Dawn during the day and ER during the night.

A Paraphrase:
"I kill a bunch of vampires and then expect the script to call for me to heal them. Then I get off the set, head to the TV taping, and I want to tell some kid that had an 'accident' to go fuck himself."

Some bad news: All the demons are dead as doornails, but I just noticed the siege tag has yet to lift. UH OH! What are the repercussions of this? I'm probably going to have to do a LOT of editing to get it to flag off correctly, if I can at all. This could lead to some ... real problems if I don't fix it. The update I was planning for late tonight got postponed because I freaked out about that tag.

Zako: You're not demanding at all, you're just a guy that knows what he wants. :) Our fortress is drowning in iron, so full-plate won't be an issue.

Drakon: Your compliment made my day. Cap'n Mayday wasn't the reason I registered on this forum, but he was the inspiration for me to start writing this story. Thanks a lot!

Sukasa: I've put you on the ever-growing list. Same disclaimer as always, blahblahblah, need to wait, things are being worked on to facilitate new bodies.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Daniel Charms** on **July 06, 2008, 12:23:42 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on July 05, 2008, 10:58:51 pm
Some bad news: All the demons are dead as doornails, but I just noticed the siege tag has yet to lift. UH OH! What are the repercussions of this? I'm probably going to have to do a LOT of editing to get it to flag off correctly, if I can at all. This could lead to some ... real problems if I don't fix it. The update I was planning for late tonight got postponed because I freaked out about that tag.

This bug report (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19787.0>) has some information on this. That guy got rid of the siege message by resurrecting some of the invaders and letting them escape/killing them again.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **July 06, 2008, 01:51:26 am**

Heh, sweet.

Of Glass and Steel... makes me think metropolis... or some kind of proper sterile utopia.

Also, regarding this 'something new' you mentioned, I'd like a hippy elf woodworker. Hehe.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 06, 2008, 06:36:21 am**

Cool, just out of curosity, how is the steel supply?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **July 06, 2008, 10:46:03 am**

Excellent!

Would love one of the new characters a elven spearwoman if that's ok named Ashian!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Tarquinius** on **July 06, 2008, 10:58:08 am**

Excellent story! I'd like a human swordman named Tarquinius, if that's alright.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 06, 2008, 01:45:57 pm**

A demon 3 headed dog named Celebrus.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 06, 2008, 04:02:56 pm**

The Events of the 18th of Malachite, 1064

The humans were working hard loading their wagons, and with many of the mercenaries dead the merchants were forced to aid in the hauling duties too. Aryn stood outside of the trade depot with a large ledger in hand, jotting down notes with his charcoal pencil. Rosycats and Guildstern were making little tickmarks in a book they shared, occasionally asking questions to the Dwarf Foreman.

"Iron-handled whips?"
"Don't ask. Just know that she's paying double what they're worth." Though Aryn neglected to inform them that miss Dodik-Come-Lately was actually paying more than that, the excess lining his pockets nicely.

"You have listed here an excess of lead and lay pewter," Rosycats said.
"Are you sure this is correct? Don't you mean iron?" Guildstern chimed in.
"It's the Duke and his wife," Aryn said sullenly, making a little note beside a line in his book. "They love the stuff, and I want to make sure they're appeased when they get the urge for more worthless trinkets in their rooms."

"...You want HOW many Donkeys?"
"Donkeys?" Aryn stepped over to look at their chart, squinting. He rubbed the back of his head, inadvertently smearing charcoal in his hair and on the back of his neck. "It doesn't say who put the order in... it's probably Dojango. That's fine, just leave it. Meat is meat is meat."

"Well that looks like everything," Guildstern said, rolling up the sheet of paper.
"Not... everything."

Aryn pulled a small envelope from his pocket, slapping it once against his palm before holding it out to them. It was sealed with red wax, the image of Aryn pressed into it from one of the fortresses silver coins.

"Deliver this to your leader. It's for his eyes only. Make sure Johnny gets inside the Stramgil borders safe and sound."
"Of course," said Rosycats.
"He'll be in the best of company," Guildstern assured.

"He better," Aryn said. He watched the haulers for a second, before giving a curt nod. "I'll have Johnny sent to you within the hour. I look forward to seeing you this time next year."

Johnny sat on the wagon as it trundled out of the fortress, melancholy overtaking him. Very few had turned out to see him off, just his Dock Workers, and Stravitch. He thought he caught a glimpse of green glass from one of the gatehouse windows, but it was gone when he looked again.

Turning in his seat, he looked back at the entrance to the fort. Only Stravitch stood there, leaning on his mace. Johnny lifted a hand in a wave, and it was lazily returned by the Captain of the Guard. He sat back down in his seat, watching as the desert grew before him, great mounds of red and gold sand stretching out as far as the eye could see. Closing his eyes, and slouching into a more comfortable position, his thoughts began to wander before sleep overtook him.

Let's get this over with, then. Why Aryn couldn't go to talk with this despot is beyond me, but it'll give me a chance to ply my trade from afar. Perhaps I can get a nice deal set up with the humans, start trading outside of the fortress by Dodik's - bypass Aryn completely. It would make things easier, a lot easier...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Duke of Nawn** on **July 06, 2008, 07:52:27 pm**

How do you manage to post content so often? How?! It's a veritable torrent of plot, humor and awesome, and it just keeps going!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 06, 2008, 08:27:52 pm**

So long Johnny! You are a great dwarf and will be missed, though mainly in secret!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 06, 2008, 10:35:40 pm**

Sometime mid-Galena, 1064



The hard travel, and harder work of loading and unloading the various goods at their stops, took it's tole. Most nights, after leaving a town the traders would pass out immediately once they'd set out a few of the nights watchmen. But with so long between towns now, and their pace more leisurely as a result, sometimes the traders and Johnny would stay up late into the night talking and laughing and playing at cards and tiles.

Tonight Johnny, Rosycats, Guildstern and two of the other traders were enjoying a late night second dinner, sneaking the food away from the store wagon from under the nose of the sleeping mess cook. With the meal finished, and their bellies full, they sat about talking, of their travels, of the lands outside the south. Eventually, Rosycats (or was it Guildstern?) turned to Johnny.

"We don't hear much from you," he said.
"You never seem to talk much about yourself," the other replied.
"We'd definitely like to hear of your travels."
"Of course we would. Besides, you've heard all our stories already," Rosycats said with a grin.

"My tale? I dunnae know about that, lads," Johnny said lazily, leaning back against the stump of a tree. "Ya' won't be hearin' much from me, other than a story 'bout a young lad, mad at th'world, who turns t' trade an' eventually finds 'is way out ta' a slag heap in the middle of the wastes. If ya' wanna hear a story, ya'd be better askin' 'bout my Da."

"Then we will," Rosycats said.
"Tell us about him," Guildstern agreed.

Johnny lapsed into silence for a minute, and the merchants exchanged worried glances, convinced they had pushed him too far already. But the Dwarf stood up, stretching his arms high above his head. "If that's what ya' want, one a'you go fetch me a jug of rum. Talkin' is harder work than haulin' freight, and there's a lot that needs t'be said.
"Now. Ya' wanted to hear a story about Gerald Fountainspring..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **July 07, 2008, 12:50:05 am**

Alrighty, for the new wastes fodder, i'll add my namesake:

Vactor, a Human, swimmer.(some minor combat skill)
Gillysit, Kobold, ambusher.(some minor combat skill)

Vactor lived most of his life in a poor costal village, diving for oysters, he is an adept swimmer and a extremely hard worker as a result. He lives a spartan lifestyle, simplistic and hard. His lack of material belongings beyond his clothes and rusty oyster-diving dagger tends to lead others to consider him a simpleton. His wit and cunning are hidden well behind his stoic face.
(if he can't have a dagger, make it a sword)

He now travels with an unusually silent Kobold that he calls Gillysit, Vactor seems to understand Gillysit's rare utterances, and it is unknown how this strange pair's relationship started. If a foe faces Vactor and Gillysit is nowhere to be seen, it is likely they are about to receive a surprise from behind. Some would call Gillysit his friend, some call him his pet, only the two of them know the dynamic of the relationship.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **July 07, 2008, 02:19:35 am**

Jack talkedspiders, goblin swordsman and mass-murderer. He's a sociopathic, murderous, plump helmet loving goblin. He wears the finger bones of a slain human around his neck, and dashes around madly swinging his scimitar.

He's managed to stay alive through four arena fights in one of the mountainhomes, and the local count is currently considering filling him with bolts because he got alucky shot in on a champion.

He also likes kittens. This is why he was exiled from the goblin fort and tried his luck raiding the dwarf fortress he was captured in.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 07, 2008, 04:49:57 am**

Any race at all? Any chance I could have a grizzly bear? If so, any name will do, profession (if he can have one) thief (of any food, ideally in picnic baskets), just a great big bear who, though unable to communicate, is fiercely loyal to anyone who feeds him. In safe circumstances he's a great big softy, but far smarter than the average bear - in fact, he's got this idea for an amazing idea about a labour-saving form of three-wheeled transport that could be propelled by the rider...

If a bear is too complicated or doesn't fit or anything, give me an axe-elf, exiled from the forests for being a rock-hugging, treechopping dwarf lover.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 07, 2008, 07:57:31 am**

Quote from: Duke of Nawn on July 06, 2008, 07:52:27 pm
How do you manage to post content so often? How?! It's a veritable torrent of plot, humor and awesome, and it just keeps going!

You're looking at a guy who gets four to five hours of sleep a night, and over the past year my hobbies have all sort of... moved in the direction of writing stuff. It's all I do these days, be it at work through emails, memos, project proposals and final reports, or at home with Migrursut and the novel(s) I'm churning out. I'm just lucky I actually like doing it (the home stuff, no one likes the work stuff).

I also realize this is a rhetorical question, but that's never stopped me before!

Zako: Steel supplies are - ... well, not as good as the iron supplies. Haha. I've started requesting from the Dwarven traders that they bring Steel. Steel and liquor.

Everyone else: All the characters seem fine (even some of the more esoteric ones, though Cerberus isn't going to be a demon), and I hope you don't mind if when they're added they're going to have minor tweaks done here and there. Specifically, the part where they come to the fortress. I have other plans for them. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 07, 2008, 08:56:10 am**

Steel & liquour, the perfect dwarven combination!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Metalax** on **July 07, 2008, 12:57:49 pm**

First off, a great resolution to the demon story arc. I hope the temple will be purified... again.

Very nice work with the Snake and the Merkil/Major ---- DayCovering storylines.

Also interesting development of the speardwarves as the silent backbone of the fortress defence.

I wonder what trouble Johnny is going to get into on his journey.

How are the Zefonists viewing the undead dwarves, considering the cycle of rebirth?

Were any of the casualties from the assault members of the yellow robes?

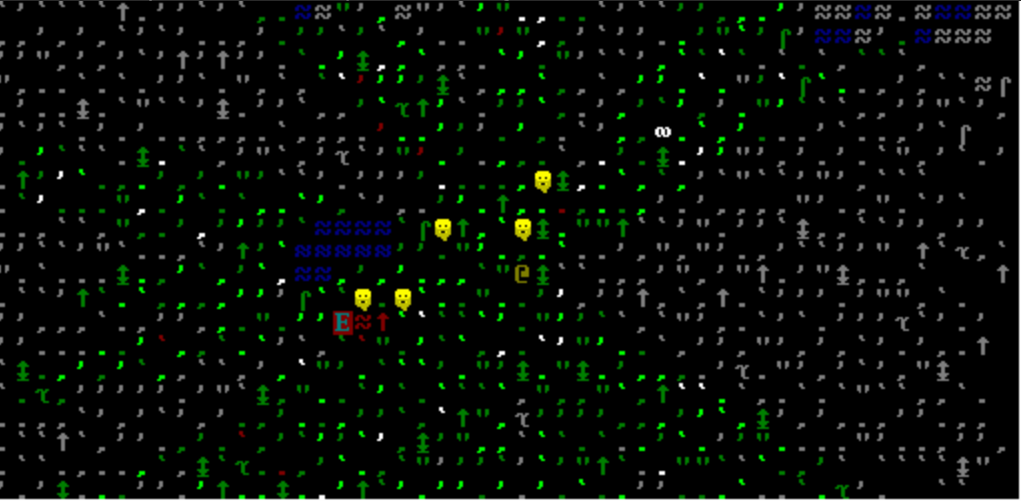


Just noticed this, is it a hint?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 07, 2008, 10:25:05 pm**

The events of mid-Limestone, 1020

Gerald Fountainspring sat on a stump, the body of an elf laying in front of him. Her throat was slashed out with Atir's Chasmboat's spear, and Atir and the other four in Gerald's squad were hastily looting her body. Though their commander wasn't particularly keen on disgracing the dead even more, moral had to be kept high, and the hatred for the Elves meant that little trinkets like bracelets and veils become trophies for the squads to brag about.



As the soldiers began to get rowdy, Gerald shushed them quietly, leaning forward on the stump. His voice was barely above a whisper.

"Listen up. We're not here t'loot the dead. We're here t' hold the pass. We've gotta keep their host army from makin' it t' Thalúawiyo. 'Cordin' to th' Colonel, Captain Fillwhip will be there at noon t'day. If we can hold their march up until t'night, he'll have their village o'ertaken an their Commander under lock on route t' Berzuntir.

"Are we actually going to be holding the pass?" asked Sarvesh, his voice icy. "Last time we were sent out to hold something, we ended up letting them get through. Actually, the last *two* times we were sent out to hold a hill, we ended up getting routed."

"We weren't routed," Gerald snapped. "t'was an overwhelming force, an' we'd already taken casualties. No one can win every battle, o'erwise there'd be no losers."

"Seems we do a bit more losing then we do winning. I s'pect that's why the Colonel sent us out to this burg, to get us out of the way of the real fighting."

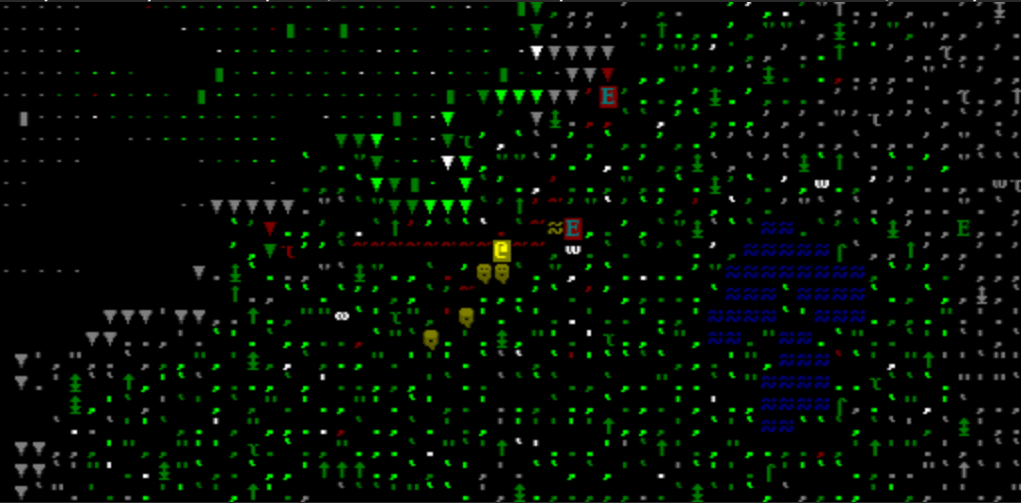
Their bickering was growing more heated, and the others were enjoying watching their squad mate take their leader to task to hear the soft crunching of leaves. The second the high, lilting voice was heard Gerald dove off the stump, making a grab for his spear.

"Caÿi! Ethare!" This was followed by the heavy twang of a bow, and Cattan was soon sporting a new arrow through her upper leg. There was a flurry of movement, and a shout from Gerald to be quiet, but the damage had been done already.

Cattan charged the elf, stabbing her spear through the elfs arm, and they went tumbling down together. Gerald froze in place, the others swarming past him to take up their positions. Dropping her spear, Cattan began wrestling with the elf, who was quick to put her in an ankle lock, wrenching it hard to the side. Gerald, started to move to help, but a bellow from the side woods could be heard.

A bulky elf wearing a bears pelt as a cloak stormed out from the trees, carrying a large shamans staff. He was flanked by guardsman, their faces set and stony. The druid pointed his staff at the group of dwarves, his Dwarven heavily accented.

"Lay down your weapons, defilers! You're prisoners of these woods, until your brethren end this foolish war! LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS."



The response was underwhelming, and in the silence Cattan raised her hand high, giving the Elf the only hand gesture she knew in the language. The druid waved his staff, and she was soon missing her two fingers, a spray of blood erupting from where they were. Cattan shrieked, clutching at her mangled hand.

The others charged - though they did not see Avuz drop to the ground hard, a maple arrow completely piercing his chest. Sweat began to bead up on Gerald's brow, but he charged forward behind the others, readying his spear.

The others swarmed for the bowmen, leaving Gerald with the druid. He thrust his spear forward, the blade stabbing through the large Elf's bicep. They both looked at the wound, and the druid reached out with his free hand and gripped the haft, wrenching it from Gerald's grasp. He then hit the dwarf in the head with the hilt, twice, sending the commander scrambling for safety.

"Ashian, here! To me!" The druid barked. From the woods, a spearwielding elf charged into the fray. Gerald barely had time to get his shield up to deflect the first blow, grunting with pain as the broad head slashed a gash through his trousers. Atir plowed into the elf just as she was readying his spear again, but as she was knocked stumbling she thrust out hard, skewering the Dwarf through the stomach.

He bled out quickly, screaming.

"Retreat," Gerald bellowed. He reached out and grabbed the fallen Dwarf's spear to replace his own, knocking Ashian aside with the hilt as he came charging forward. The three remaining in the squad looked incredulously at their leader, pressing the attack against his will.

Gerald turned, and ran, the cries of the remaining members of his squad following his mad dash through the woods.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **July 08, 2008, 07:26:41 am**

Excellent update, wonder what 'Ol Captain Fillwhip upto?

Is this still the same time period or in the past just out of interest?

And glad my new char managed to survive his first post!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 08, 2008, 08:13:02 am**

Looks like the past to me, Johnny telling stories about his father's adventures. Also it involves war with the Elves, so I'm guessing it's based in the past as Aryn's been smarming his way back in to Elvish good books...

And your character didn't just survive the first post, he got on the scoreboard! That's creditable, even if he was a bad guy...

Also I wonder what we'll see of Captain Fillwhip. Possibly a younger version... caring, naive, maybe even a little useless in combat? Or will it be Captain Fillwhip the elder, with our good friend "pleasedon'thitme" Stravitch having a toddle-on part as a dwarven child...

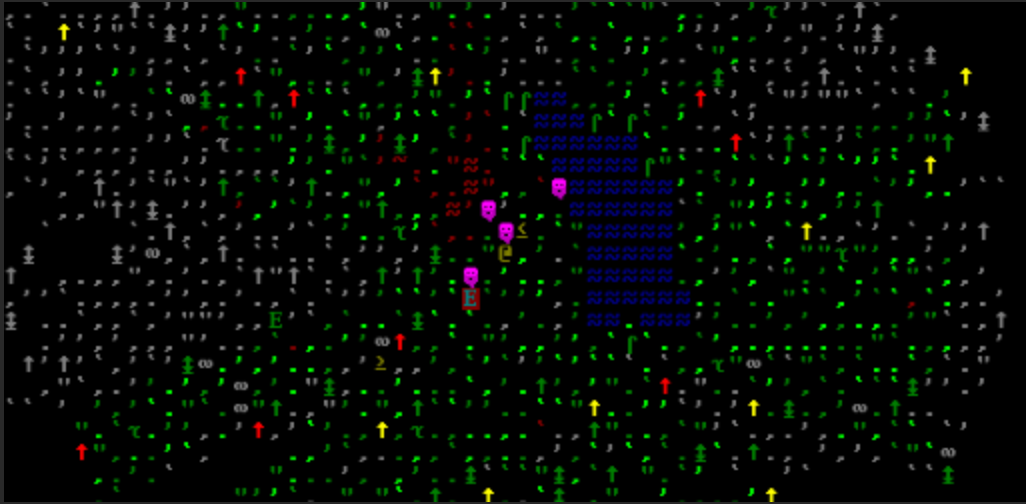
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **July 08, 2008, 08:48:32 am**

.....You know what? I'm a fool, just twigged once you said that. HF even put the date on the bleedin' post! And put Johnny dads name on the previous post! Just didn't sink in cause of the posts inbetween. No wonder I have sooo much trouble with the codes when I don't even pick of on a date tap-dancing across the top of a post... sheese! :-[

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 08, 2008, 09:01:39 pm**

The events of mid-Limestone, 1020

Stravitch Fillwhip stood in front of a fallen tree, the bodies of two elves laying on the ground around him. Their heads had been crushed, one by Rakust's hammer, and one by Stravitch's great iron maul. His squad was hastily looting bodies, laughing as they stole their trinkets from the corpses. Stravitch was already sporting his newest, a thin veil he'd draped over his face.



"Don't pack up too much, lads. There are more of these treefuckers yet. And we've still got to capture Coce Bonehorns and haul him out of these cursed woods. First one of you to grab him and get him out of the battle can keep his coin purse as a prize. Now let's move, we need to- Urk!"

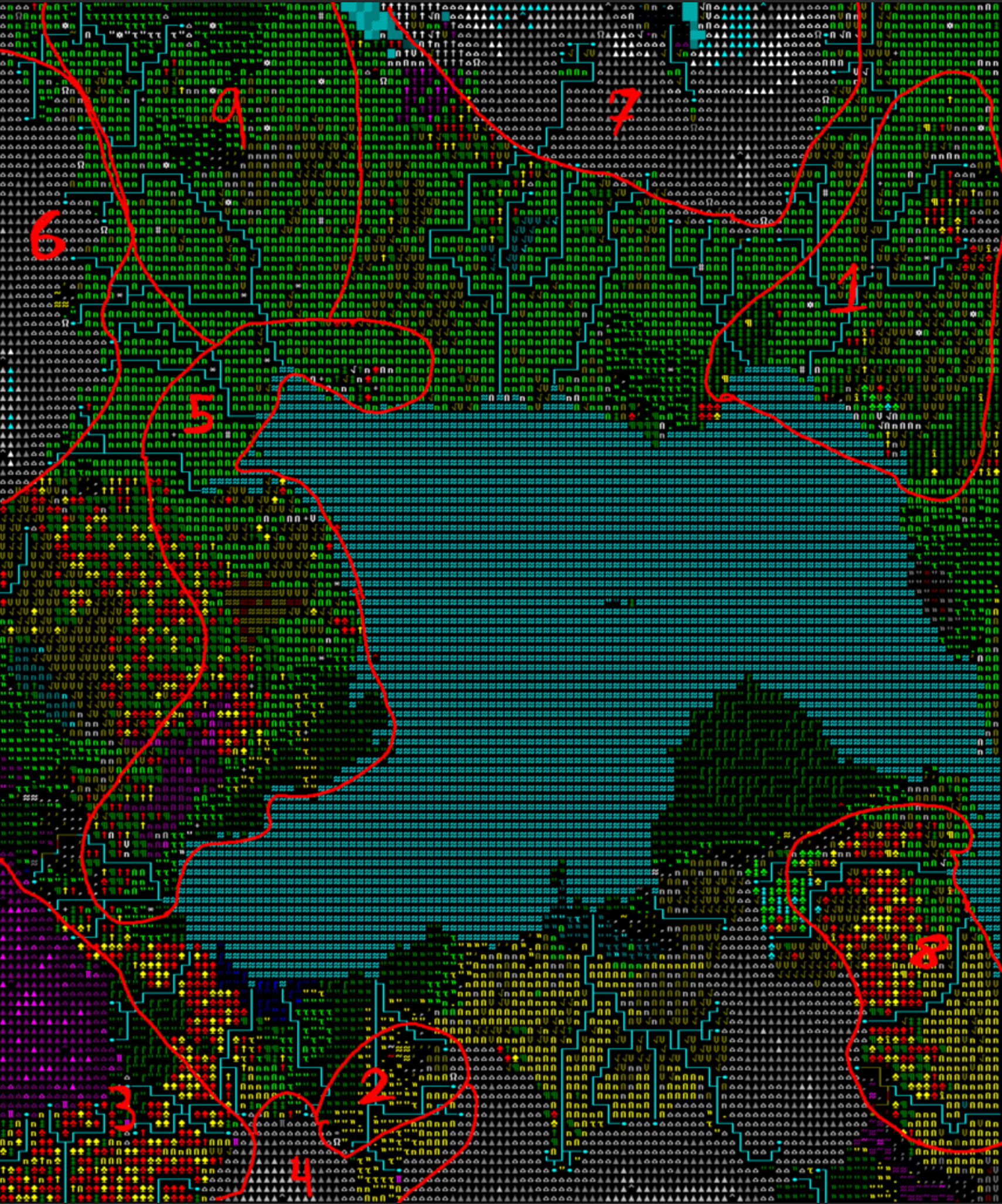
He stopped speaking, shaking his hand violently. An arrow was sticking from the palm, blood dripping from the end. He snapped it in half quickly, wrenching the shaft out, and barked, "Archers! MOVE! TO BATTLE!"

The battle was quick and sudden. Stravitch darted behind a tree, vanishing into the brush. His squadmates charged forward, hammers crushing through the elves simple wooden armor. Three of their bow-wielding guardsmen were smashed into pulp, their corpses shattering on trees like blood filled balloons. Kosoth was the first to go, taking an arrow through the eye, his body slumping against one of the elves damned trees.

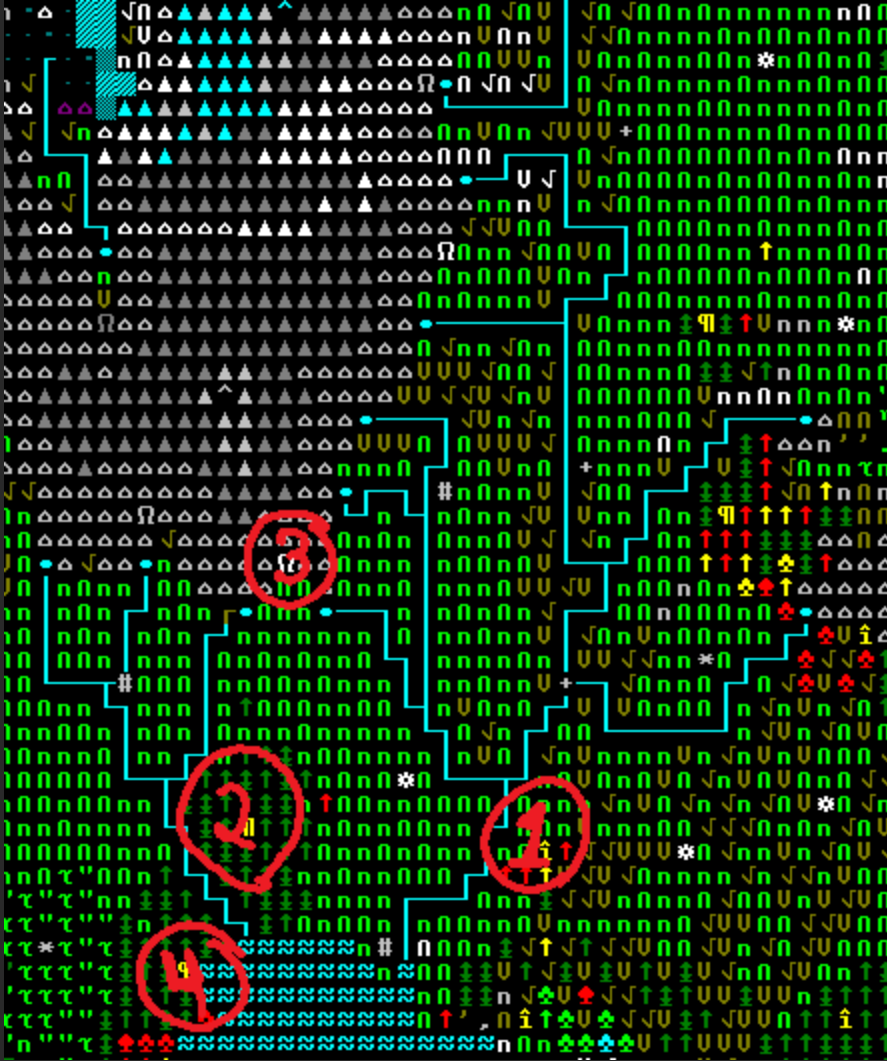
So that's how the lake drained that one time. The pumps weren't broken, Olsmo drank all the water (no doubt had a high alcohol content, being in a dwarf fortress after all.)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 09, 2008, 07:06:16 pm**

World Information:



1. Ilecacalovi: These Elves have been waging war with the dwarves of Lolumzasit for twenty years. Only in the last three have hostilities escalated. The Elves are often rebuffed at the borders of the mountains, and leave their towns open to ensnare the marching dwarven hosts.
2. Stukos Matul: A hundred years ago, waves of imigrants left the mountains of Nish Neth seeking warmer climate and a respite from human raiders. Little did they know they settled between two waring goblin factions, their numbers small as most settlers sent out to take new lands were enslaved or killed.
3. Guzmato: Though they have many towers, these goblins are small of number. They are constantly being raided by the followers of Tode Lustu. They worship the dead Star God, Bâx Unostotho, his power constantly kept in check by the southern born goblins and their foul half-breed brethren.
4. Tode Lusto: Goblins versed in fire and iron, from father south than Dwarven Maps can show. Relative newcomers to the Known World, they bring with them death, and disease, and whispers in the night of their flesh-eating leader Olsmo.
5. Kemsagil: Water-faring merchants. Most of their cities are coastal, and they have been traveling by boat between the Dwarven nations for many, many years.
6. Nish Neth: Born on the edge of an icy tundra, these Dwarves are hardier than some of their other kin. They are most apt to trade with other races, and even after the wars began with the elves, they continued to trade until their caravans began to get robbed.
7. Lolumzasit: No one knows who threw the first stone, though it's suspected it is these Dwarves. Having executed an Elven Diplomat for stealing secrets from their workshops, their elven neighbors retaliated by filling the Dwarven emissary and his honor guard with arrows.
8. Araliinefa: Once a powerful nation, these Elves are all but extinct. Their forests burned, their citizens raped and slaughtered by the outriders of Tode Lusto, doing the bidding of their leader.
9. Stramgil: Rich and prosperous, these Humans are finally beginning to leave their lands and trade, their love for golds, silvers, and the "cute trinkets" of other races compelling them to send their fingers out to the far reaches of the Known World.



1. Amiÿaopeya: Where Gerald Fountainspring tried to hold the path from the Druid and his guard
2. Thalúawiÿo: Where Stravitch Fillwhip tried to capture the High Guard Coce Bonehorns, retreating with only a corpse.
3. Berzuntîr: Where the host of Lolumzasit is meeting, while they wage war. They are allies with Nith Nesh.
4. Rethiatera: The Death Cloud, a months long battle entrenching the Dwarves and Elves.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 09, 2008, 09:00:47 pm**

Looks like there may be some continuity errors between Heavy Flak's official story and my short story about Kuli's past.

I'll resolve it by saying that my story takes place in a region farther south, and Kuli later emigrated to Stukos Matul to proselytize there. The goblins Kuli fought probably belonged to the southern parts of Tode Lusto.

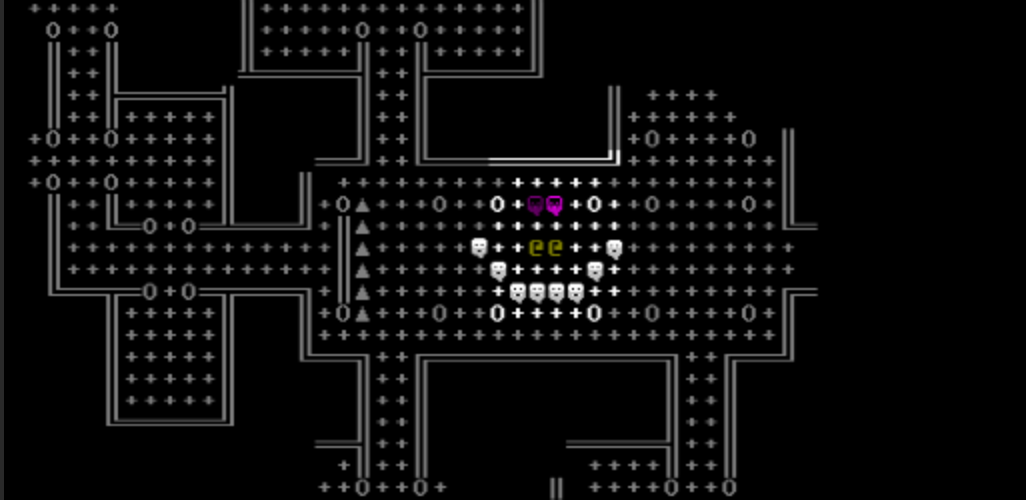
There appear to be some human towns within the borders Ilecacalovi. What kingdom do they belong to? Subjugated by the elves perhaps?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 09, 2008, 09:33:36 pm**

The events of Late-Limestone, 1020

Gerald walked down the hallway, flanked by four of the Elite Guardsmen of Berzuntîr. He was nervous, as he always was when pulled in front of General Rakust Geartrot, and it showed in the way his spear shook slightly in his grasp. He was marched into the main hallway, lined with the pillars engraved with rules of old, and saw his old squad mate Stravitch standing at ease, his own four escorts circled behind him.

Coming to attention beside Stravitch, Gerald looked upon the stony face of The General out here in the east, and his adviser Urist. In the silence of the hallway, Gerald could hear the General grinding his teeth, his broad jaw working hard as he bored holes through them with his stare.



"You two... are a disgrace. An utter disgrace for our order!" The General shouted the last two words, their echoes heard down the stony hallways. "I break your squads apart in the hopes, the simple hopes, that that would instill order among the groups. And what do I get? What do I GET! I get two separate squads of colossal screw-ups, prancing through the battlefields like they're going out for a day of shopping and shenanigans!"

"Sir, that's no' entirely fair, we did-" Gerald Started.
"You, Captain Fountainspring, need to silence your flapping gums immediately. I gave you the simplest of tasks - hold up the marching elven armies long enough for Captain Fillwhip to make off with the High Guard. And you turned tail and fled, leaving your men behind to get slaughtered. You're one of the Glass Knights, a craven with his toy shield and spear. If you hadn't helped break the first siege of Uramralin, I'd have you swinging from the cliffs by your neck. Instead, I have to suffer your incompetence, in not even holding a path for a few hours."

"You're bein' a bit harsh on him, aren't you?" Stravitch said, grinning. "Not everyone-"
"ENOUGH," The General roared, "It is due only to the graces of your Baron Uncle that you're not playing gate guard in some backwater swamp burb! Instead, I have to come leave the planning rooms, leave the armies, leave the battlefields, to come down here and scream at a psychopath who can't follow the simplest orders! What was your mission."

"To bring back Coce Bonehorns."
"And where is he."
"I brought him back, he's in the storeroom."
"He's dead! Do you even know why we wanted him alive?"

"I don't really care why he was wanted alive. When was the last time you saw battle, General? Because you may not remember this, but people are trying to kill you. And when they try to kill you, sometimes it's impossible to stop them without killing them back."

The General ignored him, pressing on once he had stopped talking. "We wanted Coce, because we could have used him to barter the release of two of our lieutenants from their prisons. We don't have a bartering chip now, he doesn't even have a head."
"He has a head," Stravitch complained. "He's just dead."
"You sewed on a head from a different body," Urist the Adviser snapped. "It fell off when we were moving it!"

Shaking his head, the General folded his arms across his chest, baring a mouthful of false copper teeth. "I've had enough of this. From this point on, you're being reassigned. You're being given a *special* task. Ones that only two decorated soldiers such as yourselves can accomplish."

"Wh' task is that, Sir?"
"To the other soldiers, you're on a daring raid of the Elven Capital to try and capture the Lord Druid's sons. That should spread soon enough, and hopefully they'll pull their northern armies back to the capital and buy us some time.
"Instead, you'll be traveling south to Quogubino on the edge of the sea. You're to get a boat and take it east Atthempos, the Twins at the River's Mouth, and from there head to Imushmor in the Nish Neth Mountains."

"Nish Neth? Sir, tha's not e'en close t' the fightin'."
"I know. From this point forward, you're supplymen. There's a large shipment of ballista parts and ammo that needs to be delivered to Stukos Matul. We've received pigeons from them asking for aid - the elves on the other side of the mountain chains haven't been seen in years, but they'd rather be prepared. In return, they'll be sending up two armies - all the men they're able - to push the elves southern borders."

Stravitch glanced at Gerald briefly, before turning back to the general, his eyes narrowed. "We're going to play at delivery boys? I'm not doing it."
"You'll do it. You'll both do it. Or I swear when we send that elf's corpse back to them it'll be your head sewn on the body, and Captain Fountainspring's will be an added gift. Now get saddled. I want you leaving at first light tomorrow."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 09, 2008, 09:37:38 pm**

Quote from: Kuli on July 09, 2008, 09:00:47 pm
Looks like there may be some continuity errors between Heavy Flak's official story and my short story about Kuli's past.
I'll resolve it by saying that my story takes place in a region farther south, and Kuli later emigrated to Stukos Matul to proselytize there. The goblins Kuli fought probably belonged to the southern parts of Tode Lusto.
There appear to be some human towns within the borders Ilecacalovi. What kingdom do they belong to? Subjugated by the elves perhaps?

I've been trying to take your back story into consideration when writing up the histories of the Known World. I always assumed that Kuli's story did indeed take place farther south and he immigrated north to Stukos Matul. I'd have to look back at what you wrote, but I thought he was traveling north... but I could have been wrong. If you want, send me a PM and we can play around with the locations a little to make it work better.

In the game world, those Human Towns are part of a third human civilization, but in the story terms, they're just a smattering of villages with no leader because I think 9 separate civilizations are plenty. Elven subjugation is as good as anything for them :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 10, 2008, 07:55:20 am**

Did you get my PM, Heavy Flak?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 10, 2008, 08:01:49 am**

Quote from: Kuli on July 10, 2008, 07:55:20 am
Did you get my PM, Heavy Flak?

Heh, sure did. Sorry, I'm stuck in a training session and have to be "paying attention" when people are talking. I sent you a response back right as you were posting that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Quiller** on **July 10, 2008, 04:14:27 pm**

Quilton Feldspar - Human Halberdier. Quilton was captured by goblins as a young child on a raid that killed his parents. He was later rescued by dwarves, and grew up among them. He took up arms there, wields a halberd that belonged to a caravan guardsman, and a piecemail collection of armor that he was able to salvage or buy from caravans. Likes cows for their eerie mooing.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 10, 2008, 10:41:27 pm**

The events of Late-Limestone, 1020

"Are ya' sure ya' know where were goin'?" Gerald asked suspiciously, as he and Stravitch trudged through the overgrown path.

"Of course I am. Have faith, I'm a man of God."
"Yer' a'man of a God, not *the* God. What do ya' know of faith?"
"I know enough that he's kept me safe all these years," Stravitch said with a grin.
"Ya' know enough to break faces and swill beer, an' claim a praise fer' Lenod," Gerald snapped back, giving him a nudge with his spear.

They bickered like this as they traveled the path, their attentions pulled away from the details. The trees, massive and ancient rising into the sky. The faint splatters of blood sprayed on the ground. The arrows, stuffed into the trees and stuck haphazardly in the ground. It was Stravitch who stopped them, a hand held up, his voice hushed, "Shh, hold. I hear something..."

Gerald stopped, and they listened intently. "Yer' right," He said, frowning. "That sounds Dwarvish. C'mon."

They made their way towards the sounds, their attempts at being sneaky nothing more than loud blunders through the brush. Less then twenty yards in, and the trees were charred, some toppled over - arrows as prolific as grass. The noises, soft cursing followed by hard coughs, was traced to a toppled tree. A dwarf was pinned underneath it, arrows littering his exposed body. His helm was knocked aside, a shock of white hair framing his head like a lions mane.

"Boys, am... I glad to see you," He said, coughing. "I need... help. I've been here for days."
"Oh, ya' idiot," moaned Gerald. "Ya' took us off course ta' Rethiatera. We need t' get outta' here. We need t'get outa' here soon."
"Well... if it isn't ol' Nil. What are you doing out here?" Stravitch said, moving over to the tree. Gerald followed, sliding his spear under it to act as a lever.
"It's *Major* to you... we're still... in a battlefield, and while here, I'm to be addressed... by my Rank."

"A course, Major," Gerald said. Sweat beaded on his brow as he put pressure on his spear, and Stravitch threw his great strength behind it, the felled tree creaking off the Major and crashing into the ground beside him. "Can ya' move?"

He sat up, groaning as he did so. After a few minutes he was on his feet, eyes beginning to unfocus as he looked at the arrows littering his body. His knees gave out, and it was Gerald's quick reflexes that caught him. Sliding an arm around his waist, he propped the Major up, pointing to Stravitch.

"Get un'er him. He cannae walk."

"Yeah? And we can't fight hauling him with us."

"Get me out of here," The Major snarled, "If you... even think of leaving me, I'll make sure... you die with me in these... damned woods."

"What is it with people threatening to kill me?" Stravitch complained.

"Perhaps it's all yer' Godly charms," Gerald mused.

They ended up taking The Major all the way to Quogubino. Twice they tried to leave him and go seperate ways, but he was much too weak, and to even strip him of his armor and remove the arrows caused massive bleeding. They couldn't back track, with the wars behind them and the General's threats, and it was nearly a week later that they arrived in the fishing town at the Sea's edge.

"Now take good care of him," Stravitch said to the merchant. "See he's rested, and there'll be a chest of gold sent down here for his safe return."

"Aye. Major DayCovering may be a salty old man, bu' dunnae listen t'him. He's all bluster an' wind."

As they left for the Inn, Gerald said, his voice lowered, "Is it safe t'leave him here? What if they turn him o'er t'the Elves?"

"They won't. They've no more loves for the Elves than we do. He should be okay 'till he's rested. They've seen his insignia, they know he's an Army Man."

The night was long, full of drink and talk. Now that they'd gotten here, they weren't sure how to travel. They'd talked to a few of the merchant-captains, who brushed the pair of Dwarves off as an annoyance. Even the simple fisherfolk, with their small oared crafts, turned the Dwarves away for lack for their lack of coin.

It was as the night was nearly over, and the bar beginning to close for the night, that a pock-marked man with a long face took a seat at their table. He was unkempt, and his eyes steely, though his attire left much to desire, as worn and dirty as it was.

"Can we... help ya'?" Gerald asked suspiciously.

"Nah, but I kin' help ya', I spec'. Talk roun' this hollar sayin' ya' need a boatsman."

"You... own a boat?" Stravitch said, matter of fact.

"Own? Ha! Nuh'sirrah. I dun't own mucha' ana'thin'. But ah know the sea, spend most mah days out innit. Ya' wanna' sail outta' here, ta' parts east, unknown? Ah kin' help ya', wit' two requests met."

"Aye, a'course," Gerald said peevishly. "You want a lump of Dwarven-mined Gold, as big as yer' head, an a full suit of masterwrought plate, ya'?"

"No, 'course not," The man said, scowling.

"Then what," Stravitch said, his voice low and level.

"Ah dun't want ya' to ask where'n the boats a'come from. That's number one."

"And number two?"

"Ya' dun't complain when ah bring 'long mah friend Gillysit."

"Why would we complain?" Stravitch asked, one brow raised. "That's one more sword between them and us."

The man laughed. "Yer' sayin' that now, bu' jes' wait. There'll be no talka' leavin' him behind." His voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper, "Be on the docks at first light. Yer' gettin' a free ride from Ol' Vactor here, but he ain't gunna wait 'round neither. First light, I'm settin' sail, with'er without ya'."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 11, 2008, 05:33:01 am**

Wait a minute...What?

Daycovering?! Is this the same Major we all know in the current day fortress or is it a relative?

Interesting to say the least...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **July 11, 2008, 05:51:44 am**

Quote from: [Zako](#) on July 11, 2008, 05:33:01 am

Wait a minute...What?

Daycovering?! Is this the same Major we all know in the current day fortress or is it a relative?

Interesting to say the least...

Yeah, I think it's fourdash. This is what, just around the time of the battle that made him "craven", right?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 11, 2008, 06:59:27 am**

Aha. So Major Daycovering has a first name after all!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Prometheus** on **July 11, 2008, 07:20:33 am**

They did call him Nil, which means nothing. Maybe a nickname?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **July 11, 2008, 10:59:13 am**

Urg...I need to start going to sleep at a reasonable time. I got on a roll drawing though and just had to finish.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
On a roll or not, shading and all nighters do not mix for me, I may fix up the shading a bit when I'm not sleep deprived.

I had fun with it though, I really did. 🙄 Some stuff I'd like to explain though, just because.

I guess I'll start with the tentacle demon. When I started sketching, I was imagining something rather a lot like cthulu. That is, until I realized that the tentacle demons in DF basically just have tentacles for limbs. Worked out anyways though.

Next up, Snake. There is a 50% chance that his eye patch is on the wrong eye. I'd like to have a reasonable excuse for this, but really I

just neglected to check.

Finally, the statues. This was what kept me from going to bed, I just suddenly had an idea. Since the descriptions for deities in DF are rather ambiguous, in this case just a female dwarf, and since Zefon is the goddess of rebirth, I decided not to limit the image to one form. So I ended up with dwarves of different ages and different professions. I'm pretty sure I'd run out of professions though if I tried to apply this to all the statues though, good thing I only had to do the ones visible from the front in this one. I have one more drawing actually planned, but I'd like to do two more involving the end of the chapter after that. Just haven't decided what yet.

As an aside, I'd like to thank Heavy Flak yet again for providing some information. Although finding out the temple was comprised of basalt didn't turn out to make for a very distinctive look,seeing what formations of the raw stone can look like gave me some ideas for the more "natural" scenery I might include in future drawings.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 11, 2008, 12:10:04 pm**

Xofrevlis: Awesome work, as always. In case there was any need to ease your mind, I never said *which* eye Snake had lost. So congrats, you just made his missing left eye canon. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 11, 2008, 12:14:39 pm**

Quote from: Prometheus on July 11, 2008, 07:20:33 am
They did call him Nil, which means nothing. Maybe a nickname?

Nil means hammer in the dwarf language.

By the way, really nice drawing, Xofrevlis. I'm an artist myself, so I may contribute something of my own at some point. The only thing stopping me is that I'm mainly a painter, and not as confident with my drawing skills. At any rate, I can't just stand back and let you dominate the Migrursut art scene, Xofrevlis!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 11, 2008, 04:49:47 pm**

Quote from: Prometheus
They did call him Nil, which means nothing. Maybe a nickname?

Quote from: Kuli
Nil means hammer in the dwarf language.

In the terms of the Character, there couldn't have been a more appropriate lost first name name for Major ---- DayCovering.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 11, 2008, 06:25:09 pm**

The events of early-Sandstone, 1020

True to his word, Vactor and Gillysit got the pair of soldiers their boat. Also true to his word, he wouldn't answer Gerald's questions about where they procured it, though the faint bloodstains Stravitch pointed out by the wheel and down in the small hold helped solve at least some of the mystery for them.

The two weeks they'd spent on the sea had been uneventful. The days were spent begrudgingly following the orders of Vactor and staying out of the way of his tiny sidekick. The kobold had the unnerving habit of popping out of the shadows, appearing in the rooms they were in from behind barrels, or standing behind them as they turned from some task. He never spoke, and that was what bothered Stravitch the most, who spent the days bugging the little guy.

The nights saw the seemingly tireless Vactor diving into the depths of sea, the deck of the boat covered in oysters and a sleeping human when the pair awoke. Pearls were almost never found, but they had the meat to suppliment their diet of the stocks below deck and that was a nice addition to their usually small meals.

It was during the night that Gerald was woken by hasty shakings. Grumbling in his sleep, he made to turn over, but the shaking persisted, and Vactor's voice cut into his dreams.

"Git'up, grab yer' spear, we're gettin' trouble on the tide."

As Gerald was just getting roused, Stravitch went barreling up the staircase, his hammer in hand. By the time he had on his armor (a big no-no from Vactor) and spear and had barreled up the stairs, his heart sank. The deck was crawling with frogmen, their slimy forms maybe covered with a loincloth, mostly not.

"Dun't let'em pull ya' overbord! Ye'll be pulled down tah the bottem!" Vactor screamed, stabbing his short-sword through one of their throats, dancing backwards across the heaving deck. Stravitch clanked across the deck, his boots hitting the deck hard, though the rolling of the boat made each swing throw him off balance. He got in a lucky hit on the croaking invaders, sending the frog man flying off the deck, his body spinning in a tight circle as a leg clipped the railing.

Gerald braced himself against the mast, his spear flashing out quickly at belly level. He stabbed three of the frogmen in the guts, leaving them to bleed out on the decks, thrashing and croaking. A fourth he stabbed through the face, and a fifth took his spear in the leg, fighting to get to him until Vactor jumped on his back and gashed his throat open so wide his head tipped over to touch his shoulder blades.

With his back braced, he couldn't see the frogman that had snuck up behind him. His cries were cut off as the crude gig handle was pressed around his throat, the frogman bracing his knees to the mast to yank back hard on the spear. Thrashing, pulling on the wooden shaft, Gerald's face was turning bright red until he suddenly dropped to his rear on the deck, the gig clattering onto his lap. Gillysit darted into the fray, carrying the severed frog head in one hand, his wickedly curved shelling dagger in the other.

In a half hour, the frogmen had been scattered, and the small raft they had sailed up in set ablaze and pushed back towards land. When the deck was cleaned off with salt water and the bodies pushed over, they set to sail immediately - sailing round the clock for two days to put distance between themselves and the nests of the anthropomorphs before resting again.

In the forests of Thalúawiyo

The High Druid paced in front of the assembled elves, scowling at the corpses that had been lined in front of him. He limped from age, resting on his heavy staff, though a teetotaling lifestyle left him still fit. One of the guards shook his head sadly, kneeling down to closer examine one of the corpses - his chest caved in from a hammers blow.

"These savages, they just leave the corpses behind. How uncivilized..."

"How can you expect those that eat mud and rocks to understand the Proper Ways. Take these fallen warriors for processing."

"And what of the Dwarves?"

"Process them too," The High Druid said with a shrug, "Enemies they may be, but they can still feed our troops and our crops. Make sure they're scrubbed first, please."

"Should we press the attack? Coce needs to be freed, he knows too much of our movements to stay in captivity. He'll crack in underground captivity."

"We're gathering a host to free him don't worry. We have other matters to discuss. Now go fetch Princess Ashian. The Little One has sent word from some fishing berg that the Dwarf she seeks was there, and talking of heading to Nish Neth. She'll want to assemble her guard and ride west. It's such a fault of hers, that no one escapes her wrath. I just pray The Little One gets to them first."

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: bigmcstrongmuscle on July 11, 2008, 09:50:56 pm

Wow. This thread just gets better and better.

That sketch is really good, O Backwards Fox. The roof on the temple of Zefon looks ridiculously awesome - much cooler than I'd pictured it when proposing the thing.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Zako on July 11, 2008, 11:39:32 pm

NICE drawing! Definatly a fav of mine now!

Can i request a character in the adventure mode part? Call him Jonas and he should be an axedwarf.

He has no past to speak of and what parts he can speak of, he wont mention at all. He is secretive towards others but has a heart of gold most of the time. He dislikes elves with a passion and will never speak of what has happened to him that has caused this, most likely a family matter judging by what he says. He is quite skilled in the ways of the axe in battle and some say that he even considers it a strange sort of art, hence why he loves to get in the thick of it most of the time, but he always keeps his mind open to possible alternatives when the battle is largely difficult or unbalanced against him and his companions.

He wears an assortment of armor including a steel plate chest, of which looks like a family heirloom, and finely crafted iron chain mail for the rest of his body except for his greaves which are steel. He also wields a well worn supremly crafted iron shield with pride and confidence. He seems to have military experience as well as adventuring expertice that can only be born from the colder regions of the world.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Jools on July 12, 2008, 04:52:37 am

Nice drawing, xof! Though I was expecting Snake to look a little more like Kurt Russell...

Also, great story - but I'm now wondering just what Stravitch and Gerald have done to Ashian (other than run away)... or is it Nil she's after?

And just who is "The Little One"?

Something tells me that Nil's not quite done yet, back in the future...

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on July 12, 2008, 12:39:37 pm

The events of mid-Sandstone, 1020

Staying away from the shallows was the best suggestion that could have been made after the Frogman attack. Though it meant no more oysters, it also meant no more attacks and the foursome were able to dock without incident at the Twins on the River, Atthempos. It was a smaller than Gerald had expected, and the town was incredibly run down, the streets muddy and unkempt, trash and bones tossed into the high brush.

They made their way to the inn, writing off the bartenders odd looks as just not being used to a kobold in the establishment. Drinks were brought over by one of the barmaids, who rushed to the back of the inn to talk quietly with a group of fisherfolk.

"So where we goin' from here?" Vactor asked.

"We?" Stravitch said, brows raised. "We aren't going anywhere. Well, we - Gerald and I - we are. You? I don't know where you're going."

"C'mon now, I got ya' all the way here, safe 'n sound. I spec' we - Gillysit 'n me - can tag 'long a lil' farther."

"Might as well," Gerald said with a shrug. "He's been true t'his word so far, an right handy wi' a sword."

They talked and drank for nearly an hour, and in this time no one but Gillysit noticed the fisherfolk quickly slipping out of the bar, his little form vanishing from the inn as well. Trying to get a room, and being told that the whole Inn was full up - Sorry! - the trio stepped out into the dusk.

"Should we try'n find a room elsewhere?" Gerald asked.

"No. Let's just set out, we can make camp on the road for free," Stravitch said. Vactor nodded his silent consent.

A temple loomed in the distance, it's polished walls looking newly constructed and highly out of place in this small town. It was mostly ignored though just off the main road, and without thought the travelers walked towards it, until Gillysit reappeared from the shadows. He made a few gestures to a frowning Vactor, who said, "He say we need ta' turn back, go'a 'nother way. Right quick."

Stravitch rolled his eyes, taking a couple swaggering steps forward. "And why does he say that? Because these simple folk offend his noble sensibilities? Because this temple to ... Cusal offends his mud Gods?" The Captain leaned over to pick up a long bone from the bushes, waving it to accent his point, "Because these litters cause his natural instincts to go mad?"

Gerald blanched, leaving Vactor to shake his head and answer. "Naw, 'cause that's a man's leg bone yer' wavin' 'round."

They never heard the figures approach, but in the fading light the men seemed to appear in view like wraiths. Their faces were hard and lean, and their clothing mismatched and blood stained. In the back of the group, at least one of the fisherfolk from the inn could be spotted. An obviously well fed man pushed to the front, wearing the chains of the High Priests from this area.

"We're so happy you've stopped in to our town. It's not often we get visitors anymore, most pass us by. Won't you, please step in to the temple? There's much we'd like to tell you about The God of Speech, and the things he tells us."

Many things happened at once. Gerald and Vactor turned to sprint back towards the inn, and their boat, but the way was blocked by the slowly approaching torches. Stravitch threw the leg bone without warning, one of the drunks swaying in the front dropped, his face shattered. Gillysit vanished into the night, a torch in the distance vanishing with a pained cry. The Priest held up a hand, fat fingers glittering with rings, and screamed, "Someone fetch Gentle Ben! Hurry! Get them, or it will be on of you in the stews tomorrow!"

Vactor stabbed one of the first to approach through the chest, ripping his blade free to quickly decapitate a second. Gerald fumbled with his spear, kicking one of them hard in the groin before bludgeoning him with his plated arm. Stravitch kicked the rolling head into the group to their dismay, his great maul crushing the limbs of any unfortunate enough to get within range.

A small squeak was heard off in the distance, followed by a monstrous roar. Vactor looked away from the battle, worried, the color draining from him as he saw a massive grizzly bounding up the hill between the villagers, blood frothed up on it's muzzle, a small copper shelling knife stuck into it's back. He bellowed with rage and pressed forward, hacking off hands and arms in his rage to get to the priest, to punish him for his pet Gentle Ben.

Gerald had taken a fisherman's spear to the arm, and to the leg, bleeding from shallow cuts. He was already panting hard from taking on so many, and his usual cry in battles rang out once again. "Stravitch, Vactor, we neeta' get outa' here! C'mon! Folla' me!" He kicked a drunk in the stomach, and opened anothers throat with his spear, limping through them. Stravitch held his ground momentarily, waiting until the bear was almost upon them before bringing his maul down. The blow should have crushed bone and brain, but it only knocked loose a few teeth and stunned the beast, it's eyes puffy and blackening.

His own eyes widening, Stravitch turned and fled, his stout frame bowling fisherman out of his way.

Vactor didn't retreat, his judgment clouded with rage. The priest met him in the shadow of the temple, his screams loud as the boatsman ducked under a clubbing blow from his scepter and slashed him from side to side. His entrails spilled from the wound like multicolored snakes, pooling as his feet. Gerald watched in horror as he was set upon on all sides by the villagers, their simple clubs and fishing spears rising and falling upon both the priest and their friend. He grabbed Stravitch and ran when Gentle Ben arrived on the scene, tossing still living bodies away with his great paws to get to the meat at the bottom, torrents of blood and meat spraying about him from his ferocious mauling.

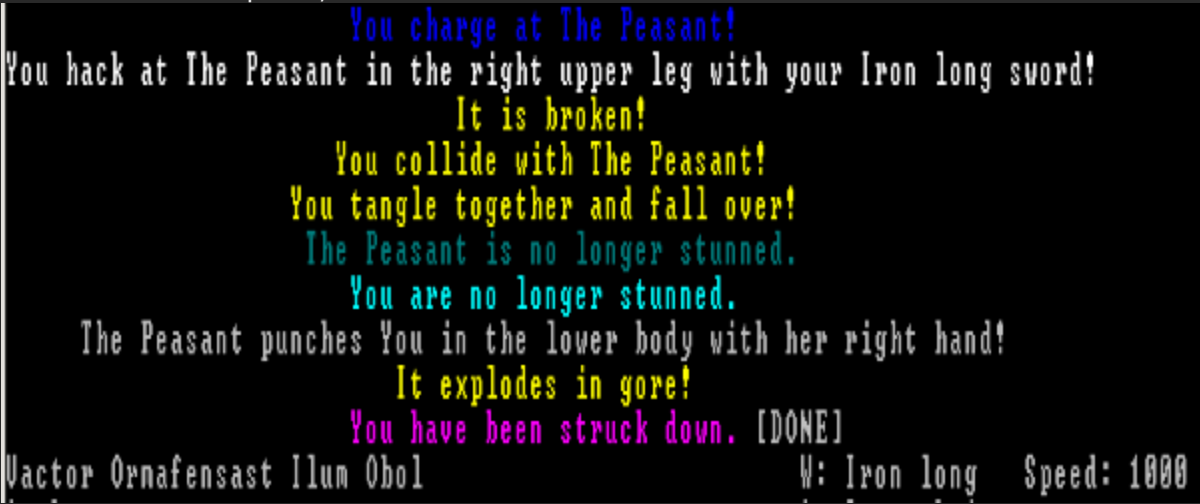
A mile down the road they stopped to catch their breaths, and after traveling a mile into the woods and away from the path, they allowed themself the chance to stop for the night, still shaken from the events in the town.

"An' that's where we draw t' a close," Johnny said, yawning loudly.
"That's it?" Rosycats said, baffled.
"That can't be all," Guildstern complained.
"That's not an adventure at all, that's... "
"a mauling, and running away!"

Johnny laughed and rose on his stubby legs, brushing salt from their snack out of his beard. "Yer' quite right, it isn't all, it isn't all bya' longshot. But it's late. Next time we get a nights reprieve, I'll be continuin" with this story. Dunnae worry, there's much more t' be said."

OOC: And with Zako's request, I'm going to close off the requests for adventure mode characters for a little bit. I'd hate to be given so many I couldn't have them all in, and if the fates of poor Vactor and Gillysit are any indication, there's a good chance the Bumbling Adventures of Gerald and Stravitch will leave plenty room for more ~~meatsacks~~ friends and adventurers.

Also, for anyone interested in what exactly killed our friend Vactor, here's the picture. After killing a bunch of town guards and taking an arrow without complaint, it was this that did him in.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **July 12, 2008, 03:48:46 pm**

i'm always amazed at how DF imitates life, just the other day at work my lower body exploded in gore when a peasant punched it with her right hand. uncanny...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 12, 2008, 04:46:01 pm**

...

That could be misinterpreted. Wildly.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 12, 2008, 11:08:30 pm**

The events of the 28th of Malachite, 1064

The majority of the cities population gathered in the newly decorated mess hall for one of the most momentous events of the fortress. This surpassed their expedition being declared a Mountain Home, their worth increasing to the millions, the nearly limitless times they'd rebuffed the invading goblins.

Today, Limul Leopardknight became a Grown Dwarf.

The mess hall had been decorated with colored paper lanterns, streamers of thin dyed leather strung up between statues. A banner had been made out of paper and dye that read, "Happy Birthday Limul!" and it was strung up along the back wall, unlevel.

The main host of the Dwarves attended, except the on-duty military personal, and a few of the miners toiling out in the quarry. Even Aryn had showed up, his normally dour expression and surly attitude replaced by the revelry. With a clink of glasses, the noise began to subside, and Kuli took his place at the front of the mess, beaming wide.

"Friends, followers, acquaintances. I'm so pleased to have you gathered here today, for such a joyous event. We've had many hardships to overcome, many terrible things happen upon our soil. Such things can not be forgotten, nor should they. It is not my place to say we forget the things that have made us what we are today.

"But I do suggest we take this day to celebrate an event that is such a blessing. Thirteen long years ago, a dwarf was born - our own young master Leopardknight. In a land filled with such sorrow, watching him grow before us, watching him learn and grow and mature, is to me," with that Kuli paused, taking a drink from his stein to compose himself. "-is to me such a golden ray of sunshine, out in this bleak desert.

"I'm sure you will all want to offer your congratulations and blessings to young master Leopardknight himself. I understand, I wouldn't want to listen to an an old dwarf pratter on when there is a party to be had," He paused at the smattering of laughter, raising a hand after a moment for silence. "But let me just say, before you all - This is such a blessing upon us, that from these lands life may spring, and flourish. This - This! - is a joyous day. To Limul Leopardknight!"

"TO LIMUL LEOPARDKNIGHT!" the crowd roared as one. Istrath wrapped an arm around his son, hugging him tightly. The young dwarf just beamed, swarmed by the Dwarves pressing in to talk to him, to give him small gifts, to congratulate him, to talk to him about joining their union. Today, Limul was considered grown.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 13, 2008, 03:06:48 am**

Happy Birthday to the new grown dwarf! ;D

Just wanted to make a adjustment to my adventurer character if you dont mind, since he hasn't been made yet.

I meant Steel high boots instead of greaves. Cahnge the greaves into their mail equivelent and make em iron.

Sorry for being so demanding!

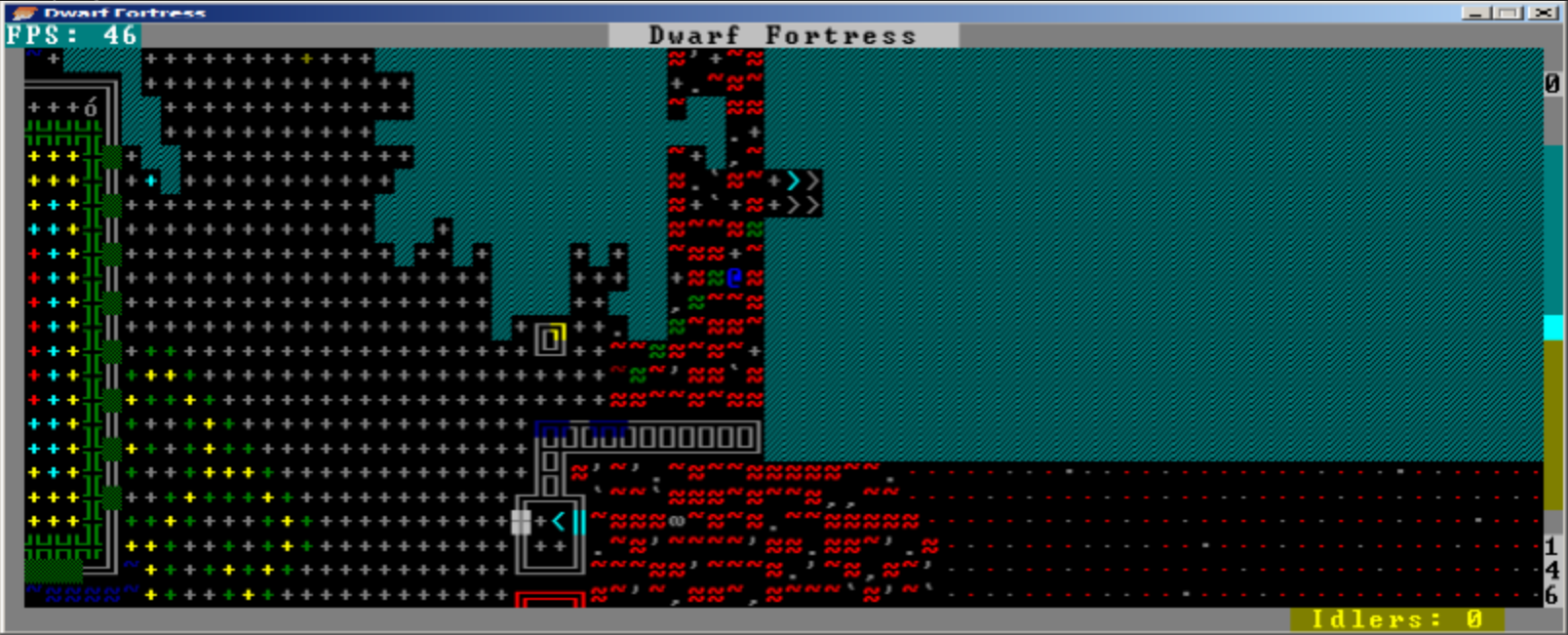
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 13, 2008, 02:36:49 pm**

The events of the 21st of Galena. 1064

Without Johnny around to keep things in check, Stravitch was running the show. This lead to ... interesting predicaments. The fishers union had already had a scuffle with the Captain of the Guard. He claimed they should be at his beck and call with Johnny missing, to haul goods as commanded. They differed, with the de facto leader Kivish Coastalbust stood her ground, shouting over him to get in the last word - that they were *her* dock workers and fisher folk, and when a caravan came they'd offer aid. But not before.

Stravitch left the aqueducts edge in a frothing rage, his hand clenching around the handle of his mace. *Who are they to tell me what I can, and can't, control?* he thought angrily. *I'm that pups second in command, and he goes and gets himself shipped out as an envoy and leaves me as ... what? As nothing more than protector of the peace here. How stupid, where is the pay in that? If those dockworkers had any brains at all, they'd flock around me, they'd start putting the knuckles to Rice's crew, get them to start churning out more idols and instruments for sale.*

He walked towards the quarry, meaning to look out upon the work below while he fumed. As he passed under the hastily constructed archway between the courtyard proper and the access shaft, a flash of moment in the corner of his eye caught his attention. Turning, and looking upward, he narrowed his eyes against the blaze of the sun, trying to spot the movement again. There was the sound of stone scraping on stone, and a moment later - blackness.



Stravitch awoke six paces away, his old and dented armor caked in blood and vomit. Groaning low, he rolled over onto his back and sat up, staring at the trail of bile in front of him that led to a large pool of blood, and beside it, the remnants of stone flooring - shattered to a thousand pieces.

Trying to stand, he nearly blacked out again, lifting a hand to touch at his head. His iron helm had cracked, and when he pulled his fingers away they were sticky with blood. Eyes narrowed he as he looked at the red on his gloves, and with a mighty effort the old Captain pushed himself to his feet. A single sway was all he allowed himself, pooling his resolve as he stalked towards the entrance of the fortress, determined to find someone to punish for this mishap.

From the other side of the wall, two men conspired in the shadows it offered, their voices low and hushed.

"What's the matter with you, I told you to hit him right on the head."
"I DID hit him right on the head. It must be solid as a boulder, didn't you see that tile explode?"
"Great. Just great. Do you know how difficult it will be to get to him if he begins to expect there are attempts on his life?"
"Then we'll need to make the next one count. Remember, it needs to look like an accident. We don't need suspicion drawn our way."
"Suspicion... who will care? The only one that would is gone. Aryn would turn a blind eye. I bet he'd assign Old Major ---- DayCovering to the spot, what with all his experience... or that Righteous Spearman Varen. Now there's a man who would treat the office with dignity, not with this perverted sense of justice..."
"Then it's time to plan again. Come along, we need to get back to work before we're missed."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **July 13, 2008, 03:23:41 pm**

Oh, you're keeping up with fortress updates too? Keen.

Can you send me a list of all the crap we've got in stock, please?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 13, 2008, 03:29:43 pm**

Somehow I don't expect anyone to kill Stravitch in a sneak attack. He'll be fine as soon as he gets a drink. Whereas those who wish him ill... who could it be?

My money is on any one of the the millions of dwarves that he's beaten up over the years. Possibly even a Zefonist...

Zako - don't worry, I'm sure HF won't grievously insult you by giving you the wrong footwear... ;-P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 13, 2008, 07:35:52 pm**

Hooray for Limul! He's always been one of my favorite "NPC" dwarves in this story. Going to tell us what career he'll go into?

I have little doubt that it's Zefonists who are attacking Stravitch considering that they were conspiring against him before. I'm sure Kuli has nothing to do with it, though. He'd put a stop to this if he found out.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 13, 2008, 08:59:30 pm**

Heh, it was my fault not HF's.

Sooooo, attempts on Stravitch's life? HAH! Good luck with that, he is tougher than a boulder and has the attitude of a pissed off fire man, only far more destructive and alcohol dependant.

Like they should all be by the way.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 14, 2008, 07:38:55 am**

Quote from: Glacies on July 13, 2008, 03:23:41 pm

Oh, you're keeping up with fortress updates too? Keen.

Can you send me a list of all the crap we've got in stock, please?

Haha, are you serious or playing up the character? I have a mind to go through the stock lists and actually send you numbers regardless of what you're answer to that is. ;)

Kuli: I was actually going to leave that open for you all to decide. Right now, just because I need as many warm bodies in the quarry as possible, he's mining. That really means he's still hauling crap from all the dead demons / humans / camels sprawled everywhere. If Kaelem Gaen still reads that, pipe up please. Limul's your progeny, you of all people should have a say in the direction his life takes. Otherwise, I'm definitely open to suggestion.

Lastly: I'm loathe to do this, but once the current round of character requests go through the shoot, I might have to put a pause on that too. With the birthrates suddenly spiking after 2 or 3 years, with children actually growing up, and a new version possibly hours away from release... whatever bug causes immigrants to not show up may be fixed. I'm hoping that's the case, because we keep losing bodies, like one a season. Four a year isn't bad by any stretch, but it's adding up when we haven't see anyone new in in so long.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **July 14, 2008, 08:22:09 am**

Yes, I want the numbers. Glacies will want to talk to Ayrn about massive constructions if the numbers are good. Plus libraries, zoos, etc.

Or jut plain how to take advantage of the amount of raw goods that's accumulated over the years. Gotta do my job, right?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 14, 2008, 08:34:31 pm**



The Goblin in Black fled across the Desert, and the Marksdwaf followed.

This expansive, nearly endless wastes were the greatest of all the deserts in The Known World, and it was this infinite plane of heat and sand that their histories and legends were based. This far west the sands were a ruddy red, the rock of dead, ancient volcanoes crushed over the years into the fine powder swirling and dancing on the light gusts of wind. But out farther east, where the Marksman had been traveling from, the sands were black as jet, terribly bright as they reflected the harsh sun into the eyes of those that attempted to cross.

The Marksdwaf reached down to pull his water skin from his belt, fingers brushing over the small notches along it's edge. He began marking the days of travel with his knife long ago, but after a hundred, lining nearly the full front half of the leather strip, he gave up. How long he'd been traveling since then? It was unknown, but his place was neither slack nor harried, his well-worn boots trudging through the sands, endlessly.

He's been following the Goblin in Black for what felt an eternity, though the years he'd spent in search were not to be trivialized. This had long passed from the realms of Revenge, and Rage. No man spends untold days in the desolate wastes, unsure when water and food may come to him, for actions as base as revenge. No, obsession could be seen in his eyes, and deep behind it, a very stubborn pride.

Lifting the water skin and tilting his head back to get a small mouthful out, a glint of light caught his blue bombardiers eyes. Lowering the water skin slightly he squinted, and could just barely make out in the distance the tip of a spire rising from behind a cliff. The skin was lifted, and even with the sight of civilization he kept conservation in mind. He took a single swallow before clipping it to the notched belt again. Small clouds were kicked up once more, the Marksdwarf on the move.

"Hail, Townsfolk. Pray thee lower this bridge, I seek rest, and succor."

Rice and Istrath stared down at him from the battlements, the formers arms full of stone, the latter holding blueprints for the recent additions. "What did he say?" Rice asked, perplexed. "Is he speaking the Common Tongue?"

"Look at the beard on him," Istrath said, frowning over his blueprints. "He's one of our kind, I guess, but..."
'Ho, Townsfolk!" The voice from below rang out again, strong and unhurried. "I pray thee, lower the bridge."

Istrath shrugged, quickly looking back at his notepad. Rice cursed, blushing as it slipped out his lips, and set his stones down, lazily making his way down from the gate tower steps to the lever. The bridge trundled down, and the Stranger stepped across the threshold and into the courtyard. He met the Lead Stoneworker, and did the most curious of bows, extending his left foot forward, heel resting on the ground, toes up, and bowed low over the extended leg.

"Thankee, Sai. Long days, and pleasant nights," He said, standing.
"Y...eah. And to you, too, sir," Rice said slowly, taken aback. He scratched at his beard, looking over his shoulder for the Dwarves that must be hiding, laughing at him - who was under that great beard and worn black hat? Who had they gotten to play this joke...

"I'm Rolland Dayschain, and I have need of water, and food. I won't take much, just enough of dried goods to fill my satchel, and my skin, if'n it please ya'."

His brow knit together as he he fully took in the sight of the courtyard. Of the naked, vomit cover children hauling armor and corpses to the cliff. Of the Demons rotting in the sun. Of, in the distance, a figure wearing a great coat and curious mask even in all this heat, Dwarves scattering from her path. Reaching into his pouch, Rolland pulled paper and dried pigtail and deftly rolled it closed.

"Perhaps," He said, and a strike of flint and tinder lit the end. He exhaled. "You could take use of a Boltslinger, in exchange for a hot meal, and a feather bed."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 14, 2008, 08:55:59 pm**

I'm unable to figure out a good way to put these stock listing into in-character posts, so I'm going to fluff them up a little with the ranking system I've come up with for Goblin Military personal. My artistic skills are very lacking, so the most minor of descriptions of their insignia will accompany the rank name.

Dwarf Fortress

FPS: 100inhome Migrursut, "Oceanbled"26th Galena, 1064, Late Summer

AnimalsKitchenStoneStocksPricesCurrencyJustice

Created Wealth:3018898*Population:126

Weapons:332474*Miners12

Armor and Garb:145501*Woodworkers3

Furniture:319275*Stoneworkers12

Other Objects:1118685*Rangers3

Architecture:521398*Metalsmiths9

Displayed:197738*Jewelers3

Held/Worn:383827*Craftsdwarves10

Imported Wealth:686261*Nobles/Admins10

Exported Wealth:107042*Peasants1

Food Stores:4016Children12

Meat33Seeds728Fishery Workers5

Fish33Drink1497Farmers13

Plant80Other1645Engineers3

Trained AnimalsA3

Other AnimalsA22

Champions28

AxedwarvesNone

Axe LordsNone

SwordsdwarvesNone

SwordmastersNone

Macedwarves1

Mace LordsNone

HammerdwarvesNone

Hammer LordsNone

SpeardwarvesNone

SpearmastersNone

MarksdwarvesNone

Elite MrksdwrvsNone

WrestlersNone

Elite WrestlersNone

Recruits1

Note the monies we're worth. That's three million. If this fortress isn't over a Billion (yes, Billion with a B) by the time this story ends it's last chapter, my rage will know no bounds.

meat	35	handwear	161	350	thread	None	cages	89	13	ballista parts	None
fish	33	footwear	517	527	logs	35	boxes and bage	253	151	siege ammo	7
raw fish	3	shields/bucklers	74	50	stones	34094	bins	306		ballista arrow heads	2
plants	85	backpacks	39		rough gens	29	barrels	617	4	bones	573
prepared meals	1298	quivers	9	2	bars	347	buckets	8	3	skulls	70
cheese	30	anvils	1	4	cut gens	81	mechanisms	82	839	skull totems	51
extracts	130	armor stands	52	23	large gens	88	trap components	16	7	shells	7
pouder	342	weapon racks	44	26	coins	4500	flasks	24	3	corpses	None
drinks	1472	cabinets	3	128	blocks	967	goblets	114	21	hndy parts	None
leaves	None	doors	30	365	small tanc animals	None	toys	12	3	remains	1
liquid	93	floodgates	20	72	small live animals	2	musical instruments	50	7	small rock	None
glob	35	beds	None	147	pipe section	4	idols	43	1		
potions	None	thrones	29	109	hatch covers	12	anulets	53	6		
seeds	728	tables	25	85	grates	None	scepters	34	2		
weapons	67	coffins	21	107	querns	None	crowns	55	3		
ammunition	2549	statues	20	143	millstones	None	rings	59	4		
armor	146	raw hides	None		windows	4	earrings	93	4		
legwear	124	tanned hides	3		aninal traps	11	bracelets	53	4		
headwear	118	cloth	232	1	chains	5	catapult parts	9	9		

Goblin Ranks:

Though mottled, Goblins do wear uniforms. It is a mishmash of clothing stolen from invaded towns, and the armor is usually dyed their nations color, or dipped in pitch to make it black and unreflective. Their insignias are worn in round plates upon their backs, welded to the armor.

Alternatively, some Goblins may have their forearms tattooed with their ranks. Goblins always enter military service at Rank Smozūngu. Half-Breeds enter service at Ngudem Os.

High Officers:

Nolsmu Turu (A Dragon's skull, it's eyes glowing red)
Dotom roz (Crossed, spiked Scepters, holding <nation colored> orbs)
Nerom Ngos (A single spiked scepter, holding <nation colored> orbs)

Non-Military Personel:

Nestro (Crossed, dented Axes)
Ubest (A screaming elf face, in front of a fire)
Ustolkod (A black great helm, red eyes glowing from inside it)

Rank and File:

Astru Nguslu (The Diamond has been edged in gold, with curls coming off the points)

Osnu Em (Three swords, surrounded by a red-edged diamond)
Ngudem Os (Triple swords, alternating up / down)
Ogomsud (Double swords, upright)
Smozûungu (A single sword, upright)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 14, 2008, 09:30:14 pm**

Rosycats and Guildstern, Rolland Dayschain, what next? Dawn Keyhol­y de la Manchair? Goredone Freedwarf? Ageaxe? 'Legshandler the Great? Hairy Potter? Throwbow Baggings? Gainedelf the Grey? Merlint?

Or are you going to pay homage to "The World According to Carp"?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Duke of Nawn** on **July 15, 2008, 12:23:35 am**

Quote

The Goblin in Black fled across the Desert, and the Marks­dwarf followed.

Heavy Flak, this story of yours is raised to the greatest heights of epic by all your wonderful references. This is my favorite so far, by far.

Also, Kagus makes good suggestions. I don't seem to be clever enough to supplement them with my own, so I'll just go grab some pom-poms and cheer this thread on as hard as a I can.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 15, 2008, 04:06:05 am**

Not that this is a democracy, but I vote for Inigo Montoya-you-killed-my-father-prepare-to-die and the Dread Pirate Roberts...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **July 15, 2008, 05:29:38 am**

I must not be very well read, because apart from the Rings mentions, I didn't get any of those...

Sad.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 15, 2008, 05:47:57 am**

Quote from: [Kagus on July 14, 2008, 09:30:14 pm](#)

Rosycats and Guildstern, Rolland Dayschain, what next? Dawn Keyhol­y de la Manchair? Goredone Freedwarf? Ageaxe? 'Legshandler the Great? Hairy Potter? Throwbow Baggings? Gainedelf the Grey? Merlint?

Or are you going to pay homage to "The World According to Carp"?

I didn't get all of them, but:

Rosycats and Guildstern = Rosencrantz and Guildenstern from Hamlet

Rolland Dayschain = seems familiar but can't quite place it.

Dawn Keyhol­y de la Manchair = no idea

Goredone Freedwarf = Dr. Gordon Freeman of Half Life fame

Ageaxe = no idea

Legshandler the Great = no idea

Hairy Potter = that Harry Potter wannabe wizard munchkin thing

Throwbow Baggings = Bilbo, LOTR

Gainedelf the Grey = Gandalf the Grey, later to be Gandalf the White

Merlint = Merlin, of Camelot and King Arthur fame

Oh, and one missed but already in there was "Snake Splitskin" = Snake Plissken from "Escape from New York".

Personlly I love the chucking in of myriad references to popular culture and cult figures, long may it continue... though perhaps it might get a bit silly if, say, Istrath Leopardknight goes all evil and killy working for the King, while young Limul, growing up as a farmboy, takes up a glowing sword and leads a rebellion to victory against the King's great Empire...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **July 15, 2008, 06:45:40 am**

Oh, oh! Legshandler the Great is Alexander the Great! I finally got it!

Also, I think Throwbow might be Frodo rather than Bilbo. Or an amalgamation of the two.

Anyway, I'm interested in Rolland Dayschain / The Goblin in Black. I really don't get that reference.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 15, 2008, 07:02:11 am**

Dawn Keyhole de la Manchair must mean Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Ageaxe...I assume Ajax of Greek mythology? Along those lines, we might also need Killease, Odd Eyeseas, Menlays, and...I can't think of a way to turn Agamemnon into a DF name.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 15, 2008, 07:53:50 am**

I loved Agamemnon.

Also, Algernon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 15, 2008, 08:00:21 am**

Agamemnon. Stravitch. Not quite surprised. Personally I prefer quick-witted Odysseus.

I wouldn't be unhappy to see a King Pryarm turn up on an opposing side though. Or a Champion called HeckleTour. Or Payrise Legshandler, who's run off with the wife of Menlays, a beauty of a dwarf named Hellends...

Of course this is all ancient history. What about more recent stuff? An acerbic dwarf with a damaged leg called "Dwelling", dedicated to the single job of health care, bringing people buckets of water and insulting them?

Apologies to Heavy Flak for mindless speculation

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **July 15, 2008, 08:12:46 am**

Quote from: Makrond on July 15, 2008, 06:45:40 am

Anyway, I'm interested in Rolland Dayschain / The Goblin in Black. I really don't get that reference.

Pretty sure this is from Steven Kings Darktower series.

First book concerned the Gunslinger/Boltslinger chasing the "Man in black" a demonic sorcerer across the wastelands. Gunslinger's name when not referred to just us as the last Gunslinger was Roland Deschain.

HTH!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 15, 2008, 08:20:30 am**

There goes my hope that it was a Johnny Cash reference...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 15, 2008, 08:44:03 am**

Quote from: Jools on July 15, 2008, 08:00:21 am

Of course this is all ancient history. What about more recent stuff? An acerbic dwarf with a damaged leg called "Dwelling", dedicated to the single job of health care, bringing people buckets of water and insulting them?

At the end of his profile: "He needs Vicodin to get through the working day." Also has a +tower cap cane+ in his inventory. By the way, dwarven for "house" is "zoden" which I know because of Zoden Zefon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 15, 2008, 09:50:05 am**

Kagus: It would actually be Hairy Potshurt, translated to a DF/Migrursut format. "Yer a wizard now, 'Airy!"

it's pretty obvious I ~~steal~~ borrow things from pop culture for this story on occasion. I gotta' admit, it's a way to keep things fresh for me. I get burnt out pretty easy, writing is *much* harder work than I ever expected and a quick way to invigorate myself is to switch up formats or try to emulate someone's style or bastardize their characters.

There's been a lot of references throughout this story, and more to come, depending on my moods and whims. :) Most you've picked up on, though there are a couple scenes that have gone unnoticed by all but a few, and at least one character that people don't seem to have noticed the reference.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 15, 2008, 10:55:54 am**

I see that you're open to suggestion regarding Limul's profession, so I'll throw in my thoughts.

I seem to recall you once mentioning that Limul had the most friends in the fort. Since then I've sort of wanted to see him grow up to become the mayor of Migrursut. With Likot in the position right now, I can see you not wanting to do that for story purposes, though. Still, he's a popular lad and I can imagine him winning an election some day.

Kuli of course would love to have Limul in the Metalworkers' Union. With a name like that, he ought to be a metalcrafter churning out gold items to increase the fort's wealth.

Rereading this thread, however, I did come across a post where Kaelem Gaen specifically said he wanted Limul to take over for his father as a jeweler in the event that Istrath were to die. Story-wise, it would make sense for Limul to become a jeweler. Personally I disagree with that just because of how useless jewelers usually are.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 15, 2008, 11:03:10 am**

He could make Golden Statues then encrust them with gems!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 15, 2008, 11:35:27 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on July 15, 2008, 09:50:05 am

Most you've picked up on, though there are a couple scenes that have gone unnoticed by all but a few, and at least one character that people don't seem to have noticed the reference.

Which character? Or would that be telling? (I always get annoyed if I've missed something...)

Possibly that early goblin with the stovepipe [hat]... or is it someone still in the fort?

As for Limul, with all his friends and him seeming to be a good person, part of me wants him to take up the spear.. but another part of me thinks it would be much more fun if he took a darker path.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 15, 2008, 01:43:01 pm**

I'm going to guess it's Bertrand because he seems like he should be a reference to something. Damned if I know what, though.

I don't think anyone commented about that time Snake asked a subordinate if "love can bloom on the battlefield." Because of that post, I spent a long time assuming that Snake was a reference to "Snake" from Metal Gear Solid. I didn't know who Snake Plissken was until I did a Wikipedia search out of curiosity.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 15, 2008, 01:56:50 pm**

Kuli: My version of Snake is a mashup of both Snake Pliskin, and Solid Snake (who Kojima has said was the basis of the character). I've used a couple lines like that throughout.

On the topic of Limul: He's actually a bit of a personal favorite of mine too, and I've gone out of my way to nurture him. There have been a couple instances where he's been miserable-borderline-suicidal (specifically because of Mayor Likot's death) and I've had to get some quick work giving him statues and stuff.

I may make him a Jeweler yet, because of Kaelem's request, and because as useless as they are...we're kind of swimming in gems. I'm trying to make a bunch of gem-set statues but between the quarry and caravans, we're up to our ears in loose stones, logs, and gems. Who said you can't flourish in the wastes?

And since it didn't pan out, I'll let you in on where *I* thought the story was going to go. With Likot dead, Limul was going to grow up and take the vacant Mayor's position. But I misjudged how fast Dwarves age by two years. He's still the most popular by far, though. Whatever I may plan, there's nothing that will stop the game from throwing a wrench into the story, so if he gets elected mayor, he's elected Mayor.

Lastly, I'll just say one character name and it's up to you all to find out where I took him from. He originally started as a one-off, but I totally misjudged just how well liked he'd be and I brought him back in a greater role. From there, he evolved into something wholly unique unto himself, and I'm pretty happy with the result. That Character? Major ---- DayCovering.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 15, 2008, 02:54:30 pm**

Surelock Homes.

I've been tooling around for other literary figures to bastardize, but I haven't found much... I also couldn't decide if Merlin should be Murklint or just Merlint. I went with the second one, just because it's a little easier to get.

Yes, Throwbow was supposed to be Frodo. I couldn't think of anything else at the time. Another one was Rubygust Hag-rid, but I wouldn't want to delve too deeply into any one particular series with just one post.

Dawn Keyholyn... I just could not figure out how to end his last name. I figured "holy" was the closest sounding thing, so I went with that. Manchair turned out nicely though.

Alexander and Achilles were right bastards they were... Trying to fit that "A" in was driving me mad. I eventually just dropped it for 'Legshandler and told Achilles to bugger off.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 15, 2008, 03:14:51 pm**

I knew I recognised that "Do you think that love can bloom on the battlefield?" line from somewhere. Though I'm sure that in its original context it was about characters on opposing sides...

And Don Quixote would be simple to work in to the story. Just call one of my rescued donkeys "OT".

I'm going to have to think about Major Daycovering... I've watched a ridiculous amount of crap and good stuff, I ought to be able to work out who he is - mainly by focussing on his original appearance, and the horseshoe tossing...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Gantolandon** on **July 15, 2008, 07:28:45 pm**

Quote
I'm going to have to think about Major Daycovering... I've watched a ridiculous amount of crap and good stuff, I ought to be able to work out who he is - mainly by focussing on his original appearance, and the horseshoe tossing...

Major --- deCoverley from "Catch 22".

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 15, 2008, 09:02:39 pm**

The events of the 10th of Limestone, 1064

The Council had been called to assembly once more, though due to the increased size it had been moved from Aryn's study to the Duke's. Even though it wasn't their room, Aryn was the first to arrive, followed seconds later by a harried looking Glacies, carrying three separate ledgers with him, each near to bursting out of their leather straps. Bertrand, at the insistence of The Duke, showed up next, though the old man took a seat in the corner, more concerned with the tome he brought than any sort of meeting that may be going on. Crowpages the Tax Collector, Duke Bomrek and his Wife, and lastly Hammerer Wavepaddles all arrived, taking their seats at the long rectangular table.

"What do we do about the Leopardknight Brat?" Aryn said, starting the meeting off with a familiar tone. "He probably should be drafted," The Duke said with his usual pomp. "The military's size is shrinking, we need a fresh body to plug the holes, what?" "If you're serious about this quarry getting finished any time soon, perhaps he should apply for entry in the Miners Union. One of the miners..." There was a shuffling of papers as Glacies opened one of the notebooks, looking through what was before him, "Cog something-or-other was found trampled to death, leaving the project two bodies less than it had started the year with. I recommend he be shifted in that direction."

Aryn just scowled at the two who had spoken, fingers steepled in front of him. He glanced towards Crowpages, who was twirling her golden beard, waxed to a neat point, around her finger. "Regardless of the choice you decide, Sir, Young Master Leopardknight *will* be a tax-paying member of this community. It shouldn't matter where he goes. If he works, we may skim a tidy some. If he doesn't work, he'll be living on the charity of his father."

A knock at the door silenced what Aryn was about to say, and he growled out a sharp, "Enter!", much to the chagrin of the rooms owner. Rice stepped in, prospectors cap held politely over his chest. Behind him came The Stranger, the gaunt figure that had walked out of the wastes, and the man Aryn had spent nearly two weeks trying to avoid.

"Aryn, sir, it's been a long time, and Mr..." He paused, and the man stepped forward, doing his odd, low bow.
"Rolland of Monom Ros. Long days, and pleasant nights, Sai Estetar."

"He knows my name. How does he know my name?" Aryn asked, scowling at the others around the room.
"Well, I told him, sir," Rice confessed, frowning as Aryn's displeasure was turned on him.
"I've come to offer my services, if it's Ka's will. I've traveled many wheels to arrive here, and though my quarry evades, perhaps a respite will offer that foul wizard a false sense of security."

"Can you wield a pick?" Aryn asked as he leaned back.
"Or hammer and tong?" Chimed in Crowpages.
"Prey, you said, lad?" The Duke said, grinning. "I've heard the talk of you, from the boys in the mess, say you're chasing some ... Blacked Goblin. You know. *I* Once tracked down a whole horde of-

"*Would you shut up!*" Glacies and Aryn yelled at once. The Duke sank into sullen silence as the two exchanged a glance. Glacies added a hasty "sir" and made to look through his notes, while Aryn gestured with an impatient circling of his fingers for Rolland to speak.

"A Boltslinger is versed in many things, though none as well as the trade of Death. The abominations that filled this desert would drive even the most stout of Dwarves to madness. I'd offer my 'bow to thee, Sai, to try and help purge these horrors."

Hammerer Wavepaddles leaned forward, her face partially shrouded by the hood. She rarely spoke, but when she did in her cold, emotionless voice, the others in the council were apt to listen. **"It seems to me that one who offers service requires little in pay. You've asked for meals and drink, and a warm bed. You spoke nothing of gold. Does it not interest you."**

"Only as a means to an end, Sai Hammerer. I have no wont for riches, that is not my quest."
"Then it seems that the price of a Hired Crossbow is much cheaper than our home-grown defenses."

"Are you suggesting..." Aryn began.
"Ohh, oh, Miss Wavepaddles, very clever," Crowpages said with a grin, continuing to twist her beard.
"Rice," Glacies said, scribbling furiously on an already full page. "Go fetch Sparrow. He's to take on an apprenticeship to Mr. Dayschain. When telling him... neglect to inform him of what the pay is, would you kindly?"

OOC: dingdingding, Gantolandon's hit the nail on the head!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **July 16, 2008, 12:14:11 am**

of course what many people have forgotten is that the entire story started out as a reworking of a story of a retelling of another story as HF *kindly* pointed out in the last line. When i first started reading i initially thought it was in reference to ayn rand's "atlas shrugged" until i noticed johnny fountainspring and realized the intermediary reference.

Of course all of this has nothing to do with HF's awesome storytelling.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 16, 2008, 02:40:14 am**

Are you going to make the people who wanted military dwarves part of a recruitment spree?

Cause i LOVE ur thinking! ;D

It can also be the perfect cover for my guy too now that i think about it, excellent thinking to cover multiple bases man!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 16, 2008, 08:04:55 am**

Somehow I thought it might be a *Catch-22* reference, but it had been a while since I read the book and Gantolandon answered before I bothered to go dig out my copy.

Why does this feel like one of the ciphers? "Figure out what all the references are...*or bad things will happen!*"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **July 16, 2008, 10:37:40 am**

Just wanted to pop in and say that I'm still loving the story Heavy Flak!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 16, 2008, 06:30:31 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar

The plebs from Stukos Matul arrived for their yearly dealings and trade. My peasants were in a tizz, happy to reunite with old friends and occasionally old family.

I was given camel shit for an offering. Aside from a few garnets, two ricks of wood, and a wagon loaded with salted meats, they gave me nothing. NOTHING! What am I to do with barrels stuffed with poorly threaded cloth, and rotten leather scraps? They didn't even bring a single drop of ale with them, instead - *instead* - deciding that as traders, they would gorge themselves on our supply.

They're being evicted in the morning for their insolence. Who do they think they are, hmm? I'm Aryn Estetar! I'm the *King* of this country. With our size, our status, our innumerable wealth, I'm in charge here. And these idiots offer me broken trinkets and cloth, and a pittance of meat?

In my anger, I made the mistake of tangling with Likot over her mandate for more lead tubings for her mask. I was thrown out of her office by Sergeant Pepper, the large dwarf laughing like a loon when I hit the wall. I took it out on Dojango, sending him up to the kitchens to make biscuits en masse. Let's see how your masterful sensibilities like a scuttlecooks work, you braying ass.

OOC: Nothing major happens because, damn it, these hauling issues are near crippling! I have a whole fortress full of dropped food and stone, and armor scattering the wastes. As soon as it's updated, we'll actually get somewhere.

Also, the time frame for the remaining named Dwarves is: Either when children grow up, Dwarf Companion gets fixed, or immigrants arrive. Whichever of those three happens first.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **July 17, 2008, 03:11:08 am**

I just read through the two weeks that I missed.
Once again, top quality.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 17, 2008, 06:19:25 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on July 01, 2008, 09:42:47 pm

The events of the 10th of Granite, 1064
...

Akroma pulled a piece of weathered parchment from inside his sleeve, unrolling it atop the coffin. One end he weighted down with the single candle, the other he held with his hand. Scrawled on the sheet was the lettering found on the back of their robes:
BAAAB AAABB BAAAA ABBAB AAAAA BABBA AAAAB AABBA AAAAB AAAAA ABABA ABBBA AAAAB

Inked under it, in Akroma's steady hand, was this:
SOON I WILL RISE
...

It JUST dawned on me that I never said that Crypto 7 had been *completely* finished way back on July 1st. I don't have the name handy, but the point is - one of the very first things said about this cryptogram is the possibility that there were more than one answer. I never responded to keep up airs of mystery and then promptly forgot about the whole thing until I was making dinner tonight.

So, in the act of fairness, here's how to get to the *true* solution.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Using the first solution that I gave you - "YOU HAVE BEAT ME" - you can find out some of the letters.

Y BAAAB O AAABB U BAAAA H ABBAB A AAAAA
V BABBA E AAAAB B AABBA T ABABA M ABBBA

Next, you need to break the TRUE message out of the old one. Here's the first line from the cryptogram:
BAAAB

Notice it has two font faces. Trebuchet MS (letter groups BA, and AB) and Georgia (Single A in the middle).

Whatever is written in the Trebuchet font is a Letter A, whatever is in Georgia is a letter B.

From there, it's spade work; converting from one grouping to a second, applying the letters already found (the meager number I had supplied), and then working the rest out for yourself: SOON I WILL RISE

And with my memory jogged, there's your *second* solution to the last Cryptogram.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 17, 2008, 07:36:29 pm**

The Events of the 27th of Limestone

Jools paced outside of one of the locked barracks door, his dark suit wrinkled and dusty. He looked drawn, and sweat kept dotting on his forehead, forcing him to dab it away with a plain white handkerchief. He's been pacing the hallway for nearly twenty hours now. For the last few, Varen and Merkil had sat on the floor, their backs against the wall as they kept the Stoneworker company.

"Did you see Captain Fillwhip?" Merkil asked, a wide grin on his face.
"Did I? Ohh, that made my day like nothing else has," Varen said, laughing hard. "Remember when he was all, 'What's with all that screaming!' and then he kicked the door open?"
"Yeah... and he sees Kib laying there, legs up, trying to get this baby out of her, and he vomits all over the hallway and makes a run for the stairs."

Even Jools stopped, chuckling. "Yeah. What a horses ass."

There was a faint sound at the door, and the soldiers hopped to their feet, Jools turning expectantly towards it. It opened, and out stepped Butcher Gateclap - doubling as the fortresses midwife. She held a small baby cradled in her arms, smooth and bald except for the wisps of stubble on it's chin and cheeks. "It's a girl!" Midwife Gateclap announced proudly.

Jools seemed crestfallen, but only for a moment. "I'm a father, again!" Varen smiled, and gave him a pat on the back as he rushed over to take hold of his daughter, cradling her in his arms.

"Got a name picked out yet?" Merkil asked.
"Yeah... I think we'll name her Asob."
"There there, that's enough..." Midwife Gateclap said. She took the child gently into her arms, "You're wife will want to nurse her soon, and she's going to be wanting to go back out on patrol after that. We best get her back in side. Congratulations." She said, smiling.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 17, 2008, 09:24:37 pm**

Glacies Leadgir of Stockes and Suplies - Sandstone 16, 1064

Bolts used: Over five dozen have been used by Master Sparrow in his apprenticeship with Rolland of of Monom Ros. His aim is improving, but our newest acquire has yet to grant him use of more than a training 'bow found in the back of the barracks.

Quarry Work: An additional 840 stones have been generated in this past month alone by our miners in the quarry. These stones are a constant headache. Perhaps I'll speak with Aryn about postponing this project and scuttling a few.

Babies: Two children have been born, one to Mr. and Mrs. Machinescalded, the other to Mr. and Mrs. Ragmerchants. In sadder news, The Duke's wife has had another miscarraige. The men talk, as they always do, that this was on purpose because the child would be a girl and not the son he hoped for. Talk like that should be quashed as quickly as possible.

Leader board: As a way to improve troop morale, this month Stravitch instituted a kill-tally. He then promptly took a nap. Sulari has jumped to the top in short fashion, in less than 28 days re-killing a sixteen in the newest surge of zombie camels. Quite the impressive number, and one that is expected to grow in short order.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 18, 2008, 03:49:49 am**

Woohoo! I'm a father again!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **July 18, 2008, 04:28:00 am**

XofRevlis, Artist cancels being productive: New Dwarf Fortress version.

I haven't even started on the second drawing I was planning, but I did a character sketch one night while I was having trouble sleeping. (and proceeded to procrastinate on finishing it too)

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
An attempt at Kuli this time. I say attempt because I'm not sure if I think it fits Kuli.
But I'll throw this out there and see what others think about it.

Also, seeing all these references I completely missed, I think I need to read more. The only one I got was the Metal Gear Solid reference with Snake. ::)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Kuli** on **July 18, 2008, 06:47:13 am**

Nice, although personally I imagine him with a relatively short beard. I approve of the skull cap since I imagined him wearing something similar.

Look forward to my own rendition of Kuli the dwarf as soon as I have access to a scanner.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **July 18, 2008, 07:25:58 am**

Quote from: Kuli on July 18, 2008, 06:47:13 am
Nice, although personally I imagine him with a relatively short beard. I approve of the skull cap since I imagined him wearing something similar.
Look forward to my own rendition of Kuli the dwarf as soon as I have access to a scanner.

Ahh, I over thought it a bit then. I started out with a short beard, but decided to to make it longer to reflect his standing in the community.

Can't wait to see you rendition though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 18, 2008, 08:32:52 am**

Good work, Xofrevlis! When I first looked at it, I thought Kuli's extended arm was a little too long, but after having some coffee and waking up it dawned on me that was an illusion created by the big sleeve.

I also like the queue his hair's been put in.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Kuli** on **July 18, 2008, 09:10:52 am**

I just saw your post in Bug Reports, Heavy Flak. Oh god, the Dread Camels have turned invisible! :o We're doomed!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 18, 2008, 11:40:31 am**

Hehe, I was actually starting to worry when I couldn't find the damned things. I was convinced spectral camels would start offing my dwarves without me being able to stop them. Among those most affected we Jools and Makrond, who stood in the same spot for a couple game-weeks screaming, "JOB CANCELED! CAAAAMEEEEELSSSS!"

Wouldn't you know it, though, as soon as I posted that and Toady asked for a save, the invisible camels just disappeared? I'm hoping they show back up just so I can give him a save with the cancellation about to happen.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 18, 2008, 05:57:08 pm**

The events of Mid-Sandstone, 1064

The rest of the merchants bedded down for the night, and the guards pushed out to their stations, Johnny sat with Rosycats and Guildstern, passing around a jug of wine. As the dwarf leaned over to hand the rope-wrapped jug over, Rosycats smiled and asked, "We're nearing the middle of Kemsagil. It'll only be a few more months before we reach Stramgil."

"Indeed, so true," Guildstern added, smiling. "And lest we forget,"
"You did promise us more of your story."
"Did I, aye? Well... if'n that's the case... When we last spoke, me Da was splittin' from a town a' fisherfolk, his companions dead..."

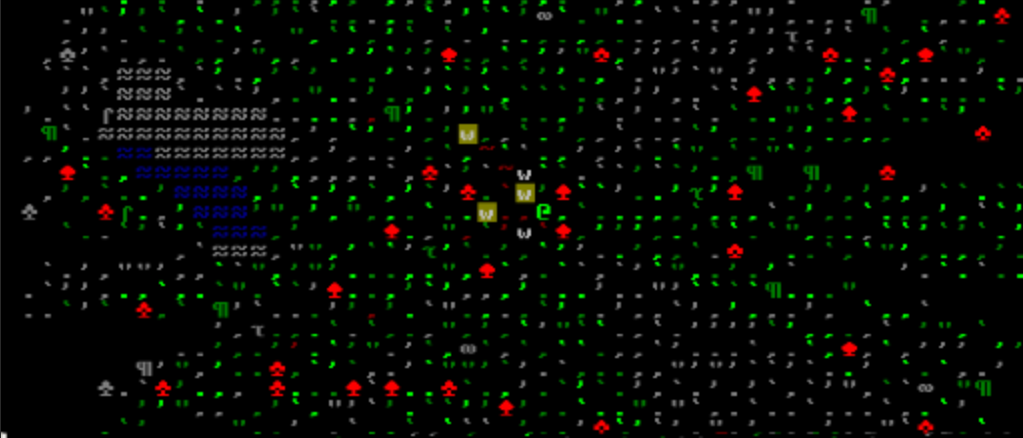
The events of late-sandstone, 1020

Stravitch and Gerald had been on the road for nearly a two weeks now, and they were dirty and dehydrated. Originally they had thought to travel up the river, but Gerald mentioned that any that might be on their tail would follow the river as well. Instead, they pushed into the forest, living off rainwater, and grubs, and the occasional squirrel Gerald could stab with a spear.

Fuming, Stravitch kicked over a rotten stump, sending up a spray of wood and termites. "This is absurd," he raged, "It's been weeks, and we haven't even seen the ground begin to slope. Are we even heading in the right direction, or just walking to our graves?"

Gerald squinted and looked to the sky, leaning on his spear. "Aye, we're headin' right, just be patient... we're not followin' river o' road. I s'pect will be there within a week."
"You've been saying that for weeks," sulked the Captain.

They set out once more, but within the hour they stopped. There was rustling in the brush, and the low growl of one of the many wolves that roamed the forests. In the distance, the howls of more could be heard. Stravitch motioned to keep walking, and they did - keeping their pace slow and steady to not bely the nervousness, though Gerald was careful to keep glancing over his shoulder at the growling and howls.



Just as dusk began to fall, one of the wolves pounced - others rushing in from the north. Gerald let out a cry of surprise and jumped back, narrowly avoiding the snapping jaws of one. It was promptly stabbed in the side, the steel tip punching clean through meat and ribs to protrude dripping from the other side.

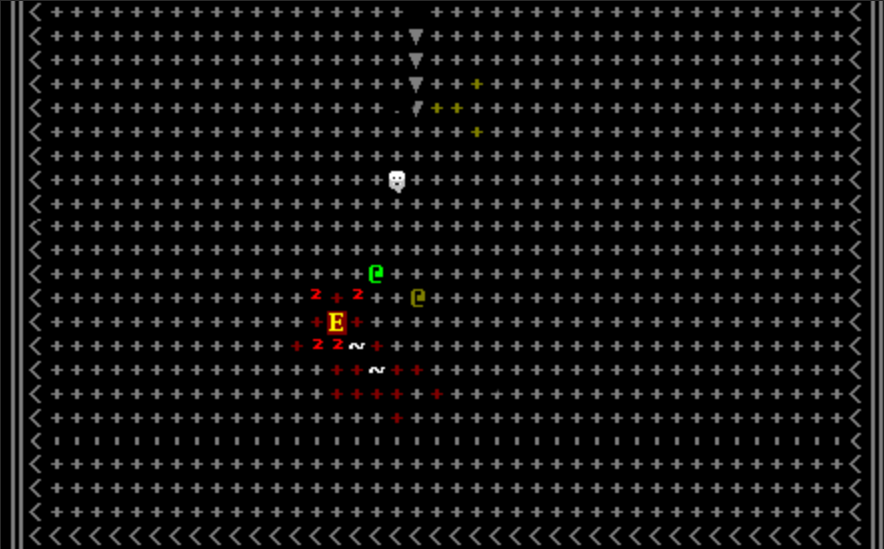
Stravitch fared less well. Bulky in his heavy armor, he was surrounded and passed on. Though his great maul shattered legs and heads, one wolf plowed into him, teeth sinking into the meat at his unprotected elbow. It snarled and shook it's head while he tried to kick it away, and it wasn't until Gerald stabbed it in the throat that the wolf dropped, taking a chunk of dwarf meat with it.

They stood around the corpses panting. Stravitch crushed a few of their heads with his hammer, kicking a third corpse, while Gerald quickly disembowled two of them and tied them to some downed branches with cloth ripped from the bottom of his shirt. "Quick now, we need t'move. Grab th'other end an' get'em off th'groun'. We'll eat when it's too dark t' keep walkin'."

It took less than a week to reach their destination, and for that Gerald was thankful. The packs of wolves had grown restless in the woods and even firelight wasn't keeping them away like it used to. Leaving the wood finally, they had seen the mountain rising in the distance, the tall spire of the Nish Neth architects jutting high to pierce the sky.

As they trudged down the steps of the spire, the rank stench of death assailed them. Reaching the bottom, they saw the source: An elf corpse on the floor. It's stomach had been slit open, and it's entrails were drug across the stones. It had been quartered, and days suffering under crows and the sun left it black and bloated, and neither of the Soldiers could tell if it used to be man or woman.

"Quite the welcome," Gerald said, covering his mouth and nose with the remnants of his shirt.
"We should send it back the way we came. If the wolves don't get it, the Elves might learn what happens in their insolence."



"Ahh, Captains Fillwhip and Fountainspring," A voice called from the central ramps down. The soldiers turned from the corpse to see a Dwarf bedecked in a splendidly ornate steel breastplate, iron armor covering where it was obvious steel couldn't be purchased. He wore an ax and shield strapped crossed on his back, and his beard was line with silver rings. "It's so good of you to arrive. I'm Colonel Jonas Ringedletters, and I'm the officer in charge of this place. We received word by pigeon you'd be arriving, though... we expected it much sooner."

"Aye, well, we jus' want t'get the goods and go," Gerald said, deftly avoiding the swipe Stravitch made at him. "After we get some new supplies, and some rest" he added hastily.

"Can't be done," Jonas said, spreading his arms apologetically. "With you not showing up, we sent the ballista parts east. We're making more, but it will be a week or two before they're fully finished."

"Fine by me," Stravitch said, "But... what the hell happened to that squeeky?"
"Oh, that? Assassin, sent in the night. She was spotted one of the traveling singers between sets. Miss Lanni something-or-other. Came down and reported the sighting to the guards, and the Elf was captured on the spot. Owe a lot to her, as I 'spect the Duke was her target. Would have hurt a lot to have him lost."

"Yes," Stravitch said, bordem and annoyance tinging his words. "That's a wonderful story, and much more than I asked. Now how about a room, hmm? And some mutton... By Lenod's flaming rage, I'd marry that corpse to get a trencher full of mutton."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **July 18, 2008, 07:22:53 pm**

Well, I guess it's time to go tell Stravitch that idea I have abuot a tower to Lenod that worshippers can watch the sunrise on. Maybe we could get some pretty moon and sun patterns on the floors.

The problem is getting Ayrn to agree to it. I'm sure Stravitch wuold love getting a temple devoted to ~~his~~ our god, what with his jealousy issues with Kuli.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 18, 2008, 09:09:11 pm**

The events of late-sandstone, 1020

The next day, well rested, well groomed, and well dressed, the pair of soldiers met with Corporal Jonas in the main hall. He was dressed as elegantly as the day before, and Gerald felt like a private again in his over-polished dented armor, and mishmash of dyed clothing they'd grabbed from the tailors. Their weapons had been left in the rooms - the fortress guard would see to the protection - and without his spear Gerald felt naked.

"This bloody war has sapped most of our soldiers, and it's only this spire and our traps that keep the human marauders at bay."
"Then is it wise t'send all these ballista parts away?" Gerald asked. "I mean, perhaps they'd be better served with the civilians operating them t'supplement yer' guard."
"There's no need. The humans can't climb the spire, and the elves are too far away."

"Aye, except fer' the assassin problems you've had."

The Colonel scowled at Gerald as they rounded a corner. "*One* assassin, gentlemen. One. And it was taken care of. We're safe here, and we of Nish Neth don't welch on our sales. Stukos Matul has purchased ballistas, and bolts, and parts for catapults. They'll receive them as soon as our woodworkers have completed this second order."

"That's all well and good Jonas-

"That's Colonel Ringedletters to you, Captain."

"-but, wait." Stravitch stopped in the hallway, fixing the Colonel with an icy stare. "We're no longer in the military. We've been sent out to do a merchants work. To me, you're Jonas."

"Decorum must be followed, for any semblance of order to be maintained," The Colonel shot back.

Starting to raise his voice, Stravitch closed his eyes instead and took a breath, snarling, "What is that foul screeching?"

"What? Ohh... well, that's none of our concern. We should move on, there's much-"

"No, wait a moment. What *is* it."

Stravitch walked down to the large double doors, followed closely by Gerald, The Colonel trailing sullenly behind. Looking through the arches, Stravitch saw a large statue garden, flowers hanging from the ceiling in pots. A group had assembled around the stage in the back. On the left stood a thin dwarf, his clothing impeccably clean and expertly tailored, his hair and beard blond and patchy.

To the right, was the most curious of girls either of the soldiers had seen, dressed in mottled reds and greens and purples. She looked Elvish in the face, but her body was shorter and broader, and though she sported no beard the thick eyebrows and hair betrayed noble Dwarven heritage.

From the left, the blond man spoke: "These hardships are not a certainty! The pains of fraternal death not a given! The loss of coin in military funds not nessecary. What are the elves, but noble savages, simple and misunderstood folk living off the forests themselves.

"They are not an enemy! They are an *asset*! They are a prosperity for any who wishes to trade, they are ancient secrets and mystical medicines. Who threw the first stone? Was it the fey children of the trees?

"Nay. It was your bearded brethren in the eastern mountains who slaughtered guest and guard. From their act of hostility, we all pay.

Remember the herbs picked from their holy fortresses? Of course you do, it cured the Black Rot that claimed so many. Were that plague to arrive once again, we'd be unprepared to combat it. We should be fighting these sicknesses, not these gentle people."

From the right, the small girl was all grace as she bowed, and twirled, and gestured with her hands:

"Hear the foul words from Ai Lifelaafedo. The Blood Traitor speaks with his silvered tongue to cloud the mind, in the hopes that ye 'simple folk' will buy the shit he sells. But listen true, I pray. Only half Dwarvish, this girl is, but that half has more pride than his body as a whole.

"the Elves offer nothing but death, we should give nothing but vengeance. They're savages, yes, and what worth are they, then? Do they not pay homage to Dwarven might? No, they do not! Intelligent you are, and me a simple bard, but it makes this girl froth with fury at the thought of Dwarven Ingenuity and Might bowing before simple, savage, treefuckers."

Stravitch barked a laugh, while Gerald could only shake his head in bewilderment. "She's good... she's *real* good. Complainin' o' the silver tongue on that wry bastard, all the while playin' up the crowd. He never stood a chance."

Corporal Ringedletters smiled, crossing his arms across the family sigil on his breastplate. "Aye, that's Lanni, the little girl that found our assassin. She's only here until the money runs out, but she pulls in good fairs at the tavern and an elf hater is always a welcome sight on Speech Row."

"Who's the weasly man she trounced?" asked Stravitch.

"An unimportant rabble-rouser from far north of here. He's been trying to drum up support to take a wagon of supplies east to trade with the elves. He swears that trade and diplomacy will end this war faster than steel, but very few have taken to his call - especially after The Duke mandated that any that travel with him will be killed on sight of the fortress spire.. The locals gave him that name in Elvish to mock him, since he seems to love them more than his own kin.

"But that's not important. We have a meeting to attend. Come along now, he has little patience and we've dallied enough with these fools and their words."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 18, 2008, 09:55:41 pm**

Sweet, hes just as i imagined him! Nice work HF!

Story is going great so far, i wonder what will happen next?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 19, 2008, 10:52:32 am**

The events of late-sandstone, 1020

Leaving the statue garden, Colonel Ringedletters began to take the pair down the hallway. In less than ten steps, Stravitch spoke up.

"Ya' know what? I actually... don't care to talk to this joker. I'm going to get a stiff drink."

"Captain Fillwhip, need I remind you-"

"Need I remind *you*, we're no longer in the military, we're doing traders work. And as a bonafide trader, if you give me another order, I'll break your jaw."

Gerald shook his head as his friend took his leave. He gave a shrug when the Colonel glared at him, saying lamely, "Let's head on... it'll be better wi'out him there t' piss our man off."

They made their way down the windy hallway until they came to a large iron door. The sound of saws could be heard inside, and hammers striking chisels. Stepping inside, Gerald winced at the noises. Dwarves were cutting huge trees into fourths, carving away to make the long shafts for ballista bolts. A second workshop was visible through the back, potions lining the walls, wires and chains dangling from the ceiling.

"Ah, there he is! Âs Zosbagutes, sorry for the delay."

"You best be, Dear Stunt, my time is valuable."

Eyes widened as Gerald saw the tall, lanky frame of the goblin appear from around a table piled high with logs. Behind him trailed an old man, his hair thinning, his beard long and gray. Behind them, what looked at first to be a dog padded behind, though with horror realized it sported three heads - the two on the sides attached with thread and staple, and seemed to be in a state of rot.

"Âs Zosbagutes, this is Captain Fountainspring. He'll be traveling down with the parts and ammo."

"Ah, splended!" The goblin said. He extended a three-fingered hand, ragged stumps in place where the pinky and ring should have been.

"Formalities are not needed, call me Jack."

"A'right, Jack... well, we hope t'leave soon an' get this done." Gerald eyed the old man, averting his gaze from the dog staring at him with three sets of eyes. "We don't need anyone slowing us down. Th'raiders 'long th'roads will be 'ard enough to deal with fer' soldier an' guard. Bringin' the..."

"I'm a scholar, Captain Fountainspring," the old man said testily. "And my place is here, in my lab, with my books and studies."

"Well then," Gerald said, relieved. "I s'pose we jus' need t'talk of travel, and..." With a sigh, he covered his eyes for a moment, asking in a rush, "Scholar...?"

"Scholar Gorgeinsights."

"Aye, Scholar Gorgeinsights, what th' hell is the beast a'side ya'?"
"My pet," He said proudly. "Jack here brings the most wonderful of salve with him from the goblin lands. We trade much for it - I hope you can see the use of it's application."
"Aye... that I can," Gerald said, a little queasy. "But it jus' seems t'me, that... what was that noise?"

Stravitch tromped into the tavern, taking a seat at a small table near the rear. A waitress was flagged down, and drinks began to appear in short order, allowing him to sit in silence, brooding and imbibing.

Lost in thought, he was a little surprised when the seat in front of him was taken by a grinning girl. Quickly recovering from the shock, he gave her the once over and said, "You're the snarky lass that trounced that patchy bastard aren't you?"

"That, this girl is. And you - you're the esteemed Captain Fillwhip. Scourge of treefolks far and wide, yes?" She said, grinning.
"...Yes, and, how do *you* know that?" He said, eyes narrowing in suspicion.
"How? How couldn't this girl know? Letters arrive by whitest wing, and those times' spent in this tavern have begged of song to celebrate a dwarf's achievements in battle."

Stravitch sat up a little straighter, grinning wide. "Is that so?"
"Aye. This girl makes quite a bit o' coin, singing tales of heroes."
"You know? I knew I'd like you when I saw you. Knew it from the courtyard - you've got a belly full of truth and spunk, and for that, I think I'll let slide the fact you're a beardless half-savage."

"Ohh, the generosity the Captain extends this girl is much too kind. This shall warrant another song tonight, that of the fierce captain showing mercy to those beneath Dwarven Might," She said politely. Stravitch blinked, and suddenly roared with laughter. The girl laughed as well.

"An' what's your name, lass?" He said as the laughter subsided.
"They call this girl Lanni Underriver,"
"Well, Lanni, perhaps tonight a couple coins can grease your palm, enough to hear some of these tales of the Fine, Heroic Captain."
"Oh, that would be splendid. I think, that- did you hear that?"

In the distance, bells could be heard ringing faintly. Stravitch narrowed his eyes. "If I didn't know better, that sounds like the..."

"TO ARM! TO ARM! ELVES IN THE SPIRE! HUMANS IN THE SPIRE! TO ARM! TO ARM!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pixelfish** on **July 19, 2008, 04:19:46 pm**

An anti-rabble rouser whom stirs up racial seggregation propoganda, that is perfect.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 20, 2008, 11:12:23 am**

The events of late-sandstone, 1020

Gerald straightened at the sound of the warning bells, and insinctively reached for his spear - which wasn't there. His look of shock must have been plain on his face because Colonel Ringedletters pushed him brusquely aside with a curt, "Wait here, we'll take care of this problem."

As he left the workshop and slammed the door behind him, Gerald turned to Jack. The Goblin stared at him, sharp teeth showing with his little grin.

"What'er you so happy about?"
"These times are always the most fun," The goblin said. "Come along, we should *probably* leave."
"Leave! Where'd we be goin'? There's only the spire, an hostiles are runnin' amok through it."
"Please..." The goblin shook his head and turned, walking down the isles. He spoke softly to the dwarves, who began packing up their tools and grabbing the work they completed, rushing out the door. "There's a merchants entrance, it's a tunnel - with a drawbridge over a chasm. We're leaving out there."
"An' leavin' the folk in this fort to suffer attack?" Gerald asked, horrified.
"Aye. What do you care of their lives? You know none of them. This is a means to an end - I just want their gold. Now come! I'll get you a sword on our way down. Do we need to find your friend?"
"No, he'll find us, I'm afraid."

Stravitch and Lanni burst from the tavern, nearly getting trampled as the civilians went charging past them. The little girl was shielded with Stravitch's frame, and as the flow of bodies subsided he could hear the sounds of battle coming down the hallway. Soon, a human rounded the corner dressed in studded leather and carrying a mace - more filing in behind him.

"Where's the way out?" Stravitch asked.
"Past them," Lanni replied.
"Of course. Wait here."

Charging forward, The Captain met the humans with a deafening crash. He took a hard hit on the shoulder from the mace and cried out with pain. Thrashing about, he managed to get behind the human and knock his legs out, wrapping his left arm around the marauders throat. Fighting for the mace, he won, and used it to quickly bludgeon the man's head to a pulp.

He threw the body at the man's comrades, one of them disappearing underneath it, screaming. He was battered on all sides with maces and hammers, but in his rage he shrugged off the majority of blows, lashing out with the heavy mace. He broke knees and shoulders, and when men would drop he'd finish them quickly by smashing their faces across the stones.

Eventually he stood alone, soaked in blood and vomit, the corpses of ten scattered around him. He tried to walk back to Lanni, but the slickness of the smoothed stone almost made him fall and he cursed aloud. "C'mon, Girl. Show me the way out."
"Oh yes, this girl knows a *good* way out, the way of traders and traitors."

They ran down the winding hallways, and Stravitch was soon lost. Lanni would shout back encouragements, and after a few minutes they reached the stairwell, running down multiple levels. Reaching the bottom, Stravitch was dismayed to see that the Elves had reached this far already. Colonel Ringedletters was bleeding from multiple wounds, his axe crashing into simple wooden shields, sending out sprays of splinted and dust.

"Captain Fillwhip! Assistance!"
"I... don't think so," Stravitch shouted back, as he and Lanni charged past him. He was sent reeling as an iron bracelet struck him in the back of the head, the sounds of battle fading as they charged down a hallway.

"Up ahead!" The bard shouted, "Those doors, our destination."
"They're locked," Stravitch observed, "And there are... elves at them."
"Then deal with the savages," She suggested.

A hard blow to the stomach sent the first of the elves flying, his entrails shooting out from his mouth as he slammed against the wall. His comrade was so horrified by the scene that Stravitch's next hit smashed his head into his body, leaving it an unrecognizable pulp. A scream made him turn, expecting to see the Bard beaten bloody.

Instead, he saw an elf that had hidden in the shadows on his knees. His eyes were wide, and he kept trying to speak but blood bubbled out his mouth, his hands up and pleading. The little girl had wrenched the wooden sword from him at some point, and shoved the tip through his throat. She continued to push it forward until the hilt was pressed against the wound. As he began to fade, she leaned forward and placed a small kiss on his forehead, turning to flit towards Stravitch.

"Please break the door down for us?" She asked politely. "Company will be arriving shortly, and we would like to be as far from them as can be."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 20, 2008, 05:29:28 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on July 20, 2008, 11:12:23 am
The events of late-sandstone, 1020
He was sent reeling as an iron bracelet struck him in the back of the head, the sounds of battle fading as they charged down a hallway.

AH HA HA HA!

Serve him right for leaving him there!

I hope he comes back later...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **July 21, 2008, 02:27:14 am**

Oh, yeah, a little bit about my character.

Cirethi Garethoimi (Cirethi Cavechild... I think...)

Was thrown at an ettin as a baby, the ettin was vanquished but his mother ended up as a cripple unable to walk far. He grew up in the cave system living off vermin and stagnant water. His mother died when he was a very young child (of 20). He's a tough bastard and would eat the vomit off his shoes, if only he could scrape it off (figuratively speaking, he doesn't actually have vomit on his shoes). He taught himself how to make weapons and armour out of wood, and learned how to hunt. He's now a wandering and very talented forester, as well as deadly with a bow.

He knows nothing of the current war between elves and dwarves, and thinks dwarves are quite novel. He doesn't associate with other elves very often, and actually prefers the company of humans. He's recently taken up residence outside a human settlement and now sells meat (to the food shop) and maps of the surrounding area.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 21, 2008, 10:23:58 am**

Okay, I finally got access to a scanner, so I've uploaded my drawing.

Now, before you look at it, let me address some issues with the scan quality. The light of the scanner reflected off the dark pencil parts, making them look much lighter. In the future I suppose I'll have to use ink instead. Secondly, I thought a bit of spot color would be neat, but that's not supposed to be purple! It's supposed to be dark red, the color associated with children in DF. These issues could have been addressed with Photoshop, but I don't have it on this computer.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Aside from the fact that Kuli doesn't really look *dwarven* enough, I'm happy with the drawing. I stole a few ideas from Xofrevlis, namely the bound hair. I thought it was a good idea.

The cent symbol is supposed to be a hatch cover. It was the group symbol of the group that founded Zoden Zefon. I decided to adopt it as a holy symbol of Zefon because of that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 22, 2008, 09:05:21 am**

Kuli: Very nice work. I have to say I love seeing everyone's take on what their dwarves (and other Dwarves) look like, or how they feel about certain situations. It's really quite refreshing.

In my mind, I'm running a fortress full of child-sized psychopaths who are one cloud of miasma away from literally exploding into a shower of pain and gore, and it's always interesting to get the perspectives of others. And I can work with the Hatch Cover as the symbol of Zefon. Oh yes, I can.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **July 22, 2008, 10:35:01 am**

Jack'd love a chance to pick off some elves. Discreetly, of course.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **July 22, 2008, 01:17:03 pm**

Quote from: Kuli on July 21, 2008, 10:23:58 am

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Argh, Firefox crashed and ate my original reply before I could post it. Looks good though, and I'm flattered that you took some ideas from my version. The short beard looks better I think, and I really like the use of that group symbol.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 22, 2008, 08:20:51 pm**

The events of late-sandstone, 1020

Jack and Gerald fled down the staircase, and through the winding halls. They passed soldiers on the march, and civilians holing themselves in their workshops and rooms. Reaching the bottom floor at a dead run, Gerald could barely stop himself at the large door Jack stood in front of.

"This it?" He asked.
"Yes, yes. Now when we open this, be quiet. I suspect they'll be inside, skulking until the coast is clear to attack from behind."

Jack was right about the Elves being behind the door, but silence was unneeded. They were spotted instantly, the five rushing towards the pair. Jack ducked under a swing and came up fast, driving his elbow into the first Elf's stomach. As the soldier doubled forward, Jack met him in the middle - the hard crack of skulls sounding as he headbutted him once, twice, the third time dropping the elf like a rag doll. Kicking the wooden sword up, he tossed it back to Gerald, grinning around a mask of blood.

Gerald barreled two of the skinny savages over, cursing as he did little more than bludgeon the Elves with the wooden sticks. It did the job, eventually, leaving the pair a mangled mass of blood and pulp. Turning, Gerald saw Jack dancing away from the last Elf's spear thrusts. One was on the ground, it's throat slashed out, and as he watched, Gerald realized the goblin was teasing the soldier. When he tired of dancing around his thrusts, Jack snapped the spear's haft in half, and lunged forward, impaling him on the sword.

Kicking the body aside, he squinted into the gloom and pointed. "Grab a torch for me, please, let's find which wagons can be taken. You'll need to stay at the door and watch for the invaders - close and lock it on sight."
"An' if there are our haulers out'n the hall?"
"Leave them," Jack said, surprised. "Have you never been at war before? The most important life is mine, followed by yours since you'll be getting me gold. All others? Let fate decide their worth."

Ashian strode through the bloody hallways, her head held high. Ornately dressed in the armor of nobility, she took a quick survey of the spires floor. There were more dead than she had hoped for - both of her assault squad that had marched double-pace for the Mountainhome, and for the human brigands they had hired at one of the outlying villages.

"How many are left," She demanded of one of her honor guard.
"Many, Princess. They're holding the fortress better than expected with just a skeleton crew."
"The humans have been routed, haven't they?"
"Yes, ma'am."

"Then we'll burn their villages as we march home. Find those fools Fountainspring and Fillwhip. Without them, we won't find Coce's prison location."

The soldier shifted nervously. "Ma'am, there are reports that Coce was killed by Stunt Fillwhip months ago."
"They'd be fools to do that," she said disdainfully, "Now come, one of them must be kept alive."

They marched down the steps, rounding the staircases until they reached the third level. Coming up from the opposite end of the hallway was Colonel Ringedletters, limping and streaked with blood, his face a terrible mask of anger.

"Are you the Elven leader?" He shouted.
"I am. Are you the Garrison Commander?"
"Aye. I'm also a messenger."
"Yes, yes, of death, your blade sings songs, etcetera," She said in a bored tone. Reaching out, a spear was placed in her hand from one of her guardsmen, and she stepped forward into the hallway. "Come and fight. We have a schedule to keep, so try not to make this too long."

Colonel Ringedletters stalked forward, adjusting his bloody grip on the axe handle. He stopped just out of range of her spear, and after a moment they began to circle one another. Occasionally the spear point would flash out to be deflected by the Axe blade.

Seeing an opening, Colonel Ringedletters darted in and swung, but the axe was deflected. He parried the thrust at him, and the next, grunting in pain as the cedar spear pierced his lower left arm, and getting lodged in place.

"Good thing I'm right handed," he snarled, and slashed out at her. Unwilling to let go of her spear, she moved enough that the blow didn't disembowel her, just gashed her legs. Grimacing with pain, Jonas was able to grab the spear's haft and wrench it from her grasp. The look of surprise stayed on Ashian's face even as her head was split fully in half by his axe. She dropped to her knees brains and blood running over her chest and back like a tabard, and fell wetly to the floor.

The Colonel wrenched the spear out of his arm, and threw it through the leg of one of her honor guard, before coughing into his closed hand. "...I'm *also* the Messenger of Death, my axe's blade your missive, the payment for this delivery will be your blood."

The door to the Merchants Entrance crashed open, splinters spraying into the entrance way. From the darkness Gerald's voice called out, "Get movin', yaah! Here they come!"

"Be careful, Your Grace," Lanni called. "There's a goblin sneaking up on you."

Stravitch turned away from her, coming face to face with the merchant Jack. The goblin had his scimitar raised on high, his face still streaked with drying blood. He glared at the little girl, who waved her fingers at him, before he sheathed the blade.

"You must be Gerald's friend, ya? You could have knocked."
"You could have kept it unlocked."

The goblin swept his hand at the corpses on the floor. "See these meatsacks? We wanted no more to enter."
Stravitch turned and waved a hand towards the door. "See those meatsacks? We-"

"Shut UP!" Gerald screamed from the wagon, "If we dunnae get outa' here soon, we'll either be overrun with Elven guards, or the irate owners of the wagons were stealin'! Hop on, an' lets MOVE!"

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on July 23, 2008, 08:27:14 pm

The Events of early-hematite

They fled during the night, and looking back, Gerald saw that the spire was ablaze. The night sky glowed an angry orange, and the smoke curling out from the Fortress's maw partially obscured the moon.

In the tunnel, they had to cut down a few elves guarding the exit, and Gerald was certain that had run down one Dwarf trying to join them even though the darkness had shown little more than a body trying to run in front of the oxen. He held the reigns, smacking them against the flanks of their oxen while Jack stood in the back, scanning the roads for invaders. In the last wagon Stravitch sat sullenly clutching his new mace, little Lanni leading the oxen expertly.

They took five wagons in all, three for their siege equipment, and two because they were still partially loaded with dried meats, clothing, and trinkets. Everything was covered with tarps and blankets they'd found in one of the beds to hide their wares, and Jack had made the Dwarves, and the little half-breed all dress in the long brown merchants cloaks to both hide them from sight, and to take any possible marauders unaware.

They traveled on in shifts, resting only when the oxen could carry on no longer.

"Gerald?"
"Aye?"

Jack glanced back over his shoulder, red eyes squinting. When he saw the shapes riding in the rear wagon, bobbing and bouncing along the poorly maintained dirt road, he nodded and turned back around. Still, he lowered his voice to near a whisper, and Gerald had to lean over to hear him fully.

"We have a real problem. I don't... trust that bard your friend has brought along."
"Aye dunnae see how that's a prol'em a' ours. I kinda' see that as a prol'em of yers."

The goblin took in a breath and exhaled slowly. "I don't think you understand. She *knows* things. Have you really listened to her? She's picked up much too much for a simple bard. And the way she's always flattering your friend..."
"And what do ya' propose? That we're gunna' get mauled t'death by an obnoxious pixie with a lute?"
"I propose that you keep your eyes open if you know what's good for you. I've been doing this for nearly fifty years now, and I'm not about to let my life's work drain away in a pool of blood because you've kept your rose-tinted glasses on. Watch the half-breed, and watch your friend. If anything happens it'll be because of her, or because of him getting talked into whatever mischief she's slinging. No Bard leaves the safety of their bars to run away with hardened criminals and blood-stained soldiers... it's just not done."

"What do you mean, 'corrupting'?" Stravitch asked.
"What does anyone mean when they use that word, that string of words, to describe someone?" Lanni said brightly. She was slouched in the seat, the heels of her kid leather boots propped up on the foot guard.
"I've known Gerald for years. I highly doubt that a single green skinned ponce could cause him to... what was it again?"

The little girl gave an exaggerated sigh, and picked up the lute sitting beside her. She strummed a cord - out of tune - and said, "I believe My Lord is just stretching for a song:
Oh, noble Captain
So strong and so fair

Terrible news of Goblin Jack
Of which you need be aware

He's a cannibal, a rogue
An unstable heel
He'll sell us as slaves
Or grind us to bone meal

We must act quite soon
'fore we meet marching corp's
foul ranks of goblin hordes
Most libel to eat our corpse"

He barked out laughter, garnering a glance back from Sallow Jack in the front. He gave a jaunty wave to the goblin, and when the goblin turned around Stravitch looked to the little girl. "Say he is untrustworthy. What will he do."

"If this girl was him, I'd subvert yon Dwarf. Get him to carry out deeds most dark, then put him down as a rabid dog. Or if not him, you, or I. The Bearded Slaves he needs to haul his loot, but we three? Dispensable."

Stravitch thought about this in silence, idly stroking his beard. He was broken from his reverie as she strummed another cord. "Just sit and wait, esteemed Captain. Act rash, and out he'll lash, as mean as a scalded dog. The time will come, oh yes, when he'll announce himself. Then we act."

mid-Hematite

The pace had slowed when no attackers had shown up, and leisurely the traveling caravan took rest at the nation-borders of Stukos Matul. Guards were set, bed rolls undone, and after a light supper was finished, the troop set in for an early evening.

Shouts roused Gerald from his sound sleep. For a moment, the flickering orange and yellows he saw confused him, as did the crackling of wood. But that quickly faded as the heat blasted against him. Gerald was up and groping for his sword, shouting, "FIRE! FIRE! SAVE TH' BALLISTAS! SAVE THEEMMM!"

It wasn't until he rushed towards the wagons that he saw the ones hauling seige goods were safe - only the supply wagons on fire. Three of the Worker Dwarves lay beside the raging fires, blood soaking in to the ground under them - an untold number probably in the wagon.

Shouting came from the darkness, and with rising dread, Gerald recognized the voices.

"Oh, Gods be good..." he cried, charging towards them.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 24, 2008, 07:50:27 pm**

The events of mid-hematite

Rounding the corner, Gerald's heart sank. Jack had his scimitar pressed tight under Stravitch's throat, the dwarf pressed up against one of the aflame wagons, his eyes darting back as the fire inched it's way closer. Behind Goblin Jack was the little half-breed. She stood on her tip-toes, a wicked grin on her pretty face. One of the string of her lute was looped around the goblin's narrow neck, and any time he twitched or shifted his stance, she would give the tiniest of twists to the instrument, tightening the cord.

The voices came all at once.
"Get this shifty green bastard offa' me, he set the whole wagons to burn! I'm going to burn! Get him off!"
"GERALD, cut down the little one! She set these wagons off!"
"Please, kind dwarf, *handsome* dwarf, put this rabid dog to rest. He was caught with flint and tinder, he's trying to destroy these weapons of war!"

Gerald unsheathed his sword, but he stood his ground. This was madness, and a wrong move could potentially leave all three dead. He quickly surveyed the scene. Bedrolls had been tossed aside, and there were too many footprints in the dust to get a feel of who had moved where. But the bodies sprawled around the scene told their own story, the one lying on his back showing a throat neatly slit.

"Tell me... what happened, quick. B'fore Stravitch catches light."

There was a pause before Jack spoke first. "I woke to piss, and saw the little bitch hopping out the back. She'd opened the guards throats with a garrote, and I think she sent your friend to light the wagons off."
"All lies, handsome dwarf," Lanni called, giving another little turn to the lute, "I saw Razor Jack slit these throats, check his blade, there's blood on it."
"That blood is mine!" Stravitch roared. "He keeps nicking my throat, get me OUT of here!"

Gerald took another look at the scene, his eyes drawing back to the bodies, and the neat slit carved in the upturned guards throat. Gerald set his jaw and gave a quick nod, saying quitely, "Yer' right, I'm comin' t'help."

The generic response caused a brief confusion among the three, and in that time Gerald acted. He dashed forward, his blade sliding from it's scabbard and arcing upwards. There was a sharp *twang* and Lanni went toppling backwards, the string on her lute snapped, a notch missing from the bottom of Jack's ear. The Goblin lurched to the side and Stravitch moved away from the burning wagon, smearing blood around his throat as he rubbed at it.

Lanni landed on her hands, and vaulted herself backwards, skidding a few feet backwards in the dirt. She drew a slender blade from a sheath in her boot, and her quick movements took her in and out of the shadows, having her flit in and out of visibility.

"What the hell is going on!" Stravitch shouted. He went fumbling for his mace, shrieking as he wrapped his hand around the heated haft - sending it spiraling into the clearing.

"This girl was hired," She said, appearing beside one of the wagons. "By the Elven nobility. They want you punished for your transgressions. I found you from your dear friend Major DayCovering, quite happy to tell this girl where you'd been sent, after I carved the request on his stomach."

Gerald gaped at her and she vanished, reappearing closer to the embers of the cook fire. Stravitch grabbed a strip of leather and wrapped it around his palm and fingers before picking up the mace, smoke curling up from his hand. Jack's lip curled, fangs bared as he snarled out, "You stupid bitch, you're punishing the innocent on some mummies farce! You attempted to burn MY trade to get at these two? That's wrong, so wrong!"

"You would have been an unfortunate casualty," She said, melting into the shadows. Her knife flashed, and barely it was deflected by Jack's blade. He snarled and slashed into the shadows, but it was either deflected or cut through air. "Though truth be told, this girl would have added you just for the fun of it."

With the flames roaring higher there were less shadows for her to vanish in. Stravitch and Gerald flanked her while Jack pushed in from the front. She danced aside of his blows, nicking his skin with the occasional flash of her blade. Stravitch leaned in, teeth bared against the heat, and brought a lucky blow - shattering the girls right shoulder. She shrieked with pain and darted backwards.

But not before flinging the knife with her left hand. As she vanished into the woods, Jack and Stravitch turned to Gerald, their eyes drawn to the hilt protruding from his chest, blood blooming bright against his shirt. Staring down at it, Gerald coughed loudly and dropped to his knees. Blood splattered the dirt, and his chin, and with a groan he gripped at the handle, "She... oh god, I think she hit a lung."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 24, 2008, 08:33:52 pm**

GASP!

OH NO! Not gerald!

Will he live! I certainly hope so, because a dagger to the lung is nasty business...

crosses fingers for luck

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sneakey pete** on **July 25, 2008, 12:49:14 am**

But he kind of has to live, it'd be a paradox if he didn't. for now...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 25, 2008, 03:27:44 am**

Yikes. I hope she gets her comeuppance...

Also it seems we now know what turned Major DayCovering from an old war hero into someone who just tosses horseshoes...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 25, 2008, 09:49:56 am**

The events of mid-hematite, 1020

They left in the night, though the few Dwarves that were with them fled into the night at the thought Lanni Underriver might still be out in the darkness. That left Stravitch, Jack, and a pale-faced Gerald to lead the wagons across the borders.

They had gingerly removed the knife from his chest, a great gout of blood rushing out, but the tide was stemmed with a wrapping of ox blankets and baling twine. Rum was used to dull the pain, and though he felt short of breath, Jack was convinced that only one lung had been punctured by the knife.

They fled without sleep for three days at Jack's insistence. By the time the mountains of Stukos Matul rose in the distance, The Oxen were nearly dead of exhaustion, along with Gerald.

They stopped outside the gatehouse guarding the mountain pass, their little wagons looking like children's toys compared to the great wall and the great bridge. While Gerald slowly tugged on the rope to ring the large brass bell, Jack conferred with Stravitch in the last of the wagons.

"You know, he won't die. He's tough, and many a men have lived with a punctured lung."
"It's not his health I'm worried about," He said sullenly. "There was an instant back there, I thought he would have turned me to the sword and flame. If you had said something about me torching the wagons, he would have cut me down a lot easier than he did the little bard."
"I knew it wasn't you," Jack said with a shrug. "It wouldn't have made sense. You wouldn't have burned the food - you'd have been more apt to crush the guards heads in and left her the scuttle work."

"True enough," Stravitch said, and lapsed into sullen silence. They watched the speak atop the gate wall wave a tiny hand, his voice faint and hollow as he called down a greeting. Jack broke the silence.

"You look like a Dwarf that loves gold."
"The only thing any Dwarf loves more than gold is steel."
"I've got a ... wee proposition for you, then."
"...I'm listening."
"With Gerald injured, what's he to do?" Jack said, sparing a glance towards the gates now laboriously trundling downwards. "He'll retire, that's what, and it'll be for the best. He has his glory, and he's safely away from battle. And where does that leave men like you and I? It leaves you playing merchant until the war is over, and me making the dull runs from Mountain to Mountain to make a living.
"I say we take their coin, AND their goods. There's a man inside I've been working with, who's been selling me Godly trinkets that my Goblin Brothers take to like candy. This mountain is safe, the elves far away, but we Goblins - we're constantly harried by Humans and the occasional lost skirmisher of Elven Filth. But this dwarf, he has ideas. Big ideas, and he wants to turn a profit.
"With his plan? We could live like kings. With these weapons of war, we can get coin, yes, but information is often worth much more. There's talk of hidden Goblin gold, buried in haunted lands. No one has opened up to Old Jack quite yet, but with a wonderfully sweetened pot, I think I could loosen up a few lips."

Stravitch looked at Gerald, watching as he made to talk with the Dwarves crossing the bridge. In the distance he could see them exchange pleasantries, and a few of the priests came rushing out quickly, most likely to tend to the wound before it began to fester.

"Who's this god-selling Dwarf you've been talking with?"
"He's an outlaw of this town, and operates from the back alleys. I only know him as Telamon."

The events of Mid-Sandstone, 1064

"An tha's where my story ends."
"You're kidding," scoffed Rosycats.
"That's it? Your father retired, and..."
"That sour soul Stravitch turned traitor?"

"Aye, it is. Though is he really a traitor, takin' weapons from a city that needs none? That's sound business, not treachery. That's the end of me Da's story, at least,"
"But what happened to him?"
"Did the little bard come back?"
Johnny only smiled, "Tha's fer' another time, lads."

As the Merchants, grumbling, got to their feet to leave, Johnny noticed a small envelope laying where Rosycats satchel had been. He went to pick it up and return it, but noticed Aryn's seal in the wax on the back.

Opening the envelop, he read the letter, his face growing darker with each word to the nobility of Stramgil.

By the moonlight, Johnny duplicated the letter, though the one name mentioned he replaced with two. The letter was resealed with one Aryn's rings he had stolen over the years, and in the cover of darkness, this was slipped back into the merchants satchel.

Three nights later, bandits attacked their caravan. Johnny was among the missing when they were eventually driven off, and presumed dead.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 25, 2008, 09:59:23 am**

OOO Stuff

This is the end of the adventure portion, at least for now. I'll be honest, it was a LOT harder than writing the Fortress portions and to some degree I don't think it flowed as well. I got the idea from DnG!, and it dawned on me while I worked on this just why Kagus seems to have the monopoly on Adventurer stories. That doesn't mean it wasn't interesting for me, and it *certainly* doesn't mean there's no more back story to be done... just it'll come at a later time. Probably when there's a crippling bug from a new release that causes me to put stuff aside for a little while, or when I have to go to a conference and my hotel doesn't have an internet connection.

Characters that were requested, but didn't appear, aren't lost to the void. Some of them I left out intentionally - they may make better use in the fortress proper. Others will be held over for the eventual return to Adventure Mode. They'll arrive in one capacity or another.

Battles between characters were run in real time, and was accomplished by creating the character proper and leveling them up, then retiring them in a town I'd killed everyone in. Then I'd do the same with the other character, and have them fight. This allowed for story-altering changes. I actually expected Ashian to beat Colonel Jonas, and was surprised when he split her head open after wrenching the spear away from her.

Gerald actually did get a knife stuck in his chest, and had a lung punctured, by Little Lanni. That was VERY unexpected and almost lead to the dreaded TIME PARADOX, but he didn't die and it worked to my advantage. While leveling up Jack Talkedspider, he had two of his fingers bitten off by wolves, giving me a very nice battle wound for him to sport in the single instance it was mentioned.

Stravitch killed anything that got in his way and if I was in charge of him, he set fire to any tree he could touch. What else is new, right?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 26, 2008, 12:01:26 pm**

The events of the 2nd of Timber, 1064

Likot had commandeered the mess hall for her investigations. Someone had greased the top steps coming from up from the housing level, and three Dwarves had been injured before the reason was found and the area cordoned off. Mason Spinesplanks suffered a broken leg, Stoneworker Grippedpalace a broken arm, and both of those because Stravitch landed on top of them as he toppled down the steps in his heavy steel plate.

Once cleaned, Likot had brought Dwarves into the mess in groups to talk, sometimes in pair, and on rare instances, singularly.

Kuli sat across the table from Likot, Jools from Sergeant Pepper, and Vash across from Valania. Sergeant Pepper was tasked with writing down the answers to the questions, while Valania busied herself sketching out the Dwarves in front of her. There were many sheets of parchment, showing a variety of scared and distraught faces.

"**Where were you all this morning, before the bell for first-shift?**" Likot asked in her hollow voice.
"I was in my solar in prayer," Kuli said, smiling. Of the three pulled in, only he was unafraid.
"We were in the temple proper," Jools said, and gestured to Vash, "Praying early, like always."
"That is truth," Kuli added. "The only mornings they've missed are when we had to cleanse the temple - again."

Likot's green gaze swept over them slowly, and Sergeant Pepper, looking up from his pad of paper, asked, "**Who around here would you consider an enemy? Who would want to hurt you.**"

"Besides Aryn, you mean?" Vash said, and the three reborn laughed hard, sending a chill down his spine.
"**Yes, Mr. Ringtalked. Besides that ass Estetar.**"
"Then..." he paused for a second and glanced at Jools, who gave him a nearly imperceivable nod. "The Lenodites have become a little... caustic as of late. There have been a few issues."

"**Religious wars,**" Likot said, and Sergeant Pepper quickly made a note. "**The God of the Bloody Sun attracts strong personalities. This is a very interesting turn of events... We Zefonists need to stick together.**"

A wry smile played on Kuli's face. "I think you're mistaken, ma'am, but you're not a follower of Zefon."
"**I've come back from the dead, reborn. What does that make me, if not a true child of Zefon?**"
"It makes you an anomaly. And the product of the folly of Dwarfs. But it is not the affair of Gods, Zefon's rebirth is a more subtle - and loving - act."
"**Perhaps you're right, dear Maester. I suppose that means I should have a chat with my new Father, doesn't it? Be a dear, and when you leave fetch Bertrand, Akroma, and Dojango. They're next on my list**"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 26, 2008, 12:40:18 pm**

The events of the 11th of Timber, 1064

"Where is my son at?" A distraught Istrath was asking Dwarves in the hallway. He got blank stares, or unknowing shrugs, or an occasional suggestion he might be out with the Dread Camels, at Dodik-Come-Lately's, or he'd finally taken up the pick as requested and was sent down to toil in the quarry.

Running across Mookie near the kitchens, she waved a hand dismissively. "You're being too controlling," She said sweetly, nibbling at a catmeat biscuit. "Let him fly free! All this smothering and worrying, it's not healthy. You know what would take your mind off him?" She ignored the disgusted look he gave her, and pressed on, "Heading down to the workshops, and making me a nice set of earrings. I heard we have some rose quartz that would look simply stunning in a marquise cut."

Istrath whipped around at the raucous shouting coming from the stairwell, surprised to see Akroma tromping up the steps, his arm around Limul. He held an animal trap above his head made out of turtle shells, and it menaced with spikes of gold and platinum. There were pictures of bright bloody-red suns in rose quartz along the shell, glinting in the torch light.

"Hail the newest bone carver!" Akroma shouted, "Look what our little genius came out with, Trumpetcontrolled, he calls it! Ha! We'll have him down there, making totems by the barrel full!"
Limul looked pleased with the praise, though he did squirm out of the bonecarvers embrace. "I'll... get to work on the totems soon, but I've been working for a week straight. I think that calls for a drink."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 26, 2008, 04:39:29 pm**

Cool! Is that going to be young Master LeopardKnight's new profession, or will he pass up his new skills and choose a different path?

All I'm saying is that he'd better not be using any donkey bones.

Interesting conversation with the Mayor as well... is this the sign of new (loose) alliance, or just the opening moves in a conflict between those who believe in rebirth and those who have experienced it in some form?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **July 26, 2008, 11:43:37 pm**

Young and inspiring!

And nice work on the Adventure part, I loved Jonas! Awesome stuff!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 27, 2008, 09:22:32 am**

Bone Carver for Limul. That's cool, I guess. It's good in this fortress where there are bound to be lots of bones.

And to think he's already Legendary at such a young age. They grow up so fast!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 27, 2008, 07:02:25 pm**

The events of the 18th of Timber, 1064

Limul made his way down the stairwell, past the workshops and even the crypts. He'd been given a note to come see Glacies down here after his shift was over, though why he'd want to have a meeting in the old access tunnels was a mystery.

Reaching the floor, he heard noises coming from the north, and saw torch light, and headed in that direction. The smoothed walls and engraved floors gave way to rough hewn stone, and the sound of men with picks working hard. He eventually stepped into a wide room, taking in the open space and the alcoves the miners were finishing on the sides. Near the back, Glacies - looking as frazzled as always - talked with Dodik-Come-Lately.



"Then that will be fine, Miss Tinbells?"
"Bookshelves and flooring are easy to create, good sir. But do you have the coin to pay? Hordemaster is a prestigious title, and is lacking in pay."

Glacies lifted one brow, and coughed politely into his hand. "It should be noted that the Hordemaster is the most apt to know the stocks of the fortress. He knows when things go missing, like bars of gold. Payment is not an issue - this is for the Greater Good."
She took the small chit he held out to her, tucking it down the front of her bodice. "Whatever you say, darling. If you're feeling generous and stumble upon more of these phantom accounts, let me know. There are some editions to my establishment I'd like to add."

She gave a sweet smile to Limul as she passed, heading for the door. Glacies made a quick note on a pad of paper before addressing the youth. "Thank you for arriving so timely. And what do you think of it?"
"I think... I'm not sure what this room is for, sir."
"Fair enough. We have a rich history, both in Stukos Matul and in our fortress proper. We have ledgers, stocks, rations, trade-documents, along with a rich set of mythology and sciences brought with Philosopher Gorgeinsight. And currently, it's thrown around willy-nilly, stuffed under tables or in barrels. I aim to give us a proper library."
"And how does that require my services?" Limul asked, confused.

"Well, Miss Tinbells will be providing the chairs, the tables... the bookshelves. And that is all well and good, but I was hoping to add some flair to them. As the fortresses newest bonecarver-"
"I haven't actually applied to any guilds yet," Limul interrupted. Glacies only smiled.
"That is true, but you've shown yourself to be an expert at working them, and who wouldn't be extatic to see the decorations you've given our library."
"Well... I suppose I can do that, sure. Until I commit to a Union, at least."

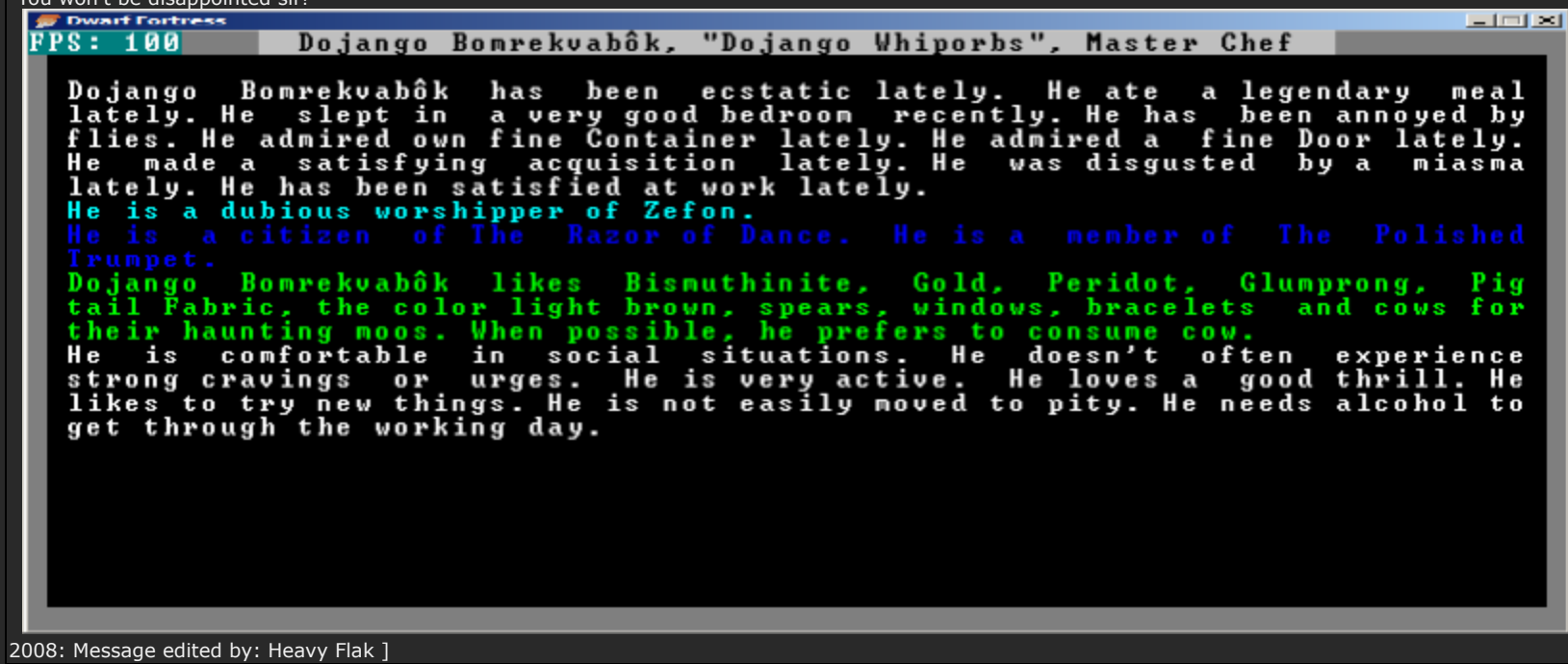
Glacies smiled, and nodded. "Wonderful. I'll have Miss Tinbells get with you when she's completed some of the woodworks."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Do Demons Dream? (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **erendor** on **July 28, 2008, 04:56:30 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 26, 2008, 11:56:00 pm

<I>From the Journal of Johnny Fountainspring</I>
1st of Timber, 1059<P>Oy, more fresh meat has entered the grounds. A hunter, 3 peasants, a pump operator, a mason, a soaper, a crafts dwarf and a woodcutter. Almost at once they were reassigned, the majority going into the severely depleted guardsmen that Stravitch commands, and Aryn picked a few for his own personal retinue. The rest have either been given to the miners, the masons, or Sulari for her job well done. <P>The Civilians are becomming excessively morbid, as there have been bets placed on the longevity of mortality of the new recruits. There are 5 to 1 odds that Sulari's newest will suffer brain damage before the year is out. (I'm going to make a killing when Stravitch bludgeons that tart's head in with Sefolkubuk)<P>Major ---- DayCovering has been a thorn in all of our sides as of late, specifically because no one is quite sure what it is he does. He spends his days pitching horse shoes topside, or quietly practicing in the barracks. His shock of white hair, and majestic, almost floor length beard are enough to freeze the tongues of any Dwarf that dares approach him, including myself. I attempted to recruit him into our import/export side business, but having his steely gaze set upon me, I felt my knees turning to jelly.<P>One Dwarf has earned himself quite the reputation through his sheer determination. Dojango Whiporbs is our Master Chef, leader of the foodsmiths, and is an accomplished cook and brewer. Just a week ago he was seen strutting across the court yard, a fried egg held high above his head on a plate, drenched in fresh butter...<P>***<P>"What is <I>that</I>" Major ---- DayCovering asked suspiciously as Dojango approached.
"It's an egg, sir."
"An EGG! And how is it cooked?"
"It's been fried, sir. in fresh butter. I'm bringing it to you as a present! And to remind you that as the leader of our Chef's Union, your support can keep more delicacies flowing to you, your drops, and the civilians."
"...I do have a soft spot for fried eggs," mused Major ---- DayCovering. "Especially ones that have been fried in fresh butter."
"Oh yes, we're producing butter in droves now. There's more fresh butter, and sugar, and flour, and eggs, than you could ever eat!"

"What is your name, Son?"
"Dojango, Sir. Dojango Whiporbs."
"Dojango... Hmm, well, I wait expectantly for dinner, then, Master Chef!"
"You won't be disappointed sir!"



2008: Message edited by: Heavy Flak]

I haven't read past this point, I'm going through every page one by one. It's a great story!

Anyway, this prompted me to post. I was a bit suspicious when Major ---- DayCovering was introduced, and now I'm certain of the similarity. Catch 22, eh? Sneaky :P. Is there a Yossarian I've missed?

I'll see as I...READ ON!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 28, 2008, 08:00:35 am**

I'm really looking forward to seeing how you go about making a library.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **erendor** on **July 28, 2008, 09:31:25 am**

Well, I finished the thread, just now. Brilliant work, and I'll be sure to keep reading.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **July 28, 2008, 12:45:06 pm**

Y'know, I fail to see why worshippers of Lenod have a hard time and vice versa with worshippers of Zefon. Lenod's dawn and twilight and Zefon's rebirth. Hell, you could even say they're sorta close because of the constant dawns being a sort of rebirth of the sun...But I'm not gonna say this near anyone thankyouverymuch.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 28, 2008, 01:24:43 pm**

Especially not Stravitch, who is yet to be persuaded that maces play no role in a civilised debate.

Oh, and I'd just like to say that I love the greased step as an assassination attempt - wonderfully subtle yet beautiful when it backfires, because Stravitch turns out to be harder than the things he collides with at the bottom. I wonder what sort of fat or oil was used... such information may point in the direction of the culprit.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 28, 2008, 02:44:08 pm**

Glacies: I'll be honest, I don't really remember *how* the Zefonists and Lenodites have come to be at each others throats. I suspect it happened just like most other things in this fortress - someone made a snarky comment and I ran with it. The "someone" in this equation was probably Stravitch who wanted to see an appropriate tribute to "The Bloody Sun God".

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 29, 2008, 08:59:57 am**

There is only place for 1 god at the top of the altar. That god? Lenod. Also, a more proper debate involves more than just a mace. It also includes copious amounts of rum and the finest at Dodik's.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 29, 2008, 10:39:15 am**

Finest... mugs, for holding the rum?

Stravitch can't possibly mean anything unwholesome. Dodik-come-lately is a worshipper of Zefon and therefore unlikely to be involved in any... dubious activities.

OOC: Yep, erendor, this is a great story - feel free to request a dwarf, I'm sure there are some spares...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **erendor** on **July 29, 2008, 11:50:39 am**

If there are any peasants or stonemasons who secretly aspire to great things, then erendor shall claim possession of their soul!

Name: erendor
Class: Stonemason
Sex: either!

erendor seeks, as all good and slightly insane dwarves do, to create a mighty artifact! Coming to Migrursut for it's reputation as a wealthy and artifact-rich Mountainhome, he waits for inspiration to strike. In the meantime, something compels him, obsessively, to hone

his skills...
erendor mutters "Pandorfa needs!"
Toy...puzzle.
gems...shining

(erendor strives obsessively to create a masterpiece item of the above)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 29, 2008, 06:49:04 pm**

The events of the 5th of Moonstone, 1064

"No, don't fire!"
"But they're... baring down on us! He's almost here!"
Rolland scowled from under the brim of his hat, blue bombardiers blazing. He unslung his crossbow, and Sparrow was still amazed with the speed it was done, at the blur of wood and steel as it was brought into position. He fired a single shot, the bolt striking the Dread Camel between the eyes.

The hardened skull exploded in a shower of dust and bone fragments. The body toppled to the ground, the foul magic holding it aloft evaporating into the wind. As the bones collapsed into the dirt, Rolland slung the crossbow over his back once more and sighed deep. "You're forgotten your lessons. You don't aim with your hand."

Sparrow lifted the crossbow again, squinting down the sights. He'd never had problems shooting before - *always* bringing in two or three of the live camels that wandered through the desert once a year. But now, after training with Rolland, it had all gone to hell. He exhaled, his finger tightening on the trigger. "He who aims with his hand has forgotten the face of his father. I aim with my eyes."

He fired, and for the first time since he started training, his bolt flew true. It split the skull of an oncoming camel. He was quick to drop the crossbow and slam home a bolt, kicking it back into place. A quick aim, and another pull of the trigger. Another shot, another down. Another reload. Another shot. In a matter of minutes, sparrow had dropped four of the beasts.

He smiled as Rolland turned to look at him. But Rolland just tugged his head down lower and trudged towards the fortress, "We'll take a quick sup, then take to the archery targets. These iron bolts are a scare treat, better we waste *their* bones for our practice. To me, squire."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 30, 2008, 07:31:07 pm**

The events of the 15th of Moonstone

"Sir! Don't you hear that?"
"Hear *what*?" Stravitch asked sullenly. His hand was on the petrified wooden door leading in to Dodik's, and he turned with an effort that looked like it pained him. Fixing Varen with a stare, he worked the piece of ratweed around in his mouth before spitting a streak of blackish saliva into the sand. "What am I listening for."

The damned warning you idiot! Varen wanted to scream. Instead, he took in a deep breath and exhaled, calming himself as best as possible before saying, "The siege bell, *sir*. Goblins must be marching on our fortress. We need to go get prepared, make sure the troops are up and outside to defend... I told you we shouldn't have left our place in the quarry. Damn that Aryn, for building that bridge across the gap. Has he lost his mind?"
"Siege bell?" Stravitch said, and rolled his eyes. "I don't hear a siege bell. I hear a 'get inside' bell. We're getting inside. Come along, this first round will be on me."

"Oh if only I had the strength to strike you down myself..." Varen spun on his heels, and sprinted towards the fortress, to grab his spear. Stravitch's eyes widened at the audacity of the youth.

"You will be punished for that insolence! C'mon," He nearly clotheslined Rith Budseal as he tried to dash towards the safety of the fortress, scooping the child up in a crushing headlock. "I need someone to drink with, come with me. The first round is on me."

Dwarves streamed past Rolland as he stood beside the road. His head was down, concentrating on carefully loading the last of the bolts into his repeating crossbow. In the distance, the squad of goblins marched towards him. Had he been in this fortress earlier, he would have noticed how ill equipped these greenskins were. Metal replaced with simple leather armors in most cases, half the squad beefy with muscles but carrying no weapons.

It didn't matter. Armored, or armed, all goblins died the same: hate on their lips, heads full of bolts.

Rolland lifted his head, glaring at the oncoming hord. "I am Rolland DaysChain, of Monom Ros! Turn aside now, lest your blood stain this sand redder."

They didn't, of course. They only jibbered in their foul tongue, grinning tusk-filled smiles at him. The goblin closet to him stopped smiling, an iron bolt sprouting from his head, blooming blood. More were filled with arrows, shafts sprouting from legs and arms, jutting from goblin bellies. The ones that didn't bleed out, were soon put down.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 31, 2008, 08:52:02 am**

OOC

Jools: I haven't found a good way to add this in to the story just yet, so I'm just going to come out and just *tell* you. The merchants brought Donkey's with them, a family that had 2 foals immediately upon purchase. Quite the steal! So you now your zoo has three donkeys. (Oops, what happened to the fourth? Tune in next time to find out!)

Erendor: Future requests are being taken in a "as-story-allows" basis, since the Gods don't see fit to give me migrants. However, yours doesn't seem to be that difficult to meet, and I'll have you added, either as a child that grows up and wants to be like his artifact making heroes, or as ... something else.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **July 31, 2008, 08:56:17 am**

Stravitch is a true dwarf.
He honestly couldn't care less until he gets a drink or performs some other trifling task.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **July 31, 2008, 09:40:20 am**

Woohoo! Donkeys! And even better - baby donkeys!

<Enthusiastically throws himself in to the task of mucking them out, whilst singing "Zefon wants me for a sunbeam" stridently and relentlessly off-key>

Whatever has happened to the fourth donkey, it seems I can do nothing about, so I will have to take special care of the remaining donkeys, and ensure that they may live long, happy lives. Possibly even getting them rope reed hats to keep the sun out of their eyes...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **July 31, 2008, 04:44:24 pm**

You've got to teach me the lyrics for that. It's catchy.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **July 31, 2008, 07:09:42 pm**

Just out of curiosity in regards to the lack of immigrants, have you been meddling with your raws at all? Perhaps your init file, I've tried a few forts with higher population limits,(like 400-1000) and get several immigrant waves in the first year.

edit: it also seemed to increase the birth rate of the dwarves, but that could just be happenstance.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **July 31, 2008, 07:52:36 pm**

First there was Olsmo the demon drunk, and now Migrursut continues to breach dimensional boundaries and influence other DF worlds. In logical2u's thread Metalwind - The suburbs (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=22063.0>), he has a dwarven god named Zefon.

Apparently Zefon takes the form of a male dwarf and is associated with rain, plants, creation, crafts, and metals. It may not be *our* Zefon, but still...it's a neat coincidence.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **August 01, 2008, 04:07:00 am**

Ah, but the Gods are mysterious beings.
And is not the rain like a great fountain?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 01, 2008, 09:08:53 am**

Quote from: Vactor on July 31, 2008, 07:09:42 pm

Just out of curiosity in regards to the lack of immigrants, have you been meddling with your raws at all? Perhaps your init file, I've tried a few forts with higher population limits, (like 400-1000) and get several immigrant waves in the first year.

edit: it also seemed to increase the birth rate of the dwarves, but that could just be happenstance.

The raws *were* mucked with back before the version release, but only to the extent of goblin / ogre / demon changes to make more fearsome monsters. With this new version? It's pretty vanilla so far. It could be the fact that I killed the Queen. I'd read somewhere long ago that killing that high of nobility pretty much ends people wanting to come live at your place. Maybe I'll resurrect her with DF Companion and run some tests with that next, and I'm going to search the bugs list pretty soon and probably file a new one in the hopes Toady might be able to track down what flag isn't being reset or whatever.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **August 01, 2008, 01:46:55 pm**

I always thought it was an intentional game feature that immigrants stop coming if your fortress gains a reputation as a deathtrap. Quite a lot of dwarves have died at Migrursut, right?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 01, 2008, 02:37:16 pm**

Well, by my count we're pushing *really* close to 200 deaths. We keep having babies though... if there's no objection from the readership, I might start decreasing the growth rate for children, because the number of living Dwarves is slowly, but surely, decreasing.

Also, a heads up. I've been having laptop issues, so depending on just how fast I can put these fires out (that's figurative until it it starts locking up again, then depending on how much bourbon I've had it may become literal) it may be a day or two until an update comes along.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 01, 2008, 08:33:23 pm**

The events of the 19th of Moonstone

Varen stood beside Asmel at the road pass. Makrond had been left inside, his inexperience with a spear a hazard to himself, and his squad mates. Varen gritted his teeth, tightening his grip on the spear's haft as he waited, and soon, the Goblin's helm crested the hill.

The red rage overtook him, and with a battle cry Varen charged forward, followed closely behind by his commander. He overtook the hammergeoblin easily, plowing the narrow greenskin over and onto his back, and jamming the head of his spear through it's bicep. A quick kick down crushed it's kneecap and he wrenched his spear free. Raising it high, he brought it down with all his might, stabbing the spear a foot into the ground, by way of the goblins chest.

Looking over, Asmel had made even shorter work of her beast. She was holding the dead goblin aloft, grunting as she fed the spear through the hole in it's throat, the barbs on the end keeping it from coming out the other side. Varen grinned, but it was soon wiped away as he looked down at the goblin he killed. This wasn't right... it was more sickly than the others, it's skin a wilted yellow. The left arm had a shield tied to it, and seemed useless, and it's face was lined and wrinkled...

"Akim smile upon me, these beasts have sent their eldersy to distract us! Where is their host? Where in the great icy hells are the rest of their forces!"



"DEATH TO THE NARROW BASTARDS!"

Stravitch, dressed only in his lower armor and boots, charged towards the horde of goblins sneaking in through Dodik's. It seems they had trained Kobolds who had breached the outer doors and made it as far as the mess hall before being caught. The cries of battle had, surprisingly, roused Stravitch from his task at hand, and brought him out into the hallway more surly than ever.

The Goblins stared at the grizzled, salt-and-pepper Captain and smirked to one another. They'd heard tails of The Laughing Bitch Sulari, and the suicidal efficiency of the Spearman's squad, but the paunchy, half naked dwarf standing before them?

Ngerxung laughed loudly, and gnashing his teeth stepped forward. "Lay your head down rockeater," he said in a soothing voice unaccustomed to speaking dwarvish, "Uncle Wickedhail will make this quick for you, ay?"



That was all he said, as Sefolkubuk hit him in the stomach. His entrails exploded out where his spine used to be, and a Rorschach pattern was painted on the wall with half-digested camel, purple guts, and pints of blood.

What happened in the hallway was nothing short of pandemonium. The goblins in the front opened their red eyes wide in horror, a single blow from the dwarf snuffing the life from Ustolkod Wickedhail. They tried to run back, towards the stairs, but their path was blocked from behind by the foolhardy Goblins rushing to get their tusks into sweet Dwarven meat.

Blood was spraying into the air in fountain arcs as Sefolkubuk punched great holes through stomachs and chests alike. The ceiling was soon dripping with red, thick strands of green meat sticking to the rocks. Stravitch's heavy boots clanked against the stone, and every few steps he'd bellow with rage and swing his mace, and another goblin would explode like blood filled fireworks.

Stravitch grunted with pain as a goblin caught him on his blind side, punching him hard in the kidneys. The pasty flesh was already beginning to bruise up when he looked down - he knew he'd be pissing blood for a few days. They both looked up from the wound at the same time, and the Goblin seemed ready to whisper a plea for mercy.

The whisper died away with the Goblin, the mace leaving a hole in the wall where it had embedded his head.

Stravitch stood in the hallway, his breathing deep and steady. He was covered from head to toe with blood and meat. Slowly he turned to look at the Dwarves peering from the bar, and the hallway. At Snake and Sodel, at a few of the children unfortunate enough to get caught here during the attack. And eventually, his gaze swept to Mookie.

"C'mon. We have things to finish," He said harshly. The mace scraped against the floor as he drug it behind him, and when he reached her he wrapped a blood arm around her waist, leading a distraught Bone Carver towards the back rooms.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **August 02, 2008, 01:01:42 am**

When I read the battle that Stravitch was in, I just thought of this:

SPLAT!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **August 02, 2008, 01:04:37 am**

Hooray! I'm a hazard to myself *and* those around me! ;D

Now, if I could be a hazard to people who aren't even anywhere near me, I'd be ecstatic.

Mind you, I'm surprised I wasn't sleeping or attending a party or something.

Also, Stravitch seems to be just an exaggerated typical male: food, alcohol and sex all neatly wrapped in a parcel of violence.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **August 02, 2008, 06:10:42 am**

I can imagine Stravitch being the inventor of the sofa simply so he can sprawl on it with a mug of beer in hand, staring at the engraving on the wall.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 02, 2008, 10:06:37 am**

Stravitch is one of the most fun characters for me to write because he's just so damned easy. You take a tough situation a normal hero would have to work hard to accomplish, and then you think, "What's the most jerk-ass way someone could complete this, while annoying/offending everyone around him."

It's a quick flip of the conscience switch. He actually did get wounded, for the first time in years. Some goblin I'd beefed up punched him and made his kidneys turn brown. Then his head a'sploded. He obliterated the entire squad of goblins, actually, and broke the siege. 15 named kills, plus 8 Dread Camels he killed because they were between him and the booze stockpile. And I'm not making that up :)

Also, I sent Toady a PM and he did indeed confirm what Kuli said - Fortresses labeled "Death Traps" get no migrants. "Death Trap" usually means when a bunch of nobles die... you know, like we've had. He did say three interesting things, though.

- 1) This has been in since 2006, seeming to be, to me, one of those hidden rumored features.
- 2) That your death trap ranking actually goes down over the years, so long as more nobility doesn't die
- 3) That he's thinking of putting in an in-game message warning the player they've reached Death Trap status but needs to work in a good way to display it.

So, there we go!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **August 02, 2008, 10:21:06 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on August 02, 2008, 10:06:37 am

Stravitch is one of the most fun characters for me to write because he's just so damned easy. You take a tough situation a normal hero would have to work hard to accomplish, and then you think, "What's the most jerk-ass way someone could complete this, while annoying/offending everyone around him."

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1) This has been in since 2006, seeming to be, to me, one of those hidden rumored features.
2) That your death trap ranking actually goes down over the years, so long as more nobility doesn't die
3) That he's thinking of putting in an in-game message warning the player they've reached Death Trap status but needs to work in a good way to display it.

So, there we go!

Stravich is fun to read as well ;D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **August 02, 2008, 11:15:32 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on August 02, 2008, 10:06:37 am

Stravitch is one of the most fun characters for me to write because he's just so damned easy. You take a tough situation a normal hero would have to work hard to accomplish, and then you think, "What's the most jerk-ass way someone could complete this, while annoying/offending everyone around him."

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Hahahahahahahahaha. Brilliant stuff. It's moments like that when the game really seems to pick stuff up from the player and work with them...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 02, 2008, 11:58:15 am**

From the files of Aryn Estetar, 11th of Opal 1064

Those damned Goblins, they've put a hold on productions yet again. Their armor and corpses are cluttering the fields, and if they're not cleaned up it will attract Kobolds and leopards, causing us even more headaches as the beasts come out to scavenge. if only I could just ... wall off our borders, and rain arrows and magma down upon them. They've been marching here for thirteen years - you'd think their cities would be depleted of bodies. Though, if what Varen says is true, they're sending their elderly against us which can only be considered a sign that we're "winning".

We've finally taken tally of the battle. There were no Dwarven losses on our side, though I'm happy to report Bertrand took a bolt through the hand. Lucy is in bed with a bolt through her leg and Rice has yet to leave her side, putting a sever hamper on our trinket constructions. A female donkey was filled with arrows, along with three war dogs who were crushed with hammers. Two mules were found dead in Dodik's, and I've decided to not investigate that matter any further.

Likot has demanded we make *more* lead piping. We have no lead in the fortress... and I've been working with Vash to begin stripping down lead trinkets and buckets purchased from the caravans to smelt to her desire. Normally I wouldn't go out of my way to meet the demands of these pompous asses - just look at Duke Bomrek. The only reason we keep making his damned flutes is because the lovely Miss Deerowl buys them by the barrel full.

But I'm a little worried about what will happen if Likot's demands are not met... I suppose I won't find out, as I'll be locked in my room when her temper finally breaks. But woe be the metalworkers who incur her wrath.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **August 02, 2008, 09:03:05 pm**

Hey, did some of the graphics change in the new version? Petrified Wood doors used to appear as a red cross on a gray background. Now it's the other way around in Heavy Flak's screenshot - a gray cross on a red background. Or did you maybe edit the raw files, Heavy Flak?

You mentioned decreasing the growth rate for children. I fully support that.

Quote
Two mules were found dead in Dodik's, and I've decided to not investigate that matter any further.

He he.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 03, 2008, 11:13:10 am**

Goblins are immortal. They don't get old. :P Just saying.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **August 03, 2008, 11:26:51 am**

Quote from: Kuli on August 02, 2008, 09:03:05 pm
Hey, did some of the graphics change in the new version? Petrified Wood doors used to appear as a red cross on a gray background. Now it's the other way around in Heavy Flak's screenshot - a gray cross on a red background. Or did you maybe edit the raw files, Heavy Flak?

That's a change that Toady put in for the new version. He swapped the colors for doors.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 03, 2008, 04:55:23 pm**

We
Quote from: Glacies on August 03, 2008, 11:13:10 am
Goblins are immortal. They don't get old. :P Just saying.

Well, you see. Varen and Aryn aren't particularly versed in Goblin cultures, and goblins that are gray, and sallow, and crippled may *appear* to be, uh, elderly...

Or, maybe This Guy totally forgot about the fact that goblins are the better-liked Anti-Elves, and never die of little things like aging. I'll go back and make some tweaks to the narrative tomorrow to totally hide that mistake ;)

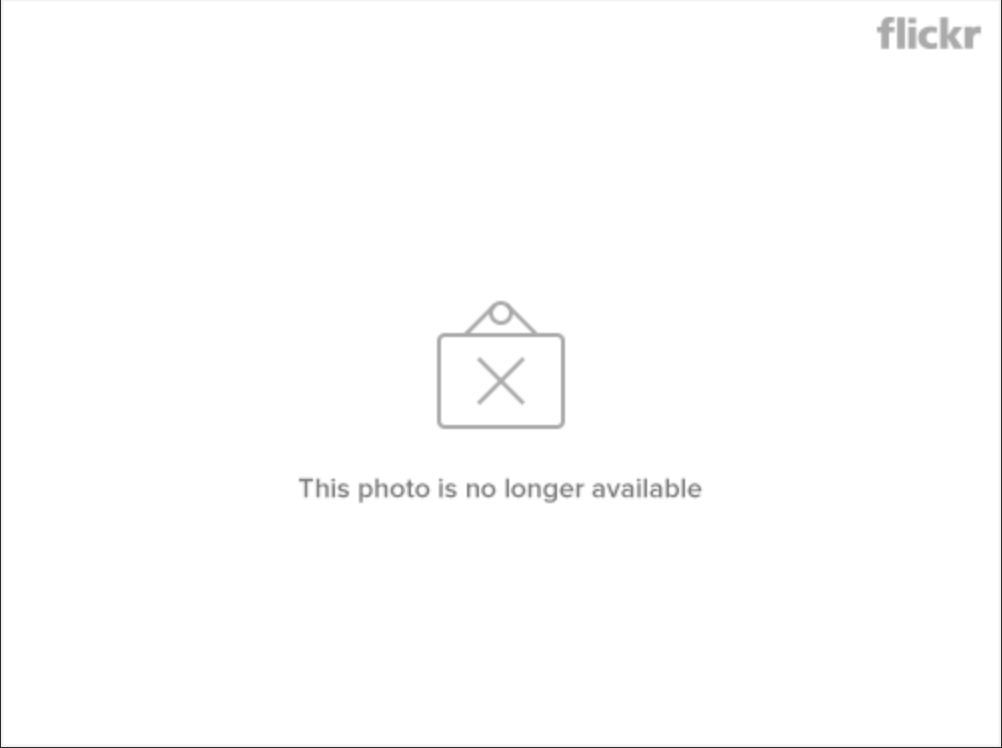
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **August 04, 2008, 06:39:34 am**

Even if there aren't any old goblins, there must be weak, crippled, cowardly or malnourished ones that could be useful in circumstances such as this.

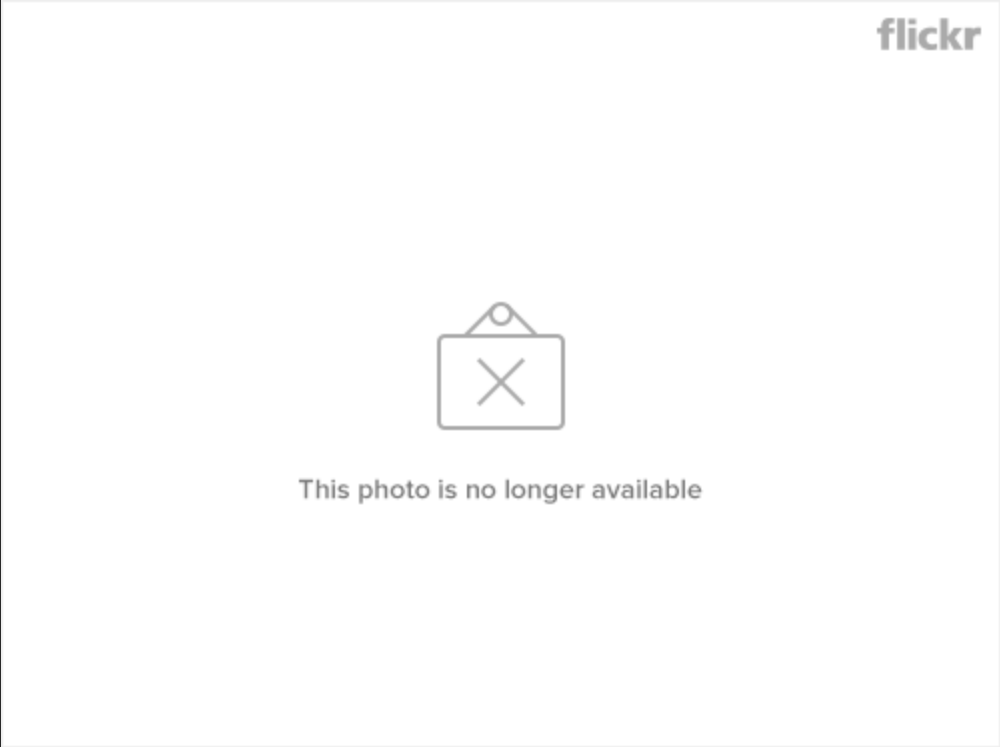
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **August 04, 2008, 07:22:00 pm**

Just got back from a trip, where i stopped at my parents, and took some pictures of something i had made many years ago, which reminded me of our own dread camels,

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



my girlfriend uploaded some other shots onto her flickr account, which you can see here:
<http://www.flickr.com/photos/pocketofpills/page3/> (<http://www.flickr.com/photos/pocketofpills/page3/>)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **August 04, 2008, 07:34:54 pm**

That first pic should totally become Heavy Flak's new avatar.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 04, 2008, 08:20:31 pm**

Damn, Vactor, those are suitably creepy. Care giving a little back story on what you mean by "something I made many years ago"? Also, there are some nice shots on your girlfriends flicker account, I'm impressed.

Haha, I actually tried making that one my icon, but when it's shrunk down to a postage-stamp sized 80x80 pixels it's really hard to make out if you don't know what it is.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 04, 2008, 10:05:49 pm**

The events of the 1st of Obsidian, 1064

His counts down for the day, Glacies stood in the now-smoothed space designated for his grand library. His ledger was with him, seeming to be a part of his arm, and he made constant notes and sketches along the margins. Sometimes he would pace the length of the room, using his boots to pace off a rough length. Dwarves filed in, laying out chairs and tables into the alcoves, and though there was much stone littering the floor, a few coins greasing the right palms would ensure it was taken care of soon.

Bertrand was with him, his hand wrapped up tightly in rat weed bindings, and though it stank something awful, he insisted that a salve of his own making be applied under the bandages to the discomfort of those around. Dodik-Come-Lately was in the room as well, nearly spilling out of her new dress, and Glacies was constantly averting his eyes. One of them ought to have shame, he thought, and that would most likely be him.

"How comes the woodworks, Miss Tinbell?"
"Not as good as I'd hoped," she said, frowning. "We had less of the towercap logs than I thought, so..."
"So? So what does that give us."
"Twenty-six wooden bookshelves, all marked for decoration with gems, or bones, or both."
"That's it?"
"We ran out of wood!" she insisted. "These are all chairs, and tables, I purchased at my own expense. The dwarves brought more towercaps that we'll be setting in to, but until the next caravan arrives I doubt we'll have this area fully fleshed out."

"Do you hear that," Glacies called to Bertrand, "We ran out of logs! No more wood! We should have had a surplus!"
"Of course, of course," The philosopher mused. He stared down at his hand for a moment before lifting his head up, fixing the hordemaster with a watery stare. "That's not to say this room can't be put to use. My quarters are so cramped these days, so noisy, so hot. I suspect... that my research would be better spent down here, bookshelves or not. I could instruct Akroma to carry my tomes..."

He trailed off as he walked towards the door, wincing as he shook his pierced hand. Dodik and Glacies watched him go, but the book keep was cut off from what he was going to say by the Madam, her voice thick with confusion. "Why are the walls covered in pictures of Rice?"

"What?" Glacies blinked, and looked towards the alcoves. They were poorly lit, but the engravings could be made out if he focused on him. With budding confusion he saw she was right - nine out of ten engravings depicted an elated Rice surrounded by friends and well wishers, being raised onto a throne, or being toasted as he stood on the mess hall table.

"Isn't he dreamy?" A voice called from behind them.

They turned, seeing a dust covered Valania slink out from behind one of the ornate pillars. She had her stoneworkers belt slung low on her hip, and a chisel in her hand. **"I've been instructed to give this room some class. The greatest leader of our history deserves praise, doesn't he?"**

Glacies gaped at her, while Dodik asked in a small voice, "But what of Likot?"
"**She's nice and all, of course**" came the reply, **"But she doesn't compare to Rice."**

Valania left whistling tonelessly, leaving the pair dumbstruck. Glacies took a few steps towards the alcove to peer inside, unsurprised to see more works to Rice's majesty. One caught his eye, though, an engraving of Lucy in there barest wisps of clothing by Erith Othsindoren. She was sitting at her workbench, smiling as she held up a masterwork mechanism.

On the engraving, her eyes had been chiseled out, two rounded stones laying cracked on the floor.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **August 04, 2008, 10:46:40 pm**

When i was 12 or 13 I found a few bones out in the woods, and being a bit of a budding paleontologist, I excavated the rest of the skeleton, took it home, cleaned the bones and started putting it all together. It then sat in my parent's barn for about a decade, while

the spiders and dust had their way with it. Its funny, how you forget about how odd things like that are to have just sitting around until you have a guest. Lacking a digital camera of my own I like to steal my GF's whenever i can. I just wish i could use my awesome 8 inch long macro lens on it, but alas its but a cheap little thing.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sparrow** on **August 05, 2008, 09:54:57 am**

Well I'm back and caught up. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **August 05, 2008, 10:29:03 am**

Ooooooooooh foreshadowing!! Scary! Also I'm surprised that the engravings were of Rice! First leader privileges?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 05, 2008, 10:49:10 am**

Quote from: **ricemastah** on **August 05, 2008, 10:29:03 am**

Ooooooooooh foreshadowing!! Scary! Also I'm surprised that the engravings were of Rice! First leader privileges?

Since Toady now let's us see the fully realized engravings in the fortress, sometimes I go around and just pick out a block, and look at them all. "Ooohh, so this is about that time when Sulari killed that camel who was so bad-ass he had a title... neat!"

There's no exaggeration when I say the back walls of that library are lined with engravings, all done by Valania, of "Rice Relicmastered ascending to leadership", and surrounded by all sorts of happy cheering Dwarves. A couple pictures of goats (the city-symbol), and a single picture of Lucy making mechanisms by Erith are the only things breaking it up. It's a little creepy.

Not that you aren't deserving of it, I mean. Hell, I'd have voted for you.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Lucid_Archon** on **August 05, 2008, 02:02:23 pm**

I don't know whether to be frightened because Valania has it out for Lucy, or disturbed that engravings like that even exist...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mookie Love** on **August 05, 2008, 03:47:17 pm**

Even though she seems a rather minor character, every little mention of Mookie amuses me ever so greatly. Yeah, I *have* been keeping up with this, though not posting as I do so. Whoops.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **August 06, 2008, 07:25:43 am**

Have you seen the devlog, Heavy Flak? Toady added a fortress deathtrap notification just for you!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 06, 2008, 08:30:27 am**

Oh dip! It's a totally fluff piece for him to add, but I'm absolutely stoked about it if only because I'll finally know when our fort is "safe" again. Also, it let's me pretend Toady and I are Super-BFF and I have some kind of sway with him.

"This is a big deal! Who are you texting 50 times a day?"
"IDK, my ... bff Toad?"

Also, note: This won't stop the requests for named Dwarves being met. I'm just being slack on it because DFCompanion is being a little flakier than normal. By that, I mean raising the dead sometimes makes things crash and burn. Note to people using DFCompanion - don't raise dead goblins and try to turn them into elves. It's not funny, people get hurt for that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 07, 2008, 11:30:46 am**

"Hey, Aryn?"
"Whaddya' want?"
"The goblin corpse pile....it's moving."
"What do you mean?"
"Well, somehow, they all got up again and they...oh god...they ate my arm!"
"BERTRAND!"
"It's only a flesh wound."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **August 07, 2008, 12:00:17 pm**

(OOC)

Quote from: **Heavy Flak** on **August 06, 2008, 08:30:27 am**

I'm just being slack on it because DFCompanion is being a little flakier than normal. By that, I mean raising the dead sometimes makes things crash and burn. Note to people using DFCompanion - don't raise dead goblins and try to turn them into elves. It's not funny, people get hurt for that.

<Pauses whilst grinding up some puffer fish>

Raising the dead with DFCompanion is out, but voodoo is still okay, yeah?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **August 08, 2008, 05:00:18 am**

Hello :)

I will apologize for the length of my posts now, I tend to ramble.

I think the first thing you should know ...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
... I just found out about Dwarf Fortress, through an article in PC Gamer. I thought it looked like an interesting "You are going to die" game in the spirit of Nethack. Then I remembered some awesome tales heavily influenced by Nethack I had the good fortune of stumbling across, so I thought I would see if there was anything similar - sure enough, low and behold I started reading this thread.

That was a week ago. I have just reached the current last page and the level of involvement has inspired me to register just so I could have the chance to be a part of it, to toss in my offerings into the pot luck feast of story telling.

I wonder what happened to ...
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
... some of that, the journal entries, letters to home, and the back stories, but lately it seems folks have taken on a bit of role play thought dialogue for their named character 😊 That's cool, just I do wish I would have the opportunity to read more of those, Heavy Flak seemed to enjoy them.

Speaking of HF enjoyment, I am particularly curious if we will see a return to the showers construction, maybe I missed it somehow in all the twists and turns but I don't recall finding out if it was successful or scraped. I also wonder what impact the aqueduct breaking down had on that, if any. Could the tentacle demons breached the fortress by coming out of the showers as well? Hmm...

Speaking of demons,
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
do we really trust information from a demon? Why would the tentacle bastard be honest about the condition of Oslmo? If Tentacle and Olsmo were both down for the count, why do the camels still come back as undead and the goblins still have a hard on for the harsh red desert full of dreaded dwarves... hmm...

If it is alright, may I suggest
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
a few projects if its possible? I have wondered for a while with the goblins (among other things) being such a problem to the welfare of the fortress, especially it seemed in letting immigrants and traders reach the relative safety of the fortress, why defense seems so lacking. So here is my idea, I have no idea how feasible it is, have the routes of your defenders be underground to look out towers with no outside entrance, perhaps even a mechanism to block the tunnel to the tower, should the tower be broken into but seeing as the wall where the draw bridge is has not been broken down, even by the dragon or titans as far as I know, I don't know why the watch towers would prove anything but a boon to the dwarve's defenses at a minimum of risk to them. Perhaps it would even allow dwarves to drop behind enemy lines to flank their positions or at the very least do lots of harassing ranged combat or spot for dwarven artillery. Do goblins ever use siege weaponry such as large creatures, catapults, ballistas, trebuchets, and explosives (chemical or magical)?

My second idea would be to put roads underground that have the entranced sealed except for when you want the traders and immigrants to come through, that might save on watch towers so that those would be on the borders where those groups show up mainly.

Both of those ideas I bet the house of ill reputе would not be too fond of, it could remove a lot of surface traffic to their door, but then again, they could always put in a underground entrance, right?

To top all this idea stuff off, I would like to volunteer a named dwarf character idea,
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
but given my complete lack of game experience and knowledge, I completely leave it up to others who are more knowledgeable and capable than I to decide if this is possible in any capacity:
Name - War'dunill (male) War'dunell (female) [Any Last Name]
Skills - Axe, Wrestling, [weapon smith if you need it], [and whatever else fits his/her personality]
Personality - Loves to brawl, but not a sociopath, concerned about the welfare of others but not concerned for their own self preservation because desires to go out in a blaze of glory ... in other words, wouldn't want any harm from their actions to hurt a fellow dwarf but would want their actions to hurt a dwarf enemy so bad they don't look to their own survival. To give it a title, a berserker, a whirling dervish, kamikaze, barbaric even. Would love it if the game mechanics allows for either two axes dual wielded or anything that allows the imagination to picture dwarf spinning about weaving weapon in a flow from left to right, high and low, charging or even balling/bowling into a mass of the enemy. And why would this nut case come to your dwarf fortress? He/she heard about a undead giant scorpion, undead camels, undead panthers, two titans, a dragon, and goblins galore ... heck, maybe even the tentacle demons ... from merchants in a drinking/fighting establishment somewhere to the north. Seeking glory or just a glorious death, the lunatic actually wants to come to a death trap, gold and politics really wouldn't be this character's thing, unless it let them have a go at a big baddy. Another catch could be they are young and naive to boot, lacking the experience to have any business rushing in where even fools fear to tread.
Most likely to be friendly to: Anyone who seeks out a fight, either because of duty or a similar foolish quest for glory on the battlefield. Probably would idolize (young naive) or highly respect (adult nutcase) Sparrow, Merkil, Varen, Snake, and Sulari.
Most likely to be unfriendly to: Anyone perceived as "peaceful" or "cowardly", so you just know this character would rub those into politics plus Kuli, Major, and possibly even Strav the wrong way.

Thank you for this thread one and all, I am thoroughly enjoying it, I love short stories and hope I will be able to contribute, as much a noob as I am :D

Edit: As recommended, reducing rambling wall of text with spoiler tags :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **August 08, 2008, 06:19:46 am**

We all were once a noob, relax.

But, if you are unleashing a wall of text, please use spoiler tags!

And just wait til my guy shows up, I have a feeling that they might get along well. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 08, 2008, 09:15:42 am**

Canadian Wolverine: I'm really happy to hear you're enjoying this. It always makes me feel good when people are enjoying this, and it's been a great way to get immediate feedback on different writing styles, to figure out how to do better characterizations and to deal with things on the fly.

The showers are my greatest regret to date. I should have planned better for them. I don't think anyone knew this, but when I started writing this story, this was only the fourth fortress I'd ever run so I wasn't too sure about things like pressure plates and water pressure. If Toady ever adds some of the things to the game like... ways to lower water pressure, or water triggers that react faster / more reliably, I can get back to it. The demons coming through the pipes would have been FANTASTIC, and Stravitch gave me an idea for them too... but it never got working, so I couldn't do that.

Your character's added but put on hold for a while. I should really just copy/paste that generic response at this time. As for your requests, I'll take them into consideration, but right now The Great Quarry is taking up the time of all the Dwarves who aren't involved in The Great Dumping Goblin's Clothing Initiative of 1064. Besides, one of them may have already been met, and just left unmentioned :)

Jools: It's fine by me if you do the voodoo that you do so well. Also, it gives me ideas, which are always a frightening thing.

EDIT: Err, I forgot to put this in before hand because I got distracted with people trying to steal the printer from my cube. This whole month of August I'm going to be... flaky. This isn't the best of time for me, and I'll just leave it at that so I don't flood the forum with whines and complaints. Also, I have a wedding to go to next week, and a week long conference in DC the last week of August (where the

hotels have for-pay internet that The Government won't splurge to buy for me) so ... the story is going to come infrequently until September, probably.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **August 08, 2008, 11:51:24 am**

We'll be patient. Just don't forget about us, ok? ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **August 08, 2008, 12:38:57 pm**

Oh, don't be too concerned with character, I have read the caveat already, I know about the immigration situation due to the fun times nobility has had there, hehe...

I'm totally relaxed, my apologies if I came across as anything else because I just thought it was relevant to why I would come up short on understanding what is applicable when making suggestions that were not unreasonable :)

Life gets busy, I get that, my lil girl keeps me busy pretty much every second of every day these days. So, may I suggest the rest of us bring back some journal entries, letters to home, and tales from the past of our own? We can always edit later if we create paradoxes that don't jive with HF's :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **August 08, 2008, 11:25:41 pm**

How would you like a undead hunters journal?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 09, 2008, 01:07:13 am**

The events of the 11th of Obsidian

Aryn's hair, limp and blond and patchy to begin with, was now streaked with gray at the temples and down through his beard. He'd given up looking in the mirror for more than the most cursory of primping in the morning, his taller, lanky frame taken to the occasional twitch and tic. Today, Aryn stood at the edge of workman's access to the quarry, staring down. Beside him was Glacies, uncomfortable as always in his bosses presence.

"What do you hear down there," He asked, his gaze never wavering.
"Nothing, sir. Just you."
"That's right. Where are the miners."
"...Rice's crew..." He said after a moments pause, "Are starting the construction of the quarry's walls that you asked. They gave some complaint that it was unneeded. Rice, however, rallied to your cause. He's yet to leave Lucy's bedside and thinks that it will help protect more civilians."

Aryn took a deep breath, and exhaled it slowly. "That's fine. And not what I asked. Where. Are. The. Miners."
"...They're in the union hall, sir. *partying*."
"How long have they been in there."
"Days. I tried to get in to get them working, but Archin is terrifying. Have you seen her lately?"
"No I haven't."

Glacies shuddered. "She's all muscles and brawn and mud thanks to her non-stop mining work. As she threw me out of the union hall, she started laughing and said 'Tell Aryn we'll work on our time. It's past due we take a vacation'. It's a real problem... we'll probably need to negotiate. I'll talk with Duke Bomrek-"

"A problem! WE have a problem?" Aryn wheeled on him, his voice echoing off the pit below. A gust of wind blew the hair out of his face, and caused his coat to flap behind him like great black wings, and he stalked forward to tower over Glacies. "**I** have a problem! My problem is everyone, *everyone* thinks they know what is best around here! They run their damned mouths and scheme and plot against me, against our fortress, against us as Dwarves. What have they accomplished? Nothing! I've raised this place from the ground, I spit onto the sand and created walls and rooms, *I pissed out life!* for every one of these ungrateful leeches.
"I don't give orders for no good reason. They can question this project while they're in the dark, the only light the sparks coming from their picks." Aryn grabbed Glacies by the front of his shirt, pushing him towards the edge of the cliff. His eyes were wide, and rimmed with red, his cheeks shaking with rage. "Do you know the life span of the average expeditionary crew? Three years! Three years and they're turned into carpfeed or their slaughtered like cattle by the treasonous greenskins.
"Now get back to the union hall, and get Archin and her lackeys **back in the fucking mines!**"

Aryn tossed him towards the keep, and with some fancy footwork Glacies kept his balance, staggering a few steps forward. He hurried off, grinding his teeth in anger at the treatment, and making a mental note to play with the stocks, to remove the better dishes from Aryn's food schedule. Aryn turned to to stare at the wastes, the red sands that stretched before him, seemingly infinitely. He wanted to scream, his rage and stress nearly boiling over.

Instead, he bit his tongue until it bled. He let it build up in his mouth, a part of him savoring the coppery taste, before spitting it out. Soon the sands at his feet were a little redder than before.

Bertrand was down in his workshop, having finally begun to use the space once again. His original studies were tossed into the magma cleanser, the place full of broken tables and jars and scraps of old coffins. Sand still littered the ground.

A cold sweat had built on Bertrand's forehead and he felt it was due to the nasty black color the skin around his pierced palm had turned. Carefully he peeled the bandage off and picked up a pair of small steel scissors. These were used to cut away the necrotic tissue which he tossed into a small bin beside the work table. More salve was applied, and fresh bandages were wrapped around his palm. With that finished he allowed himself to exhale, and dab at the sweat on his liver spotted forehead.

With his hand treated, he was able to set to work on the real reason he had come to the lab. He slowly made his way to a cabinet and opened it up, pulling a small ceramic bowl from it, along with a glass mug. These he set on the table by the torch light. Sand was scooped up from the ground near where one of the coffins had once laid and dumped into the mug, swirled around until it had dissolved into the water within.

Bertrand smiled wide as he looked at the small blades of grass poking up from the sandy soil in the bowl. A little chill went up his spine, and he brushed them upright with the flat of his hand before pouring the solution over top them. He waited until the water had soaked in fully before the the bowl was placed back in the cabinet.

This was working better than he'd hoped, and was such an unexpected surprise. Had he not been shot by that crossbowman, he wouldn't have needed to search this haunted room for salve. And had he not searched for the salve, he wouldn't have seen the little bits of life peeking out from the cracks in the stone floor. And had he not seen those, well...

He took a last look around the room, paranoia always gripping him as he left the room these days. But with everything seemingly in order, Bertrand snuffed the lamps and left. Smiling, despite the pain in his palm.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **August 09, 2008, 02:53:46 am**

OOC: Say, here is an idea, the showers still flood, right? Well, could you turn that to your advantage? Does the game allow grates in the floor or a trap door to let the water out downwards, then hmm, direct it towards lava so it evaporates maybe? It could be more of a stand up bath tub then :)

A protective wall around the quarry excavation, cool. :)

Wow, Aryn is so self centered! You would think he thinks he is a hermit and everyone else is just a figment of his imagination, that it was really him who carved, mined, set the stones, and fought off the various monsters. Sheesh. Hmm... I'm curious, do you have a back up "run the place" dwarf if Aryn has an 'accident'?

Oh man, what is the mad scientist/necromancer up to this time?[/end commentary]

Zako: Undead hunter journal? Yes, please! :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **August 09, 2008, 02:54:29 am**

Interesting... very interesting...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **August 09, 2008, 05:30:16 am**

*Journal of Jools Machines*calded, 12th Obsidian

I bumped into Glacies earlier, who told me about the little "incident" with Aryn over by the quarry. I hope that we can calm Aryn down a bit before he goes off the rails any more and someone gets hurt... or at least get him in a position where no-one listens to him any more. Maybe topple a statue in front of his room or something and give him a few days to cool off...

One thing this place isn't short of is "volunteer"s to run things in his place... personally I don't have the time - donkeys don't look after themselves, you know. But there are definitely others - with their own plans, many already in motion, and far beyond the control of Aryn Estetar...

...and I'm sure I'm not alone in wondering how Johnny's getting on.

Anyway, I'm off to feed the donkeys. One of them seems to be quite sensitive to the bright sunlight we've had recently, so I've dug out a battered old pig tail hat I found in a storeroom, and cut holes in it for his ears. It seems to have the phrase "Alis bukèt" stitched on it in pig tail, which I'm not sure is that appropriate, but I'm sure an old donkey won't mind, as long as it keeps the sun out of his eyes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **August 09, 2008, 06:15:04 am**

Yep, an Undead Hunter's journal, complete with juicy gossip, suspicions of others, plans, tatics and confessions.

I have many plans for him when he arrives, I hope you lot will enjoy it! But, we have to wait for him and other characters to arrive or grow from children.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **August 09, 2008, 09:04:58 am**

OOC: At first I found myself wondering how Jools could know all that, but then I was laughing when he plainly didn't care even if he did know, giving way more thought to his animals in his zoo/ranch! Hehe, awesome. The zoo/ranch may have eyes and ears, but that isn't important as a good taste :D

Zako: Ahh, my bad, I was thinking you were going to do some sort of send up about the gun slinger chasing the black goblin, when really you are in the same boat as I. Me, if it isn't plain already, will settle for unasked for commentary (I'll stop if told its annoying, doesn't contribute, or goes against forum rules) and playing with the key controls in DF, especially k apparently, so I have a clue what this or that symbol means. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 09, 2008, 12:43:19 pm**

Aryn needs to be locked in his room for a bit. >:(<

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 09, 2008, 05:02:29 pm**

Stocks and Ledgers from Glacies's notes
1st of Granite, 1065

Stones: More stones, always more stones. We're now up to 42,320 unique chunks of rock cluttering up my notes. I have two entire notebooks filled with locations and materials of these blasted things! If I had my way, I'd fill the quarry up with magma and rid myself of their existence... their mocking existence...

Coins: A new year is upon us and Kuli will be instructed to mint sets of commemorative gold, silver, and copper coins for our fortress. These little objects will no doubt be scattered around the fortress for no reason, and this will amuse the civilians to no end as they throw money around like confetti.

Food and Drink: We're nearly under a thousand gallons of booze and that has placed Duke Bomrek and myself in a hard position. We MUST ramp up booze productions, and food since it is beginning to lack as well, but we can't bring the farmers off hauling and dumping duties while so much goblin junk clutters our home. Perhaps Dojango will be our champion for this problem, tirelessly chained to the brewery until we're safely drowning in liquor once more.

Blueprints: With Lucy out of commission, it's been up to her assistants to draft a set of blueprints (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-3306-oceanbled-oceanbled>) for me. They must be wrong. Some of these hallways, and rooms I don't remember being ordered constructed at all. That just goes to show, that if you want a job done, you need to get the best to do it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **August 09, 2008, 06:04:22 pm**

OOC: Glacies sure keeps good records on inventory! Impressive!

While Glacies may see it as a logistical nightmare, it can't help but strike me as a veritable fortune for all kinds of amazing projects above and below ground/water/lava. What would happen to the place if it got more religious shrines or a network of watch towers... It all makes me think of the amazing work put into tiling the outside to rid themselves of the red and feel more civilized. Next to the aqueduct, the lava powered work shops, and the double shriner, those roads and courtyards are simply amazing - may I have another link to what the place looks like lately? :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sneakey pete** on **August 09, 2008, 06:56:24 pm**

He just uploaded some ;)

Quote from: Heavy Flak on August 09, 2008, 05:02:29 pm

Blueprints: With Lucy out of commission, it's been up to her assistants to draft a set of blueprints (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-3306-oceanbled-oceanbled>) for me. They must be wrong. Some of these hallways, and rooms I don't remember being ordered constructed at all. That just goes to show, that if you want a job done, you need to get the best to do it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **August 09, 2008, 08:25:34 pm**

If you're looking for ideas for new projects, the main staircase where one would enter the fort seem a bit underwhelming, perhaps a bit of an open sided pavilion with a roof over it, too keep out the elements, and add to the opulence. Bonus points if it has a fountain pouring out of the top of the roof. (i think an artesian fountain would be the best method.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 10, 2008, 05:11:38 pm**

The events of the 17th of Granite, 1065

The council was in session once more, the usual members in attendance - though Glacies had chosen a seat farthest away from Aryn at the great table. Waiting patiently in the corner was Sparrow and Rolland, their hats held in their hands as they stood at attention. Sitting at the place of honor was the Diplomat Deerowl her pale face drawn, her mood clouded.

"We want to thank you, from the bottom of our hearts, for coming back to visit again," Aryn said. He made wide gestures with his hands, his voice silky smooth. Deerowl's upper lip curled briefly as she spoke, "I'm sure you're aware that we almost didn't. It's only the respect we have for you, Mr. Estetar, that we deigned to bring this years bounty to your mountain doors to perusal."
"And what a *fine* bounty it is indeed," Aryn agreed. From across the table, Duke Bomrek scoffed openly.

"Fine Bounty, Aryn, have you lost your wits?" Aryn turned his gaze towards the Duke, concentrating on killing him with his mind alone but the noble pressed on with all the tact afforded to one in his position. "Miss Deerowl, you brought us three barrels of spun cloth. With all due respect, are we ... supposed to eat it? What of all the exotic animals and wood you're supposed to bring."
"Last years effrontery has soured the Elven Community, short-one," she said icily. "These act as a trial basis, a way to get back in our good graces. This small fortress is nothing to a society who has lived for centuries in their fortress homes - it's only the esteem I hold for your leader that convinces me this trek past the Red Eyes towers, through this sweltering desert, and into the desolation that used to be Elven Sanctuary. I know we don't always see eye to eye, but surely even one such as yourself can understand this. Do you have any more to add?"

The Duke mulled this over, idly stroking his beard, before he said, "Yes. We've cut down fifty trees this year."

Every eye in the room turned to stare at him. Aryn's jaw was nearly on the table, and Glacies could be seen stabbing a pencil into his own thigh, his face red with suppressed laughter. Diplomat Deerowl stood and stalked from the room and Aryn rushed after her, his pleas carrying in echos to their chamber long after he had left.

"You shouldn't have done that, Sai," Rolland's said, his voice low and even from the back.
"And, why not, chap? What harm did it do? I've cut down enough trees in my lifetime, that I can spare fifty from it for this year," the Duke said with a grin.

Rolland glanced over to Sparrow, nodding faintly at his protege. The hunter took a deep breath, and spoke, "A boltslinger should know more than just the art of war. Rolland has been giving me history lessons as well. The Elves are fearsome enemies, and have been one of the few reasons the Goblins haven't overwhelmed here, like they have to the far north, in the harsh colds where the elves don't go. At the best, we're driving away foods and goods. At the worst, we'll be assaulted by Elven Snipers."

"We do not want Elven Screammers assailing our lands," Rolland said, frowning. "Bands of them roamed in the south, carrying spears and shields. You could tell when they were near because of their screaming, and they were nigh unstoppable thanks to the Ratweed and nightshade chaw they constantly worked over dulling their pain. They would only stop screaming upon their unlikely death, or when their mouths were full of the raw meat of their victims."

The others in the room went silent, their heads drooping to look at the table, or finding a spot at the wall to stare at. It was the Hammerer that broke the silence, "**As much fun as teasing the Elves is, it's better to keep them in our good graces. Keep that in mind when Aryn calms Miss Deerowl down.**"

A murmur of resigned agreement went through the room, raising in agreement when the duke said, "Aye, fine, but their still a pair of incorrigible asses."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 10, 2008, 07:14:56 pm**

How, exactly, did the baron cut down 50 trees? I wasn't aware there was a bit of timber within a thousand miles.

Ayrn is a sympathizer of the devourers now. Bugger. He just keeps getting worse and worse. I still have nightmares about the elves sometimes...

The god damn stone problem is getting ridiculous. What the fuck are we using it for? The answer: NOTHING! I'm tempted to forge the orders from some higher up to authorise some ridiculous project. Say, enlarging the walls and adding some fortification crenellations when the elves come to eat us all. Maybe it's time we improved the temple, too? Perhaps build a theatre, and an arena for Stravitch to break skulls in? Improve the aqueduct so we can have marksdwarves stand on it safely and snipe camels below? A military compound? A castle....Yeah, a theatre, or opera house, like back in Gatesmaw. I remember back when my cousins used to drag me out to the showing of that play, whatsitcalled..."One dwarf against the world." Or the classic "Boatmurdered."

I'm getting ahead of myself. What we really need to do is make the place a bit safer and sit on our asses till new folks start showing up again. Like tha'll happen, after the news about the queen hits home. An opera house will not function with only 60 some dwarves, maybe 100, whatever. Makes me wish I'd stayed there, almost.

Almost, but not quite.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Kuli on August 10, 2008, 08:54:57 pm

Glacies, I'm pretty sure the Duke was joking in order to piss off the elves and embarrass Aryn. Also, I love the idea that infamous forts like Boatmurdered exist as stories in other dwarven worlds. Would Boatmurdered be a tragedy? A comedy perhaps? Or maybe a morality play about staying away from Elephants and not messing with fire?

As to the map Heavy Flak posted, I'm almost a little disappointed that it's now safe to travel to Dodik's. Speaking of which, Dodik-Come-Lately's incomplete project is a casino, isn't it?

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Glacies on August 10, 2008, 09:16:31 pm

Boatmurdered was a tragicomedy, I guess. I mean, Elephants can't *REALLY* do that, can they? And you've got to admit the mayhem was hilarious.

Now about that expansion for the temple, I was thinking some hatch covers in microline.....

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: CanadianWolverine on August 11, 2008, 12:06:36 am

OOC: ;D I am laughing so hard my sides hurt thinking that Duke is going to last longer then the over bearing queen and company ... or is he? *Dun dun dun!* Nah, Aryn has realized his mistake, he did want more Dwarves to boss around and creep out, right? That Duke will live a good long life, like all swimmers do. :D

Kuli, trying to keep the peace, huh? Is your dwarf the one who says "I love you, man!" a lot when he gets hammered, I mean, dwarf drunk? :)

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Jools on August 11, 2008, 03:52:48 am

Boatmurdered was definitely Shakespeare. Tragedy, comic interludes, human (dwarven) folly, and in the end, everybody dies.

As for Kuli, I'm sure he'd stay relatively sober (for a dwarf) however much he drank, and be telling everyone that Zefon loves them... in Dwarf Fortress, as in real life, one should be wary of drinking with priests. They've got some sort of [ORGAN : LIVER : DAMBLOCK : 999999999999] tag, they're not afraid to get a round in, and they're the last people you want around when you're in danger of letting some secret slip or making a rash promise or bet...

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Kuli on August 11, 2008, 07:40:35 am

Yeah, Kuli only drinks to the extent that a dwarf *needs* to drink alcohol. Kuli is supposed to be like a born-again Christian who swears off all vices, then goes around and proselytizes to anyone in earshot.

Have you accepted ~~Christ~~ Zefon as your personal savior, CanadianWolverine?

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: CanadianWolverine on August 11, 2008, 09:00:19 am

OOC: Hmm, could a dwarven axe berserker/kamikazi who likes to get into bar room brawls and practically slosh with dwarven spirits when he walks but be the opposite of Stav and Major in terms of caring be a Zefon? I never really paid much mind to what dwarven god the crazy danger addicted freak would be interested in for the character idea, as I am not familiar with the dwarven pantheon.

On a side note, did you know wine was once the best way to get something safe to drink, unless you were lucky enough to have fresh running water near you that you knew for a fact didn't have refuse of any kind being dumped in it up stream poisoning it. "Why is that relevant?" you might ask - I'm glad you did, turns out the Bible doesn't say anything about not drinking alcohol, it does ask that you don't end up in the drunk tank though ... I'm paraphrasing just a bit there but I hope you get the idea. If I recall correctly, I think the Koran is the only religious text to my limited knowledge that actually says don't drink alcohol. Point being, I don't think Jesus did anything wrong when he turned water into wine at a wedding. ;)

So Kuli, when are you going to help spread the good Zefon message at the next Dwarven kegger? :D

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Kuli on August 11, 2008, 09:20:44 am

I thought every *day* was a dwarven kegger.

There is no dwarven pantheon as such. Gods are randomly created during world generation so no two worlds will have the same gods. As this this story goes, being a Zefonist only means that a dwarf believes he/she will be physically resurrected at some unspecified point in the future. Neither Heavy Flak nor I have really established any Zefonist dogma beyond that. Your character sounds more like he'd be a worshipper of Lenod, the blood-red sun god, though.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: CanadianWolverine on August 11, 2008, 10:29:40 am

OOC: I don't know, Lenod is the one Stavich is into, right? Lets just say that I wouldn't want to have much in common with Stav (the character) other then the desire to bust each others noggins at Ms Dodik's place, though I bet it would be my character who gets the skull fracture. What can I say, I envision my character has a death wish, though more hair then Charles Bronson. :D

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Jools on August 11, 2008, 11:32:23 am

Stravitch is a worshipper of Lenod. Although it could also be argued that he worships himself just as much...

As for which god to worship, it's possible to be of radically different opinions and personality types, and yet still worship the same god - albeit possibly in very different ways. Consider, for instance, that we have Kuli Problemwelled, born-again Zefonist, Jools Machinescalded, who seems to be more affiliated with the modern happy-clappy side of the church, and Miss Dodik-come-lately, who I think is best described as a lay preacher.

Sorry, that was an awful pun.

Anyway, three very different dwarves, who probably don't all approve of one another, yet all worshipping one god. And no schisms yet!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 11, 2008, 04:11:16 pm**

And I worship Lenod but fail to see how twilight has anything to do with whoring and being an asshole, but that's just me. Don't tell Stravitch I said that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bigmcstrongmuscle** on **August 11, 2008, 09:23:48 pm**

Quote from: CanadianWolverine on August 11, 2008, 09:00:19 am
OOC: Hmm, could a dwarven axe berserker/kamikazi who likes to get into bar room brawls and practically slosh with dwarven spirits when he walks but be the opposite of Stav and Major in terms of caring be a Zefon? I never really paid much mind to what dwarven god the crazy danger addicted freak would be interested in for the character idea, as I am not familiar with the dwarven pantheon.

Actually, Sulari's a Zefonist, too - Only serious difference between the crazy danger-addicted freaks is that one gets in bar fights and cares about whats going on, and the other is way too busy ushering squillions of gobbos and Dread Camels into their next rebirth to notice.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **August 13, 2008, 07:18:23 pm**

Oh sweet Zefon, I hate and love you all. I have not managed to get a proper night's sleep for the past three days thanks you.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **August 13, 2008, 08:37:44 pm**

Our pleasure. ;D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 14, 2008, 11:17:15 am**

Might be making Glacies a backstory soon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **August 15, 2008, 09:58:02 am**

OOC: Cool, I eagerly await the tale :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 17, 2008, 12:24:13 am**

A heads up: I'm tipsy, and have just stumbled back to my motel room in downtown Nashville after rocking out the Best Man duties of this wedding. I'm driving back home to South Carolina tomorrow, so at the latest, you're going to see a story update by Monday. This whole "motel" thing is so foreign to me... the government usually pays for 4-star rooms for me, so this damned Howard Johnson is... let's just say sub par.

But, whatever, Huzzah! This wedding is over and done with, my toast complete, the festivities finished! Now just to go to this internet-less conference in DC for work and I'll be *much* more relaxed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **August 17, 2008, 09:58:31 pm**

Are you member of the CIA?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **August 18, 2008, 01:50:07 am**

Quote from: Eita on August 17, 2008, 09:58:31 pm
Are you member of the CIA?

That would help explain some of his talent for writing fiction :P :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 18, 2008, 07:57:11 am**

Quote from: Eita on August 17, 2008, 09:58:31 pm
Are you member of the CIA?

Hehe, no, I'm a hired geek for the Navy. I'm a civilian who does... "Network Modeling and Simulation" which is a fancy title that doesn't mean a whole hell of a lot. I do a lot of report writing, and a lot of reading stuff online as work as hard to come by. I did apply for the CIA, and the FBI though, so it's not for lack of trying that I'm not there :) This upcoming conference is for one of our vendors tools (A modeling suite called OPNET), and it's got catered meals, open bar, and classes on how to use it.

A word of the wise. If you have any sort of skills, do *not* take a military job. There's a trend called Reversed Evolution where anyone who's good takes a year or two to milk the governments high starting pay, then they leave for the private sector where they can get matching salaries and a bigger long-term pay, leaving the dregs of the workforce behind.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 18, 2008, 04:32:52 pm**

The Events of the 14th of the 14th of Slate, 1065

The High Council convened at the top of the south-western gate tower, crowded around the arrow slits. Aryn had called their meeting up here, and though it was a "private function", many of the Dwarves not hauling, or planting, or digging were piling into the towers and out along the parapet's catwalk. Aryn stood the closest, his face wedged in between the slits, his hands clasped behind his back.

"And just why are we up here?" Asked Duke Bomrek, "Is this about that foul business with the Elves? You can't pout about that forever." "No. It's not about the Elves," Aryn said quietly, though Glacies thought he could hear a trace of excitement in his voice. "It's about what's coming, look."

The others tried to crowd around, and Bertrand and Crowpages ended up stepping outside to try and see into the distance. It was Rice, from outside, that spoke first: "Is that... on the horizon?" Sulari was next, her voice carrying up from the floor below: "Oh. Oh my. Is that real?" Erith, standing next to her, replied: "It's a mirage. A trick of the light and the heat. My dear, perhaps we should adjourn below, the lighting much better. I could carve the most glorious of homages..."

But it was Aryn at the arrow slits who spoke with certainty. When he turned to face the council, he wore a wide grin, the happiest they had seen him in months. "They've come."

Some migrants have arrived, despite the danger.

Six had shown up to the fortress, tired and worn. They spoke of one of the five Mountain Halls of Stukos Matul falling to the unwashed hordes of the goblin armies. The ones that weren't in shock spoke of a shadow-cloaked giant, with flaming swords and flaming horns that tore through the stone walls like it was made of tallow.

Aryn made the executive decision to draft three of them, giving them over to a distraught Rolland for Training.

Dwarf Fortress

FPS: 99

Maggarg Sazirustan, "Maggarg Bridgeblameless", Recruit

Maggarg Sazirustan has been quite content lately. He has complained about the draft lately.

He is a dubious worshipper of Deler.

He is a citizen of The Razor of Dance. He is a member of The Polished Trumpet.

Maggarg Sazirustan likes Sandstone, Silver, Violet spessartine, Chestnut, thrones, flasks and giant bats for their terrifying features. He absolutely detests toads.

He can handle stress. He is unassertive. He is a risk-taker and a thrill-seeker. He is slow to trust others. He is modest. He takes time when making decisions. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

Dwarf Fortress

FPS: 99

Zako Kirèzum, "Zako Mergedhane", Recruit

Zako Kirèzum has been quite content lately. He has complained about the draft lately.

He is an ardent worshipper of Deler.

He is a citizen of The Razor of Dance. He is a member of The Polished Trumpet.

Zako Kirèzum likes Mudstone, Brass, Bloodstone, donkey leather, the color violet, bows, grates, large gems and cave fish for their beauty. When possible, he prefers to consume giant toad and Dwarven syrup. He absolutely detests lizards.

He isn't given to flights of fancy. He is put off by authority and tradition. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

Dwarf Fortress

FPS: 99

Adol Muzishrith, "Adol Martyredbell", Recruit

Adol Muzishrith has been quite content lately. He has complained about the draft lately.

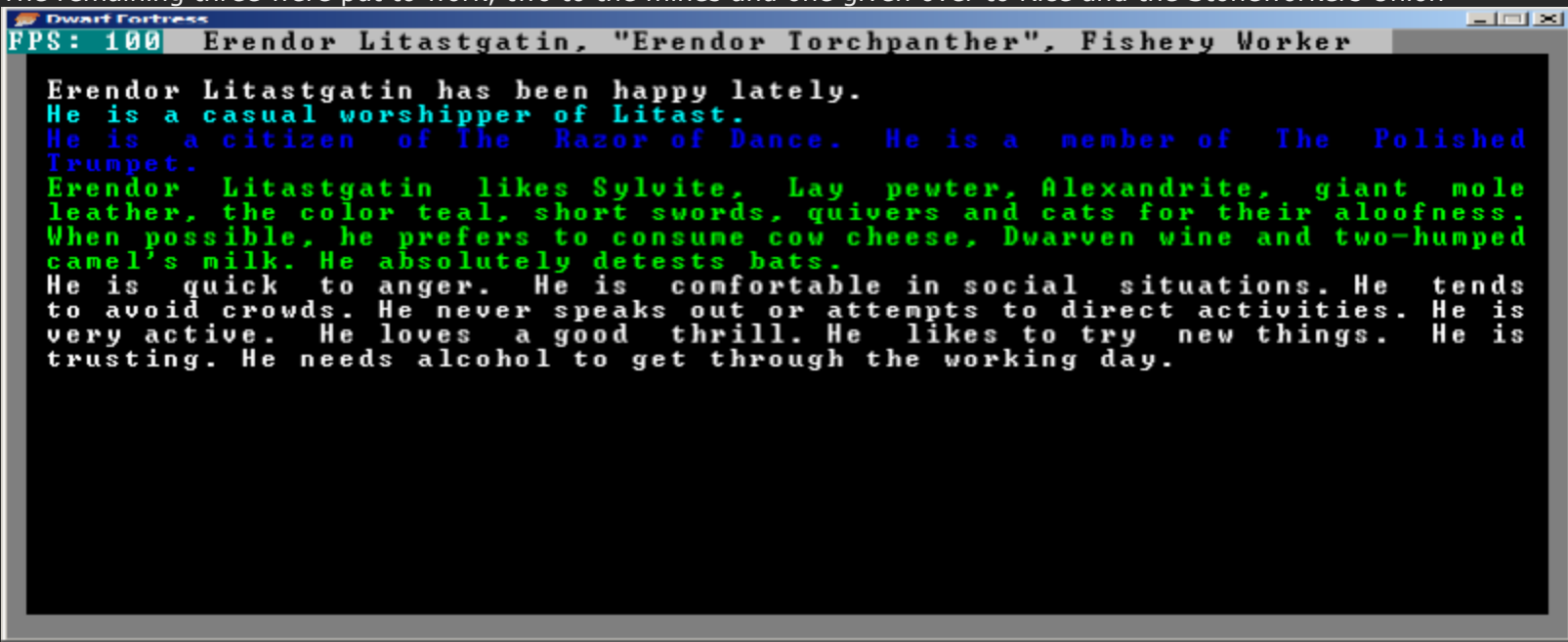
He is a faithful worshipper of Litast.

He is a citizen of The Razor of Dance. He is a member of The Polished Trumpet.

Adol Muzishrith likes Gypsum, Sterling silver, Purple spinel, the color cerulean, war hammers, scepters, mules for their stubbornness and char for their coloration. He absolutely detests lizards.

He rarely feels discouraged. He occasionally overindulges. He has a good awareness of his own emotions. He is put off by authority and tradition. He would never claim to be better than somebody else. He is confident. He is disorganized. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

The remaining three were put to work, two to the mines and one given over to Rice and the Stoneworkers Union



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **August 18, 2008, 05:27:37 pm**

Fresh ~~m~~ea migrants! Hooray!

Except for that Zako person. I mean, liking donkey leather? What sort of a sick, twisted person would like that?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **August 18, 2008, 05:29:26 pm**

AT LAST!!!

HOORAY!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **August 18, 2008, 05:39:50 pm**

Aww, no Runeblade this time. Oh, well, I'll just have to wait until the next batch shows up.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 18, 2008, 05:47:26 pm**

Quote from: Mephansteras on August 18, 2008, 05:39:50 pm
Aww, no Runeblade this time. Oh, well, I'll just have to wait until the next batch shows up.

"Rune" isn't one of the words in the Dwarven Tongue so the last name's been left as one of the defaults. You're guy's in as Adol Martyerdbell, and I'll give proper descriptions in an update or two. Though, if you want <x>blade as a name, I'll see if I can accommodate for you, and keep the originally idea intact.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **August 18, 2008, 05:52:44 pm**

Ah, ok. Cool!

Looking at him, I have two thoughts.

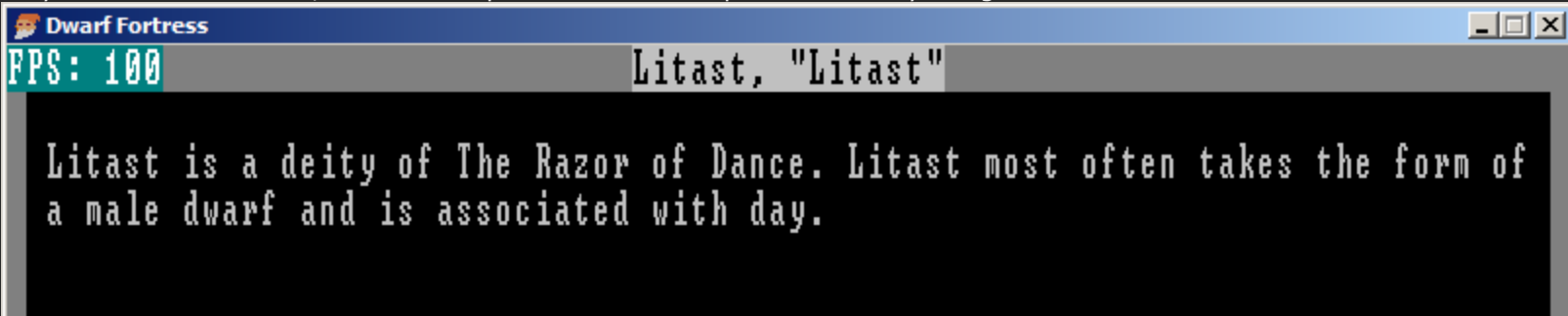
1) He worships Litast, who I don't remember. Could I get a description of that god?

2) Since he likes warhammers, I'm ok with him doing hammers instead of blades. Although either is fine depending on how things fit with the story.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 18, 2008, 09:22:26 pm**

Quote from: Mephansteras on August 18, 2008, 05:52:44 pm
1) He worships Litast, who I don't remember. Could I get a description of that god?

Well I'll be, turns out there was a God I totally hadn't paid attention to. I'll update the set of links on the main page for anyone new who may stumble across this, and I'll also post Litast's description here for you right now:



In an unrelated note, this years set of commemorative Stukos Matul 1065 coins were engraved with the symbol of The Razor of Dance - A Diamond. I like that as a nations symbol, it's simple and displays a certain elegance. It's no onery goat though, like the Polished Trumpet uses as it's group-symbol, but it'll certainly do.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **August 18, 2008, 10:24:21 pm**

OOC: Was I lucky enough to get in with this batch of rough necks by a different name then Wardunill or Wardunell? :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Eita** on **August 18, 2008, 11:40:48 pm**

Migrants? Yay. In that case, make me a Marksdwarf. First name being Eita of course. Really, I'm just hoping I get lucky and he ends up being one of the last two alive, a la Boatmurdered. No real preference, save for one. Have him be a worshipper of Zefon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Kuli** on **August 19, 2008, 07:02:21 am**

Day? I think the Litastians would be better rivals for the Lenodites than the Zefonists are.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Stravitch** on **August 19, 2008, 08:26:15 am**

Quote from: Kuli on August 19, 2008, 07:02:21 am

Day? I think the Litastians would be better rivals for the Lenodites than the Zefonists are.

I took it more as being a sister sect of worship since the sun does bring day.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Glacies** on **August 19, 2008, 01:47:55 pm**

Journal of glacies

Migrants. As incredulous as it seems, more of us have come. Perhap my dream will be realized. Just make sure I don't step on the wrong toes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 19, 2008, 06:36:02 pm**

The events of the 18th of Slate, 1065

Rolland stood at the cliff overlooking the quarry, Sparrow standing silently beside him. He looked over the trio of recruits that Aryn had dumped on him, his long, lined face betraying no emotions. But Sparrow had been around him long enough, learning the ways of the Boltslingers, and he could sense the agitation in his mentor.

Slowly he worked a wad of ratweed around in his mouth, moving it from one cheek to the other. The three newcomers stood in a line before him. He'd instructed they grab armor and weapons from the storeroom before meeting up here, and was a touch surprised by the mottled look of the armor they'd scavenged together. Some pieces were fine steel work, decorated with camel and goblin bones, some were rusted iron, separating at the seams.

Gesturing to the one on the left Rolland made a slow incline of his head, asking, "Why do you want to be a part of," Rolland paused and closed his eyes before continuing, the effort of saying the name Aryn gave their squad apparent, "The Rough Princesses."

"Rough Princesses...?" The one on the left said. He blinked, and gave a quick shake of his head, "I'm Maggarg Bridgeblameless, and I watched my friends in the Mountainhome overrun by Goblin marauders. No longer." He hefted his steel sword on high awkwardly, "I've heard the tales of The Polished Trumpet. I'm a miller by trade, but It's high time someone carved a few pounds of humility from their green hides."

A gesture to the Dwarf in the middle, leaning lazily on a crossbow: "Zako Mergedhame, sir. I've dabbled in some... hunting, recently," He said with lazy confidence, a wry smile on his face. Rolland didn't press it, gesturing to the one on the far right, and Zako didn't say anymore.

"Adol Martyredbell," the third said. He was dressed more appropriately than the other two, and his hammer was old steel, inlaid with catseye and decorated with strips of leather, "Though back at the 'Home, they called me Adol Runeshammer. My father passed this maul down to me, and his father to him, and his to him... as far back as the lineage runs. It's my calling to wield this hammer, and bring as much honor to my family as my father and grandfathers have."

Rolland nodded curtly, and slowly spat the chaw over the edge of the cliff. "Very well. Sparrow, go with young Zako and practice with the crossbow. Adol and Maggarg, take to your arms, and practice slowly. Strength will come later, for now you must develop control."

Erendor had gotten lost trying to find his Union Leader, and had ended up back at the topside. Seeing a crowd, he walked over to the gathered group, his heart beginning to sink when he saw the fortresses dead Mayor Likot standing in the center of the circle. Beside her was the Hammerer Wavepaddles, and between them, chained, was a metalworker Erendor had yet to meet.

"In the time I've been dead, it's become apparent that there is a decided lack of work ethics among our citizens. Simple mandates, a single request for lead piping, went unmet and for what reason? For laziness. Punishments are dolled out for laziness, as poor Thob will now attest. One hammer strike."

Thob was lifted off his feet as Hammerer Wavepaddles swung her hammer in a wide arc, bringing the head around to catch him hard in the chest. He hit the ground on his back, the chains clinking, and vomited up blood and bile in a high spray into the air. He lay there clutching his chest and weezing in breath as Hammerer Wavepaddles unlocked the chains and stalked off.

"Now let's try this a second time. Battle axes. I want two new battle axes, and I want them soon."

Erendor stared at the broken Dwarf in horror, jumping as a hand came to rest on his shoulder. Turning, he saw Rice's drawn face, a thin smile spreading his lips. "I'm sorry you had to see that," He said, "Come on, let's get you down to the masonry. There are some coffers that need carving. The work will take your mind off these things. It always has for me."

OOC: CanadianWolverine and Eita, you're not in this batch I'm afraid. There were only six that showed up and I'm in dire need of more masons and miners right now. Hopefully I can curb the deaths long enough that we'll begin to get bigger and more frequent migrant groups coming to the fortress. The next group that comes by, you two are at the head of the list. (Also, there were no Zefonists in this group. Weird!)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Zako** on **August 19, 2008, 08:00:37 pm**

Here goes my first diary entry on the forums!

Zako Mergedhame Diary entry 1:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

I have decided to start a diary of my exploits while im at this new fortress, which im currently living in, serving as part of the military crossbow squad with a dwarf called Sparrow. He seems a decent sort, but enough of chatting about my current circumstances, let me introduce myself.

My name in "Zako" Mergedhame, my first name given to me as a nickname by my brother, who is now deceased. May my god rest his soul...

I was an only child of a bonecarver and a hunter, who were both killed by undead as they were moving to a fortress. Apparently, the unliving wanted to destroy those that used them for tools and one who killed them. If you CAN kill them. I was saved by a crossbow squad leader, who slew some of them as they ran for their unlives. He took me back to the fortress and gave me to a miner for a child, as she was unable to have any anymore, because of a tragic mining accident. She had a son before the accident and was married to a rock crafter called Olon. Her name was Limul Mergedhame.

I grew up into a man with Olon and Limul for parents, and their only child Korlath as a close brother. I learnt of what happened to my late parents from the military and found out that it happened almost regularly. It was very tragic to the nobles, or so they said, but noone believed them of course.

Eventually, the fortress was overrun by a undead goblin army, slaying my adoped parents and my brother. I am all that is left of the Mergedhame line now, or at least I think so...

I have learned to hate the undead with a passion, and have dedicated myself to the cause of eradicating their presence from the world. I will hunt them to the ends of the earth for what they have done!

Recently, I have arrived at this outpost and have been lucky to join the military, just like my savior long ago. Just like him, I too use the crossbow in his honor. But I have seen the undead here too, across the red sands as I and 5 others traveled here, some of the last of our broken outpost.

It is obvious that the dead are intelligent to a large degree, not to mention ruthless in their actions. If I am to survive, I must use my own intelligence to the maximum extent, and harness my will to live as a weapon. I will return later, crossbow training awaits!

Tell me if you like it! :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **August 19, 2008, 08:21:20 pm**

OOC: Cool Zako, very cool. :) Is it hard to defeat undead with a ranged weapon?

HF - don't worry about it, I hope the miners and masons do good work :D I am just eager to contribute short stories, if there is a way to do that without a named character, I would be all for that, though my understanding from reading the thread is that named characters allow a sort of behind the scenes actor's commentary on what their characters are thinking. For now, I settle for general commentating on the progression of the story of a fortress in the desert oasis... :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mookie Love** on **August 19, 2008, 08:33:06 pm**

Uh, I zoned it out, which god does Mookie worship?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **August 19, 2008, 10:24:10 pm**

Undead get killed by bolts just a good as living specimen, if your good enough that is. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **August 19, 2008, 10:31:16 pm**

Quote from: Mookie Love on August 19, 2008, 08:33:06 pm

Uh, I zoned it out, which god does Mookie worship?

She worships Kerlig

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **August 20, 2008, 03:29:31 am**

Diary tiem

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
The Diary of Maggarg Brokenaxe/bridgeblameless.

18th of slate
Having left that expedition I headed in the lurch, I had to hide myself in a tree in an elven reserve miles away. I managed to fool those soft pansies into thinking I was a hermit, and I lived in a nice little treehouse.
Bloody boring it was as well. I escaped by pretending to be a small bush, and got to the nearest Mountainhome. I changed my name again when I saw the wanted poster. Helluva big poster as well. I worked as a miller for a while, but someone found my old gear and diaries, so I joined the next wave of immigration to Migrursut, thinking it was a little outpost beset by nasties. We left just in time to see the goblins slaughter the lot of 'em.
By Armok's bloody beard was I wrong. This place is the most incredible place I've seen since I raided Catbuckets back in the summer of '45 with the Old Firm.
I've been consripted, which is good, but I want to talk to the leader here.
I've seen a lot of stone here, and I, um, acquired a few plans in my travels.
A place as big as this must have a pretty affable chap as leader, or nothin' would get done, right?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sparrow** on **August 20, 2008, 10:58:23 am**

If every one does diaries, why I can't? ::)

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
18th Slate, 1065

Well, my second Diary. Lost first somewhere.
We were reviewing three new recruits.
First there was Maggarg.He is a miller by trade,but he joined military to kill Goblins. Revenge and all that. He will train in the ways of sword.
Second one, Zako, is just like me. Hunter, who went in military to train with crossbow. He is put in my squad.
And a third dwarf, Adol Runehammer. By family tradition he is hammerdwarf, wielding relic maul. Must be pretty expensive. And old.

Well don't have much time to write, gotta train with Zako guy.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **August 20, 2008, 01:21:40 pm**

I don't think a diary by Stravitch would reveal too much into his thinking as it would mostly be smudged in blood (not his own) and muddled with rum splashes. What little you would see would consist of crudely drawn dwarf boobs and doodles of himself standing on a pile of dead bodies smiling.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **August 20, 2008, 01:54:07 pm**

The contrast between Stravitch the character, and the avatar for Stravitch the poster is just too much. :D

I'll probably write up some backstory stuff for Adol sometime soon. I need to stop being sick, first, though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **erendor** on **August 20, 2008, 02:48:39 pm**

It's always good to start your time in a new fortress with a heaping helping of horror and trauma.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **August 20, 2008, 06:52:22 pm**

The archaeological findings of Besmar Bookclasps regarding the Legend of Migrursut, page 124, as found and translated in the year 1782 from writings on a stone wall uncovered at dig site 7:

*Dodik-Come-Lately's a dame
all her own..
Came to this land, where nary
but stone.*

*Working with wood, her trade,
she was proud,
to cut down the forests, wipe sweat
from her brow.*

*Not one to surrender,
Dodik dug in her heels,
traded sharp sounds of chopping,
for girlish young squeals*

*When those gals spin their dresses,
and hear Dodik's call,
the stout timbers of Migrursut
soon after will fall.*

-unknown (translated by Besmar Bookclasps)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 20, 2008, 08:42:13 pm**

The events of the 5th of Felsite, 1065

Dodik-Come-Lately stood in the main hallway of her Establishment, wearing a new black dress and a wide smile. Beside her stood Mookie, posed perfectly in the best dimple-dyed dress Stravitch's hard earned coin could buy. She stood in front of a sheet hung across the newly carved doorway, one hand raised to hold the corner, the other placed on her cocked hip. Madam Dodik waited until the majority of her regular patrons had lined up, filling the hallway and the entrance to the cantina before she spoke.

"Gentlemen - and Ladies - you're attentions, please. Your patronage over the years has been so appreciated, and I'd like to think that we've become more than friends - but certainly not quite family." The crowd laughed, and after a few moments she smiled and raised a black-gloved hand to quiet them. "I've thought of many ways to give back to our patrons, to ... offer *more* to you, in thanks. "Before Lucy was injured, I'd worked with her in secret - paid out of my own pocket - to develop something new and exciting for everyone, of any age, to enjoy. What I have is the first of it's kind, never before seen anywhere, from Stukos Matul all the way to the icy cliffs of Nish Neth. Mookie? The curtain, please."

Mookie did a little curtsy, and gave a hard tug on the sheet, spinning. The sheet came down and flourished around her before pooling at the ground around her feet. Behind her the doors stood open wide, and row after row of stone and machinery stood at attention. Attached to the fronts were large stone levers, the large handles embossed with a flashy D.C.L.



"Here is the first, a mechanically operated casino - meaning I no longer have to pay a dealer, and you no longer have to worry about cheating one. Now don't think I'm here to just take your money, that's what my girls are for!" Laughter rang out again, soon silenced with another raise of her hands, "But you have good odds of winning some coin, and finally you'll have a better use for your

commemorative minting than in Master Estetars' smokey shops. All profits? Are going towards expanding the cantina and adding in a stage for shows and a full kitchen, two things which I believe could be a ... nice addition, aye?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 20, 2008, 11:46:55 pm**

Oh my god. We can afford to have a casino with only a roughly 100 population? The hell with it. This place is insane.

I think I'm going to pay a visit to Dodok-come-lateley's.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **August 21, 2008, 12:24:38 am**

Same here, but not for obvious reasons... ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **August 21, 2008, 03:25:22 am**

Lol Quality!

This is proberly me being dense but the casino is rows of levers and.....? Don't recognize the other items ;D
This'll teach me for using other graphic tilesets other then default!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sparrow** on **August 21, 2008, 06:12:57 am**

How's this casino working exactly?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **August 21, 2008, 06:53:31 am**

Those would be stone coffers, Flar Moonchill.

Considering how levers work in the Dwarven Economy, won't the slot machines *always* pay off?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **August 21, 2008, 07:21:28 am**

Yeah, but shhhhh it's the idea of the casino. I like it a lot, and I'm not biased at all seeing as I'm a regular at Dodik's for the, err, atmosphere. Yeah, that's the ticket, atmosphere. >.> <.<

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 21, 2008, 08:01:49 am**

Stravitch is right. It's the *idea* that matters. Besides, it's a little known secret that levers, when attached to stone (eventually I'll migrate them all to steel, I think) coffers only pay out the job one in twenty times... Yeah, that's exactly how they work...

Also, Kuli totally called this being a casino like, a week ago, and I just ignored him completly to try and throw people off the scent. So, good job, you glorious bastard :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **August 21, 2008, 04:36:23 pm**

Man, I want a save file of this now.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **August 22, 2008, 09:35:50 am**

Would Zefonists disapprove of gambling?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 22, 2008, 09:53:22 am**

Quote from: Maggarg - Eater of chicke on August 22, 2008, 09:35:50 am
Would Zefonists disapprove of gambling?

I think I'm going to leave that out there for Kuli to answer, as the resident Zefonist authority figure.

Also, after a bit of thought, Stravitch seems to be right - Litastians would be a bit of a sister-sect to the Lenodites, but... I see them as being more peaceful, less with the zealotry. "And thus a new day is brought about from the battles of the Bloody Dawn; A peace has washed over the lands."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **August 22, 2008, 10:38:42 am**

They are the caressing touch, we are the iron fist :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **August 22, 2008, 10:53:10 am**

A caressing fist.
That sounds very much like a random name.
We haven't had a map for a while, actually.
Or have we?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **August 22, 2008, 11:42:54 am**

Regarding Zefonists and gambling, isn't Madam Dodik-Come-Lately at least a dubious worshipper of Zefon? Suggesting that there's all sorts of things (pornography, prostitution and now gambling - what's next, pushing old ladies down the stairs?) that are technically permissible or overlooked by the less fervent and more morally reclined believers, but Disapproved Of by the more righteous.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **August 22, 2008, 12:34:29 pm**

I always think of the Zefonists a bit like the Anglican church.
They like to obey things in the holy texts, but they're pretty cool with all this stuff.
Lenodists seem distinctly dogmatic, like a 14th century Catholic church.
A Lenodist cathedral would be so awesome.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **August 22, 2008, 05:46:44 pm**

Oddly enough that's how I saw the Zefonists as well. Mainly a broad church that just tries to get along with everyone, but with a few liberals out to confront society on one side, and some more conservative elements on the other who favour stricter interpretations of the faith. Not entirely happy with each other and their views, but never quite summoning the necessary anger or energy to schism.

And a certain donkey-keeper stuck in the middle trying to persuade everyone to just sit down with a nice cup of tea and a slice of Victoria Sponge, and chat nicely about the weather.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 22, 2008, 07:47:47 pm**

The Events of the 9th of Felsite, 1065

"Ohh, no, no, enough, *enough*."

Varen took a step backwards, rubbing at the spot between his eyes with a calloused thumb. Sergeant Towersacks stood leaning against the wall, frowning deeply. Even Merkil, in the middle of taking on Maggarg and Adol by himself chanced to glance over at his friend with an apologetic shrug. Of all the people in the barracks, the only one smiling was Makrond.

The leather worker was drenched in sweat and covered with bruises and even the occasional cut, unable to stay unwounded even with Varen's training blade. He's given Varen a few lumps of his own, but never due to any planning on his part, generally caused by tripping over something and crashing into his senior officer. Right now he was breathing hard, still in the ready stance, looking over at Sergeant Towersacks. She shook her head slowly, closing her eyes for a brief instant before speaking.

"Makrond, you're... you're just still too slow,"
"I'm learning a lot, ma'am. So very much."
"You've never even tagged Varen?"
"And why should I? He's very well trained, and I'm only a recruit."
"You're missing the point! You're never going to *stop* being a recruit unless you can actually make a connection! If you can't even tag Varen, I don't see what hope you have out-"

The clang of wooden haft hitting steel helm filled the barracks. Varen, surprised, stumbled to the side before dropping down onto his rump, legs kicked out in front of him. Makrond looked a little confused, but he held the spear out in front of him - the wrong way - the handle vibrating slightly from the crack he'd given his squadmate.

Sergeant Towersacks gaped at him, and Merkil was laughing so hard he almost took a crack to the head himself by Adol's hammer, but he ducked it at the last second and backpeddled away. "What's the matter, Towersacks! Don't you know you spearmen are all instruction-filled lackwits? You just needed to tell him to hit Varen, you could have fixed this issue weeks ago," Merkil said, laughing hard. He reached down, gripping his friend by the forearm and hauled him back to his feet, giving him a pat on the back.

"Aye, but she could have given me a little warning as long as she's giving out directions," Varen complained, taking his helmet off to rub the side of his head.
"Makrond, where are you going?" Sergeant Towersacks called to the recruit making a hasty dash to the door.
"To the leatherworks, ma'am! I have to stich the squads patch on to my uniform!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **August 22, 2008, 11:44:13 pm**

Hahaha!

Oh, man, that was hilarious...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **August 23, 2008, 09:40:03 am**

OOC: Hehe, Makrond, that was funny - *You just needed to tell him to hit Varen, you could have fixed this issue weeks ago," Merkil said, laughing hard.* :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **August 23, 2008, 11:19:36 am**

Regarding gambling and the Zefonists - I think Kuli would be opposed, and tell the others they should oppose it too. If people are encouraged to gamble with their money, then perhaps they may be tempted to gamble with their souls! Not to mention that Kuli dislikes Dodik's establishment in general.

Jools and the others are right about there being a sort of split between liberals and conservatives in the Zefonist faith. As for Kuli, I think he used to be an all-inclusive feel-good liberal type, but as he gets older he is becoming gradually more conservative.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **August 23, 2008, 03:17:13 pm**

I don't think Dodik-Come-Lately's worship of Zefon would even have to be dubious. She would look at the religion as promoting hedonism, let everyone have a good time. Being the religion of rebirth, why fret over sins and dogma when death isn't permanent, leaving out concerns about afterlife.

The interesting thing about Dodik-Come-Lately is that her first appearance in the story is in a small scene where she reminds Stravitch that it is time to go to church. So while she is apparently actively religious, in that she goes to worship regularly, it would seem she's a bit more of a free spirit when it comes to her personal beliefs about what it means to be a Zefonist, not buying into the dogma of the Church of Zefon.

The events of the 3rd of Hematite, 1065

Dojango and Akroma made their way up from the workshop levels, talking and laughing. Against everything, they *had* become fast friends, and with the days cooking duties done the Master Chef had spent the rest of the day sitting on one of the workbenches talking with the leader of the Bone Carvers Union, snickering whenever Akroma would have to bark out orders or instructions to his apprentice, Limul Leopardknight.

Their plan, now, was to go steal a barrel of fine prickleberry wine and sit on the edge of the cliff, drinking and talking and throwing stuff into the magma far below. Since Dojango also happened to be the de facto master brewer, this minor theft would go unnoticed, and unreported.

In the hallway between housing and the storerooms, both of them grew silent as Bertrand's stooped frame came into view from the stairs above, hobbling his way downwards. Dojango sneered as the old man drew closer, and Akroma slowly moved out of the way to let him pass. Instead he stopped before them, his hands cupped together, and said cheerfully, "Ahh, just the men I was hoping to find. I'll be needing you down in the workshops, there's plenty of work to do, and I can't manage this all myself."

Dojango's look was incredulous. "Bertrand," he said quietly, "We don't work for you anymore. We haven't for a *very* long time." "Yes," the old man said, "Because there's been no work to do. But that's changed. You may have a half hour, then I'll expect you down there, sharp and ready."

"The last time we helped you, there was no amount of trouble loosed upon this fortress," snapped Akroma. "It was only because we weren't in control of our minds that we haven't suffered the arrows of blame also. There's no way we'll be aiding you again."

Bertrand stared at Akroma, and the bone carver began to shift uncomfortably under the old mans rheumy gaze. With a little intake of air he uncupped his hands and looked down, frowning just a little. "Well, I suggest you boys take a break and go topside. Just take in the view, then I expect you downstairs in a half hour. See you soon."

He vanished down the steps, and Dojango rolled his eyes. "Who does he think he is, ordering us around like that?" "Did you see what he had in his hand?" Akroma asked. "No, what was it?" "A little flower."

With Dojango carrying the cask of red on his back by the shoulder straps, the pair trudged up top, frowning at the crowd gathered around the edge of the cliff. They debated, briefly, about going elsewhere, but eventually decided to go and see what all the fuss was about first. Fortress-dwellers led slow lives. Months could pass before anything of note happened at all, and those who didn't speak of gossip generally didn't speak at all.

As they shouldered past a group of children, Akroma's breath caught in his throat. It took Dojango a few seconds to notice just what the others were looking at, but the setting sun illuminated the ground in the pit below them.

"Zefon be praised," Dojango murmured. "There's no way that he did this..." Akroma said quietly, "There's just no way..."



Bertrand looked up from the little flower as the door to his workshop opened, Dojango and Akroma filing in silently. He smiled and nodded to them before looking down at his work, dripping a few drops of a liquid onto it in it's new pot.

OOC: And with that, I'm out of here for about a week. Since I'm going to be near the dead-center of downtown DC, I'm going to be without an internet connection unless I want to spring for the costs myself, and I'm a total cheapskate. There will be an internet cafe or two in the conference center so maybe when I'm skipping class I can pop in and say hello, but that'll be the extent of my internetness until... 29th or 30th

Have fun without me folks, and I'll make sure to drink a beer for each and every one of my readers. Thank god for catered meals, and open bars!

My god, is that what I think it is?

Grass? In the desert?

That crzy old man is up to his tricks again...

Not just grass in the desert - grass growing from the bare rock around the magma vent...

I'm in favour of it. It'll be some nice grazing for the donkeys... as long as we can keep those nasty fire imps and magma men away.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 24, 2008, 06:36:10 pm**

Wow. Howdidja do that?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **August 25, 2008, 07:04:14 pm**

3rd of Hematite
Rice's Journal

Of late there has been little to talk about, and I have gone about my duties in an almost soulless manner, doing naught but teaching others the was of the stone and its crafting, and tending to Lucy. But on this day there is truly some great miracle in this desert. Till this day our fortress has been barren, and for the last 15 years I cannot remember a single blade of grass, nor a flower blooming in our desert utopia. But today, after our many years of hard work, something has caused life to grow.

I should feel satisfied at this. I should feel a sense of great pride! The work of dwarves has caused life to spring forth, and yet I feel great unease. IT defies the natural order, there is nothing to nourish this life and for it to spring out here so far from the plains and forests where such things belong worries me somewhat. I have heard talk about this being Zefon's work. Perhaps it could indeed be the work of a god, and so it makes sense for the others to grab onto this to explain away their fears. But I have never taken much stock in the words of Zefon.

After all that has happened here, the death and rebirth of those other dwarves, why would Zefon show create this miracle for us. We have with us reborn dwarves, we should need no more proof. There are some dark forces at work here, some truly dark forces indeed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **August 25, 2008, 08:29:46 pm**

Diary of Zako:

My god, how is this possible? I never would have believed it myself unless I had seen it with my own eyes...

Plant life in the desert. Grass and flowers specifically. Impossibly.

Something is very wrong with this place, very, very wrong...

I will investigate further by talking to the general populace. Back soon diary.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **August 25, 2008, 09:28:21 pm**

Diaries seem to be popular lately. That means it's band-wagon time, and the jumping upon thereof.

From the journal of Kuli Problemwalled.

Of the things I have seen in my many years at Migrursut, the event today ranks among the strangest. Overnight has sprung up a field of grass, green and full of life. The surface of the red desert has always been inhospitable to vegetation. How could life emerge so suddenly?

The members of my congregation see this as a sign from Zefon. I will not dissuade them from this belief just yet, for it brings them hope and renewed faith. However, I am certain something more sinister is at work. Is it simple paranoia brought on by my experiences that leads me to that conclusion? I think not. The lords of death and nightmares are supposedly dead...but their power lingers on in the harsh sands for certain. Do the Dread Camels not still walk the land and terrorize the righteous? This is a trick! Or a harbinger of something to come.

For now I will only tell Vash of my suspicions. I will also pray in my shrine for guidance from Zefon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **August 26, 2008, 03:27:03 am**

From the diary of Jools Machinescalded

One of my donkeys seems to be developing a problem with his left front hoof. I'll have to keep an eye on that, don't want him to go lame. Not that I'm the sort of dwarf to kill a poor donkey as soon as he can't carry 5000 tons of rock trinkets up and down mountains, but I do want him to enjoy a high quality of life throughout his elder years.

Everyone seems very excited by the grass growing round the magma vent, but it really isn't anything special. I've seen grass before, and this stuff is rubbish - no real nourishment or moisture in it. No good for grazing donkeys yet. I'll try putting some manure on it, give it something to really grow from.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **August 26, 2008, 03:29:04 am**

Diary of Maggarg whatever my name is now.

I'm beginning to lose track of my aliases. Damn. Anyway, there's something weird going on in this place, and by weird I mean more than normal. I decided to investigate after I finished getting bashed about in sparring. By the Gods, in all my years of traveling, I've never seen nothing like this. Overnight, it seems, a meadow has sprung up. Not just anywhere, but in the bare rocks over the magma pipe. I've seen a few cases of spontaneous germination, but that only normally happens when elves abound. I think I'll start training harder from now on.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 26, 2008, 11:38:39 pm**

Journal of Glacies

I appear to have misplaced ledger #12. Damn it. I'll lose my own head next.

Well, it appears that Bertrand has innovated another one of his mad ideas. The magma pit is surrounded by grass and little yellow flowers. Jools, the donkey keeper, informed me that the gras isn't really suitable for donkey grazing until he spreads some shit over it. So I think I'll stay out of there. I'll admit I plucked a bunch of the yellow things for a vase in my room.

Meanwhile, the human caravan is coming. I intend to ask the merchants about Jack. While I doubt they know the specifics, I'm sure rumors of his swordplay are trickling around the continent, and I wish I could get in contact with him again. Perhaps, if I am really lucky,

he knows where my sister is.

My visits to Dodok-come-lately's were, for lack of better terminology, very interesting. However, after the third visist, I began to feel guilty about how I am indulging myself. Especially since the fortress was footing the biill. Perhaps I'll talk to Kuli about it. He seems to know what to say, what with him guiding half the fort spiritually.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **August 28, 2008, 01:55:48 am**

Well, okay, because this fell off the first page, I'll do a diary too.

Excerpt from the Journal of Makrond, c.1065

I'm not much of a writer. I never really liked it; my talent was always for leather. But, well... with things the way they are, I just want someone to know who I was.

I fear for our humble outpost. Though I came here but a few years ago, my head filled with tales of untold wealth, this place, well, it feels like home. I'm a simple dwarf; I want for nothing more than rock over my head, beer in my belly, and plenty of leather to work. Lately, though, well, I've been feeling things I've never felt before.

Fear, for one thing. I mean, I've felt scared, sure. Everyone has. But, for the first time in my life, I feel fear. It's something deep and primal; a survival instinct. It's irrational, in a way. But I think this time... well, maybe it's real. Maybe there's a reason to be fearful.

Duty. I'm not much of a poet, or a philosopher, or anything like that. I haven't got a way with words, but, lately, I've felt like I need to help, to defend the fortress against all invaders and, the way Sergeant Towersacks fought... and Shorast died... it just seemed like joining the speardwarves was the right thing to do.

Aryn... what can I say about Aryn? I haven't met the man very often, but lately he seems - well, I can't describe it any other way than crazy. Then again, I haven't seen him for weeks. Does he even leave his office anymore?

Anyway, training seems to be going well. Not that I can really tell; I never really knew anything about spears. I got all the way to the workshop before I realised I hit Varen with the wrong end of the spear. Oh well, I guess even stupid mistakes like that are good to learn from. They're heavier than they look, too.

Before I forget, apparently there's grass growing around the volcano... I've heard of that sort of thing happening, but never in a forsaken desert like this. I fear - yes, there's that feeling again. I fear there's something more behind this... I just wish I could put my finger on it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **August 29, 2008, 07:28:47 am**

Should hit 10k views just now! Yay!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **August 29, 2008, 07:41:17 am**

Hooray! Migrursut is awesome!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **August 29, 2008, 07:49:47 am**

It was awesome anyway.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **August 29, 2008, 08:04:54 am**

Why was?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **August 29, 2008, 09:38:54 am**

Don't get technical with me, Maggarg. In no way was my post intended to imply that Migrursut was not awesome prior to its 10000th view. I was merely using the occasion to celebrate Migrursut's awesomeness.

This thread was, is, and always shall be awesome!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **August 29, 2008, 09:46:22 am**

D:
I didn't mean to be.
Everyone sounds a bit peeved now.
sad face.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **August 29, 2008, 01:46:02 pm**

Oh I was reading the inflection as

I was awesome anyway.

Meaning it used to be awesome at one point, but now it no longer is.

Ti**le: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 29, 2008, 06:59:37 pm**

Whew, I'm *finally* back. After a week of eating catered food and drinking my weight in beer each night, I need a vacation to relax. I kept trying to be responsible, and, you know, get to bed early, but the guys putting this thing on just wouldn't let us be. My coworker and I stumbled through the revolving doors of the hotel, laughing like lunatics, and one of the Red Shirts in charge of the event grabs my shoulder and pushes me to the side.

"Wrong way, buddy, where ya' going? Your room, eff that noise! The party is this way. What? No, don't worry, it's open bar, like everywhere else... come on in, just one more beer, what'll it hurt?"

I'm pretty sure after that party I was able to leech a connection from the D.C. Mayor's office, and send some rambling message to Glacies so I probably need to apologize for that.

I did have an excellent room and access to the concierge suite, a nice view of the Washington Monument, and the Lincoln Memorial from my hotel room, and at the balcony for the after party we had almost a direct view down Pennsylvania Avenue to the white house. All this "time working" gave me plenty of time to think about both my novel and this story, so that leads me to:

!! ATTENTION !! ATTENTION !!

Unless something terrible happens, the next cryptogram will be posted around, ohhh, say noon on Monday, September 1st. Unlike the other ones, nothing "bad" will happen if it doesn't get solved, and there's no definite time frame. This is just a "Thanks" for those waiting patiently, and a more official way for building / character / whatever requests to get thrown in the loop. As a bonus, it furthers the story some, so hey. Bonus!

!! END ATTENTION !! END ATTENTION !!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 29, 2008, 11:20:13 pm**

Everything but the actual paragraph wherein you apologized for being sauced was fine grammatically and spelling-wise. You made one, (1!) typo in the offending paragraph, where you unnecessarily pluralised a word.

ahem

Oh, and really glad yer' back by the way. I'm looking forward to the next installment.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **August 30, 2008, 12:25:30 am**

Wait, seriously? Does that mean Ballmer's Peak could apply to writing in general, not just programming?

This bears investigation! By... someone over the age of drinking... :(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 30, 2008, 12:13:41 pm**

The events of the 10th of Hematite, 1065

The council met in Aryn's room, and before everyone had fully gathered it was already filled with the din of voices shouting, of the concerns of the members - outside of Duke Bomrek's silent wife, who sat in the corner nursing the first living child out of four pregnancies, a sickly looking son.

"Where the hell is Wavepaddles?" Aryn shouted, banging his fist on the table. "Where is she, huh?"

"Suffering from a broken arm, sir," Glacies said morosely. He was leaning back in a chair chewing on a pencil, flipping through his ledgers. "She took out a herd of Dread Camels by Dodik's, and has decided to skip this meeting to nurse the wound."

"Unacceptable!" Aryn banged his fist down again, "Look, you know what's acceptable? A group of Dwarves who set out into the deserts, who got all kinds of banged up from some reanimated bug with a poisonous stinger. You know what isn't? Some armored bitch with a hammer as big as she is who gets a little booboo from a dusty pile of bones. Get her in here!"

As Crowpages, rolling her eyes, turned to the door, the heavy wood pushed open and Akroma and Dojango stepped in, proceeding the limping, ancient Bertrand. They stayed flanking him as he moved forward towards the head of the table, though he didn't take a seat, deciding to stand at attention, the faintest hint of a smile playing on his lips.

"Just what the hell did you think you were doing, with that stunt?" Aryn said, eyes narrowing to little slits.

"I'm demonstrating a miracle. I'm putting the energies, the *forces* that are all around us to a positive use, to try and make this land the stunning oasis, the life-giving forest, that it was in the past, before the goblin hordes came and destroyed everything here that was good, and just, and right."

"Your last efforts at playing with these forces left a lot of Dwarves dead," Glacies said as he looked up from his ledgers. "And left a lot of armor to keep tally of," he added quietly, under his breath.

"My last efforts," Bertrand said, a touch of annoyance creeping into his voice, "were misguided. I admit to that, but the theory - the understanding of these forces living in the sands, that are bringing back life - all kinds of life - don't have to be wrong, or evil.

"Look outside, do you see what I did by the magma vents? There's grass, and flowers! The first that's grown here in ages! Do you know where I got it? From the elven merchants that were here, from pollen, and seeds off the meager amounts of cloth we purchased, from scraps I've taken from the storerooms, from the dregs you - all of you - were planning to throw away."

"Your a mad man. A fool," Aryn said, shaking his head. "I forbid this. No more, just go sit in your hut Bertrand, and milk the system. I'll allow that, this once, for you, to keep you out of trouble, to keep you from holding up my productions."

"Mr. Estetar," Bertrand said, lips spreading into a wide smile. "I seem to remember being the only one who didn't mock you as you left the Mountain Homes with wagons of plump helmet, and rope reed, and spider silk, and taking it to the Elven marauders. I seem to remember you bucked all convention, and it may be - it just may be - that the uneasy peace we've had for so long? Is in no small part to your actions. Your actions that got you kicked out of the country of Nish Neth, that has had you listed as a blood traitor, and war criminal, despite the lives you saved, and all the good you did. There's a reason I came to your fortress instead of any of the others, and not just because of these mystical sands. It's because I thought you were a man who understood being mocked while being right."

The room had gone deathly silent, all eyes slowly turning to look at Aryn Estetar. His frame, lanky and tall, was slouched in the chair, his eyes turned down towards the table. His face was drawn tight, shoulders and hands trembling with surprised raise. Glacies pushed his chair back a few inches, then a few more, adding more distance between himself and his boss.

"Go," He said hoarsely, "Get to your lab, do your damned work. But the second, the very second, that Glacies comes to me and says productions are halted because the miners and masons and architects are helping you, the second I hear of more deaths because of your actions, I'm going to cut your old heart out of your chest myself and feed it to my bear. Get out, all of you! GET OUT! And forget EVERYTHING that Gorgeinsights has said today. GO!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **August 30, 2008, 12:46:55 pm**

You see here the carved image of a dwarf hugging a elf

OOC: Scandalous! Hehe...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **August 30, 2008, 07:02:27 pm**

Alright, seriously, Heavy Flak, what do you work as and how can I become one?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **August 30, 2008, 08:57:05 pm**

From the journal of Kuli Problemwalled,

There has been a meeting of the fort's upper hierarchy recently, but the details of that meeting have been kept a closely guarded secret by all involved. I could not help but notice, however, that Bertrand Gorgeinsights has seemed quite pleased with himself ever since. He also seems to be quite...busy with something. My suspicions are as good as confirmed. That madman must be responsible for the unnatural vegetation growth. Of that I no longer have any doubt.

That bedeviled fool! First he raises the dead in a cruel mockery of Zefon's power, now he dares to create life as well? Does he think himself a god?! For the sake of the lives and souls of everyone in this fortress, Gorgeinsights cannot be left to do as he pleases lest he bring another Lord of Nightmares among us! But what can I do? I have been a pacifist for too long to directly confront him and force him to stop. There is also the matter that he apparently now acts with the approval of Aryn and the nobles. What can be done?

Looking over this entry I realize that I am uncharacteristically agitated. I must calm myself. Also I have to admit my conclusions are based on prejudice rather than absolute fact. For now I will merely pray and observe. May Zefon's love be with us all.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **August 30, 2008, 11:44:46 pm**

Diary of Zako, 3rd post:

Hmmm, the important people of the fortress had a meeting lately, including the elusive Aryn, who apparently stays in his room all day. Strangely, I saw the Philospher leaving happily, which is quite strange considering that they are of a minor nature in a fortress.

Stranger and stranger, I saw the resident preist, Kuli Problemwalled as he is called, looking agitated. He is not known for being so angry, and is infact supposed to be the most peaceful person in miles!

I must talk with him. If he is worried about something, then I must try to find out what he knows, but I must be inconspicuous about it...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **August 31, 2008, 03:41:11 am**

Diary of maggarg.

So some old nutter who calls himself a fil-pil... thinking bloke gathers up some seeds and old soil and a bit of fertilizer and plants a little garden in a magma pipe.
So what? That's hardly witchcraft, and we could do with a few trees around the place.
All the top brass are nuts, maybe apart from ol' stravich. He's a dwarf with his head in the earth if ever I saw, even if he is a bit chaw-chow-chur..
Traditional.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **August 31, 2008, 04:30:51 am**

From the journal of Jools Machinescalded

I worked out what was wrong with my donkey's hoof. A sliver of glass was embedded deep in it, right up near the back. Must have been driving him mad, though he was very placid when I was trying to work the thing out. I think he knew exactly what I was trying to do, and even gave me a few looks that said ""*Finally* you work it out! Why can't you be clever and learn to speak donkey so I can just tell you what to do next time?".

The grass growing round the magma vent is growing a bit greener and approaching something that might be worth using for grazing, after I fertilised it with some donkey sanctuary byproduct. Whiffs a bit, though. I hear Master Kuli is a bit unhappy about all this, though I can't see why. What's wrong with us having a nice meadow?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **August 31, 2008, 06:55:39 am**

Excerpt from the Journal of Makrond "Paintfastened" Logemthiz, c.1065

By Äkim's dagger... even our spiritual advisors are at a loss! Kuli, the steadfast rock in a turbulent land, wavers before the sudden burst of life from around the magma vent.

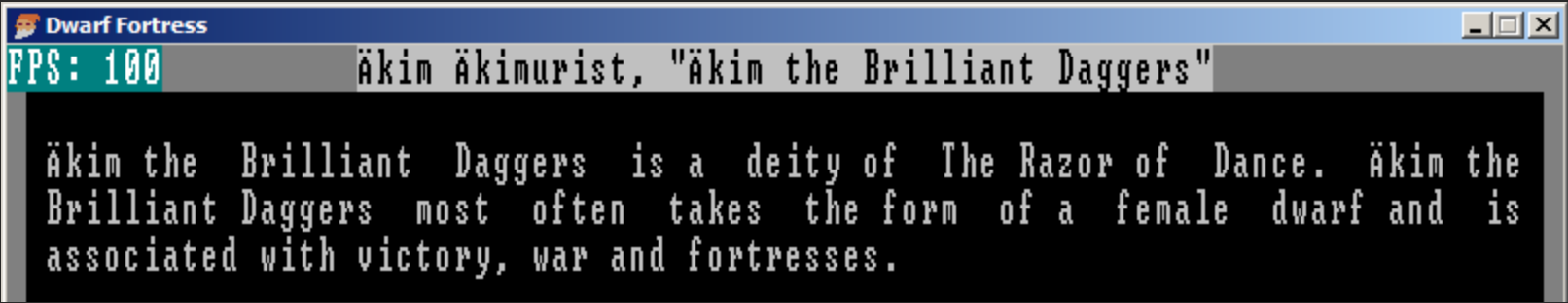
I believe it poses no direct threat, but Bertrand seems a lot happier lately. And when Bertrand's happy, we're all miserable. We cannot escape what happened last time he 'experimented'... Likot's mandates are already beginning to tax our patience.

OOC: Could I get some information on Äkim? (My character's deity, if it hasn't changed).

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 31, 2008, 09:38:35 am**

Hehe, these journals are getting fantastic. I absolutely love the conflicting view points just because someone may not have heard something, or because of something seen out of context. Very nice!

Makrond:



A repost from earlier, concerning Akim. She seems like a jolly sort to me, what with all the winning.

CanadianWolverine: Haha, I want, just once, to find that engraving in this fortress. That would be great.

Eita: Well... my actual job title is "Computer Scientist", because the government is totally uncreative. But my department listing is "Modeling and Simulation". Outside of the parties, it's not something I can really recommend. Maybe it's different for sailors, or soldiers, but coming in as a civilian (who happens to be a pessimistic jerk) leads you to notice things like... you'll never get another raise after 2 years because of a Salary Cap imposed because you're rewarded on time there, not results. And *that* leads to realizing you don't have to do work to keep getting paid, just show up and don't kill anyone... well! That was more than I'd really intended to say on the subject.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 31, 2008, 12:10:41 pm**

The Events of the 15th of Hematite

Glacies stood at the Eastern Entrance, just outside the drawbridge, on the constructed road. He'd been given warning from Rice that a human was seen in the distance with an entourage, and Aryn had sent him out to meet them properly. As they drew nearer, Glacies let out a sigh of relief at seeing the lush frame of Pundik Nationtempt. As she drew closer, he saw she was frowning slightly.

"Ma'am, what seems to be your troubles?"

She shook her head in disgust, waving a hand behind her, to the wastes, to the littered bones of Dread Camel that Likot and Sgt. Pepper left strewn across the road:
"Ugh, this sight is dismal;
And our news from Stramgil has come late:
The ears are unseen that should give us hearing,
To tell Aryn his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Roseycats and Guildstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?"

To which, Glacies replied:
"Not while out here;
With the sun overhead, he has no ability for thanks:
He never gave commandment for *their* death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
Your men from the Goblin Wars, and you from Stramgil-"

"Why are you fools talking like that?" Aryn's voice called from behind. Glacies turned, and Nationtempt peered over his head towards the patchy blond making his way towards them, covering his eyes from the harsh sun with the flat of his hand. "Nationtempt, it's so good to see you again. Did I hear right? Who's death's news are you bringing?"
"Rosycats and Guildstern, as ordered," she said brightly. Batting her eyes, she continued on, pushing past Glacies, "as *paid* for, with such *lovely* tributes from last year."
Aryn swore loudly, kicking up a cloud of sand. He steadied himself by running his hands through his hair, and gave a slow nod. "Fine, alright, come with me to my office, please. Glacies, send Rolland's squad down to escort the merchants up to the depot."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sparrow** on **August 31, 2008, 01:38:15 pm**

Journal of 'Sparrow'

15th Hematite
Eugh, lost diary for a while. By Itmad sake, I'm bad at keeping these things.
Well a loads of things happened; this grass near magma vent, scandalous meeting. Yeah, and word reached my ears that some human merchants died.
Well, that's enough for now. Gotta go train for a bit.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **August 31, 2008, 01:40:19 pm**

Does this make Glacies our Horatio now?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 31, 2008, 08:40:18 pm**

Diary of Glacies.

So Guildstern and Rosycats go to't. Confound it all. I planned to consult them about Jack but my effort is stymied. To top it all off, I was informed that I would be busy writing up a ledger on the trade goods those twits brought with them, rather than, say, talking to any of the other traders.

Kuli seems inundated with problems, so I won't be bothering him about my nagging guilt feelings. I think he doesn't exactly approve of my religeous views.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **August 31, 2008, 08:42:15 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on August 31, 2008, 12:10:41 pm

"Why are you fools talking like that?" Aryn's voice called from behind.

Brilliant.

No journal this time. Kuli never took much notice of Rosycats and Guildstern.

Glacies, Kuli is a pretty open-minded guy. He's happy to give advice to nearly anyone, though they may have to sit through a bit of Zefonist spiel to receive it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 31, 2008, 08:52:55 pm**

I know. I didn't say he hated me, just that he probably disapproved and I don't want to bother him.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 01, 2008, 12:39:57 am**

Diary of Zako, 4th entry;

It appears that glacies is dissapointed about something when the traders arrived. I wonder why? I will have to ask him about it later, after I talk to Kuli the priest. I haven't had the chance yet, im still training furiously. I also think that I should get some wrestling practice on a regular basis, as well as learning to handle armour and a shield. Never can be too cautious around here...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 01, 2008, 02:41:14 am**

Diary of Maggarg.
Ah, there's nothing quite like a working week wasted in a booze stockpile.
No bruises for me this week! Ouch, just headaches.
Bet everyone up there is wondering where I am.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 01, 2008, 08:03:30 am**

Just out of curiosity, how are all the named dwarves going?

And I mean, ALL of them. Im dying from curiosity of wondering whats happening with the others...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 01, 2008, 10:22:37 am**

The Events of the 22nd of Hematite

"Makrond, hey, hey guy? You alright? Are you okay?"
"What..." Makrond weezed, wiped a few specks of blood from his mouth with the back of a hand, "What happened? Did I hit my head?"
"Well," Varen said reluctantly, glancing over his shoulder to a stern looking Sergeant Towersacks, "Yes. But, not at first. See, you tripped, and fell into me."

"That's not so bad..." Makrond said, settling farther back into the bed.
"You fell onto my spear, champ... went clean through you, punctured a lung, right here." Varen leaned over and gently tapped the bloody bandages wrapped around the Dwarves chest. "Then, when you passed out and fell, you hit your head." When Makrond said nothing in response, Varen continued, "I'm really sorry, I couldn't move my spear out of the way fast enough. It was an accident."
"Oh, it's fine," weezed Makrond. "After a little rest, I'll be <cough> right as rain. I'll be back out there training in no time."
"Yeah. Yeah, you sure will..."

Varen looked up when Towersacks placed a friendly hand on his shoulder, seeing on her face what he knew in his heart. *The curse the Speardwarves carry affects all*

Archin, covered in dust from the quarry, came tromping down the steps to the kitchens. She swung her pick lazily, grinning and nodding in welcome to the miners heading up to take their shifts. Pushing through the basalt doors, she stopped in her tracks when she saw Jools dancing triumphantly in tight, savage circles in front of a very uncomfortable looking Glacies.

"Is... is he having a siezure?" she asked uncertainly, "Is he poisoned? Did someone poison him?"
"DONNNNNNN-"
"No, no one poisoned him..." Glacies said, taking a step back to avoid Jools' swinging arms.
"-KEEEEEEEYS!!!"

"The merchants brought with them four more Donkeys in this years shipment. Two Jack's, two Jenny's. And, well... he hasn't stopped doing this for nearly an hour. I can't get past! Every time I try, I get buffeted with his arms."

Archin watched the scene, completely bewildered. After a moment she let out a quiet laugh and jerked a thumb over her shoulder, "Good luck with that, book keep. I'm going to go grab some dinner at Dodik's." She laughed hard as she hit the hallway, Jools' triumphant warcries and Glacies uncomfortable complaints following her down the hallway.

"Friends, I know I'm not the first woman to be elected in this fortress, but I'm certainly the most *able*, the most *caring*, and certainly the most *motherly*."

Ineth Orbsbarb stood atop the head table in the mess hell, her arms outstretched. Surrounding her were her five children, all beaming as once again, their mother was elected honestly by the majority. She grinned at all the Dwarves around her, waving to a few in the crowd she knew by name. "My last term was ended early as... well, as the previous mayor came back to us. But I should point out, that while I was mayor we went through a time of prosperity, a time of happiness, and a time where there were *no deaths by the risen dead!*"

The Dwarves cheered and Ineth Orbsbarb took a little bow, reveling in the noise. In the back, by the door, Likot stood with Sgt. Pepper. She stood with her arms crossed over her trenchcoat, the torches making her green glass goggles glint with yellow flames.

"**Do you hear that?**" Sgt. Pepper said with a cold humor, "**No deaths by the undead while she was in charge.**"
"**I heard it just fine,**" Likot replied, "**Maybe we should have a meeting, she and I, so we can see about that claim she's made.**"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 01, 2008, 11:18:27 am**

The Events of the 1st of Malachite, 1065

"KOBOLD!" Zako shouted, pointing to a slow moving shape in the wastes. Sparrow quickly raised his crossbow to his shoulder, aimed, and fired. The tumbleweed he hit didn't so much as stop it's rolling movement, continuing to bumble and tumble into the distance.

"Ya' got him."
"I sure as hell did," Sparrow said, turning to beam at the morose pair of Adol and Maggarg. "That's the seventh Kobold I've gotten since breakfast. Our team is winning hands down."
"Your team has the only boltslinger," Maggarg said in complaint.

"Don't be a sore loser," Zako chided, "There was that Kobold that came up the ramp, you could have taken it out."
"That was just a dog," Adol said lazily, leaning against a post in the shade of the trade depot.
"If you'd nailed it before you saw what it was, it would have been a Kobold," Sparrow said, "and you'd only be down six, instead of seven."

The merchants watched the dwarves from the safety of their card table. They exchanged uneasy looks, and one leaned towards the other, asking quietly, "How long have they been out in the sun?"
"They were like this when they came to escort us up," the other said, "They just hid it better when that creepy one with the blue eyes and wide hat was around."
"Yeah, well, just don't walk in front of them... you might get pegged."

Rice sat beside Lucy's bed, talking to her quietly and holding her hand. Her leg had still yet to set in the many months she had laid in bed, and though she was still healthy, seclusion and bad food had begun to take it's toll on her. She was often sad, and her cheeks were drawn and tight, her beard and hair having lost most of it's luster. What time Rice wasn't working he spent down here with her, talking

about the fortress happenings, trying to cheer her up with the local gossip, of the Dwarves she knew, and he was always bribing Dojango into making little sweets he could sneak down.

It was almost time for his shift, and Rice was spending the last moments he could with her, when there was a knock on the door. They both turned to look at it, surprise showing on their faces when a leather mask and milky-white eyes peeked in, followed by Valania.

"There you are, Rice! The last place I'd think to look."
"I... uhm," He stuttered, "Everyone knows I'm here. I shouldn't be hard to find."
"Of course," She said soothingly, "I need you down near the crypts. There's an engraving job ordered, and I need a model."

Rice squirmed under Lucy's gaze, and he shrugged helplessly to her before looking at the Engraver Lead. "I don't think that's a good idea, Valania. We've ... talked about this, I don't feel comfortable doing, ah, engraving work anymore. I'm solely construction."
"Hmm, well, I'll just do it from memory then. Don't worry, you'll find it more than acceptable. Tah!"

As she left, Rice lowered his head into his hands, groaning low.

Mookie laid under the covers of her bed, sprawled out lazily. Merchant Listenrazor sat on the bed beside her. He'd tried stretching out, but his legs hung far off the end, and he found it best to just stay sitting up. He reached over blindly, gently rubbing her leg.

"That was fun," She said with a yawn, "but you might want to leave. It's getting late, you know, and you're probably wanted back at the depot."
"Of course I'm not," Listenrazor said, his voice silky. "I got the whole night off, and I plan to spend it with you, gorgeous."
"Awh, that's sweet. But, I really think you should..."
"Mookie. I'm not going to be leaving," he said, giving her thigh a squeeze. "You're too much of a dream! Why would I want to?"

"Because in about an hour, Stravitch will be heading to the bar for some pan-fried horse steaks. And when he's done, he'll be coming in here."
"...Stravitch?" The merchant said, his voice cracking.
"Of course. Where do you think I get the money to buy all these pretty clothes? But he's so possessive. I'm just looking out for you, darling."
"I think... that there is a lot of work to finish with the merchants, I need to oversee the unloading of the salted goods..."

In a matter of minutes, he had dressed and hurried out. Mookie waited until the door was shut before she laughed gaily, wrapping herself up in her blanket as she stood to head to her closet. A glint of light caught her eye, and looking at the chair by the door she spied a little satchel embroidered with silver thread. Considering it a tip, she opened it up and rummaged through, her brow furrowing when she saw the small envelope with a design drawn on the front with an insolent stroke.



She slid her thumb under the wax seal and popped it off, nearly going crosseyed as she looked at the gibberish written in with the same casual, insolent hand.

Quote

DFEJHEDRF:

TYWSVWHTVFICVBCIMPDVRAJFEALSSKSDSMSTRYEXPCUIDRYG
CSRZVOIMSVFIYLGLPONNNWLCOGBVSTFDEBWCRDHHSJHAJYW
SKVTYSUXUSRJHAXUWNXHHKKAYGZAXJORVHOBVAAZBUXRZTV
FENZTTYOTBVEUVGTYWAIESICDSTNSMKPROSISSESSJ

OWKZHIEUYLFRVGPYEGERBDKKWMVWNGYWCYWMKPGEKCUD

YCWRFDDBFORFOK

She dressed quickly, and hurried out into the bar, where Dodik-Come-Lately was serving drinks and laughing. She showed the madam the letter, and they discussed it very briefly before Mookie was sent off to find a Dwarf with a steady hand to make copies - after the recent mysteries in the fortress, she wouldn't be taking chances on what this might contain.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 01, 2008, 02:14:59 pm**

The feverish scribblings of Jools Machinescalded, in a book that, until two days later, he didn't notice was not his journal but actually a recipe book promising 101 different ways to cook plump helmets

Woohoo! DONNNNNNKEEEEEYS!!!

Maybe I should stop celebrating at some point and, you know, let them out of the cages, give them a walk around, check they don't have any troubles or anything... maybe after one more cry of DONNNNNNKEEEEEYS!!!

I spotted an interesting note that was being passed round in Dodik's when I dropped in to inform everyone of the exciting news. It's not in any language I know. There's an image of it that makes me think of a square for some reason, but I don't think that has any bearing on unpicking the meaning.

Not that I have any time to study it - I have four more DONNNNNNKEEEEEYS to care for!

I do hope they get on with my current charges.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **September 01, 2008, 02:42:14 pm**

From the journal of Kuli Problemwalled,

I suppose it was inevitable. It has been some time since a mysterious message had appeared in this fortress, perplexing nearly all who saw it. A letter was 'discovered' by Mookie who then took it to a scribe to make copies and proceeded to distribute them all over the fort.

I don't know whether to approve or disapprove. Those sorts of things have often been demonic in origin before, and had they been translated sooner many tragedies could have been prevented. On the other hand, this could simply be someone's private correspondence. I am inclined to believe for now this letter is mundane in nature.

If Madame Dodik-Come-Lately were ever to set foot in this temple again - unlikely though that may be - I shall have to have a talk with her about her staff and their lack of respect for people's privacy...among other things. Many, many other things.

Zefon works in mysterious ways. She revealed the truth of one of these cryptic messages to me once, but never since. And it was only for Aryn's sake! I can only pray if this letter concerns some danger to the fortress that it will be brought to light.

It is also worth noting that for the first time in a while the office of mayor is not filled by a member of the living dead. I have no personal grudge with Likot. It was not by her will that she was given new life by unholy forces after all, but the fact remains that I am uncomfortable around her. The less I have to be reminded of her existence, the better.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 01, 2008, 05:07:53 pm**

Diary of Zako, 5th entry:

Hehe, good fun today! Pegging kobolds with bolts while versing another team, good fun that was when we won.

On a sombre note, heh I made a small pun there, a strange note has been circling around the fortress lately. Rumour has it that it was in the merchants bag when mookie found it, and she took it to Dodik-come-lately. What an interesting lady, Miss lately. I must chat with her.

And I finally talked with Kuli! He didn't say much, just that he wanted peace and all the priestly stuff. Nothing interesting. But he did say that these letters ahve been around the fortress before, and stopped aruptly for some reason.

Stranger and stranger indeed...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 02, 2008, 03:57:45 am**

Diary of maggarg, probably in malachite.

Stuck out in the desert, guarding the traders.
I don't know how the rest of these dwarves manage the sun, I always get burned.
Worse, I'm stuck out with some stupid cocky bowslinger who's always boasting about his skills.
He hit a ball of tumbleweed, some rocks, a pile of bones, someone's pet dog and the ground. He insisted that they were kobolds.
Reminds me of the story of ol' lightning, the blind marksdwarf.
Now *that's* perseverance.
Also, some whore's found a letter some dyslexic wrote. It don't make no sense anyway.
That Kuli guy looks long in the face again, normally he looks as if Zefon or whoever wants him as a gold vein.
I can't remember which god I'm supposed to be worshiping.
First time I've stuck down a job without the fuzz on my back after a few months.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 02, 2008, 07:32:49 pm**

The events of the 10th of Malachite, 1065

Erendor and Zako had stepped away from the trade depot to talk, leaving Adol, Maggarg and Sparrow to keep an eye on the humans while they packed up for their trek home. Erendor was a little a little jittery, constantly glancing towards the stairwell as they talked.

"So how are you liking your time here?" Zako asked, turning to stare out the front gate, to the wastes.
"Ahh, y-...es. Rice is really nice, though with the lack of stonework, he's put- oh god." Erendor jumped and looked towards the staircase, only relaxing when he saw the red hair of the Budseal twins bouncing up the steps, hauling stones to donate to the Magma Bank.
"What's wrong with you?" Zako asked curiously, "You weren't this jumpy on the way out here, and we were being chased by beak dogs."

"You didn't see them, man... all dead white eyes and jerky moves. And what did *they* do? Punish some poor friendless metalworker by - augh - crushing in his chest."
"You can't let them get to you," Zako said, glancing towards the entrance, "There's a ... there's a reason they're around. Just try and ignore th- KOBOLD"

Sparrow loosed a bolt, Adol groaned, and there was a thick *thunk* as it struck home.

"You're aim must be off, boltslinger."

Seconds later, Sgt. Peppers tall frame came into view as he climbed the slope, a bone bolt left quivering in the center of his shield. Likot was beside him, her crippled arm tucked inside of her coat to rest, her good arm carrying her custom crossbow Edulalod. Erendor shrank down, hiding behind Zako, who just grinned and said, "Sparrow, you're aim's off. That's MUCH too big for a Kobold."

Likot turned her green gaze towards Zako, tilting her head slightly to the side as she stared at him. Sgt. Pepper yanked the bolt from his shield and tossed it aside. Adjusting how her trenchcoat settled, Likot called to him, her voice tinny in the respirator mask, "**Be careful. Some might take offense at little japes like that. They might see your signature beside mandates unmet**"
"Hmm, they might, ma'am," Zako said, frowning, "But it won't be your hand that signs off, I'm afraid. It'll be Mayor Ineth's."

"Ohh, so true. Obviously, having a desire for perfection is a trait unworthy of those that lead the constituents. But perfection isn't something the military can neglect. You've been neglecting your training. Sgt. Pepper, would you, please, take young Master Zako down to the barracks, for a lesson in wrestling and shieldwork?"
"My pleasure, ma'am."
"Likot, I'm Rolland's man, and-"
"Aye. But he's away, and I'm the highest ranking officer besides Master Fillwhip, and Miss Clappedrooms. Now please, to your training?"

Later, when Erendor came to visit Zako in his room, he found his friend laid up in bed. He was fast asleep, drunk on Longland beer, and his left leg splinted all along the shin. Tsking quietly, Erendor dropped off the little gift he'd made - a basket of liquors and sweet cakes, and quickly shuffled from the room, and far away from the barracks.

OOC: Well, balls. Zako makes the third named Dwarf that's taken to injury, along with Lucy and Hammerer Wavepaddles. Hopefully he'll heal up right as rain soon - I have faith in his abilities. It would just have to happen right after I put him on wrestling duty, wouldn't it?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **September 02, 2008, 07:44:36 pm**

That's ok, it makes for interesting story material.

I really need to come up with more of Adol's backstory. But I like how you're playing him. Very stoic and somewhat disgusted by the antics of his fellows.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 02, 2008, 08:45:52 pm**

Ouch. Splintered shin. That really has to hurt...

Still, first encounter with the dead! Need to practices more with the wrestling and close combat though to be able to match Sgt. Pepper...

Perhaps I should talk to the hammerdwarves?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 03, 2008, 12:35:47 am**

The following writing is written by a shaky hand, with occasional spasms

Diary of Zako, 6th entry:

My god, this hurts... that evil bastard Sgt. Pepper wrecked me leg. Its splintered all along the shin, and I can barely look at it. The only reason im still awake right now is that im smashed.

A slight scribble is here of unknown nature. The writing continues afterwards.

Sorry about that. Spasm of pain. Happens every so often.

But this was nesscessary for me to learn about the dead ruling this place. Im glad for it even!

You see, I have learned a couple of things:

- I have learned that some are quite capable in combat, and of all kinds. That crossbow looks nice, and im sure that she can use it well... You know who im talking about...
- Also, Sgt Pepper is very dangerous up close. I need to remember that for later...
- I need to practice in close combat more often. So I don't get caught out like this again by Likot, abomination that she is, and get the crap beaten out of me again by her muscle. And for obvious reasons as well...
- Some are smart. Very smart. And manipulative. This makes them even more dangerous.
- I have learned some of Sgt. Peppers combat moves! Using the hard way, unfortunately...

I need to think my plans over more, but I should get better armor when I get better, as well as ramp up my inquiries about this place...

But know this..

The writing suddenly becomes totally legible, as if a spasming hand is held still by sheer willpower

I will have my vengeance, one way or another. Sooner or later. I will have my way... one day...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **September 03, 2008, 04:46:31 am**

Excerpt from the Journal of Makrond, c. 1065

Oh... that hurts. I tripped again... only this time I got myself impaled on Varen's spear. Still, I suppose-
There is a large splatter of blood here, blanking out several words.
- and a cat.

I should keep this short; the effort is making my side hurt more. Oh, I've gone and coughed blood all over the page...

Another of those infernal cryptograms (*blood splatter*) Mookie. I've seen it, but I can't make heads or tails of it.

OOC: Thanks, Heavy Flak! Finally gives me an interesting story element to have some fun with. I'll think of a backstory over the next couple of days (hopefully I'm still alive, if not it becomes more of a eulogy...).

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 03, 2008, 09:11:46 am**

Makrond: You're still alive and kicking, though, you're mostly doing it from your sickbed. As with all lung wounds, it's still red, but your upper body has healed from a red to a yellow with the season change, and I expect you'll be up soon. You're shield, armor, and spear skills have all raised your stats, so you're healing faster than most leatherworkers should. Also, I made a mistake in the last post above - there are four named Dwarves injured, I left you out.

Just a note. We have this piddling little rain storm called Hannah coming in, and *everyone* around me is flipping out like retards. I don't claim to be a hurricane/tropical storm expert, but the few I went through down in Florida weren't bad, they were just annoying. Everyone around here is talking doom and gloom, and all I'm seeing is rain and a few days without power, so... what I'm trying to say is, if you don't see me for a while, I'm without power. Amuse yourselves in my absence :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 03, 2008, 03:09:21 pm**

Diary of maggarg.
Our favourite idiot marksdwarf got mashed by Sgt.Pepper today. That dwarf is/was massive, nearly as tall as a human. Needless to say, he broke Zako's leg like dry tinder.
That Likot is one hell of a scary dwarf as well. I admire those two though.
Even death didn't stop them. They might be monsters, but I actually kind of trust them. Tech'nicly, I've come back from the dead, but that was only an inn-sure-ants scam back in Chainwalled with old one-glove Problemcats.
I hope no-one finds this diary and reads it, otherwise I'm in BIG trouble.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 03, 2008, 06:46:07 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
24th of Malachite, 1065

There is an epidemic of wounds around this fortress, brought on by the unaware, the inept, and the perpetually lazy. I was worried when Lucy became wounded, but I believe, now, many months later, that she's milking this injury for all it is worth. There has been much use for her, making sure the detonation pillars are secured and in place in the quarry, and instead, I see her lazing about in bed with that

pretty-boy Rice doting on her hand and foot.

After the complaints of the merchants, of Nationtempt, and of the majority of our haulers, I've had an olivine roof installed over the main entrance. It's use it purely aesthetic, a design copied from a colleague of mine. What use is a domed roof over top an entrance to an underground over a desert? The last time I've seen rain was *fifteen years ago*, the winds of the desert blowing sand in sideways swirls. But perhaps this will appease that group of grumblers.

Some peasant I grabbed for mining detail that arrived with the migrants has sealed herself off in a masons shop. Inexcusable! So far she's managed to steal some rose quartz and silk, a few chunks of basalt and alunite, but she's been spotted skulking around the warehouse and Glacies has been unable to detain her. Just wonderful.

It's been some time since the Goblins assaulted us. The respite is nice, the trade is nice, the peace is nice. I just hope this isn't the tide before the storm - especially if our military keeps finding ways to hurt itself. I'll be forced to try and get Fillwhips to go out and deal with the problem, though I'm sure that will go *just* as well as expected...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 04, 2008, 12:24:16 am**

Diary of Glacies

I found the 12th ledger, but it's missing six pages and now I have to recount the rocks. Wonderfull.

Recently, one of the new people began to feel creative. The "mood", I guess. I've been helping her claim some pretty materials while feeding Ayrn some rubbish about my inability to find her. After all, she's probably going to make somthing pretty, with the rose quartz I got her.

Meanwhile, that marksdwarf who has nearly killed me on multiple occasions has had his leg broken by an irate Sgt. Pepper. Which reminds me: The grass around the volcano. Bertrand says he got the seeds out of the cloth the elves brought with them. If, perhaps, it's the truth and he has only planted some seeds, that's all very well and good, but somehow I think he has alterior motives. The fool is mad; he waxes desperate with imagination.

Now I have to wait until the dwarf caravan arrives before I can ask about Jack or Hielo. Depending on how the merchants answer my inquiries, I may be leaving with them, Ayrn and the others be damned.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 04, 2008, 08:40:10 am**

Diary of maggarg.
That old goat Estetar is apparently worried about the amount of injured dwarves in the army. Funny thing is, he wants to send Stravich out to stop it!
From what I know of the old bastard, he's broken more dwarves than the hammerer.
Estetar myst be going off his rocker, and that big dome goes to show.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 04, 2008, 07:54:11 pm**

The events of the 13th of Galena, 1065

"KOBOLD!"
"Stop that game, right now!" Rolland shouted as he slotted another bolt. "Concentrate on the task at hand! Protect the masons, don't forget the face of your fathers!"

Maggarg began to say something snarky in response, but the burly dwarf was set upon by two of the Dread Camels as they came bounding over the ridge. He was barreled into by one, and as he was sent sprawling Maggarg was able to swing his arm in a hard, graceless backhand. The Camels head was severed from it's long, weak neck, and the air was knocked out of him as the heavy petrified bones smashed into him. The second was rearing up to trample, when Sparrow placed a bolt between it's eye sockets, dropping it to the ground.

Adol was picking his targets with care, his helmet throw onto the ground to give him better peripheral vision. As the best close-quarters fighter in the group, Rolland had sent him to the forefront with his mighty hammer, and the stout, silent dwarf took steady aim, crushing spines and heads. Occasionally Rolland would fire a bolt and bring a beast down, but the majority were left to Adol. In less than ten minutes, the hordes of Camels were gone, bones and grit and dust staining the red sands white.

While everyone caught their breath, Rolland stepped up on top of a boulder, shielding his blue bombardiers eyes with a hand. His thin mouth tightened even more, drawing up the hard lines on his face.

"What are you looking for, sir?" Sparrow called from the ground. "More of them? I think they're all dropped."
"Yes they are. But It's not the camels... I'm looking for The Goblin in Black, he's around here somewhere. This is his work."

Adol and Sparrow exchanged a glance. Maggarg, shoving the bones off of him, growled out, "There ain't no goblin - wearin' black or nothin' at all. They're all on the run'a this place, too many hardasses choppin' them to bits for them ta' want any more of Dwarven Steel."

"Nay, they'll be back, they always will. These corpses, they stink of that Wizard Olngo."
"And just who is he, sai?" Asked Adol, wiping dust off his hammer's head with a rag.
"A Wizard, a troublemaker, a fiend, and a betrayer. These goblins, they follow their Red King Olsmo and he plays with lost souls, raising the dead for amusement and war, but who's been his right hand? Who's been his little bird, his whisperer, his conspirator. That's been Olngo. And because of him, my Kingdom has fallen. And that is why I search for him, and for the Dark Tower where Olsmo resides."

Shaking his head, Rolland stepped lightly down from the bolder. He waved his hand impatiently before setting off towards the service stairway. "Come on. It's time to train once more."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 04, 2008, 08:33:38 pm**

If only Zako wasn't hammered by Sgt Pepper... he could use some more training as well obviously...

What is his level of skill anyway in fighting?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 05, 2008, 03:12:22 am**

Olsmo's conspirator? Interesting... dare I hope that this mention of a Dark Tower will be linked in to the future release of updates using the promised Army Arc?

Oh, and is anyone else having any luck with the cryptogram? I've not had much time to work on it, but am not getting anywhere so far...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 05, 2008, 07:25:38 am**

Zako: I'll see about putting up a generic skill-list for the Three new military Dwarves sometime soon. The only ones I'm sure of, off the topic of my head, is you're a novice wrestler (ha!) and Maggarg is an expert with a shield.

Jools. It's actually kind of funny, because you said something key (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg269970#msg269970>) in a previous post that was either silently taken and used, or just ignored. Anyway, seeing that, and Kuli's next response mulling over the crypto, I was all, "Nice, they'll get this soon for sure!" Guess Stravitch was right: People work faster when there's a deadline ready to burn them alive :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 05, 2008, 08:43:30 am**

Novice? No wonder he got mashed... Perhaps I should have trained wrestleing first...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **September 05, 2008, 11:09:13 am**

Eh, I'll admit I haven't been working on the crypto. My past failures have rather discouraged me.

I did make one attempt, but I think I misinterpreted a hint and wasted a lot of time trying to use the wrong cipher. Maybe if I look over Jools' post (and my own...apparently) for the hints you just referenced I'll get a new idea.

Juicy bit there about Olsmo. Too bad I don't think it will have reached Kuli's ears.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 05, 2008, 11:20:54 am**

Quote from: Kuli on September 05, 2008, 11:09:13 am

Eh, I'll admit I haven't been working on the crypto. My past failures have rather discouraged me.

I did make one attempt, but I think I misinterpreted a hint and wasted a lot of time trying to use the wrong cipher. Maybe if I look over Jools' post (and my own...apparently) for the hints you just referenced I'll get a new idea.

Juicy bit there about Olsmo. Too bad I don't think it will have reached Kuli's ears.

I understand that's been a bit of a complaint about some of the others, and I've worked to make this one more accessible by the community at large. I had a real ramp up in difficulty and it didn't *really* dawn on me until the last one that "Hey, it's a hell of a lot easier to make these than solve them!"

So, this one one, and any that follow, have been severely toned down. It's more tedious than anything, once you've worked the clues out.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **September 05, 2008, 11:39:13 am**

I just get so frustrated because I can't tell what is and isn't a clue. Take that "Roaroak" image for example.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Why are there K's and S's floating around? Are they even K's and S's at all or are they supposed to be abstract? Is the "HR" under the "OA" in OAK supposed to mean that H=O and A=R, or am I just reading too much into that and the placement is coincidental? And don't get me started on the wavy lines. The wavy lines made me think of the Rail Fence cipher, but trying to use that has turned up no results.

Sigh. I'm only good at relatively simple substitution ciphers.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 05, 2008, 11:54:34 am**

So what clues has everyone worked out?

(Don't look at me, I've got nothing better than "Well, there's definitely a suggestion of a square and, if you really push me, some deep-seated psychic instinct suggests that 'Roaroak' might be involved".)

There's also the HR thing, which is either another part of the clue or a sign that Heavy Flak has turned to the Dark Side.

Anyway, looks like we have a matrix of some sort, two columns denoted K and S, three rows - one denoted K, two denoted S (possibly K squiggle and S)

Roaroak or Roaroakhr won't fit into a matrix that size... if we try and squeeze it in going across, we get what might mean R->O, A->R, O->A. Squeeze it in going down and we get two columns saying ROA, suggesting that either those letters are encoded as themselves, or I'm barking up a rock pillar thinking it's a tree.

I'll just go and poke the little decoding tool I have and see what any of that has to do with cracking the algorithm. I'm putting a fiver on me making a good (key, even!) point in my first post on the cryptogram before galloping off in the wrong direction...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 05, 2008, 11:57:59 am**

I definitely see the confusion. I took out a sharpie and quickly redid the image on a note card instead of playing around with the El Cheapo tablet I bought and Photoshop. It might, or might not, be clearer. Who knows! But here it is, safely nestled away in spoiler tags.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



One note. Look at the shape of the symbols, specifically the added third one on the left. I should find someone with a steadier hand than mine do any crypto-needed artwork in the future, haha.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 05, 2008, 12:29:06 pm**

Zeta?

And there was me hoping that K and S were for Key and Substitution or something...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Lucid_Archon** on **September 05, 2008, 01:31:32 pm**

Ah, of course, zeta function cryptography, why didn't I think of it before?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 05, 2008, 02:56:09 pm**

The events of the 23rd of Galena, 1065

Varen and Merkil trudged wearily up the ramp towards the Southern Gate. With Rolland's group on rest, Merkil and Major ---- DayCovering were sent out to keep the peace. Since DayCovering hadn't been seen outside his room in nearly a year - not even at the horseshoe pit, Varen often pulled double-duty to keep watch with his friend.

"How's Meng doing?" Merkil asked, though his tone hinted at a distraction.
"She's fine. I guess. I don't get to see her much. I think Stravitch has been..."
"He's been what? Drunk?"
"No-, I mean, yes," Varen scratched his temple on the shaft of his spear, "but I think he's also been jealous because of the time I spend with her. He's been putting her on double-detail in the workshops. It's nothing but grit and noise down there. It's soul-sapping. She just wants to sleep after coming off a shift."

The stopped in front of the gates, silent until Varen asked, "How's Major ---- DayCovering doing?"
"...Not well," Merkil admitted sadly. He pulled his lower lip in tightly, tapping the handle of his hammer with impatient fingers. "He barely talks. He hasn't eaten in days. Ever since Bax Unostotho, and the demons attack, he's convinced himself he's worthless."
"That's not true. He's a hero! So he's old, eh? A lot of people get old."
"You ... wouldn't understand," Merkil said morosely. "You haven't heard the things he's been saying. It's getting rough. I don't..." the words *think he'll last much longer* weren't spoken aloud, but they hung in the air, heavy and terrible.

The scraping of hooves on stone drew their attention, and Merkil jumped with a start as the Dread Camel loomed over him. It's one good eye rolled in it's most skinless head, the mouth opening wide to gnash wide, flat, teeth. The pair fumbled with their weapons, but it was all for naught. The corpses skull exploded in a shower of bone dust, Sefulkubuk crashing into the road hard enough to crack the stone itself.

Stravitch hauled his heavy mace up and barreled forward, the mace swinging in hard arcs. Backhand, forehand, backhand again. In seconds, the herd of Dread Camels were reduced to nothing more than bones and dust and sand, something for Akroma to fletch into bolts.

"Thank you, Sir. We shouldn't have been tal-Aack!" Varen was yanked off his feet as Stravitch grabbed him by the collar and pulled. He never broke his stride, dragging Varen by the armor down the ramp, his face and neck bright red, voice loud and booming, "We're going to the whore house, damn you! You're going to drink and have *fun*! That's an **order**!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **September 05, 2008, 03:46:10 pm**

OOC: I have been desperately pouring over the latest cryptogram thinking "This is my chance! The first one I am not reading about retrospectively!" only to come to the realization, I don't know jack about deciphering this thing.

Then I read "Ah, of course, zeta function cryptography, why didn't I think of it before?" and I can't help but feel totally oblivious, its like you are speaking a foreign language and I can't even seem to find a translator with google. :(

Oh well, I suppose if it was easy, someone would have gotten it before I had a chance anyways based on them logging in and reading it before me anyways.

I like Varen and Merkil hanging out and talking, though, I am kinda surprised they are so morose! I would have thought those two getting together would be less stoic and more, how do I describe it, enthusiastic?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Grath** on **September 05, 2008, 05:52:22 pm**

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Oh well, I suppose if it was easy, someone would have gotten it before I had a chance anyways based on them logging in and reading it before me anyways.

I like Varen and Merkil hanging out and talking, though, I am kinda surprised they are so morose! I would have thought those two getting together would be less stoic and more, how do I describe it, enthusiastic?

Well, most of the people who aren't at least Dabbling or Novice Cryptographers start falling behind after it gets past Caesar cyphers.

Edit: And for the record, so I don't sound condescending, I've done a little cryptography stuff and I'd only be able to solve like, one or two of these puzzles. At best.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 05, 2008, 05:53:58 pm**

Quote from: Lucid_Archon on September 05, 2008, 01:31:32 pm

Ah, of course, zeta function cryptography, why didn't I think of it before?

Oh man, let's not *even* go down that path.

Ti**le: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Lucid_Archon** on **September 06, 2008, 12:38:45 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on September 05, 2008, 05:53:58 pm

Quote from: Lucid_Archon on September 05, 2008, 01:31:32 pm

Ah, of course, zeta function cryptography, why didn't I think of it before?

Oh man, let's not *even* go down that path.

I did not expect anyone to take that seriously. It is, in fact, a very bad joke. To make it up to anyone who was mislead by it, I'll give you what I have so far.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

If previous experience with Heavy Flak's cryptograms has taught us anything, manipulating the shape of the text is somehow important, probably into a 'square' although any rectangular shape is likely. Most definitely, it is not a simple substitution cipher. And it is unlikely it is a bifid or trifid cipher. Also, wikipedia is your friend.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 06, 2008, 11:43:46 am**

The Events of the 5th of Limestone, 1065

"Well! Look at that!" Said Erendor, giving a little tap to the brace around Zako's leg with his pipe's stem. "They got it out of the cast already?"

"I'm made of tougher stuff than the others might think," Zako said, grinning wide.

"Who's treating you? I... didn't think we actually had anyone that knew how to heal here?"

"We don't. It's, uh," Zako trailed off for a second, lips pursing briefly, "Dojango."

"The *Brewer*?"

Zako shrugged and shifted in his bed, wincing as his leg twisted a little. "He's friendly and seems to know what he's doing, and when he came down he said 'the closest thing to a healer is a brewer. We both do the same job' I'm not sure I believe him, but he hasn't tried to cut my leg off, or have me sent to the butcheries... so I suppose I have no other complaint."

"Good on ya' for that," Erendor said, chewing on the stem of his pipe. "You shouldn't be in here that much longer, I suspect. It'll be good when you get out of here. It's reassuring knowing there's someone on your side in this fortress."

Rice was outside by the brook, his mouth covered with a simple bandanna while he worked on constructing the absurd wall around the quarry. His work was slow and methodical, and though he was careful, his heart really wasn't in the task at hand. Throwing his spade down into the brick hod beside him, he peeled the bandanna off his face and used it to wipe gobs of sweat from his forehead and neck. Reaching down to unclip the wineskin from his belt, he paused with it near his mouth as a soft voice behind him called, "...Hi, Rice."

Turning slowly, the wineskin still raised high, he saw Lucy standing before him on the sands. She was skeletal thin, her face drawn and gaunt, and she was favoring her right leg, but she wore a radiant smile. Rice tried to speak, but his voice caught in his throat, and he had to take a quick swallow of wine to loosen it.

"You're... you're out of bed."

"I was able to walk this morning. Dojango... still refuses to take the rest of the bolt out," she tapped her thigh with a ring, clanking softly, "but... I was able to come all the way out here. To see you."

Late at night, with the fortress asleep, Merkil stood beside Major ---- DayCovering's bed. The old Major looked terrible, his energy, his will seeming to drain out of him with each breath. Merkil's face was filled with hard lines, waiting patiently for the reason he was asked to come.

"I have a favor to ask," Major ---- DayCovering said eventually, quietly. "And you won't want to do it. But hear me out fully before you speak."

"These Dwarves, our friends, our brothers, they need hope. They need reassurance that things will be okay, and that is something so hard to give when... Aryn works everyone raw, when Likot punishes anyone who angers her, when Stravitch bullies everyone. We're simple people, Merkil. We need simple things, little things, like hope, to keep us going. I've lost my hope... it's true, I've turned craven... and it's through the memory of what I was that has kept what little respect for me there still is."

"What that little monster did to me is... unspeakable, and I've tried so hard to overcome it. But I can't. I'm weak. I'm old, and weak. And every day I hide in here, in my misery, is a little more respect that has left, a little less hope in others that they'll be kept safe from the harms outside and in."

"Merkil. The favor I have to ask is..." He took a deep breath, his throat working as he swallowed hard. reaching a hand under his pillow, he pulled out a small envelope, crumpled from it's hiding place. "I want you to give this to Sulari in a few days, after..." He paused again, and closed his eyes, "After you put me down."

The reaction was what he expected. Merkil balked at the idea, he raged, and Major ---- DayCovering weathered it with dignity and patience. When Merkil was left standing there, breathing hard, his face red, the old Major said quietly, "If you love this fortress, if you love your brethren, you'll put me down, and you'll have me sent to the Magma Gods."

"I ... I love you, sir," he said, his voice catching.

"I know... then please. Keep the memory of me, of the Dwarf I once was, alive."

In the wee hours of the morning, almost unseen thanks to the clouded moon, Merkil walked with heavy steps towards the cliff over top the magma. He carried a heavy bundle in his arms, wrapped in sheets, the pillow he'd used to do the deed resting on top. As he stood, looking at the bubbling red below, he felt he should say something. But he only felt numb. Closing his eyes, he dropped the bundle over the edge, turning to walk quickly away as he heard the splash.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **September 06, 2008, 01:20:44 pm**

:o

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **September 06, 2008, 01:50:03 pm**

Ergg...

I might have to give up on this one... I mean, the Baconian was easy to identify (but hard to decode)... this is beyond me, after all, I'm a terrible cryptanalyst.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **September 06, 2008, 02:09:33 pm**

:'(

OMFG HF!

Where the hell did that come from?!

Bad HF smothering one of my favorites!

Also the answer to your ciphercode is still "42"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 06, 2008, 02:49:39 pm**

Well hooray for Lucy at least but... yikes. Sad to see a magnificent warrior go in such a way.

What I'd like to know is what's in that letter, what Sulari makes of it, and why Sulari in particular... it's not just about a threat to the fortress, or he'd have told Merkil. Could be about Snake, but I doubt it. Something bigger, I fancy. Something worse. Something (or things) that is (are) going to get an (-) inherited horseshoe(s) rammed into an (-) uncomfortable orifice(s) as soon as Merkil can get his hands or hammer on it (them).

Idle speculation #54309852137584 - is Major DayCovering's sudden decline ("energy draining out of him") in any way related to the sudden blooming of life elsewhere in the fortress? Will it end with him? Will another become afflicted? Or am I leaping blindly into a large spiked pit, mistakenly believing it to be a valid, evidence based conclusion?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **September 06, 2008, 07:14:55 pm**

"What we need is hope...therefore, Merkil...you must spread the Word of Zefon."

Or not. One can dream.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 06, 2008, 08:58:33 pm**

Woah! :o

That was unexpected HF! Never saw that coming! Poor Major...

But on a brighter side, it seems that im recovering well! That nice brewer, I should remember him.

But still, poor Major ---- Daycovering... :'(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 06, 2008, 09:16:21 pm**

Diary of Zako, 7th entry:

The spasms of pain have stopped, as well as the general pain. Now my leg only hurts when I move. Good signs of recovery. And its all helped with support from an unlikely ally... Dojango the brewer.

Yes I know! A *brewer*?! Supprisingly, he's quite good at loking after me and has my leg in a brace now. He says that the bone has just got to heal together, and im set to go off and practise close combat again. With someone more kindly to my health next time...

As I lay sleeping, I had a lot of time to think to myself. To plan things carefully. Yet another benifit of having a broken leg, noone expects you to do anything but rest and think. Which I have been doing plenty of both.

It appears that Dojango is a friendly soul in this place, and I should talk with him the next time he visits. Ask him about himself and the fortress, as well as what he thinks of others. Hopefully he will become my friend in this forsaken place.

I have heard my training buddy, Erendor, talk about a guy called Rice, who works in the masons. He is building a wall around the quarry at the moment and isn't happy about it. Perhaps another ally in the wastes?

Sparrow the crossbowdwarf is another of interest to me. He seems like a happy fellow, and an honest one at that. I must talk with him soon, or see if he could come talk to me here. He could be a valuable friend to come...

Finally, I must get better training in the art of close combat! I must, lest I return back here with something else mangled by Sgt. Pepper. So I will question the rest of the military for help. Perhaps I should go see the commander of the hammerdwarves for help? Merkil, I think his name was. He seems like the nice sort of person, and seems to know his way around bashing things with blunt objects. Useful if I need to bash somethings head in with a crossbow butt. He could also give me pointers in wrestling as well!

But enough writing for now, time to sleep.

Note to self: Be sure to hide this diary well. Noone must see it, least I endanger others and myself.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **September 06, 2008, 09:22:08 pm**

Major ----- Daycovering! Noooo! On the plus side I have an idea for my character in the next migration wave.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Mephansteras on September 06, 2008, 09:33:24 pm

Adol sat, brooding in the dining hall over a mug of ale. On the table before him lay the hammer of his forefathers, engraved with the ancient runes of power.

"Father," he whispers to himself "I know that my work here does little to avenge our family. But I am building up my strength, my will, and one day I will be the warrior you yourself were. These flimsy skeletons are only the beginning, but it still gladdens my heart to help destroy such abominations. Maybe someday I'll be as well known as great-grandfather was."

For a long while afterwards, he sits there, staring at the finely inlaid image of a shining sun on the pommel of the hammer.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Maggarg - Eater of chicke on September 07, 2008, 03:22:53 am

Diary of maggarg
Zako is recovering, so the patrols won't be quite as boring/deadly.
Apparently the wife of one of the guildmasters is near recovery as well.
But, as usual, the silver lining is a thin veneer over a great misery.
Major ---- Daycovering has died. I never knew him, as he spent his last year in his rooms, but I had heard of him long before I came here. He was a hero and a great soldier.
His mentee, or whatever the word is, Merkil, is devastated.
The old soldier was like a family to him.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Flintus10 on September 07, 2008, 04:39:19 am

Wow just started reding and this is a good thread well done :D

Oh and i would like a dwarf too please
Name:Sarek
Job:Axedwarf or Weapon/Armoursmith
Gender:Male
Personality/Background: Sarek is an all round reasonable guy who left his former home in search of a little more excitement and adventure while frienldy and amusing he is not without his flaws and can be quite a pain when things don't go his way. Sarek has always been interested in military equiptment because as a child his father was a famous warrior, however Sarek is not overly interested in combat but instead whether using or creating them he see's weapons and armour as an artform and not just a tool.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on September 07, 2008, 12:07:55 pm

The events of the 13th of Limestone, 1065

Sulari had called a meeting of military personal in the barracks, and though Aryn raged and eventually pulled workers from outside, no one disobeyed. The various squads were represented as they stood in their little clumps, though that were healthy enough to walk on their own. Likot and Sgt. Pepper loitered by the exit, talking in low tones and occasionally laughing. Stravitch leaned against the wall in the back insolently, surrounded by his twitchy, always-bruised Fortress Guardsmen. Even Riddlewire, one of the last remaining members of Aryn's honor guard, had arrived with the hours, keeping silently to themselves in a corner.

Sulari stood by the archery targets, in front of a small table. In her hands was the letter Merkil had dutifully delivered, the wax seal on the back broken by her hand alone. She waited, silently, until the last of the Rackreleased's hammermen filed in before she clanged the head of her axe to her shield twice. The room fell to silence.

"Merkil Paintlengths delivered this to me a few days ago, and ... per request, I've called you all to listen to it's contents." She cleared her throat and opened the letter, reading:

Quote

Sulari,

I've neglected my duties as a soldier, and as a ranking officer of this fortress. For too long, I have wallowed in self-pity, feeling myself too old to serve, to broken to protect. I've taken to my room these past months, hoping to fade from memory. But this solitude did nothing but give me time to think. I've been a stupid old man.

I have left this fortress. You have no need for an old soldier here, with the strength and resolve of the Young Guard. Instead, I plan to do something worthwhile with my life, instead of wasting it here moping. I have headed south through the wastes, past the borders of these lands. These goblins, the ones that harry our people and our towns, are being led by an evil force. Maester Kuli is certain it's a demon, the Goblins years ago referred to it as a god, others speak of it as myth - but regardless of what it is, I know it by one name: Olsmo. I have gone in search of this evil, and though I have no hope of defeating it - perhaps I can stall it, or weaken it, to help you.

I have taken with me only my most meager positions, leather armor in which I arrived, a knapsack, and my bedlinens. The steel plate I have left behind for one of our own to put to better use. The great warhammer, Sombith Kiron, I have left behind. I plan to enact my rights as an officer and grant a field promotion, gifting the hammer to the new Major, a Dwarf of high honor and immense skill, and a great friend to me - Merkil Paintlengths.

Stay safe my friends. I regret I did not say goodbye myself, but seeing you would have made this decision harder. I hope Sulari will be good enough to read this to you herself, to hopefully stem the flow of rumors that are sure to surround this event. There is light on the horizon - Praise Litast - and in the hands of Major Merkil, you shall see it, bright and clear.

~ Major Nil DayCovering

Sulari finished the letter quietly, holding it in her hands for a long time, before she carefully folded the thin paper up and slid it back into the envelope. The room had gone silent, and a few of the soldiers had taken to looking at objects on the wall that didn't exist, or dabbed at the dust that must have gotten into the corners of their eyes. Even Stravitch, though he looked immensely uncomfortable, kept his silence, his eyes locked on a point on the floor between his dusty boots.

A voice near the back called out, and though it was sad quietly, in the silence it seemed to fill the room. "Praise Major Merkil, may his Hammer help keep us safe from the darkness."

Heads turned to look at Spearman Varen. He had paled a bit, but he was smiling, watching his friend across the room. Sergeant Towersacks repeated the words next, then the newest hammerer Adol. Soon, the other soldiers took up the words, and even prideful Rackreleased and his squad went so far as to bend the knee. Dazed, and looking more than a little uncomfortable, Merkil moved as if he was underwater as Sulari lifted the heavy Sombith Kiron from the table behind her, and offered it to him with a soft, "Major. Your Hammer."

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Kuli on September 07, 2008, 03:05:52 pm

From the journal of Kuli Problemwalled,

I have had little relations with the military dwarves and even less with that old veteran, Daycovering. Yet, I cannot help but be shocked by today's news.

Major Merkil's promotion is not what is surprising, and it is a relatively meaningless event to a civilian like myself. No, it is Major Daycovering's sudden and unexpected departure that has me surprised and perplexed. According to the letter delivered to Sulari,

Daycovering has taken it upon himself to single-handedly track down and do battle with the Lord of Death, Olsmo.

My first thought, of course, is that Daycovering must be a senile fool. I know all too well how a personal crusade against that demon will end! But while my mistake was caused by blind zealotry, what excuse does the old Major have with his years of experience?

As I think about this more, the stranger it seems. With the coming of the Lord of Nightmares, this fortress also received a message that Olsmo had been destroyed. While I and most of my colleagues in the temple remain skeptical of that message, nearly every one else in this fortress believes that the danger from that foul demon is a thing of the past. Why would Major Daycovering suddenly go after an enemy that, for all anyone knows, exists no longer?

My most pessimistic thought is that the old Major could have left behind this letter in hopes that he could sneak away from this fortress with some dignity intact. There have certainly been enough rumors to support such a possibility, though I have never taken much stock in rumors. However, perhaps he did indeed take off to fight the Lord of Death. If so, I wish only that he had sought the aid of the House of Zefon first. It is we who are the true enemies of the Demon Olsmo, and it is we who strive always to save our fellow dwarves from the dark and eternal grip of death. Evil cannot be destroyed by sword and spear alone! It is only through the grace of Zefon that we may shield ourselves from the Demon and obtain the true victory that is eternal life and rebirth! Wherever you are, Nil Daycovering, I shall pray for your soul. May Zefon's love be with us all.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 07, 2008, 05:28:51 pm**

Diary of Zako, 8th entry:

Can't write much. Pain coming back since ive been awake for too long.

Heard of a promotion in the military, apparently a Major Nil Daycoverings has left to combat a god and has promoted Merkil to his place, leaving him his warhammer and his position. Seems as though all the military is satisfied with the change, but are also sad that the old Major is gone. I never knew him, but he is apparently a good person...

Must get Kuli to visit me later, as well as Merkil. I'll have to ask Dojango when he comes back later.

Sleep....

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **September 07, 2008, 06:18:43 pm**

The fool. He seeks to defeat the lord of the dead in his own domain? One cannot defeat the master of death whilst beyond its veil- Ooh new version of DF.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **September 08, 2008, 09:07:38 am**

Excerpt from the journal of Makrond, c.1065

It's all over the fort; even bedridden as I am I cannot escape the news. Major Nil '----' Daycovering has left, [a small splotch of blood lies here] -imself against the dreaded Olsmo, the Master of Death.

Believe it or not, I once had an experience with Olsmo. But, perhaps this story is better left for another time... when I in less pain, perhaps.

OOC: you might not get it, but I sorta want to give the impression that Makrond, far from being stupid as such, thinks slowly and is rather over eager. It's a dangerous combination. Given time to think, he's quite deep. :P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 08, 2008, 09:21:01 am**

OOC Notes: I'm typing this up super-fast because I'm in between meetings. The corporate world, be it government or private, is nothing but a series of meetings. Such a drag. Anyway.

Flintus10: I've put you down on the queue, but we've got to wait for more migrants. A heads up to all, I got a note last season about the fort "being too dangerous" for new migrants, which is weird because that was the only month without ANY deaths.

Concerning Major DayCovering: It was a tough decision for me to have him ended like that, but he couldn't have gone out any other way.

No, I mean, literally, he couldn't have gone out any other way. There are only a handful of people in the fortress who could have bested him in combat (If I remember correctly, six, and you wouldn't guess three of them), and whatever glitch made him never, EVER enter combat meant he ran away from goblins. He also made it so Merkil would never enter combat either... and I couldn't handle *two* noted hard asses lazing about, one of them with an artifact Hammer.

The ending was a little *more* bittersweet for me, because of a fact I only hinted at a long time ago. I could never find a way to make it work in the story so I left it out, but since DayCovering is gone... He and Merkil were lovers. Probably due to the weird gender-switch bug with DC, and the fact they were always in a squad together training. Don't cry for Merkil though, when I checked his thoughts he was ECSTATIC because of a sweet-ass dining room.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **September 08, 2008, 09:46:48 am**

Ah yes, meetings. The popular alternative to work.

Regarding the somewhat unusual relationship between master and trainee, I am reminded of the Spartan way of doing things, where mentors would often practice thrusts with their young wards.

At least things split up before one of them could get pregnant. That would have been a little tricky to explain.

Unless... DayCovering was the previous female, correct? If not, there may very well be something growing behind Merkil's beard... Ah, now that would make a tragic tale indeed.

...

Crikey, that's friggin' *weird*.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **September 08, 2008, 10:24:36 am**

Alcohol + post = bad.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 08, 2008, 11:22:09 am**

Even worse for Merkil, he has no Hector to go all Achilles on.

Not that Major DayCovering was exactly as young as Patroclus...

As for the children issue, I've heard of the whole gender confusion in relationships issue (caused by DC) but never of blokes then giving birth. I'm sure if it was possible, someone would have had it happen by now.

And with the dining room, I'm choosing to believe that Merkil appreciates it because somewhere in a corner, seldom seen by most, there's a horseshoe nailed to the wall...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 08, 2008, 04:50:06 pm**

The events of the 16th of Limestone, 1065

"Gobbos," Sulari said with contempt.

Standing at the edge of the cliff were the various squad leaders. Merkil was there, having taken over as co-commander of the Vigorous Nets with Rackreleased. Snake and the impetuous Sodel Abbeybucks loitered beside Sulari, the one eyed dwarf complaining about the distance he was being asked to look. Sergeant Towersacks and Varen stood near the cliffs edge, stoic and silent. Even Rolland his brood of newbies were there, though it was taking most of the patience the Veteran boltslinger could muster to keep Sparrow and Maggarg from bickering more.

"And just how many squads do you see, Miss Clappedrooms?"

"Three," Snake said. Sodel laughed scornfully, and took a punch to the shoulder for it.

"Four," Sulari corrected, "Snake missed a group of bowsoblins skulking behind the hill."

"Those will be the real problem," Likot said, and Sgt. Pepper laughed from behind her, **"For you all. With you delicate skin, and all that uncomfortable blood flowing underneath it."**

"That's why you're staying up top," Sulari said, barely able to hide the look of disgust on her face. "With Rolland, and his crew. You're to rain arrows down upon as they start to march up."

"Ma'am, I think there's a flaw here," Varen said politely. "We've lifted the gates, the scaffolding by the quarry has been pulled in, and Miss Dodik has been instructed to keep her gates locked until the all clear is given. Why would the Green Skins come anywhere near this cliff here?"

"Because we're going to lower the floodgates, and let them in."

The other squads turned to look at her incredulously. She waited for complaints, and when none sounded, she turned to wave a hand over the pit. "Bertrand has asked that the open air above the grass be floored over, to keep the sunlight off it so it won't dry out and die. That leaves us with an open space between floors, between the main fortress and the magma vent, to launch an attack. Merkil has requested to be placed down there, to smash any Green idiot that peeks his head up the stair well, and Towersacks, you'll go down to join them with the reach of your spear. Snake, Sodel, and my squad will wait up top to relieve any quick goblins of their heads, and to protect Rolland's squad, and Sulari."

"Perhaps you forget, the only protection I need is my bow, and Sgt. Pepper's axe"

"Perhaps you're to stay far away from the Goblins," Sulari snapped, her eyes narrowing. "Now, does anyone have an issue with this?" When no spoke, she nodded and made a sweeping motion with her axe, "Go get a good meal, and a good nights sleep. As soon as you're prepared, I'll have the floodgates lowered."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 09, 2008, 06:51:35 am**

So, Fourdash and...? I THOUGHT so!

Wait, what the fuck? You're letting the goblins in becaue a !!*Bertrand*!! wants you to? Are you all fucking insane!?

ahem

Must be getting back to the stocks now. Toodles. Let me know when the caravan arrives.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 09, 2008, 08:13:32 am**

OOO Stuff:

Kagus: That's actually the reason I did one of my few instances of Save Scumming when Aryn and Kuli fell in love. I just... I wouldn't have been able to handle it if suddenly Aryn was having children. If what Jools said is true about gender confusion only affecting who they like, well, that makes it all okay in my mind. Carry on, my weird little charges.

Jools: Good job, that's officially canon, and I'm going to be giving Merkil a dining room specifically to commemorate the fallen Major.

Glacies: I think there was a teeny bit of confusion on the orders, hehe. I'll post a picture of it tonight, but the gist is that open space between the stairs down and the protective wall that is ONLY above the grass is being walled over because of a weird ... feature in DF. Basically, if open air touches the grass from above, even if the biome has been changed to something mild and all the rock turned to grass, the heat from above instantly kills all the grass then scorches it. So, to fix it, I'm flooring it over, and it just so happens to give a great killing spot.

Lastly, for anyone still plugging away at the cryptogram, Lucid_Archon (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg274562#msg274562>)offers some great hints on it, including the one at the end where it might possibly be found.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Grath** on **September 09, 2008, 09:12:43 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on September 08, 2008, 09:21:01 am

OOO Notes: I'm typing this up super-fast because I'm in between meetings. The corporate world, be it government or private, is nothing but a series of meetings. Such a drag. Anyway.

Flintus10: I've put you down on the queue, but we've got to wait for more migrants. A heads up to all, I got a note last season about the fort "being too dangerous" for new migrants, which is weird because that was the only month without ANY deaths.

Concerning Major DayCovering: It was a tough decision for me to have him ended like that, but he couldn't have gone out any other way.

No, I mean, literally, he couldn't have gone out any other way. There are only a handful of people in the fortress who could have bested him in combat (If I remember correctly, six, and you wouldn't guess three of them), and whatever glitch made him never, EVER enter combat meant he ran away from goblins. He also made it so Merkil would never

enter combat either... and I couldn't handle *two* noted hard asses lazing about, one of them with an artifact Hammer.

The ending was a little *more* bittersweet for me, because of a fact I only hinted at a long time ago. I could never find a way to make it work in the story so I left it out, but since DayCovering is gone... He and Merkil were lovers. Probably due to the weird gender-switch bug with DC, and the fact they were always in a squad together training. Don't cry for Merkil though, when I checked his thoughts he was ECSTATIC because of a sweet-ass dining room.

I think the 'too dangerous for migrants' message may have showed up because that's when you were going to get migrants, but it was too dangerous.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 09, 2008, 08:29:45 pm**

When is the battle report coming? I can't wait for what happens next!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **September 10, 2008, 09:44:50 am**

My, it seems like forever since I posted something, but some messing around in openCanvas reminded me of my favorite medium for creating nightmare fuel in; brush and ink.
Thus this:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Oh, of course I'm still reading along too, and the extra points of view provided by the journals are certainly interesting. :) Just been a bit busy/lazy I guess, hah.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 10, 2008, 10:13:07 am**

Diary of maggarg.
Urgh, missed everything for the past few weeks/days/months.
I had the Spore-Fever.
Wonderful hallucinations, but the real world here is weirder still.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 10, 2008, 10:45:28 am**

Diary of Glacies

Damn it all. We let Bertrand get away with it again. Some sort of spore sickness is spreading; Bertrand's grass project must be at fault.

I have taken a page out of likots book and go around breathing through a silk handkerchief until it appears the sickness has stopped spreading.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **September 10, 2008, 12:12:08 pm**

Stravitch's To Do List

Code: [\[Select\]](#)

Wake up when I feel like it	---	Check
Get booze	---	Check
Hurt Someone	---	Check
Visit Dodik's until Gobo's	---	Check
Get Booze	---	Check
Take Nap	---	Check
Deal With Gobo's	---	Check
Dodik's	---	Check
Bed	---	

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 10, 2008, 05:21:52 pm**

From the diary of Jools Machinescalded



OOC: Still poking the cryptogram -no luck so far, was having a Playfair cypher but I think that's not just the wrong tree, it isn't even in the right forest. Anyone else having any luck?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 11, 2008, 08:43:21 am**

Xofrevlis: Fantastic work, as always! I totally dig opencanvas as a medium for pumping out legitimate nightmare fuel. Yeesh that Dread Camel is creepy.

All: A quick heads up. No updates lately thanks to this week bludgeoning me with crap (vet appointments, getting rear ended, being watched so I have to stay at work until a reasonable time, etc), plus I'm coming up on my deadline for Revision 2b of my book. It was set to the end of September, but what with my mom coming to visit next week and finding out I'm roughly at 84.5% finished last night... I think with some heavy dedication I can knock the last of it out by Saturday and give myself a couple weeks of down time to work on this story, and *finally* beat GTA4 and Mass Effect.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **September 11, 2008, 11:58:53 am**

Then you can get to work on Spore and Mercenaries 2!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **September 11, 2008, 03:34:31 pm**

I wish i could be working on the crypto as i've got some plans for dodik's for a reward the next time i win one, but i've been out of town, stuck in meetings, flying around the country every few days, and working 16+ hours a day for the last 2 weeks. I got some weird looks from some of my co-workers when i had the crypto in a notepad on my laptop during a seminar. (I also had DF running in the background, it moves slow enough on my laptop that i can let it work for 15 minutes between checkups)

If its not solved by november 4th watch out, cause i'll be crunching numbers on it then.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **September 12, 2008, 10:39:40 am**

Makrond has withdrawn from society!

*In an unprecedented move, Makrond has begun work on **two** mysterious contructions!*

Makrond has fallen asleep at his workbench!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 13, 2008, 04:42:20 pm**

The Events of the 22nd of Limestone, 1065

"Where the hell is Abbeybucks?" Sulari snapped. She was stalking along the ridge, making sure that Rolland and Likot's crews were in place, and turning, she saw Snake leaning against the side of Bertrand's hut, smoking. The one-eyed sell-sword shrugged, and glanced into the slaughter-zone between the magma pit and the courtyard, giving a little wave to Merkil and Varen.

"No clue," he said, "I could have sworn I saw him here."

I'll show them, I'll show them all Abbeybucks thought morosely. *They stick me under that traitor, they ignore me, they give me shit tasks? I'll show them. I'll get the greenskin leaders head and come marching back into the fortress wearing it on my cock. I'll show them! I'll show them all to toss aside SODEL ABBEYBUCKS.*

As the swordsman slide down an incline, he saw a squad of goblin wrestlers up ahead. Laughing, he sauntered towards them, unsheathing his sword with a flourish. What he didn't see was the Goblin Macemen coming from the other side of the ridge. Or the Goblin hammermen lurking behind the support pillar for the aqueduct. The first wrestler to get to him had his arm lopped off at the elbow. He never saw the hammer coming, the one that smashed his face in - knocking out teeth, busting an eye, and knocking him unconscious.

Abbeybucks died in the sand, unseen and unhelped, surrounded by the Goblins kicking, and tugging, and stabbing, and laughing.

"**Ha ha ha. Kobold!**" Likot Jeered. She was casually loosing bolts from her crossbow, much slower than Sparrow and equal with Rolland, but every shot she fired found home. She and Rolland were tied with three Goblins dead each. While Sparrow ducked arrows, and Rolland grunted as one knicked his arm, Likot held steady, firing at the oncoming horde, dropping one after another.

As the goblins began to mount the stairs, Merkil bellowed with rage, and swung Sombith Kiron in a high arc. The Goblin's head was crushed into it's body, and as he toppled down the stairs, bowling over some of his fellows. Ranks were broken immediately. Merkil and the hammerers stormed down the steps, crushing heads and chests with wanton abandon. Any Goblins that made it past the swinging hammers were met with Towersack's spear at the head of the stairs, gore shooting out of pierced faces. And all the while, from high above, Likot was laughing and screaming, the heavy *ch-chunk* of her crossbow signifying yet another dead Goblin.

An hour later, the Dwarves began picking through the remains, the majority of the goblin's mottled equipment thrown into the magma beside the slaughter zone. Likot was riddled with arrows, her trenchcoat punctured in a half dozen places, but these she yanked out and tossed aside. Of the Dwarves, only one was dead - Sodel Abbeybucks. His corpse was found a day later, trampled upon by fleeing goblins, and a herd of Dread Camel.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **September 13, 2008, 10:09:41 pm**

Makrond is overworked!

Flegh... A quick work in progress, I guess. Makrond's head. Body to come later. Maybe.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

I dunno, it just doesn't look right. I just figured since everyone else is drawing, I'd jump in too 😊 Suggestions and constructive criticism *extremely* welcome.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 14, 2008, 12:45:26 pm**

The *Glacies Funded and Memorial Library for those that Glacies Knew that have Fallen* opened to quiet fanfare. Nestled below the crypts, and only *really* known to those that are interested in either learning or skulduggery, only a few had shown up. Bertrand had already taken up residence in one of the privacy booths, the boxes of books he had arrived with that wouldn't fit in his personal bookshelves moved down into the rows. One entire row of shelves were dedicated to the production logs of the Union Leaders, and opposite them was an entire row of books dedicated entirely to Glacies ledgers, and Aryn's trade journals.

Walking slowly up the isles, admiring the workmanship of the shelves, Glacies talked quietly to Akroma and Dojango, the pair drug down into the depths by Bertrand. "This stone floor is fine, and perhaps I'll have it engraved next season," Glacies was saying, "but eventually, this whole floor will be paved over with a nice, fine, hardwood. Stained. Oak, perhaps, and lacquered, so that the torchlight overhead can reflect off it... I think that would be a nice effect... something like that would look great in a temple dedicated to Lenod. Nice, high stone walls, gargoyles, blood red stained floors... oh, how lovely would that be?"



OOC: hehe, Makrond, I like seeing *happy* Dwarves. It's such a change from the DARK GRIM DARKNESS that I picture... though, there's a good chance that's more from me being a slave driver to them and all the torture I dole out than anything they did.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **September 14, 2008, 07:29:00 pm**

Dodik-Come-Lately stood behind the bar, and smiled to herself as she folded a small piece of parchment. A dishevled dwarf came out from one of the back rooms, his shirt untucked as he staggered down the halway pulling his belt closed.

With an illusionist's slieght of hand Dodik-Come-Lately brushed her hand across her tightly bound bodice, the slip of paper disappearing somewhere into her overflowing bosom.

"you there! let me pour you some ale!" she shouted at the grinning dwarf, as she slipped a second piece of paper with a grid of letters under the bar.

She leaned forward to get a glass, letting the slack faced dwarf stare as she leaned a bit lower than necessary.

She began to plan the expansions she would make...Once she figured out how exactly to profit the most from this bit of information...

As the dwarf wandered away with his drink she slipped the parchment from its snug hiding place and read it in its completeness:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Mr. Estetar:

This letter is encrypted as requested. I've taken your proposal very seriously and will agree to perform this task with the understanding that my plans are to remain unaltered. If that request of mine is met we may do business.

Awaiting your response and a time in which i may set out.

Howard Roar oak

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 15, 2008, 02:21:25 am**

Nicely done, Vactor. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 15, 2008, 02:39:08 am**

Well done!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
So how did you get that worked out?!?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **September 15, 2008, 08:00:49 am**

Quote
Howard Roar oak

!!!!!!!

Oh man, that's too awesome.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 15, 2008, 08:59:27 am**

I don't ...

Ohh, NO WAY!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 15, 2008, 09:19:37 am**

Woah, check out the big brain on Vactor!

Now, if you'd please step to the front of the class... Good job on solving it, if you'd like to share with the group what you did, I'm sure they'd be appreciative. :)

So, as normal, feel free to make a request for what you'd like to see done. Either PM it to me if you'd like it to be a secret for the rest of the group, or throw it out here, take suggestions, let someone else pick, whatever. This project is your oyster.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **September 15, 2008, 10:26:13 am**

Heres my solution:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
So the first thing that stood out to me when i read the cipher was the last line:

YCWRFDBFORFOK

i noticed that BFORFOK had a smiliar letter distribution as ROAROAK, which indicated a substitution cipher. It was apparent that it wasn't that simple, as in one case B stood for R and in another R represented itself, (K also represented itself, while F represented O and O represented A both times. I puzzled over this for some time until I tried looking for a pattern in the letter substitution.

Counting the number of letters each letter had to shift to make BFORFOK into ROAROAK I got the following numbers:
16,9,12,0,9,12,0

As I continued that pattern of numbers back from the BFORFOK I discovered the rest of the signature was Howard.

By making a quick grid of the alphabet and the alphabet shifted by 16, 12, 9, and 0 places I was easy to decipher the rest of the code.

I'll send you a PM with my request.

I spent too much time the last few days obsessing over this and need to get some work caught up now heh.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
by the way, i had identified the kappa, sigma, and zeta, but i'm still not sure what they mean, (i'm guessing the HR was Howard Roaroak's initials)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 15, 2008, 11:46:54 am**

Nicely done!

<Crosses fingers that the request involves donkeys>

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 15, 2008, 11:57:00 am**

[Quote from: Vactor on September 15, 2008, 10:26:13 am](#)

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
by the way, i had identified the kappa, sigma, and zeta, but i'm still not sure what they mean, (i'm guessing the HR was Howard Roaroak's initials)

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
The Kappa, Sigma, and Zeta was my super-cute way of telling people how big the grid needed to be, and hint them to the alphabet. Zeta = 7 (ROAROAK)

and

Kappa and Digamma (close, but not sigma) = 26 both down and across.

Turns out you solved the crypto in a way I didn't expect 😊

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 15, 2008, 12:12:22 pm**

All this code mumbo-jumbo confuses me.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
I'm just waiting for the day I can bung it into my Enigma sim

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 15, 2008, 09:00:32 pm**

The events of the 24th of Sandstone, 1065

The council met in Aryn's chambers, much to his chagrin. In a town of this size, news had a way of slipping out, and after Dodik-Come-Lately had... happened upon... it hadn't taken long before rumors were flying. Aryn's brows were knit together, his finger tapping rhythmically on the table while Duke Bomrek ran his mouth opposite him.

"Aryn, old chap, I say, you can't just go about sending these... these *letters* out. What will the smallfolk say?"
"They'll say it was a letter," Crowpages said dryly. She stroked her beard, looking down at the copy on the table, "Though I have to say Aryn, it was bad form to ask that it be encrypted. What's the point of it all?"
"Just security..." He said morosely. "Would you lay off me if I said I didn't know what the encrypted letter said?"

"Bullcocks!" Duke Bomrek blurted, "Aryn and I both knew from the start what was written, though his skulduggery and *my* discretion in private maters kept it from the others eyes."

Aryn closed his eyes, pressing the heels of his palms into the sockets hard, relishing the star bursts that formed briefly. When he dropped his hands to the table once more, he said in a low, tired voice, "Let's discuss something more pertinent than my mail, shall we? The test of the quarry-floor removal went off without a hitch. No one was injured in the 4-story removal, no equipment was damaged. Those are both positives. We do have, ahh, the issue of a lot of the stone getting crushed as the floors collapsed inward."

<p>"What?" Glacies said, his jaw falling open. He tried to control himself, but even so, he stammered some as he spoke, "The rocks... g-got cru-ushed? H-how many?"</p> <p>"I don't know," Aryn said with a dismissive wave, "fourth fifths of them"</p> <p>Glacies was a flurry of limbs and papers as he yanked his ledgers open, using his pencil to trace the lines downwards. A few quick scribbblings later, and he looked up, awe-struck. "S-sir, if we started w-with 56768 loose stones, and y-y-you said t-that..." his pen danced on the page again, and he gasped, "We're d-down to 12622, g-give or ta-ake."</p> <p>"Glacies," Duke Bomrek asked uncomfortably, "Are you... crying, lad?"</p> <p>"Y-y-yes, sir," Glacies sobbed, wiping his eyes with the side of his hand, "I'm j-just so... so d-damned ha-appy."</p>
<p>Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)</p> <p>Post by: sneakey pete on September 15, 2008, 09:04:56 pm</p>
<p>Hehe</p>
<p>Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)</p> <p>Post by: Makrond on September 15, 2008, 10:11:46 pm</p>
<p>Glacies finally gets a break!</p> <p>Also, congratulations, Vactor. I see now I was way off, since it was just some kind of simple substitution cipher. Is the next one going to be similarly simple (once you find the trick), or will it be devilishly hard again?</p> <p>Also, Heavy Flak: he's not really happy in that drawing, as such, he's more just... unaffected. Because his mind just isn't entirely inside his head. Unfortunately, it's going to take a bit longer to finish, because some minor computer troubles were exacerbated when I started poking around the inside of my computer while the power was on. (Nothing major, just lost about an hour's worth of work... which I can't really get back... Damnit...)</p>
<p>Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)</p> <p>Post by: Flar Moonchill on September 16, 2008, 02:49:49 am</p>
<p>Quote from: Zako on September 15, 2008, 08:59:27 am</p> <div>I don't ...</div> <div>Ohh, NO WAY!</div>
<p><u>Spoiler</u> (click to show/hide)</p> <p>Eh.... think I'm being dense but can someone clue me in on the Howard Roaroak reference? Has flown clear over my head!</p> <p>Also Nicely done Vactor!</p>
<p>Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)</p> <p>Post by: Makrond on September 16, 2008, 05:19:20 am</p>
<p>http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Fountainhead.</p> <p>Howard Roark. Heh, funny.</p>
<p>Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)</p> <p>Post by: Glacies on September 16, 2008, 05:39:40 am</p>
<p><i>Diary of Glacies</i></p> <p>Today, I burnt records #15 thru #125 and roasted marshmallows over it. I have to wonder why they bothered making all that stone if they just were going to destroy it. Oh, and the library is finished, so I have a little bit of extra storage space now.</p> <p>Anyhoo, I'd better start counting the leftover rocks..</p>
<p>Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)</p> <p>Post by: Heavy Flak on September 16, 2008, 08:56:06 am</p>
<p>OOO Stuff:</p> <p>Anyone doing any sort of fact checking will know that cave-ins do not actually crush rocks. In fact, they actually make the rock problem <i>much</i> worse. So, there was a LOT of trickery involved. I'm going to list it here, for anyone who happens to read my story and has a pit full of 50,000 stones. Everything listed here was done with Exponents fantastic For Every Tile tweak.</p> <p>Trial 1: I filled the bottom of the quarry with magma. This actually didn't do anything, because for some reason magma dropped down will kill dwarves, but not melt stones. It also doesn't act as a flow, even going so far as to hover over open spaces. Curious!</p> <p>Trial 2: I set the temperature of each tile to 12000 (the value that Magma has). This melted the stone, but nothing else. After an entire season, I had a quarry full of molten rock.</p> <p>Trial 3: I filled the quarry with 5/7 Water, and made sure that it started to move. Then I transformed all the water in the quarry to magma. Ah ha! Magma started to flow and melt the rocks! But the rocks never vanished. Damn it.</p> <p>Trial 4: I set the melting point of basalt, rhyolite, and microline to 0, then cried as DF locked up for a forty five minutes. When it was finished, EVERYTHING IN THE FORTRESS that wasn't a wall that was made of basalt, rhyolite, or microline had melted. Every cabinet, door, floodgate, earring, and stone. Also, they never vanished. They just turned into molton goo, and pissed EVERYONE off as all their shit got wrecked.</p> <p>Trial 5: I set the melting AND boiling point of basalt, rhyolite, microline, and alunite to 10069, then re-did Trial 3. Ah ha, success! Almost all the stones vaporized, except for the ones that didn't, but that's okay. However, when I set the magma level to 0, no one would go into the quarry because it was still as hot as a thousand suns. Forever.</p> <p>Trial 6: I did the exact same thing as Trial 5, except at the end I changed the liquid type in the quarry to water, and 1/7. All the water boiled away super-fast, and cooled the tiles down to a proper level.</p> <p>Whew! So, anyone who wants to undertake this take, skip all the other steps and do what I did in Trial 6.</p>
<p>Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)</p> <p>Post by: Maggarg - Eater of chicke on September 16, 2008, 12:46:11 pm</p>

Diary of maggarg
Heard an almighty crash as they collapsed the quarry today.
I've never seen that librarian guy look so happy.
Perhaps I should go in that library.
Ah, the last time I was in a library was with old "bookbinder" daggerdrawn in the Golden Library of K'thuul. It was in Granite of 1045 as I recall.. Ah, those golden books studded with gems fetched a fortune in the black market.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 16, 2008, 02:17:29 pm**

Diary of Jools Machinescalded

It seems the latest note encoded in gibberish has been translated. Unsurprisingly, it involved Aryn. His uncompromising dreams for this fortress seem to be driving this place in some new direction once more... fortunately, it seems that this new twist to our lives involves some great architect being drafted in to design something for us. I was expecting the place to be sold out from under us, or betrayal and enslavement by goblins or something, so I'm quite looking forward to it. I don't even know why it was being kept such a secret. It can't be that controversial, can it?

In other news, I've been dropping in to that new library of ours when I'm not looking after our donkeys. There's some interesting stuff in there - in particular, Bertrand's been showing me some of the histories of the early Eastern Dwarves. In particular there's one battle in there that was won by a crafty dwarf building a giant wooden horse and getting his friends to hide inside it, and leaving it as an offering to their foes, before (much later) leaping out of it and having a bit of a massacre.

Now I'm not a military expert but I feel such a tactic would be current and relevant today, and could even be improved by making a wooden donkey instead. I've talked to some of the military about this, but they all seem to be more in favour of lining up and charging or just shooting things from far away. None of the civilians really see the point, either, so I was reduced to asking Glacies, our bookkeeper, if we had any spare wood around I could use to build a prototype.

Apparently the concept of something "spare" is alien to our bookkeeper. Either it's a vital part of our fortress' wealth, or it doesn't exist. So no wood has been forthcoming. I've decided to get my revenge by messing up his rock counts - I've told him that I've hidden a rock. I've hidden the rock behind another rock, and I'm not telling him which one it is.

I give him three days before he gives in and gives me enough wood to build a small scale prototype of the wooden donkey.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 16, 2008, 03:03:19 pm**

Diary of Glacies

So today Jools came in and talked to me about the wooden horse of Petaldemon. He wants to make a giant wooden donkey, and have it used out in combat. The idea being that goblins will go up to it and then Snake will leap out and kill them.

He's blackmailing me, too. He said he hid a stone. I wept salty tears of despair. Maybe he's hoping I care about one rock. Not like I can't lie to Ayrn about the actual counts.

However, seeing him mope around is making me depressed so if he still wants to build that strange thing in three days, I'll see what I can do about getting him some timber.

Anyways, if there's no timber lying around I'll just request some when the caravan arrives. Why am I going to such trouble for this git? Right, he's the only nice person out here. Well, with the possible exception of mookie Anyways, off to go drink.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 16, 2008, 06:12:48 pm**

Diary of Zako:

Im not bothering with numbering my entries anymore, too much effort for one in such discomfort.

Apparently, the "leader" of this place has been caught out by Miss Dodik's skills at literacy. Interesting, I must talk with her after I recover.

And who is this Roaroak fellow? Who knows? I'm not sure if its of importance, but I will have to look into it when Dojango comes back.

Damn Sgt. Pepper for breaking my leg...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 16, 2008, 08:20:37 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
12th of Timber, 1065

The collapse of the middle quarry layers went swimmingly. I'm much surprised, my charges have quite a tendency to want to burn themselves, get crushed, drown, get trampled, try to scavenge trinkets off a live battlefield, to pick up on-fire equipment, to wall themselves in and starve to death, to break a hand and refuse to get out of bed then dehydrate, to succumb to some creative madness and then wither away as they can't find some obscure gem they lust over... the simple fact that the controlled collapse of 20 square miles of desert without a single causality is perhaps the greatest gift I could have been given.

It was promptly offset by that pornographer Erith dropping slabs of tile from the Blood Zone into the magma vent. That caused a spray of magma mist into the air, which set alight a tanner who was trying to dump a goblin sock into the lava. While on fire, the reports from a truamatized Rice say that he obviously wanted to hug his son, because soon the child was on fire too. If it wasn't for Erith throwing more tiles over the side for no discernible reason, neither of them would have been blinded and stumbled into the magma vent to vaporize, and most likely I'd be on fire right now.

I'm going upstairs to liberate a barrel of rum. I need to get trashed before I read through ANY more reports.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **September 16, 2008, 08:21:59 pm**

Oh dear lord... That is... Hilarious.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 16, 2008, 08:31:38 pm**

AHHAHAH! Good god! I can't really see how that would happen in real life, but I think it would be like this:

On-fie-guy: I'm on fire!! OH NOES! I must hug my son!

Son: Ahhh! I'm on fire too!

On-fire-guy: Oh well, back to work.

Reporter: The police have discovered two incinerated corpses that were holding stone slabs side by side today. It appears that they were hauling them into the garbage disposal when they must have caught fire...

Cameraman: Im on fire!!

And so on...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **Jools** on **September 17, 2008, 03:32:34 am**

Diary of Jools Machinescalded

I gave in and gave Glacies his rock back. It's a rather fetching lump of microcline, actually. Lovely striations.

In other news, apparently there's been another tragedy involving splashing magma and burning dwarves. Very sad, especially given it was a couple of family members. Maybe I should try and find Kuli and see if there are any relatives in need of counselling or help or anything... perhaps, even in their darkest hour, they can find comfort in Zefon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **Glacies** on **September 17, 2008, 06:05:55 am**

Diary of Glacies

Well, there was some sort of tradgedy around the magma pit and two people died. Apparently it's a pornographers fault. I've deducted 90 turtles from Ayrn's account because I saw him stealing a barrel of rum. Hopefully he'll be none the wiser for it, but if he does find out, the legal system is on my side.

Jools returned that lump of rock he stole. It was a bit of microcline. I don't have the heart to tell him that the #198 painted on it means it's already been recorded in my stocks. A quick search for timber uncovered a handfull of wood chippings. Jools will have to wait, I guess. And I still have dibs on any mahogany that comes in.

Meanwhile, I think I'm gonna look for some bars of rose gold and black bronze. My room could use some nicer furniture. While I'm at it, I should probably squirrel away some turtles (The monetary kind) to pay Jack.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 17, 2008, 06:37:44 am**

swoops in to grab the coveted 1000 post spot before that jerk Stravitch can.

DAAAMN YOU JOOOLLS!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **Jools** on **September 17, 2008, 06:47:52 am**

Technically that's the 1000th reply, not the 1000th post. Glacies got that.

<Runs away>

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
 <Hides>

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **Kuli** on **September 17, 2008, 06:59:07 am**

Yay! Migrursut reaches another awesome milestone!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **September 17, 2008, 07:02:04 am**

Quote from: Jools on September 17, 2008, 06:47:52 am

Technically that's the 1000th reply, not the 1000th post. Glacies got that.

Bad Glacies, stealing Heavies thunder! No Biscuits for you!

Congratz Migrursut! May you see 10,000 more!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **Stravitch** on **September 17, 2008, 07:17:37 am**

Nooooooo! Why must sleep be so enticing! Damn you Sandman! You win this round *shakes fist*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **Glacies** on **September 17, 2008, 10:22:01 am**

V(-_-)V

Technically, yeah. But Flak's post had even less point than mine, silly people. :P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **September 17, 2008, 01:05:02 pm**

OOC: Just when you think Ayrn is totally insane, some Dwarf & Son suicide pact justifies his migraines.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 17, 2008, 01:15:40 pm**

Diary of Maggarg
Biggest thing today was that some poor dwarf got set on fire by a pornographer throwing tiles into a pit of magma, and then the burning dwarf gave his son a last dying hug, setting *him* on fire, and both blundered into the magma as the said pornographer threw more rocks in.
In other news, our resident zookeeper was bothering our bookkeeper by hiding a rock to get wood to make a GIANT DONKEY OF WOOD.
You just can't make this stuff up.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sparrow** on **September 17, 2008, 02:02:13 pm**

Diary of Sparrow the boltslinger.

Finally.Found.That.Goddamn. Diary again.

Many things happened tho
Most recent ones are Jools blackmailing the bookkeeper to get him some wood, so he could build a damn nig wooden donkeys... I swear to god that donkeys do something to his brain. Also there was this magma accident that I am to lazy to write about. Well off to training.
Gotta keep that diary in some visible place so I wont lose it again.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 17, 2008, 07:18:02 pm**

The events of the 6th of Moonstone, 1065

Rolland stepped away from the archery targets, giving Sparrow a rare pat on the shoulder as the ex-hunter pounded bolt after bolt into the bullseye. Stepping in front of the gathered warriors, he looked them over with his blue bombardiers eyes, giving them a critical appraisal before gesturing to Zako.

"I'm glad to see your leg has healed, sai,"
"Yeah, well," Zako began. He reached a hand down, rapping his knuckles against one of the steel bars holding his brace together, "It's as healed as it will ever get, Dojango says. S'long as I wear this brace, I won't suffer any leg troubles."
"Know your limitations," Adol recommended, "Why don't you start out with me, we can work on your shield play."

"**Why don't you start out with me?,**" A voice rumbled from the doorway.

The Dwarves turned to gawk at the masked Sgt. Pepper as he stalked towards them in his long, awkward stride. His eyes flashed with ill humor behind the holes, and he pointed out Zako with a short finger. "**You look right as rain. Come now, let's dance again! You left me with such an ache after the last**"

Rolland's face darkened, and he almost began to speak, but Maggarg shouldered between Zako and Adol, sneering contemptuously. "I'd back off if'n I was you," he said low. ""E may be a milkboned puss, but Zako's apart a' this squad. Ya' want a dance? Let's go, ya' gorilla. Adol, teach that boltslinger the difference between winning and getting his other leg broke, will ya'?"

Rolland stepped to the side, folding his arms across his chest. Adol and Zako took a few steps backwards, then a few more, moving well out of the large corpses reach. Maggarg drew his sword and took up his stance - a bad mixture of backroom brawling and prison defense, his shoulders squared. Sgt. Pepper pulled his axe from the loop at his hip, chuckling low as he took a lazy swing at the swordsdwarf.

Maggarg dodged it easily, drawing blackish goo from a knick to his opponents thigh. A second swipe was dodged, more black goo drawn from a cut to his stomach. Growling with impatience, Sgt. Pepper brought the axe around in a hard chop. Maggarg sidestepped, and brought the flat of his blade down on the giants knuckles. There was a loud series of hard cracks.

Sgt. Pepper roared, his axe falling to the ground. Maggarg sheathed his sword and barked out a laugh, waving his hand dismissively. "Get outta' here, 'fore I break yer' other hands too. Rolland! I'm gone ta' get a drink!" He shoved past Sgt. Pepper on his way to the door. Adol cringed as Sgt. Pepper grabbed his fingers, and with a harsh bellow, popped them back into place. He flexed them, bringing forth another round of pops, and snatched up his axe quickly, stalking from the room in silence.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **September 17, 2008, 07:24:36 pm**

When did I get a son?

How sad I am dead...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **September 17, 2008, 07:37:31 pm**

I'm pretty sure you're not dead, you just witnessed it all and reported on it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 17, 2008, 07:38:51 pm**

Quote from: ricemastah on September 17, 2008, 07:24:36 pm

When did I get a son?

How sad I am dead...

Yeah, Mephansteras is correct - your Dwarf was laying tile and just happened to witness the whole horrifically comic event.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 17, 2008, 08:56:32 pm**

Diary of Zako:

I can walk again!! At last! FREEDOM!

Ok, get a grip on yourself. Focus man...

Well, I went to spar again, and Sgt. Pepper came round looking for more. Then I found a unexpected ally in the form of Maggarg!

Truely, he is skilled in combat...

And something about a leatherworker and a child being incinerated by magma is going around lately. Don't really care at the moment, but

I will pay my respects later. I must train as hard as I can!

One more thing, Dojango has put this leg brace on me leg, so I can walk around. I should learn to make it as natural as possible, like an extension of my body, if I am to fight effectively... Perhaps after learning to move properly with the thing I could go to the smiths and have them attach armour plates and reinforce it so it can work as good as plate armour!

Think of the possibilities...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **September 17, 2008, 09:48:50 pm**

OOC: Hehe, suddenly I find myself picturing Zako in a suit of Iron Man armor :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 18, 2008, 03:34:28 am**

Heh, instead of energy beams, he shoots masses of bolts out of his palms. ;D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 18, 2008, 12:34:31 pm**

Diary of maggarg.

We were training again today when that great lump Pepper came to bash seven kinds of shit out of Zako again. I'm not to keen on these undead jobbies anyway, and Zako's a fellow squaddie, and we stick together. Anyway, we ended up fighting, and I managed to put a few holes in him and break a hand. That stopped him for the next few weeks, I reckon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 18, 2008, 05:06:20 pm**

The evening of the 6th.

Glacies pattered around his room, carrying a sheaf of papers to his desk. He sat down, staring hard at the page for almost a minute. Eventually, Glacies opened a drawer and removed a quill and an inkpot, and he began to sketch the rough outline of a donkey. All the while, he muttered discontentedly about lumber.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 20, 2008, 06:45:53 am**

D:
This was on page 2!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 20, 2008, 08:56:28 am**

Nuthin' to worry about. There are just a lot of succesion games that need to die going on right now. :P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 20, 2008, 10:27:21 am**

When is the update coming?

I must know what happens next!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **September 21, 2008, 06:10:47 am**

Wow, this topic is 7th in the top ten topics by number of replies, and THIRD by number of views.

Way to go, Heavy Flak! ;D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 21, 2008, 09:58:57 am**

The events of the 16th of Moonstone, 1065

The last of the worshipers filed in to the Temple to Zefon, the bells still ringing in the tower. Dodik-Come-Lately stood at the foot of the bridge, staring up at the large stained glass window arched with the roof. Her hands were clasped in front of her, her hip resting up against one of the support posts for the wooden entrance bridge.

"Madam Dodik, a pleasure to see you," Vash called from behind her, "Will you be attending us for service?"
"It's been quite a long time," Jools added pleasantly, "So nice to see you, ah, above ground."

Dodik turned and smiled at the pair, her eyes finally falling upon Maester Kuli slowly trailing behind him. He was in his best dark robes, the Book of Zefon under one arm, along with the notes for today's sermon. He gave her a polite nod, and gestured towards the doors with his free hand. "You should hurry, ma'am. It warms my heart to se you... ah, decide to join us once again. We've been concerned by some of your choices."

"Oh, but you shouldn't," Dodik-Come-Lately said, smiling. "I've just been so busy, as of late. I apologize, I won't be attending your service today, as lovely as I'm sure it is. I have work to do, and a meeting very shortly - I just wanted to come take a look at this temple. So often I'm underground, working to keep our friends entertained, that I don't get to look upon ... such majesty."

Kuli's mouth drooped down into the hint of a frown. "I think, ma'am, that it might be best if you spent a little more time praying, and a little less entertaining. Zefon has love for all, but She can not reach those who don't *ask* for her love."
"I understand, Maester. And I appreciate your concern, and that is the reason I keep a shrine in my room, so I may pray for her mercy before I get in bed,"

Vash fidgeted where he was standing, acutely aware to how chilly it had grown outside. Kuli tightened his grip on his book and notes, giving a curt nod. "We need to head inside now, lest the service be late. You're welcome - and greatly encouraged - to come and join us."

Dodik-Come-Lately started to speak, but broke into a smile, waving to someone behind them. Jools turned to look, and saw the newest fishery-leader of Fountainspring Fisheries, Dastot Rinsesilver, tromping towards them. She was dressed simply in rough-spun coveralls and a button up a shirt, a wide, flat hat pulled down low.

"There's my afternoon meeting," she said politely. "Please, have a good service. Oh, Miss Rinsesilver!" Rinsesilver ambled over slowly, her thumbs hooked into the straps of the overalls. She gave a nod to the Zefonist trio, and said in a quiet drawl, "I apologize, but there are business matters that... need to be discussed with our favorite little entertainer. You'll... excuse me, if I take her now?"

When she was greeted with silence, Rinsesilver smiled and gave a little jerk of her head, towards the stairwell. "Come, the others are waiting in the dining room. They're quite interested in hearing what sort of... business arrangement you have in mind." "Of course, let's go! Goodbye, gentleman!" With a wave of her fingers, Dodik-Come-Lately swished after the fisherdwarf, leaving a scowling Kuli and his nonplussed assistants standing in front of the church, watching the pair leave.

OOC: Sorry about the lapse! My mom came into town this weekend earlier I expected, pretty much knocking me offline. I was going to knock out an entry on Thursday, and she shows up at the door 5 hours early. Now I feel bad, because I spent a week cleaning my house and get told that it's "just not clean enough." And the yard needs to be better tended. And I need to take the trash out more, and, and, and...

At least I got great meals out, for *waaaay* too much money.... such as the one meal where I ate caesar salad, escargot, sweatbreads (read, raw anchovies, snails, and lamb brains) and washed it all down with tawny port. Now that she's gone, we're back to your regularly scheduled broadcast.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 21, 2008, 11:07:05 am**

...and back to the beer/pretzel diet?

;-P

Anyway, I'm disappointed to see a Zefonist choosing business over an uplifting service from Master Kuli. Especially a Zefonist in such need of... guidance.

Obviously if the business involves donkeys then all this is acceptable.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 21, 2008, 11:56:30 am**

Well, let's not get ahead of ourselves! It's back to the beer/omelet/stir fry diet, with the occasional steak thrown in for good measure.

Quote

Obviously if the business involves donkeys then all this is acceptable.

And need I remind you Jools who the business is involving. Are you sure you'd want Donkeys involved?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 21, 2008, 03:25:33 pm**

Good point. Let's keep all donkeys in the sanctuary rather than in Madame Dodik's Palace of Sin. I'd hate any of them to develop a gambling problem.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 21, 2008, 06:37:04 pm**

oblivious to this, because he's in the back pews twiddling his thumbs.

I'm pretty sure that to us lenodists, it's a cardinal (Little red bird) sin to let donkeys gamble.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **September 21, 2008, 07:48:26 pm**

From the diary of Kuli Problemwalled,

Tonight's service went well, and there was a slightly higher attendance this time. The congregation was quite attentive to my sermon about the need to maintain religious values at all times in daily life and not just while within the temple walls.

I was briefly...graced by the presence of Madame Dodik-Come-Lately just before the service began. I am continually astounded by her audacity. She has recently profitted from disrespecting a private communication, and now she is recruiting a member of my congregation - Miss Rinsesilver - to aid her in some doubtless unseemly undertaking. I shall have to take Miss Rinsesilver aside before next week's service and have a talk with her about her priorities.

As ever, I remain vigilant of the activities of Mister Gorgeinsights, but I must admit that I have observed nothing particularly suspicious lately. Aside from that tragedy earlier in the week, life at Migrursut is *relatively* normal at present. For that I am thankful. May Zefon's love be with us.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **September 22, 2008, 04:12:23 am**

Hey HF et all,
Hows Johnny doing? I'd normally wait and see but with the merchantS he was travel with having been done for, I was wondering if thats the last we've seen of him.....or not? :)
As always keep up the good work!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 22, 2008, 05:33:46 pm**

The events of the 2nd of Opal, 1065

The council met in the Duke's room, Aryn's incessant complaints about his always being the sight of such gatherings finally grating on the other members nerves that they conceded to his wishes. Duke Bomrek was fussing over the sickly little boy nursing on his wife, and Crowpages and the recently healed Wavepaddles were discussing labor and justice in low tones at the corner of the table. Glacies was happier than anyone had seen him in months, a new spring in his step, his the ledgers he carried noticeably lighter since the test-drop of

the quarry.

Aryn entered late, earning himself a reproachful look from the Duke, who said in a haughty tone, "So nice of you to meet with us, Mister Estetar. We've only been waiting nigh an hour."
"Go to hell," Aryn snarled, his impatience already on the rise, "I've just gotten a lecture from Rice because of you-" his finger jabbed in the direction of Duke Bomrek, "- and a firm scolding from that whore herder Dodik-Come-Lately because of you-" his finger swept over to the silent wife. "What is wrong with you both? Flutes? *Ballista bolts*? Are you serious? What good are either around here!"

Duke Bomrek began to bluster, but Aryn turned his attention away from him, dismissing the explanation with a wave of his hand. He sat down at the head of the table, slouching in the seat, and pointed to Wavepaddles, "Any news?"
"No, sir," came the chilly voice of the Hammerer, "Productions are fine, if a little slow. Everyone is content, even after friend and father perished. No punishment has been needed."
"Good," Aryn said after a moment. He pointed to Crowpages. "How are the finances."
"Fine, they're... they're pretty good," She said, glancing down to the notes in front of her.

"They're fine? Or just good?" Asked Aryn, one brow raising.
"Well, all taxes have been accounted for - except for a good portion of the soldiers and miners income that seems to go to Dodik's. But... there's been a noticeable lack of product coming in through the fisherfolk, yet they seem to be impeccably dressed..."
"Come to think of it, I haven't had a single fish pie in over a few months," Duke Bomrek mused. "Such a shame, cod, quite the delicasy! I once ate nothing but cod for a decade, back during the beef embargo of 1034, and those were quite possibly the ten happiest years of my life."

Aryn closed his eyes and waited, and when the Duke finished talking, he said in a pained, even voice, "Where are they getting their money at, if not from fishing."
"That's the problem, Mr. Estetar," Crowpages said with a shrug. "I'm not sure."
"Well keep an eye on them," Aryn said. "I want them taxed, and processed. Security isn't cheap, neither is greatness. They're allowed to make a living, but we - those in charge of their safety - need our due to keep it lasting."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 23, 2008, 09:43:33 am**

Diary of glacies

So todays meeting went smoothly, despite Ayrn whining like a prepubescent gnome. Crow mentioned that the fisherfolk seem awfully well off. I looked into my ledgers, but there's nothing regarding them that seems suspicious.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **September 23, 2008, 01:02:56 pm**

This is Stravitch in song form.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fFzJ47hbnJs>

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 23, 2008, 05:50:03 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
20th of Opal, 1065

Almost all the crap left behind from the ... last three goblin attacks have been either disposed of, or placed in storage to be melted down and used for bins, barrels, and and blocks. This is fantastic news, as the majority of this junk is only scrap iron and pigtail, and has been an eyesore for over a year. With their destruction, I can breath a sigh of relief that the majority of slackers acting as useless haulers will be doing their jobs for, ohhh... I'd say another month before the goblins bash their heads impotently against my walls yet again, and the whole dance begins anew.

There has been talk of the most heinous kind heard in the hallways, and in the mess, and I need to speak with the remainder of my honor guard about quashing it as soon as possible. The talk, started by that harlot Mookie, began like this-

- 1) Bertrand can grow grass where only sand and stone once sat.
- 2) Perhaps, with grass, Bertrand can than grow trees
- 3) If there are trees, we have a usable supply of wood for all sorts of functions
- 4) With wood, we as a fort can laugh in the faces of the elves as we try to sell them their precious trees.

At least I'm in charge of trade, *not them*.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 23, 2008, 07:49:24 pm**

Diary of Zako:

Been a while since I've written in this book. Been training hard lately, so thats my excuse!

Things have been like the usual around here; Chaotic, Dangerous and plain wierd. There has been talk of growing trees where the grass that has sprouted up from the rock, and then selling these trees to the elves.

Are they mad? I hope so, because it would explain so much...

One other thing diary; When I was allowed to get out of bed, I went to the armor stockpile to equip myself with better armor, just like I promised myself. And, joy of joys, I found a set of platemail! It looked a bit worn, like it had been through quite a few battles, but there was no dwarven bloodstains on it, which is a good sign. I wore most of it, except for the legs, which I couldn't fit over my brace, and walked off to the barracks.

But heres the part thats wierd; Everyone I passed gave me wierd looks, and then hurried off. Was it the brace? Im still not sure. When I arrived at the barracks, noone said a word to me for a couple of seconds, some again giving me that astounded look, before getting back to work.

Have I done something wrong? I have no idea! But I plan to openly talk about this the next time Im in the barracks to train.

(Did you get my hint, HF?)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 23, 2008, 09:10:59 pm**

Diary of Glacies

Mookie told me something interesting today. There's some talk that Bertrand the kukoo has decided he might grow trees next. This means we'll not have to order out, and can thus shun the elf traders. And laugh at them, she added. "We can even offer them some wooden

goods, y'know, just to set them in a tizzy."

The thought of angry elves at our doors makes my toe hairs curl. The last thing I want to see is elves attacking our gates. I've seen, or rather not seen, what they can do from ambush.

Moreover, I hoped we could arrange for the elves to bring us some more caged animals. With any luck, we could have alligators and wolves, and all sorts of wonderfull things in a zoo of some kind. I'll see if Jools is amenable to the idea. He seems to love animals, and hopefully I'm in his good books after I showed him that wooden donkey thingy. It's a shame Maester Kuli never got back to me about that temple improvment project.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **September 24, 2008, 07:58:37 am**

Quote from: Glacies on September 23, 2008, 09:10:59 pm
It's a shame Maester Kuli never got back to me about that temple improvment project.

Did you actually mention something like that to me, or is it just some in-character thing? I don't remember this at all.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 24, 2008, 10:16:09 am**

Diary of maggarg.
Heard that that old elf-lover Estetar is worried about "subversive talk" because of Bertrand's grass.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 24, 2008, 12:52:07 pm**

Diary of Jools Machinescalded

Trees? Trees?!? While I like a nice bit of wood as much as the next dwarf (i.e. hacked down, dried in a stockpile and carved in to some interesting trinket with a picture of an elf and a dwarf on it - the elf is crying, the dwarf is pointing and laughing at the elf) it's completely unsuitable. Donkeys prefer to graze soft vegetation than nibble on woody trees - and that's if they allow the tree to grow past the sapling stage in the first place.

What we need is a nice lush meadow. An oasis of Eden in this harsh climate. Not some dense forest to chop down, however funny it may be to do while an Elf is around.

And of course, we need more donkeys.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **September 24, 2008, 01:30:49 pm**

Adol sat in the dining hall, slowly eating a plate of plump helmet biscuits and sipping an ale. For a long time he just listed to the swirl of chatter and laughter around him, enjoying the sounds of a bustling fortress.

Hearing one group talking about cutting down trees to spite the elves, he frowns, and slowly rises. With a measured pace he walks over to their table, and scowls down at the dwarves sitting there.

"What's this nonsense about getting the elves riled up? Do you really think we need more enemies here? Goblins, Demons, and the walking dead not enough for you?"

"But...it's elves!" Sputtered a craftsddwarf.

"Yeah, panzy tree huggers" sniggered a fisherwoman.

"Panzy?" Adol gave them a raised eyebrow "Enough dwarven lives have been lost to them that I'd not call them that. Their love of trees has nothing to do with their fighting ability, I can tell you that. My da told me stories that would curl your beards, and he fought them firsthand on the slopes of The Black Ridge."

The smiles and sniggering slowly stops, as the dwarves sitting there start to feel his mood.

"I saw my last home smashed to bit, with a giant monstrosity hewing through solid rock like cheese. All my friends, all my kin, are dead. I won't let that happen here. Not to goblins, not to demons, not to elves. Not if I have to stop nonsense like this myself" He hefted his warhammer.

"Don't let the current peace fool you. You're not safe, and you never will be." With that, he turned and left the dining room. Leaving a table of very abashed dwarves hiding their faces in their mugs.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 24, 2008, 06:10:24 pm**

The events of the 3rd of Obsidian, 1065

"Good, Zako! Very good," Rolland said from across the barracks. He stood at attention, his hands clasped in front of him while he watched Zako train with Adol. Though the latter had his hammer, Zako was becoming much better at blocking the blows with his shield, and his newest requisition of full-plate armor was helping keep his joints steady. Even his knee brace was looking better, reinforced at the front, giving him an oddly cobbled-together look.

Zako paused for a second to catch his breath, and Adol took the brief respite to turn his left arm in a couple short circles to work out a knot, and jerk his elbow back to catch Maggarg - who was making faces at him from behind - in the stomach with his elbow. Rolland turned to give a few pointers to Sparrow, who was banging out bullseye after bullseye, leaving the meleers to their own devices.

"Aye, this isn't so bad," Zako said in between breaths. "Damned Sgt. Pepper. Knocking me out for so long."
"Perhaps he had the right of it," Kib Machinescalded said from across the room, "Isn't proper."
"Proper?" Maggarg said, scratching at his head with the handguard of his sword, "What's proper 'bout some bloated corpse mangling the greens? Ya' daft bitch, takin' yer' squalin' brat into battle to use as a tits shield... how's 'is arm, aye? Still broken after that goblin thawcked it?"

Kib bristled and took a step towards the recruit, but was knocked flat on her backside by a lazy swing of Sefulkubuk. Stravitch gave her a swift kick in the side for good measure, laughing, before sauntering over towards Rolland's crew. Unseen by the others, Rolland touched Sparrow on the shoulder and they both turned, quietly winding their crossbows. Rolland's arm lifted to aim discretely the Captain of the Guard's gut, while Sparrow kept readied but aimed down at the floor.

"Don't mind her," He laughed. "She's just pissed 'cause your in the old Major's armor."
Zako's eyes widened, and he glanced down at the breastplate, saying after a moment, "I had not... it was sitting in the armor pit."
"Of course it was, *The Bone Yard*" Stravitch said, "That's where all armor goes, picked clean from the bones. What use is it to them, eh?"

They're gone, or dead, or run, so what's the use of just letting it sit there and rust. Really, kid, you've got a lot of stones to try on his boots - sullied as they may be... if ya' see Varen, why don't you grab him, come down to Dodik's tonight, I'll let you buy me a drink."

Rolland and Sparrow lowered their crossbows as Stravitch sauntered away, stepping atop Kib on his way to the door. Zako frowned down at his armor, and Maggarg said, "Gotta' say, that grayed goat's got the right of it - might as well cover yer' own ass, ifn' that old major thinks he's too damned good for a little steel."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 24, 2008, 08:34:28 pm**

Diary of Zako:

My god, what have I done...

I now know why everyone was looking at me strangely, its because of hte armour im wearing! The plate armour is from the old major, you know the one who left? Apparently, not everyone was too happy about this predicament, as shown when one of the military spoke out against me.

Who was shortly interuppted by the Captain of the Guard knocking her over with his mace. Holy shit...

I've heard horror stories of the captain of the guard, how he turned back a whole siege by HIMSELF while wearing only his pants. How his unpredictability is infamous for hurting others, how his sheer ferociousness is almost unmatched in the whole kingdom.

When he walked in, the whole room went silent. I saw out of the corner of my eye after he left that Sparrow and Rolland had even pointed their crossbows at him! Apparently, he thinks I have a lot of stones weariong this armour and that if I grab Varen, we can go to Dodik's for a drink with him.

Question is, what if Varen tries to kill me for wearing the armour? He was a silent individual when the old major was here, and I don't know how he will take it... Should I even go? Or is it more dangerous to refuse?

God, Im in a serious problem...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 25, 2008, 04:55:02 am**

Quote from: Kuli on September 24, 2008, 07:58:37 am

Quote from: Glacies on September 23, 2008, 09:10:59 pm

It's a shame Maester Kuli never got back to me about that temple improvment project.

Did you actually mention something like that to me, or is it just some in-character thing? I don't remember this at all.

I mentioned upgrading the temple to get rid of some stone way way earlier, but nobody picked up on it, I guess.

Y'know, I think this is a right bloody proper community fortress. We're actually taking part, y'know, making unreasonable mandates and bickering. ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 25, 2008, 06:44:10 am**

Diary of Jools Machinescalded

That Stravitch bastard has been picking on my Kib again. It's obviously not a case of her being singled out for this treatment - about the one thing you can say in the jerk's favour is that he doesn't believe in giving anyone special treatment.

That aside, it's hard to know what to do about it. Despite systematic abuses of his power, he remains not just Captain of the Guard (and hence capable of locking anyone up on a whim) but also a dwarf capable of fighting off goblin squads whilst equipped with nothing but that artifact mace of his and a hastily-donned pair of trousers. Someone needs to take him down a peg or two, and any sort of open confrontation will just give him the opportunity to expand his rumoured collection of dwarven teeth.

I'm going to have to be devious about this. I'll have to get someone else in to help, too. One of the few good things about Stravitch is that you can't throw a brick round here without hitting at least two people who don't like him, a fact he takes pride in proving on occasion.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 25, 2008, 08:34:40 am**

Quote from: Glacies on September 25, 2008, 04:55:02 am

Quote from: Kuli on September 24, 2008, 07:58:37 am

Quote from: Glacies on September 23, 2008, 09:10:59 pm

It's a shame Maester Kuli never got back to me about that temple improvment project.

Did you actually mention something like that to me, or is it just some in-character thing? I don't remember this at all.

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Y'know, I think this is a right bloody proper community fortress. We're actually taking part, y'know, making unreasonable mandates and bickering. ;)

I hadn't ever thought of it before, but Glacies is right. You guys are kind of like my own nobles, my ... cross to bear. All the good-natured bickering, and increasing demands, I feel like I should just give you all a great big magma hug <3

Jools: Funny story - your characters wife has managed to mangle the limbs of BOTH your children by happily taking them into battle. They're both fine, one has even grown into a strapping crippled child who spends his days in bed recovering from a broken "lower body", while your daughter happily dangles unconsciousness from her mother's chest thanks to the pain in her broken arms. God, I love this game.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 25, 2008, 09:26:46 am**

Diary of maggarg

Old Stravich came and interrupted out training today after Kib and Zako had a little misunderstanding. In short, he knocked her to the floor with one lazy blow, told us about the major's armour, then invited Zako to haul varen to dodik's.

Anyway, I had to tell Kib not to take children into battle. Again.

Poor Jools is going to be head of a family of cripples. Don't think he notices though, too busy with his donkeys.

There's talk that Maester Kuli is planning to expand the Zefonist temple.

I wish there were temples for the rest of us, just for posterity.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 25, 2008, 09:37:09 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on September 25, 2008, 08:34:40 am

Jools: Funny story - your characters wife has managed to mangle the limbs of BOTH your children by happily taking them into battle. They're both fine, one has even grown into a strapping crippled child who spends his days in bed recovering from a broken "lower body", while your daughter happily dangles unconsciousness from her mother's chest thanks to the pain in her broken arms. God, I love this game.

I can see why I married her. She's *brilliant*. And it's nice to know my virtual children are all growing up in a proper dwarven manner. All they need now is a quick fey mood, knock out an artifact each, and suddenly they'll jump up enough levels of toughness to not really care about their injuries. That's how good dwarves care for their children in my book. ;-D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 25, 2008, 05:57:06 pm**

From the Files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1066

Population: 136, thanks to the Duke's wife, and Jools', popping out three kids total to replace the unfortunate saps crushed to death under the petrified hooves of the stalking dead.

Wealth: Glacies has noted we've pushed past 3.2million in monies, the majority of which is held up in our state-of-the-art architecture, our wares, and our weapons. The goods stolen from corpses are what we, in the trading business, call "icing", and I gladly made him add it to our totals as well.

Blueprints: The latest designs of the fortress (http://mkv25.net/dfma/addpointofinterest.php?view_mapid=3589), sketched up for me by Istrath during his off time.

OOC: There is *literally* nothing happening. With the turn of the new year, hopefully I'll have some more excitement to throw your way. Until then, have fun looking over the newest map!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sukasa** on **September 25, 2008, 06:51:43 pm**

Not sure if there are any opening, but if there are can I claim (or get in line to claim) a dwarf? Preferences below:

Name: "Lugnut", with the default last name if it's set for that, or "Alleywhipped" otherwise
Gender: Male
Profession: Any but mechanics, but he wants to be a mechanic, thus the name he took for himself
Background (if it's a born dwarf, ignore this): Cast out of his household and disowned for his beliefs, "Lugnut" Took it upon himself to earn a living doing <job>, scraping together just enough to buy his way to Migrursut. He wants, however, to be a mechanic, and has trained himself slightly in that regard.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **September 25, 2008, 07:34:07 pm**

No immigrants? Really?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 26, 2008, 07:44:35 am**

Sukasa: You haven't missed out at all, but I am going to have to put you on the list. Raising the dead, *especially* with 40d, causes a LOT of problem. That leads me to-

Eita: I'm as bummed as you are. I got messages every season that "This fort is too dangerous for migrants to come to", or something like that, so you and Canadian Wolverine are still waiting for dwarfification.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 26, 2008, 06:08:30 pm**

The events of the 5th of Granite, 1066

Varen and Asmel Towersacks both turned towards the barracks door, grinning wide as they saw Makrond making his way towards them. Though his legs were wobbly from lack of use, and his skin was a chalky, he was smiling brightly.

"Welcome back to the land of the living, buddy!" Varen said, walking over to give his former squad-mate a good natured squeeze on the back of the neck.
"Alright," Towersacks said, a touch abashed, "Let me see it."

Makrond paused for a brief instant, before unbuttoning the top three buttons of his pigtail shirt. Exposing his chest, he pointed to the spot near the right pectoral, a healed over star burst of skin near the center of the right muscle. She whistled tonelessly, pressing two of her fingers into the wound. Makrond sucked in his breath, and when no pain came, he laughed - the sound broken up with the occasional cough, "Sorry about - the wound. Don't worry, I'll still be - be helping you out. As soon as I can get ba- ack to the leatherworks, I'll be making some fantastic leather armors for you b-both."

Varen was about to respond with a thanks, but all three of them jumped at Kib's shrill shriek from across the room. "Jools! There he is! Tell him *exactly* what I told you!"

They turned to see an irate hammerer, her husband and newest child in tow, stalking towards a confused-looking captain of the guard. Stravitch turned to look behind him briefly, brows knit together as Jools stammered out, "Sir, ah, my, uh, I mean - *I* feel that what you did the other day to my wife was... unacceptable. I think she needs, ahh, an apology."

Stravitch turned to look at Kib, and even with her righteous fury, she took the smallest of steps backward. After a moment of tense silence, the Captain laughed hard, dropping his hands to hold at his stomach. "An APOLOGY! For knocking her on her ass! You can't be serious? Get out of here, Zookeep. This is a place for men - like your sweet Kib."
"You're one to talk, you... you whorer!" She shouted at him. She pushed an accusing finger in his direction, gnashing her teeth as she shouted, "You philanderer, thief, you... bully! When the judgment fires comes, it won't be Zefon's love that finds you safely on, *Captain* Fillwhip, it'll be the spikes of eternal damnation piercing your hide!"

For once, anger flashed on Stravitch's face. His upper lip curled, and he reached down instinctively to tightly grip the handle of his mace. "The only fire in this world is brought by the Fury of Lenod. From his great maw spews forth magma to cleanse the worthless and cowardly from his world. And in his mortal absence? I help shuttle forth the souls he needs to stay strong. Get your wife out of here, Zookeep. I can feel the fires burning stronger with every word from her idiots mouth."

Jools, ashen, gripped his wife by the arm and tugged her from the barracks, thrashing and foaming. Stravitch watched them leave, and when they left from his sight he turned to point his mace at Guardsman Yellowbolted. "Come here Cilob, it's time to *practice*."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 26, 2008, 07:19:04 pm**

The events of the 10th of Granite, 1066

The door to Rinsesilver's door slammed open, and Stravitch stepped inside her room. He was aware, briefly, of just how *nice* it was, of the spider silk sheets on the bed, the rows of well-tailored, black and blue-dyed suits, and the rows of baubles and trinkets purchased from one of the many shops on Store Row. These were pushed aside as he turned his heavy gaze onto the de facto fisherman leader, folding his arms across his chest.

"Time to get to work," Stravitch said gruffly, "There's talk of elves on the horizon, and I'm going to need your docks workers to start preparing the barrels of stone trinkets. It's about time we turned a profit again."
"We? Sir, I think you're mistaken," Dastot said, slowly lifting her eyes from the book she was reading. "We *have* been making a profit. I'm sorry this news has to come from me, but ... you've been removed from the pay chain."

"WHAT!"
"You had to expect this. You don't *do* anything, Sir. My dock workers? We run the workshops after hours, we haul the freight, we barter and trade, and ... please, I mean no disrespect, but the laziness of your guards has led us to act as our own security. And that made me think - why waste the Sweet Grease?"
"You thief," Stravitch snarled. "If it wasn't for Johnny and me, there wouldn't *be* anything for you to trade! There'd be nothing but Aryn lining his pockets and laughing himself to sleep."

"Johnny, rest his soul, is dead. Didn't you hear? His caravan, attacked! The merchants, slaughtered! It's in his name alone that I'm continuing, and it's the respect he had for you, Captain, that I ain't had you turned in. Now keep the profits you made in the past, keep your self respect, and leave the dirty deeds to those that know how to do them. You'd just muck things up."
"Johnny is NOT dead," Stravitch said coldly. "But you're going to be if you don't change your tone."

Rinsesilver smiled and shrugged. "We all die some day, Captain. But my death won't be at your hands - there are five other fisherman, and my new benefactor, all quite prepared to protect their interests. Now if you'll excuse me, Sir, I'd love to finish this chapter before I have to take stock of the baubles we'll be selling the Squeekies."

Trembling with rage, Stravitch turned and stalked from her room, the door slammed shut so hard the lower set of hinges ripped from the stone. Passing a guard in the hallway, he slung an arm out, the Dwarf's feet kicking out in front of him as the Captain got him in a choke hold, dragging him towards the barracks.
"COME WITH ME, YELLOWBOLTED! IT'S TIME TO TRAIN!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 26, 2008, 07:53:46 pm**

That poor guardsman...

hehehehehe

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 27, 2008, 05:10:06 am**

Diary of Jools Machinescalded

Well that went about as well as could have been expected. That's what comes from letting an Army girl like my wife (bless her) do the thinking. It may be only fair to offer Stravitch a chance to apologise, but it was never going to be effective. Time to decide what Plan B is going to be...

Initially I was thinking about about redirecting a day's worth of donkey output to Stravitch's room rather than fertilising the fields with it, but after careful consideration I've ruled this out as I'm not entirely certain that he'd even notice the smell. Besides, I wouldn't be setting a good example of how subtle plans can work when front-on attacks fail. I could still go for the plan that involved swapping all his clothing for narrow goblin clothing while he was "engaged" at Madam Dodik's place, though.

However, an intriguing rumour is circulating that Stravitch isn't getting paid any more. Given his extravagant lifestyle (and the evident new-found wealth of Miss Mookie, may she find the Light of Zefon) he can't be **that** far from being broke and having to actually work for a change.

Maybe it's time to have a word with Glacies and Madam Dodik about restricting lines of credit for dwarves with no income... they might not be that receptive to my idea, but I'm sure that between all the people who don't like Stravitch, we can come up with sufficient... "reason" to persuade Glacies and Dodik to play along.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 27, 2008, 05:38:46 am**

Diary of maggarg
I've never seen Captain Fillwhips so angry before! Actually, I've never seen him show much emotion before.
It started when Kib decided to get poor Jools to get an apology out of Stravich. Anyway, stravich laughed in their faces, and I could see Jools cringe, ready for a whack, when Kib decided to get all personal on him. naturally, no effect on his thick old hide. Then she got religious on him. I'd never thought of him as religious, far as I know there's no religion that permits whoring and laziness, but apparently there is, and that fired the old boar up. Didn't hear what he said, but the zookeeper bricked it and ran. Poor Cilob ended up as a stress ball.
I heard that stravich got fired five days after that for laziness. Kicked off the pay chain. He's too proud to work, so I reckon he'll be stone broke soon, what with his, um, lifestyle. Once again, Cilob got a right royal thrashing.
Thing is, I don't actually dislike old stravich, for all his flaws. He's loyal to an old friend of his who's probably dead. Fountainsprings was the name, I met the guy's father years ago when I was a merc' in the mad Duke Crackedpots private army.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 27, 2008, 10:21:13 am**

The Events of the 15th of Granite, 1066

"An ambush! Curse them!"

Mounting the rise beside the quarry, Sulari's mind was on the hot bowl of stew she was going to eat once she reached the mess. She was winning the kill boards by leaps and bounds, and after taking out the latest group of Dread Camels before her squadmates boots hit the sand, she was now up to sixty-five of the undead given to another final rest. Her wandering mind was brought back to reality when a bolt thwanged into the leather cover over her breastplate, left quivering.

The goblins, six of them, came skulking from behind the boulders, flashing wide, yellowed grins.

"There's the stunt bitch!" one of them growled in unease Dwarvish, "What a catch."
"We isn't here for her," a wrestler complained, adjusting the straps on his gloves, "We *need* the brat."
"Skin her quick. Then we can get back to the task at hand."

They shouldn't have spoken - The last goblin to speak died with his words, Sulari's axe slicing both arms off at the elbow. The Marksgoblin gaped stupidly as she spun in a tight arc. She disemboweled the goblin to her north with a belly-level slice, and sent the one to her south flying, his body a broken and mangled mess.



When Notchdoor came upon the scene, he saw Sulari standing in a pool of gore, the corpses of goblins littering the sands around her. He just shook his head, and slung his axe back over his back. "Come on, Sergeant, let's go get some stew."

Glacies stood by the yellow path to the trading depot, checking off items as Dwarves hauled them by. He nodded, pleased, as the last of the barrels of goods were unloaded well before schedule.

"BOOKKEEP!"

Glacies tensed as he heard Stravitch's voice, and slowly turned. He was surprised to see the captain lugging a large chest effortlessly, his bare arms pale. As the captain of the guard drew close, he tossed the chest at Glacies' feet, and the clasp snapped open, the recoil sending the lid bouncing up. Inside, the chest was full of iron, and steel, of glass trinkets, copper coins, and gold-studded weapons and armor. Stravitch pointed a finger at the chest, his lips pulling back in a snarl, though Glacies wasn't sure *what* it was from.

"You won't get a cent more out of me, bookkeep. I want you to start construction on the 'marrow."
"Construction of... what, sir? Captain, where did you get all of this? Your accounts don't show ANY funds like these."
"That's not your concern. You're under my pay now, and you *know* what I want built. Everyone around here, trying to push me, if I wasn't so damned personable I'd have smashed the skull of every man, woman and child in this fortress... Ha! We'll show them, you and I. Lenod's rage will punish the unworthy!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 27, 2008, 11:42:08 am**

Diary of maggarg
Being in the squads means you hear things. Being one of the most wanted criminals in most of the mountainhomes from here to oblivion means you listen.
To start on a good note, Sulari found a goblin ambush and chopped them up before they could say "Argh!"
On a bad note, I hear Stravich was seen hauling a big old chest. I recognise it as a soldier's campaign chest, probably about thirty years old or even more.
Anyway, there's more gossip and talk than ever before, and sometimes, one of my aliases comes up. no shifty looks yet, but that'll happen soon. And it's just when I manage to stick down a job I like.
If it gets bad, I'll make off with something expensive or something.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **September 27, 2008, 12:09:50 pm**

Diary of Vactor, forumgoer

Heavy Flak impressed everyone lately with a stream of great updates at a breathtaking pace. Rumor has it on the forums that he is interested in treating us like proper nobles!! I'll take it with a grain of salt, but if any warm floodgates show up in the forums, i'm getting out of dodge.

(i really have a hard time writing as Dodik-Come-Lately, plus i doubt most people know she's my char, i end up feeling like some random person entering the thread whenever i post)

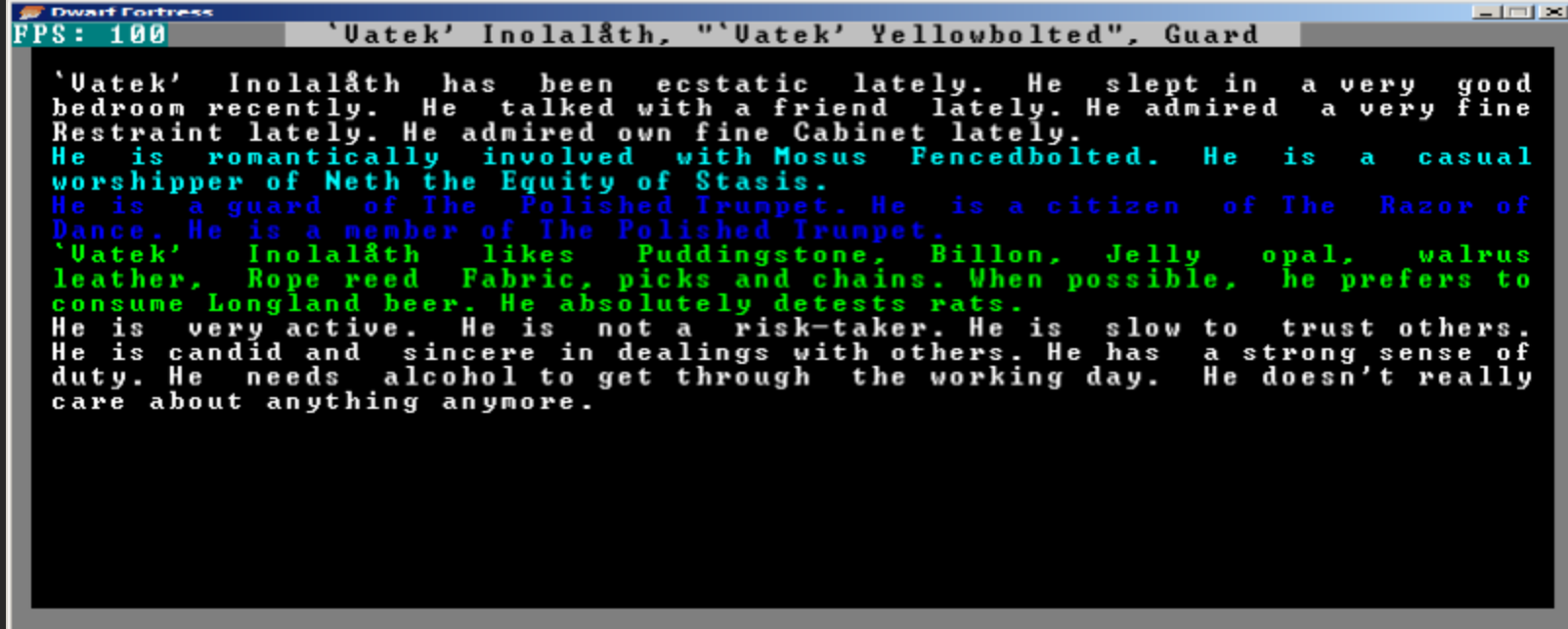
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Duke of Nawn** on **September 27, 2008, 04:13:29 pm**

... Is Cilob Yellowbolted claimed? If not, I'd like to make him a named character: Vetek, as a nickname or proper first. Serving under Stravitch, and appearing in only two posts I know of, he's probably already got a personality of his own. Maybe he will survive. Maybe he will be eaten by bears/Stravitch. But I like him.
If he's already claimed, that's awesome too. More Yellowbolted!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 28, 2008, 12:03:44 pm**

The events of the 20th of Granite, 1066

The foursome standing out in the desert heat were quite the sight to see. Glacies and Istrath were busy looking over a ripped and rum-stained sheet of parchment, the discomfort they felt plain on their faces. Beside them stood Guardsman Cilob "Vatek" Yellowbolted in his new neckbrace of steel and leather.



In front of them, using his mace as a pointing stick, Stravitch was talking incessantly - the trio trying their best to ignore the terrible things coming from his mouth.

"Captain," Istrath said wearily. "Are you *sure* that you... ah, want to do the designs yourself?"

"Of course. They won't be right otherwise," Stravitch said. He turned to look at them, heavy brows lowering as he squinted, "...why?"

"They're very difficult to follow..." Istrath said as tactfully as he could.

Glacies coughed, and adjusted his collar, "And they're done in crayon, sir. You... don't have any measurements, or anything more than the first floor. And you wrote "CINNABAR" across the whole thing."

"Right, I did," Stravitch said testily, "That's what I want it built out of."

"The whole thing?" Glacies said, paling.

"Yes, the whole thing! That's why I wrote it so damned big! Why are you making it this difficult!"

"Captain..." Istrath began, pinching the bridge of his nose between two charcoal stained fingers, "Cinnabar is poisonous. It's full of mercury. A whole building made out of it will probably kill anyone who lives in it, and anyone who builds it."

Five minutes passed in complete silence. Glacies, and then Istrath, slowly lowered their eyes from Stravitch's unyielding stare. He finally turned to Vatek, and said, "You're to stay out here and guard the construction site."



Vatek had turned to look over the edge of the cliff, to the quarry below. He was watching the Metalworker Fliersalves wrestling for his life against a goblin childsnatcher. Though the dwarf had bitten off the Goblin's ear and broken his wrist, he was banged up as well, his forehead and neck bleeding from a half dozen gashes. The Guardsman gestured with a stiff arm, "Perhaps I should go down there and assist?"

"Is that the construction site?"

"It's A construction site."

"Is it MY construction site?"

"No," Vatek conceded, "It is not."

"Then don't go down there."

"Sir, as a guardsman, isn't it my duty to protect the citizens of our fortress?"

"Where would you get that idea? As a guardsman, it's your duty to do what I say. You can either guard this site, or we can go train some more."

Vatek stood a little straighter, lifting his hand to gingerly touch at the neck brace he wore. Stravitch smiled, and gave a quick nod.

"Good. I'm going to get drunk. Come find me when the first floor is done, I'll have the blueprints made up for the second by then."

OOC:

Duke of Nawn gets in due to the unorthodox request of adopting what was potentially a throw-away character :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Duke of Nawn** on **September 28, 2008, 02:10:51 pm**

Yeeee-hehehehehe.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 28, 2008, 03:55:28 pm**

Brilliant stuff. I love the details on the blueprints.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)
Post by: Kuli on September 29, 2008, 08:32:58 am

Once again Heavy Flak gets his a's and e's mixed up. ;)

Is Stravitch building what I think he's building? This is sure to cause some...problems.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **September 29, 2008, 08:50:53 am**

I'm guessing it'll be some sort of blood-red unholy temple to Lenod. Or possibly some gigantic model of Stravitch's "sensitive parts", which he will then claim is exactly to 1:1 scale.

Or a combination of both.

This will make things... interesting. I wonder who'll be setting themselves up as some sort of High Priest of Lenod. I can hardly see Stravitch ministering to any sort of congregation.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 29, 2008, 11:29:06 am**

Quote from: Jools on September 29, 2008, 08:50:53 am
I'm guessing it'll be some sort of blood-red unholy temple to Lenod. Or possibly some gigantic model of Stravitch's "sensitive parts", which he will then claim is exactly to 1:1 scale.

Good news, everyone! Jools has just convinced me to change whatever I had planned for this construction into a giant cinnabar phallus!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **September 29, 2008, 12:12:54 pm**

Ugg. Good going, Jools. :P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 29, 2008, 06:59:06 pm**

The events of the 5th of Slate, 1066

Aryn, in his all-too-common way, had screamed at the majority of the fortress from one of the guards towers. His cries went unheard, and it was up to Glacies, who took the empty spot when the idealist vanished from view, to shout down to them, "Aryn ... has ordered that you're to take the rest of the day off. Get ... drunk and stay in your rooms, he has important negotiations with Diplomat Deerowl."

For once, his mandates were met promptly. Aryn was puffed up to his full height, his thinning hair greased back, his beard brushed it shone gold. He walked past the empty row of shops, his hands behind his back, smiling up pleasantly at the tall, willowy elf beside him.

"I'm so pleased, Good Master Estetar, with how your silly little charges are coming along."
"Of course, I've tried so hard," he said, his voice oily smooth. "It's taken so much work to get them to respect life, but I've taken it as a personal challenge."
"I quite like the little garden you've cultivated beside the magma vent," she said, taking no notice of the pained look that spread over his face. "Never in my wildest dreams would I imagine such crude Dwarven minds could cultivate sand and obsidian into beautiful flowers and lush grass."
"Err, yes, I spent... years, working hands-on with our top farmers. It's just now blossoming"
"MOVE, please, Sir and Ma'am!"

Aryn grunted as he was shoved aside, and Diplomat Deerowl let out a cry of indignation as she was pushed into a wall. Mookie strode past them, her dress covered in dust and charcoal, long hair sticking to the sweat on her shoulders and face. Fighting to control his anger, Aryn said as calmly as possible, "Miss, I beleive you have somewhere ELSE to be, than wandering the halls?"

"Aye? Aye! I do!" When she turned, Aryn saw the glassy expression in her eyes, the blank look on her face, the fever of concentration she was working to control. Deerowls moaned - she saw the stacks of Dread Camel bones that the Bone Carver was hauling.

Speachless, Mookie looked down at what she was carrying, her face lighting up. "I've had the most *wonderful* idea! I've ... commandered a workshop! If you're still around, Miss, when I'm done I'll give it to you. Eee! You'll just LOVE it! Tah!"

She darted down the steps, leaving behind a green-tinted Elf and a purple-with-rage fortress leader.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 29, 2008, 11:34:49 pm**

Diary of Glacies

Mookie seems to be in some sort of creative mood, because she's pissed Ayrn right off. I have to say her, ah, tact was a little lacking. I really hope the elves don't eat us.

Recently, I discovered that my father's printer has a built in scanner, and a ten minute tinkering session and a three minute sketch gives you...
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **September 30, 2008, 04:38:33 am**

Nicely done! Please do more!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 30, 2008, 04:50:49 am**

I plan to do bits and pieces of old mirgrurset history in between my bookkeeping duties. I'm only a novice with the charcoal, so you'll probably see improvment down the line. If Heavy Flak will PM or post the details of the fortress dwarves, we might get pictures of Stravitch, Rice, Likot, Vetek, Me, Lucy, Ayrn, Deerowl...lots of possibilites.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 30, 2008, 12:13:36 pm**

I'm continuously impressed by the creativity of my reader base. You all never fail to surprise me :)

Glacies: I'd be happy to give you any information you want. Just send me a PM on what characters / scenes you want, and what descriptions you need, and I'll have him typed up as soon as I can.

(Note: As soon as I can means the end of the business day. It's the end of the fiscal year as far as the government is concerned so this is the first break I've had since eight this morning)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 30, 2008, 08:35:11 pm**

Diary of Glacies

Today I was at a very, very loose end. I decided to use some paper and charcoal to make a picture of some old scene mentioned in our history books. Rice happened to glance into my room just as I put the finishing touches on it. He thought it was pretty snazzy, so I gave it to him so he could put it on his wall.

Then inspiration struck me! I could do portraits to supplement the embezzling my wages! I posted a little sign outside my room showing my rates. About a half hour later, Stravitch walks in and tells me that I'm going to do a picture of him, and gave me (more like threw at me) an interesting glass trinket. I'm gonna start working on it once I've accounted for all our bolts.

2nd entry of the day.

Well, I finished it in the afternoon and Stravitch came in to get it a couple of minutes ago. When he first saw it, I realised I may have stepped over the line. I thought he was going to smash my face in right there.

Then, he started laughing. He said he's going to post it in the barracks. This could be bad for me...I thought he was going to put it in his room or something.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Migrurset
14th of limestone 1051

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 01, 2008, 12:17:31 am**

Awww man I can't see the pictures! How lame is that? Oh well I'm sure it must be really awesome.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **October 01, 2008, 12:34:05 am**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



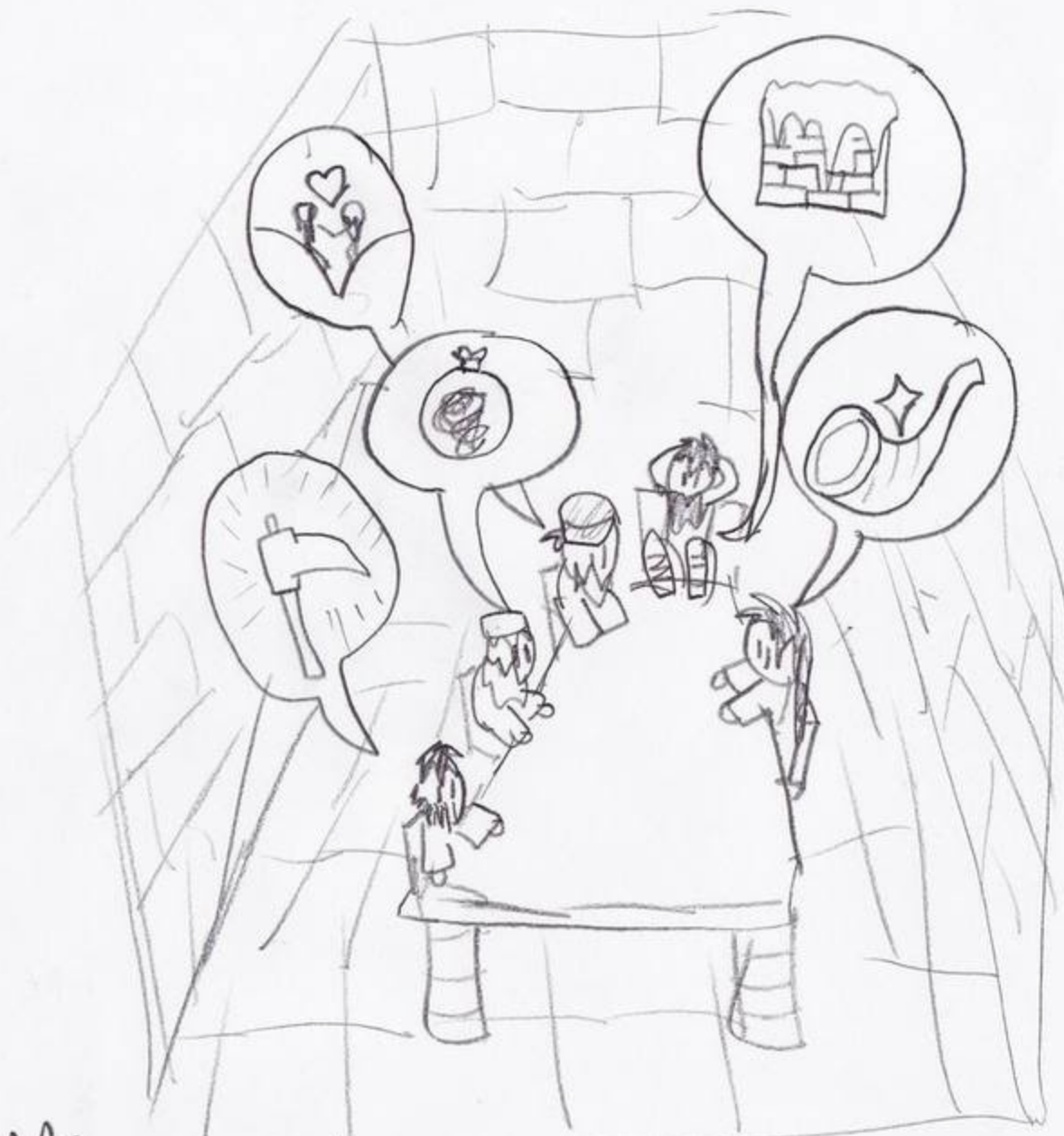
But we love him
any way.

Join the fortress guard and you too can rampage drunkenly
around the place hitting people! If Stravitch doesn't kill you.

Hahahaha... :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Lucid_Archon** on **October 01, 2008, 02:09:47 am**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



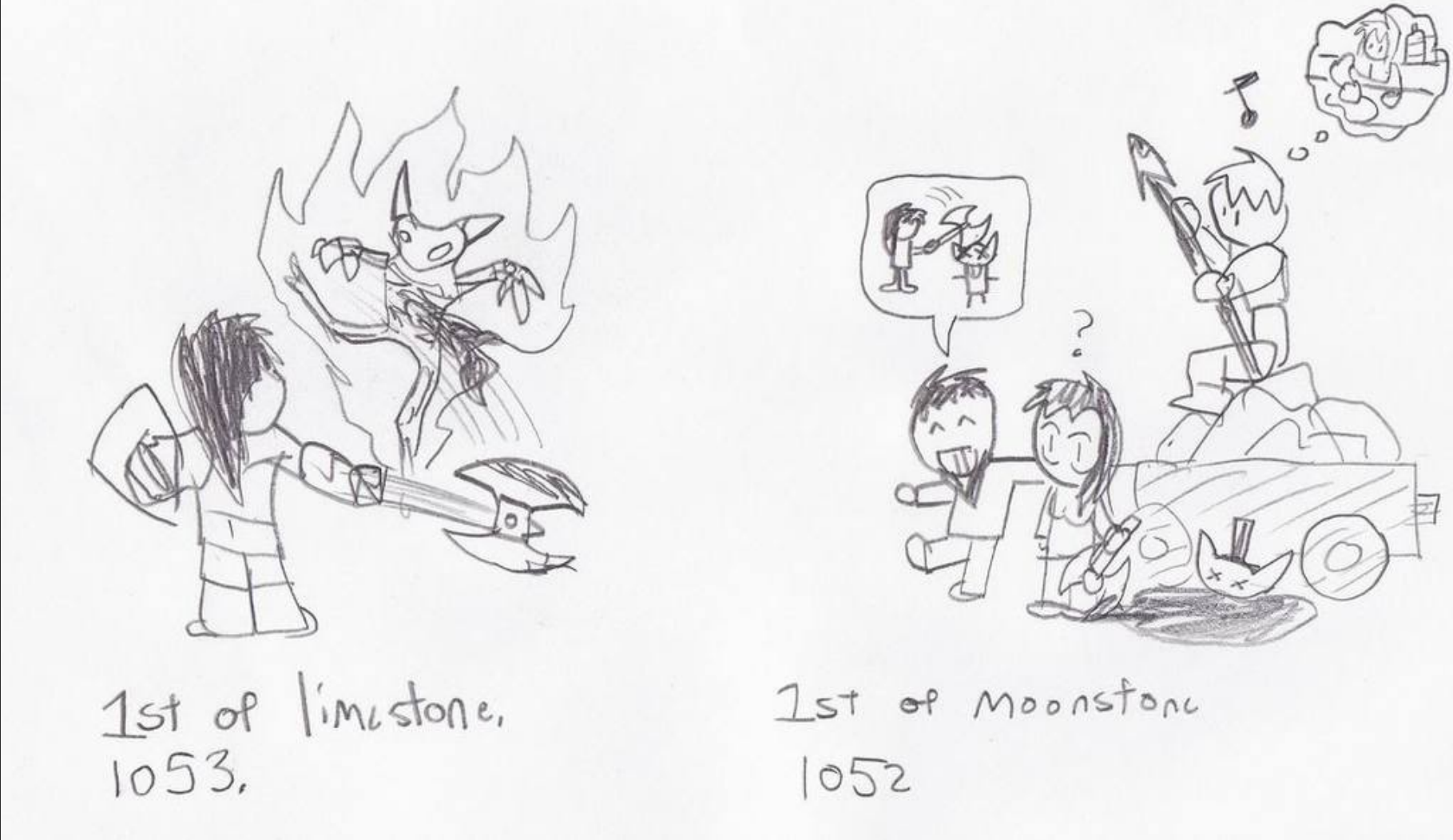
Migrurset
14th of limestone 1051

Wonderful! That's my favorite scene, despite the fact that it happened very early. I feel like I should chip in now.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **October 01, 2008, 06:37:31 am**

And here's the early exploits of Sulari.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



1st of limestone,
1053,

1st of moonstone
1052

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **October 01, 2008, 06:53:48 am**

How about the arrival of the new migrants in chapter 2?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **October 01, 2008, 07:09:53 am**

Is this what you're after?

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



24th of slate, 1061
why it sucks to be Ayrn

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 01, 2008, 07:29:23 am**

Haha, Glacies, your style is great. "Naming the Fortress" had me laughing really hard this morning.

An aside: When Glacies asked me for information on Stravitch, I sent him a list of all the stuff the old goat was wearing. There were, really, only two surprises. One is he's wearing a pair of boots that are covered in bones and jewels. Why only the boots? I can't rightly say.

The other is, he's carrying too maces. He's left handed, because that's where he's holding Sefolkukuk, but the right one is holding a

regular, not even exceptional, mace. I imagine the thought process went something like, "If I could swing both arms at once... I could hurt things twice as fast MY GOD I'M A **GENIUS!**"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **October 01, 2008, 07:41:59 am**

Told ya Bertrand wasn't exactly making a good impression.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 01, 2008, 06:13:01 pm**

The events of the 16th of Slate, 1066

The inter-military situation had finally reached the boiling part. This was in no fault of Zako, who after his first run-in with the walking dead had lost most of the cocksure attitude. Training with Adol and Maggarg, he had grown as a soldier, and was really holding his own.

Until Kib had crushed his foot with her hammer.

That was the main catalyst, and though no one could prove anything, Adol was telling those in Sulari's group that Likot had slipped a few coins into her palm, or threatened her, or talked to her about Zefon's love, and convinced the already irate hammerer to unleash her anger on the poor green boy. Zako had toppled over howling as his foot was shattered, and Kib was promptly knocked out by Maggarg's right hook.

This brought Sgt. Pepper's massive frame barreling in from the side to bowl the crass swordsman over, using his mail-covered fists to bludgeon the dwarf. Adol cracked the mask-wearing axedwarf in the chest with his hammer to knock him aside, cringing as a bolt thunked into the wall beside his head. It would have struck home, in his neck, if Rolland hadn't drawn first and placed a bolt through Likot's arm - sending her aim off.

The room was full of shouts and curses, and it took nearly a half hour before Snake and Sulari had calmed both parties down, separated them, made sure that Zako was moved to the infirmary. Dojango saw to his broken foot and said it was clean, that it would heal up in no time but he needed to stay off it until then. At that prognosis Rolland, even as emotionless as he was, seemed to be a bit relieved.

With all the drama in the barracks, no one noticed the Goblin in the black cape, and tall black hat, sneaking off through the desert with the child Melbil Keslolok.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 01, 2008, 07:23:20 pm**

The events of the 23rd of Slate, 1066

Aryn was safe. He'd lead Diplomat Deerowl through the hallways seemingly at random, talking all the while to keep her distracted. Any time he'd seen a Dwarf coming their way he'd pull her into an alcove to talk, or point out some some small *objet d art*. When he saw sunlight streaming in through the main stairwell he said a silent prayer in thanks. Placing a hand on the diplomats back, he steered her towards the stairwell.

He was blindsided by Mookie, who left the storeroom skipping - her face lit up with happiness. In her hands, she held a pair of Dread Camel Greaves. They were studded with lead and decorated with bones, rope-reed and turtle shell, bands of cinnabar circling around it. Engraved on it was a picture of an elf and Releaseconfines the Dread Camel in Rose Quartz. The Dread Camel was trampling the elf to death.

Seeing the diplomat, Mookie beamed and waved her hand high. From across the hallway she shouted, "Ma'am! Ma'am! I'm so glad you're still here! I made these for you!"

Later that evening, Aryn stood in the hallway yelling at the poor hauler he'd grabbed to scrub the Elf's vomit off the floor. Mookie was nowhere to be seen, she was too busy showing off her greaves Dancelonely to the fortress proper.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **October 01, 2008, 08:24:58 pm**

Diary of Zako:

DAMN HER!! ARRRRGGGHHHH!!!!

I just had my foot broken by Kib. I'm back in my bed. A prisoner of my own body. AGAIN.

Damn her...

What happened in the barracks was quite nasty, some people were almost killed. My friend Maggarg defended my prone body, who was then bowled over by Sgt. Pepper, who was hit by Adol with his hammer to throw him off, who was almost killed by a bolt from Likol's crossbow, who had her aim thrown off by a bolt to the arm from Rolland!

It took quite a while for the whole thing to calm down as well. Bout half an hour or so? Full of pain...

And all this was because of those undead in charge... I know it to be true...

They will pay for what they are doing to us... Each of them... All of them...

The following is written by a shaking hand.

I will kill them all...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **October 02, 2008, 03:25:43 am**

Diary of Jools Machinescalded

Oh dear. Not content with a continuing grudge against Stravitch, my Kib has lashed out and picked a fight with someone else to add to it. According to others, it was a training accident. According to her, Zako "bloody deserved it".

He may not have done himself any favours with his choice of armour, but that's no reason in my book to shatter his foot. However my lady wife seems to disagree. I sometimes wonder if she's taken a leaf out of the books of those crazy humans - you know, the ones who go off and explore continents and climb mountains and find the sources of rivers and so on. They always say they climbed/explored "because it was there".That's probably as much reason as Kib needs or had to shatter Zako's foot.

I dropped by Zako's room with a muffin basket by way of apology, but I don't really think it'll make that difference. He's rather understandably upset.

In other news, Miss Mookie has made some fantastic Greaves from the bones of the Dread Camels. They're really well made - it seems she's become a real expert. Hopefully this newfound skill will allow her to turn from the oldest profession in the world to one that's a little more respectable.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sparrow** on **October 02, 2008, 05:52:52 am**

Diary of Sparrow the Boltslinger.

Wow. Just wow. A lot of stuff hapenned. First, Zako managed to get injured.Again. He, uh, should get better at dodging stuff ya know? Then, after he got his smashed by hammerer, a fight ensued. It tooka half of hour to chill everybody. Shame, I wasn't there though. Other news, Mookie is happy with her bone greaves. From what I heard it has a drawing of elf getting struck down. Bad timing with Elven diplomat in here and all that y'know?

Ok, back to training.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **October 02, 2008, 07:30:00 am**

23rd of slate

I sent a pot of flowers and an apology note to the elf. I'm just going to hide in my room. Lucy and Rice have both asked me to do sketches of them.

24th of slate

Okay, so apparently Lucy wants me to draw her, nude. Er. This is not something I exactly expected. At least Rice is wearing a tunic.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 02, 2008, 08:45:05 pm**

The events of the 10th of Felsite, 1066

"Good. *Good.*"

Stravitch stood in the sand in just a pair of worn trousers, his hands clasped behind him. As of late, he'd taken to coming out at all hours of the day to stare at the slowly-rising skeleton in the sands. The fact that he came out in various states of undress often put Lucy the lead Engineer, Rice the Mason's Representative, Glacies the Moneyman, and Vatek the Guard at ill-ease.

"Sir, can ... can you please step away from the construction site?" Glacies said uncomfortably. "Everyone here is wearing smocks, and hard-hats. It's dangerous here. We don't want you to get hurt."
"If I step away, I can't watch what they're doing!"

Rice, standing on the scaffolding, looked down at the bottom of the staircase in helplessness. "Sir, I can't work if I can't get down from here."
"If you're not up there, you're not working!"
"I can't work unless I can go get some more of your damned cinnabar! How can I put up the walls if I don't have any stone!"

"I CAN'T WORK LIKE THIS!" Stravitch roared. Stepping forward, he lashed out with a hard kick, sending a hastily-constructed iron door from it's hinges, sending it bouncing across the ground until it hit a boulder. Stalking towards the road, he pointed at Vatek, shouting, "Come with me! It's time to practice!"
"Oh no," Vatek said, his eyes widening. Taking a deep breath, the Guardsman reached down to the small pouch at his hip and gave it a shake, the sound of copper jangling. "Today is payday, and...why don't we take a little trip to Dodik's, eh? She's closing down for, ahh, renovations next week, so I... think it would be best if we made sure you said a last goodbye."

Stravitch stopped in his path, staring at Guardsman Yellowbolted. The Guardsman, to his credit, only lifted a hand to brush back a few loose strands of hair. Slowly the Captain gave a nod, and looked down at his bare chest, and hairy paunch. "I'm going to go get a shirt, and find Varen... meet me at the bridge."

As Stravitch left, Vatek wilted a looking, a pained expression crossing his face. Before he left, he glanced at Rice, who mouthed a quiet "Thank you".

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 03, 2008, 01:31:29 am**

Rice's Journal
10th of Felsite

Busy busy busy... always so busy, and with Stravitch as the financier of this project and my supervisor apparently I only feel more rushed. Honestly what does he hope to accomplish in the construction site? His duties have always been on the battlefield, and here laying down the walls of his mad project I am the more experienced practitioner. I've never had a real problem with him either, but it seems as if he has a bit of a problem with my work ethic. I do my best, I always have. I don't need to justify myself here. I've been here since the beginning! I am one of the backbones of the community, and I may no longer take part in the politics that run this place, but I will be damned if I let myself be pushed around by a Lenod-worshiping bully. Captain of the Guard or not, he is no god. I'll need to talk to him though... and I must admit he does intimidate me. And he's always so... naked...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Duke of Nawn** on **October 03, 2008, 04:55:21 pm**

Vetek's Notes, 10th Felsite.

I am a guardsdwarf, and so my first duty is to the peace and stability of the fortress. Captain Stravitch is the Guard Captain, and so my second duty is to follow his orders to ensure the fulfillment of my first duty. However!, Captain Stravitch may, possibly, be the greatest threat to the peace and stability of this fortress. Therefore, to ensure my effectiveness as a guardsdwarf, I need to protect the fortress from Captain Stravitch. However! He is the captain of the guard, so I must follow his orders.
... Also, he could splatter me without notable effort. Therefore, I must do what I can to minimize the damage he leaves in his wake.
... The reasonable course of action does not immediately present a reasonable solution. Therefore, I'll just have to do my best to distract him. Ms. Dodik-Come-Lately's establishment seems the most obvious choice for, uh, distractions.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **October 03, 2008, 08:59:53 pm**

Alright... It's so long since I signed up to be Dwarved, I forgot his name. Heavy Flak?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 04, 2008, 02:23:26 am**

The events of the 1st of Hematite, 1066

"Where the hell are we? Why are we standing on a road. I've never stood on this road before."
"It's new, sir."



Vatek and Varen, standing on either side of Stravitch both looked concerned. The Captain of the Guard was rocking on his heels, actually reeling - this was the drunkest they had seen him. To make matters worse, he had decided to come out with just his mace and leather pants again, his thick, doughy frame covered in sticky sweat.

"What is this folly?" He growled. Squinting, he looked up at the start of a hastily constructed roof before continuing, "Where the hell did Dodik's go! Where the hell ARE we!"
"You're at the right place, my dear Captain. You're just a tad too early."

Varen's eyes narrowed in warning, adjusting his grip on the haft of his spear. Mounting the rise came the Fisher-leader Rinsesilver. She glittered in the sunlight, gold beads weaved into her hair and beard, platinum chains about her neck, large rubys adorning rings on many fingers. Her suit was immaculate and a rich blue, pinstripe, and masterfully tailored.
"The shop's been closed. I've decided to act as a financier for Miss Tinbells, and with this increase in funds, she feels it's... best to renovate her storefront."

"Who's Tinbells?" Stravitch asked.
"...Madam Dodik?"
"Oh,"
"Sir," Vatek said, reaching out to place a hand on the Captains shoulder. "I warned you about this. Let's head back, huh? Get some coffee, eat some steaks, you and I and Varen and miss Meng, we'll make an evening out of it, yeah?"
"...Fine. But I want my steak rare."
"Of course," Varen said in a monotone. "You wouldn't have it any other way."

As they turned to leave, Risnesilver stood on the road watching them. She waited until they hit the hill and vanished behind the wall. With a soft smile, and a nod, she turned and trudged back down the service slope, barking out quick orders to the other dock workers - the ones hauling stones.

OOC:

Eita: Here's a link (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg255757#msg255757>) to your character request. We haven't had any children grow up, though that should be happening in a year or two, and last season the Migrants were too scared to show up *yet again*. The one thing keeping me from just giving you any old Dwarf is the Zefon request.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **October 05, 2008, 01:30:09 pm**

Ooh. Story idea. Also, I would like to change my request to having him be a Hammerdwarf instead of a Marksdwarf. Follower of Zefon still stands though.

From the Journal of Eita <whatever last name he/she'll eventually, hopefully get; from now on to be temporarily replaced by the much shorter placeholder, Fredington>, 2nd of Slate, 1065.

Damn it, damn it, damn it, damn it. Drank too much last night. Missed getting my ride to Migrursut. Eh. I can also catch the next one. Been awhile since I've seen the Lieutenant though, I wonder how he's doing out there.

From the Journal of Eita Fredington, 30th of Slate, 1065 to the 1st of Hematite, 1066.

All pages save for the last have been torn out in a rage. The last page, dated the 1st of Hematite is torn, but has partially escape the slaughter. Scribbled nearly illegibly are the words, "damn cowards..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **October 05, 2008, 06:34:14 pm**

Maybe you could use a utility or edit the raws to force children to grow up, Heavy Flak. I think it will be quite a while before migrants ever arrive again.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 06, 2008, 10:09:35 am**

Quote from: Kuli on October 05, 2008, 06:34:14 pm
Maybe you could use a utility or edit the raws to force children to grow up, Heavy Flak. I think it will be quite a while before migrants ever arrive again.

I think you may be right, Kuli. As far as I know there's no grow-up utility, but when I get home I'm going to edit the raws and make children grow up in five years instead of the standard... twelve. This is just to simulate a childhood. With as many kids as Kib and Jool's pop out, we should have an additional 30 Dwarves in just a few years.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **October 06, 2008, 10:42:50 am**

I'm not 100% sure, but I think if you do that any kids OLDER then 5 will simply never grow up. I think the code only checks for adulthood on a birthday that meets the year after childhood ends, not anything past that.

Could be wrong, though. Toady may have fixed that issue.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 06, 2008, 11:24:59 am**

I just did some research Mephansteras, and it looks like you're right. We'd have an issue of a fortress with 12 or 13 Lost Boys running around, never aging. That's... less than ideal.

Maybe I COULD combine options. Set the age to 5, and use Dwarf Companion to turn off the child flag, if there is one. Or, try and read the memory and find the flag, and manually set it. That second one is certainly less than ideal :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **October 06, 2008, 02:37:42 pm**

Or maybe scale it down over time? Like change the year that children turn into adults to just older than your oldest dwarling, then after they turn into an adult, move it down again until you get to your 5 year mark.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 06, 2008, 08:01:26 pm**

The events of the 6th of Hematite

Glacies, Duke Bomrek, and Akroma stood atop a small dune in the sands. Glacies had paled, and though Akroma talked calmly the book keeper could see the interest in his eyes. The Duke listened in silence while the bone carver explained things.

"So I'm out here, you know, picking up supplies. And I see this big cloud of flies so I think there's something good over here to scavenge. And that's where I found Tholtig's corpse, right here. Like that."

The Duke nodded, and took a few steps towards the mangled corpse in the sand. He slowly knelt down, groaning at the creak in his knees, and reached out to prod at the body. Glacies cleared his throat, asking, "Shouldn't we wait for Aryn, and Miss Wavepaddles?" "Of course not!" The noble called, "We have everything we need right here. I can tell you from just looking at him what happened - Camels."

"Camels?" Akroma asked, lifting one eyebrow quizzically. "Of course. See how the chest is caved in? And the, ahh, arms are broken? Quite obviously the work of camels."

Glacies covered his face with a hand, groaning into his palm. After taking a deep breath he lowered it, and pointed to Tholtig's mangled face. "And I suppose the Camels also slit his mouth open, from ear to ear. And after that, they cut his stomach open and removed the organs, and filled it with sand?" "Yes," Duke Bomrek said. "Oh, Lenod's fury by stilled..."

"So the mystery is solved. Let's go get a drink!" "Sir, may I..." "What? Oh, yes. Good work, Akroma, do with the body as you see fit." A grin spread across Akroma's face, and he gave a quick nod. "Excellent! I hope you'll be okay if I bring you a new mug in a couple days."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 07, 2008, 09:13:32 am**

Just to test things out, I tried setting the raws to make children grow up at age five. No dice. Then I tried Stravitch's suggestion of slowly lowering the age cap until they all grow up... once again, no dice. There are a gaggle of children that must be in that awkward eleven-to-twelve year old stage.

With Dwarf Companion, there are no flags that show a Dwarf is a "child" compared to "adult". Baby is there, I believe, but not child. That's a drag. I wonder what would happen if I removed the child / baby tags from the raws... would they all instantly grow up? Hmm...

Also, an aside: don't use peroxide on your carpets to try and break down blood unless you have very light colored carpet. It can potentially bleach the fibers and leave you with an even bigger stained area than if you had just let the pools of blood soak in.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **October 07, 2008, 09:17:12 am**

Just use an enzyme-based cleaner like Nature's Miracle. It eats up natural stains like blood quite well, and it can't touch the color of the carpet.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **October 07, 2008, 12:22:16 pm**

Dare I ask what you were doing?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **October 07, 2008, 03:03:57 pm**

It involved 3 things. A Blender, the freezer, and the word soylent.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **October 07, 2008, 04:06:46 pm**

OOC: He works on government projects, so it should be obvious - he was trying to clean up somebody else's mess :P

Secret Service Agent #1 "Dang nab it, I am having the darndest time getting these stains out!"
Secret Service Agent #1 "Oh, we had that same problem back in 1991, here, let me show you how its done."

:P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 07, 2008, 05:07:19 pm**

The events of the 9th of Hematite, 1066

Erendor whistled a simple tune to himself, carrying a cinnabar block with a pair of thick leather gloves, the heavy butchers smock covering him coated in a thin coating of red dust. Rice had promised him that as soon as this seasons merchants came and left he'd be allowed into the stoneworks to practice with crafts and mugs. Until then, he was to work for the Old Goat, but that wasn't so bad as long as he could remember his gloves.

Mounting the stairs, he stopped in his tracks when he heard a scream - followed by a serious of loud, rattling coughs. Eyes widened as he saw Stravitch rounding the corner, hunched forward as he walked. One arm was thrown behind him, his hand wrapped up in the front of Thob the Metalsmith's shirt - Thob who, until this morning, had been resting from a broken chest and lung in bed after Ex-Mayor Likot's last mandate went unfulfilled.

"God! No! Not the black cells!" Thob shrieked, his sentence punctuated with bloody coughs. "I couldn't even get to the shops, why - Aaachk - why are you punishing me?"
"Because you couldn't get to the shops," Stravitch said happily. "Why in all the hells would we punish workers who can actually WORK? Quit FIGHTING!" He turned when he saw Erendor, stopping in the middle of the hallway, and cocked his head to the side. "You're a mason..." He said, his voice dropping in a warning tone. "Why.. aren't. you. outside. **working**."

"Uhhh," Erendor stammered, "I'm on... my way there, sir. See?" He held up his block of Cinnabar. After a moment of consideration, Stravitch nodded.
"Good. Be on your way. If I catch you *without* one of those..." He trailed off, and after a moment of staring began dragging the crippled metalworker towards the jails once more.

"C'mon, Akroma!" Dojango said, exasperated. "Bertrand wants us outside. He's got the grass, he's got the flowers. He needs us to help with the trees. Damned fool is all kinds of vexed and wants us to help him think."
"Ohh, just a *miinute*!" Akroma sang. Secreted away in the crafts workshop, Akroma was at his happiest. The body of Tholtig lay sprawled out on the table, naked, and a variety of tools lay beside him - for skinning, for gutting, for sawing. Dojango groaned, his face a mask of disgust. "Well hurry up."
"As soon as I get our new set of bolts here dressed and prepped, I'll be right out."

Akroma took no notice as Dojango left, leaning forward to examine the ripe corpse. Scratching at his nose while he thought, he eventually settled on one of the gabbro mugs left behind, using it to scoop the sand out of the hole in the miners stomach. There was a lot in there, but the work was easy, and in the monotony Akroma almost missed the glint of metal as he tossed mugs full. He set the mug down and sifted through the sands with his fingers, until they closed around something thin and flat.

Pulling it free, he found he was holding a thin sheet of paper, folded and sealed with wax, an old steel coin from the Kemsagil area pressed into it. Breaking the wax, he opened the letter, eyes narrowing at the large, unsteady script that took up most of the page.

Quote
GREETINGS. THIS GIRL'S FINALLY FOUND YOU
L.U.

"Well..." Akroma said quietly, "This isn't good."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **October 07, 2008, 06:25:53 pm**

How much profit have you been giving the Dwarven caravan? I'm pretty sure that's a factor.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Duke of Nawn** on **October 08, 2008, 01:04:07 am**

Huh. Did we ever learn that Lanni girl's last name from the adventure backstory arc? I ask for no reason related even slightly to recent events and certain initials found on a letter placed inside of a corpse.
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
I lied. That's exactly why I'm asking. I'm sorry.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **October 08, 2008, 02:14:21 am**

Yeah, It's Lanni Underriver and she talks this very way... hmmm, I wonder who that L.U. could be?
On a Completely Unrelated Note would it be possible for me to get a Char in this fortress? I've been reading with intrest for quite a long time. If possible a dubiously religious one of any deity, basically an agnostic, who also wants to be a swordsdwarf? Somewhat of a schemer but not a bad person, Name: Neo.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sneakey pete** on **October 08, 2008, 04:05:00 am**

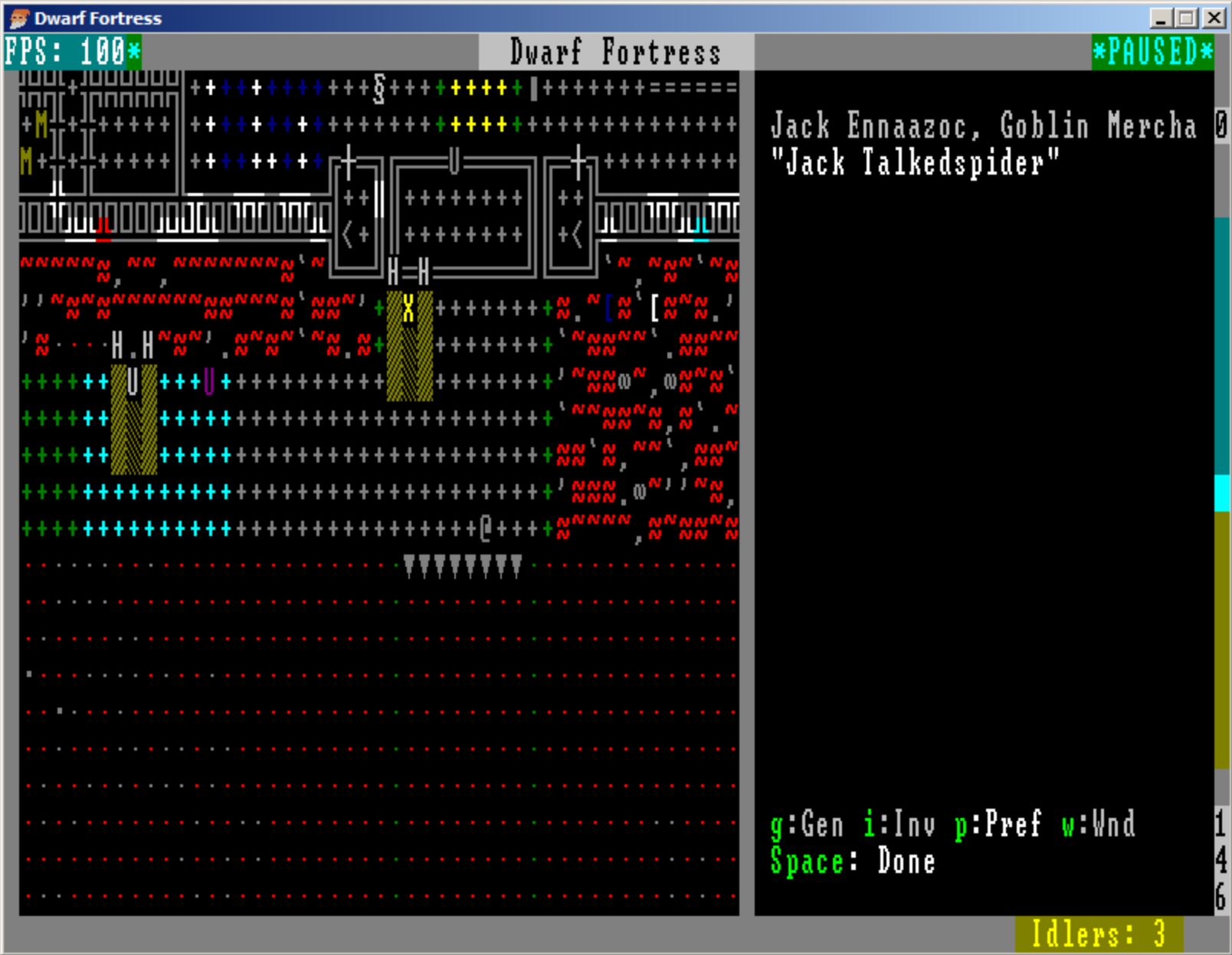
The plot thickens!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 08, 2008, 08:35:37 pm**

The events of the 15th of Hematite, 1066

More Dwarves than were normally stood outside gawking as the human traders slowly pulled their wagons through the gates and to the depot. Archin, taking a break from mining to apply her green thumb to the farms, stopped in her tracks with a bag of seeds, jaw dropping. Makrond, seeming quite happy and spry despite the punctured lung, was the first to speak. Leaning over to one of Aryn's personal guards, he said in a hoarse whisper, "Give me your spear. They're *invading*"

From on top the wagon, the razor thin goblin in old colored clothes glared at the Dwarves. Jutting his jaw out, he ran a three fingered hand through his thinning black hair, and snarled in surprisingly good Dwarvish, "The hell are you all gawking at? Never seen a trader before? Lookin' ain't free you yokels, get outa' here or I'll take your eyes for payment."



"JACK!" one of the merchants in an adjacent wagon said, horrified. "You CAN'T talk like that! We're here to sell goods, not pick fights!"
"Yeah, yeah..."

As the wagons trundled into the depot, they were greeted by Mayor Ineth, who approached with apprehension. Before she could greet them, Jack leaned over the wagons railing, and hailed her with a whistle, "I'm going to set to work unloading, but when I'm done...
Where's Stravitch Fillwhip? I need to talk to him."

"Merchants that aren't diplomats..." she said, swallowing hard as the Goblin's jaw worked, clacking his teeth together. "Are supposed to stay inside the depot. It's for safety."
"Yes. Well. I have something I need to discuss with him." As Jack spoke, he gripped the collar of his shirt and tugged it aside, tilting his head up. A raw, red scar ran completely around his neck, ending in a heavy circle under his left ear. "So when I'm done unloading, where can I find him?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 08, 2008, 09:53:32 pm**

The events of the 25th of Hematite, 1066

"STRAAAVITCH!"
The Captain of the Guard turned quickly, his mace swinging out to catch Yellowbolted in the chest, ending their sparring session. Though the expression on his face didn't change, those who had the misfortune of knowing the captain saw a small change in him, his posture tightening, the color draining from his face. He kept his mace out in front of him, pointing the large head at the Goblin leaning menacingly against the door frame, and said in a hoarse whisper, "Oh, God, it's a *Ghost*. Someone, get some torches."

"I'm not a ghost, you idiot," Jack snapped at him. He pulled a long, thin, wicked blade from his belt, jabbing it in the Captains direction as he spoke to punctuate his words, "though you should be. You should be rotting in the ground! Do you have any idea what you did to me? You ruined my business! You ruined my routes, my reputation, my supply line, you **left me for dead!!**"

"You stole OUR gold!"
"I did no such thing!" Jack screamed, "It was SUPPOSED to be split three ways, and you and that ass Telamon left me swinging while you rode off with the goods. My entire life's work, all traded away, so I could watch you two leave..."

Stravitch, for once, went silent. His face was stony, and Yellowbolted, coughing up blood, slowly inched away from him and to the hallway, where he pushed onto his feet unsteadily and limped to find Sulari. After a few minutes of tense silence, Jack asked, "Well? Aren't you going to say anything?"
"It was just business," Stravitch said, his voice low. "Don't be offended by that, I know you were plotting to do the same to us and make off with the riches. You should be dead now, but I was younger and dumber, and I didn't do it right. You kept your life, take that as a bonus - you made it out of there with a hell of a lot more than you had going in."

Jack just shook his head, and slowly sheathed his knife. "I couldn't take you then, there's no way I could now. I'm going back up to the traders deck, but Stravitch?" The Captain lifted one brow up, staying silent, and Jack continued. "That little bitch Lanni is back. She's been stalking my caravan, and killing off anyone who wanders into the dark for a piss. She keeps tossing their ears into our casks of drinking water. I haven't slept in a month and I stopped drinking anything I don't prepare myself. She won't get me - hopefully, she'll stay here and make you suffer as much as I have the past forty six years."

Jack turned and stalked off, leaving the air heavy with dread. All eyes turned to Stravitch, who frowned, and dropped his mace to the floor with a thud. "Lanni? Who the hell is LANNI?"

In the cover of darkness, a faint pop sounded as the lid of a barrel detached itself from the body. It was done softly enough that the traders, asleep in their hammocks, didn't stir at all. A dark shape pulled itself free, and when it was left standing, it sealed the barrel back up. A crate was opened and rummaged in, and soon the figure had a knapsack strapped to its back. In a flash, it was gone, sprinting quietly across the courtyard, and into darkness - vanished.

That morning, Stravitch pushed through the crowds gathered at the foot of the stairs. Tacked to the wall was a new poster - one that hadn't been placed before. The others were discussing it in hushed tones, and from down the hallway he could hear Aryn's shouts of rage, coupled with Glacies and Duke Bomrek trying to mollify him.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



A smile crept over his face. "Ha! Oh, good, he's back."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **October 09, 2008, 02:12:09 am**

22nd of hematite

Jack's back. He's...certainly changed. He's certainly less optimistic, that's for certain. We drank together last night overlooking the construction site and talked over things.

He thinks my sister is back in the capital, so that's one hell of a weight off my mind. He didn't see fit to comment about his job as a trader, but apparently he's being stalked by some sort of mad-girl out in the wastes. The conversation wandered for over an hour on what we'd been up to since the gatesmaw incident. Jack's been all over the place doing odd jobs to keep himself sustained, and I guess it's stuck because he's got one hell of a mercantile bent. Which is kind of ironic, because it's what he said about me.

Lastly, he told me that the old place had found something ancient under the earth, and then messages stopped coming out of the city. Jack suggested I go off to find out what happened. I told him I was staying here for good, but he left a map for me any way. Maybe I'll give it to someone else.

24th of hematite

And I thought MY motivational posters would get people in trouble. It turns out someone with a worse sense of humor than mine is instigating trouble. The thought of a rebellion is absolute rubbish. Everyone is doing fine. Except Lucy. She still isn't wearing anything, and I refuse to draw anything not adequately dressed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sneakey pete** on **October 09, 2008, 02:33:53 am**

Woah, interesting co-incidence!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 09, 2008, 09:52:03 am**

OOO stuff: the DNS change finally hit my office, so I can post here at work. I could have edited the hosts file, but... really, that's just sooooo much work.

neo1096: I'll add you to the queue. I'm sure I sound like a broken record at this point, but zombies blah blah migrants blah blah children growing up blah blah. You'll be in at some point, along with everyone else - sooner than later if I have any say in the matter.

Eita: I generally pay for all their goods with close to exact change, and then I offer as a tribute an additional 10 to 20k in dwarf monies. Think I should up the profit as well? I can start pumping out gobs of stone crafts again if just giving the damned things away could increase the chances of getting more ~~meat~~ Dwarves.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vicomt** on **October 09, 2008, 12:56:19 pm**

both the amount you make, and the amount of differentthings you make have an effect in my (limited but reasonably well tested) experience.

btw, I've followed this fort for a while, read about half in one go. I really like your style HF. props to everyone else joining in as well, it brings the characters alive much more.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sneakey pete** on **October 09, 2008, 04:53:32 pm**

No harm giving them a 10-20K extra dwarfbucks profit :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **October 09, 2008, 06:48:05 pm**

Cut the tribute in half. Send that half into the trader's pockets. Wait and see what happens. Or just do something that makes your wealth go up so high so fast that you get the "Migrants have come, knowing that this place might be their tombs" message.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 09, 2008, 07:28:59 pm**

The events of the 6th of Malachite, 1066

Vash stood on the recently paved road, looking morose. The entrance to Dodik's had been walled up with wood planks and a sign that read "GRAND RE-OPENING SOON" in dripped red paint. A bridge had been constructed over the small gap between the road and the top of the roof. Though a ring of tarps had been drawn up around the area, members of Rinsesilver's fishing crew constantly came and went, hauling rocks and mortar.

Sighing, Vash adjusted the collar on his suit, and took stock of what he could do on his day off. Jools wasn't speaking to Dwarves today, as the humans brought three more Donkeys in their caravan. Kuli, when he wasn't in the jails tending to Thob, was down in the pits smelting down gobs of hematite and Goblin-wrought iron. And that left him out here, staring at the Pit of Debauchery, and wondering how to spend the rest of his day.

Turning to trudge back up the path to the fortress, Vash noticed a small glint of light-on-metal coming from a teeny hole carved in one of the pillars lining the road. Blinking, he headed over and leaned down to peer inside. Fishing two fingers in, he pulled free a small, crumpled sheet of paper, sealed with red wax and a steel coin. Popping the seal, he opened the crinkled parchment and read:

Quote
Write what you want on the back. It will come true.

Vash stared down at the note, his jaw hanging slack. Eventually, he laughed aloud and crumpled the note up - but he couldn't bring himself to throw it away. Slowly smoothing the paper out again he read the note a second time, then a third. Chuckling, Vash pulled a small stick of charcoal out of his suit pocket and scrawled on the back:

Quote
ZEFON TEMPLE NEEDS IRON STATUES

Smiling, he folded the letter up and stuffed it back in the small hole in the pillar. Cheered up, just a little, by the absurdity of it all, he left for the fortress proper, a spring back in his step.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **October 09, 2008, 08:56:07 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 09, 2008, 07:28:59 pm
ZEFON TEMPLE NEEDS IRON STATUES

Why do I imagine this is some monkey's paw kind of thing, and Vash's wish will result in an attack by an Iron Colossus or something like that?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 09, 2008, 09:31:50 pm**

The events of the 16th of Malachite, 1066

Whistling happily, Vash adjusted his grip on the large leather-bound book of Zefon, the heels of his boots thocking loudly as he crossed the wooden bridge to the church proper. Opening the doors, he called out happily, "Greetings! Have you considered resurrection today?" His words died off, and he came to a step in the entrance, staring at Jools and Kuli.

The pair were looking at the left wall, the shock plain on their faces. They were staring at the six iron statues, of all shapes and sizes, lining along the edge. Turning to the right, he saw a matching six iron statues lined up there as well. Turning to the pair in the center of the room, Vash asked, his voice hoarse, "Where did... these come from?"

"I don't know," Kuli said, vexed. "I came in this morning to prepare for the service, and the walls were lined with these statues. I don't know where they go, or who they belong to. We didn't order these..."

Vash's eyes widened, unnoticed by the perplexed Maester and his assistant. Adjusting his grip on his book, he coughed softly into his palm, and when he was ignored, quietly snuck out the door and back to his room, to sit on his bed and think - mostly about the teachings of Zefon, but in some small part, to the little letter placed inside the pillar.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **October 09, 2008, 10:21:41 pm**

Just out of curiosity what does the current queue look like?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **October 10, 2008, 02:58:31 am**

See? Zefon isn't being neglected at all. ;) I'm gonna do that sketch of Rice soon. Also, Heavy Flak, let me know when Lucy puts something on.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sneakey pete** on **October 10, 2008, 04:00:25 am**

Who said that whatever did this was Zefonic or did it for the zefonists? ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **October 10, 2008, 05:09:07 am**

Diary of Jools Machinescaled

<After several pages of the single repeated word DOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNKKKKKKKKKEEEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYSSSSSSS!!!! surrounded by sketches of dwarves hugging donkeys surrounded by hearts>

The Sanctuary has three more donkeys, thanks to the human traders. They had the gall to actually make us pay to take these poor, overworked creatures off their hands - obviously we had to make the deal to rescue these poor creatures, otherwise they would have

been condemned to a horrible death on some distant road, weighed down by a ridiculous burden, dragging trinkets and baubles about to enrich a few humans or dwarves, but I hope some day that we can enlighten the world to pull their own damn carts and let the donkeys live in peace.

After I'd got the new arrivals settled in, I rushed across to the Temple to tell Kuli the good news (he's the only one who seems to take much of an interest - there are a few others who take a polite interest, but everyone else just makes tasteless comments about meat or leather). When I got there, it appeared that someone had made a delivery of statues to the temple. Iron statues. Six of them. Nothing on them saying what they depict, and I can't work them out, but they're a bit... unsettling. I'm not normally worried by much, and I like iron and statues as much as the next dwarf, but I don't think statues should be made of iron. It's too cold, too wrought by dwarven (or human, or worse) hand. Stone is good - carving figures and scenes from the living rock is fine, for the best crafters it's not even chipping away at the stone, more helping it to reshape itself to the shape you want, using all the little faults and weaknesses in the rock.

But there's no faults in iron. Not good iron, at least. Strong, yes, but soulless, without the weaknesses, flaws and imperfections that give character. And the statues look like dwarves. Like us, but stronger.

I'm worried. If this had been the result of Kuli's tireless smelting, it wouldn't be so bad, but to have these statues just appear...

I'm going back to the Sanctuary. I'm sure I'll get used to these things, but they just feel a little wrong right now. Donkeys, fortunately, can never be wrong.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 10, 2008, 11:09:50 pm**

Quote from: neo1096 on October 09, 2008, 10:21:41 pm
Just out of curiosity what does the current queue look like?

Neo1096: Let's see. The current queue reads like this - We've got CanadianWolverine, Eita, Flintus10, and you. Duke of Nawn cut in line by possessing poor abused Yellowbolted, so he's crossed off.

Vicomt: Thanks very much for the props. I have to admit, I *definitely* like seeing journals and character development over "bump LULZ". I just gave the human traders 10k in profits... that's the most expensive silk rope purchased EVER. At your recommendation, I'm producing crafts, instruments, mechanisms, ropes, and cutting tons of gems to give the Dwarves when they show up.

Glacies: I've been having our tailor pump out plant fiber dresses by the barrel full, but Lucy seems more content streaking from building bridge after bridge to go buy and wear any. For drawerering purposes, perhaps we could just pretend she went and bought one? :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **October 11, 2008, 04:14:40 am**

Good to see you still remember us :D

Keep up the brilliance

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **October 11, 2008, 02:59:54 pm**

Long time reader, first time poster (actually, I burned through the earlier pages xP) and I do like your writing style. The character development is pretty sweet to boot.

I was wondering if I could get a dwarf named Kivish Inkedwalls who is a architect/(mason?/miner?/engraver?), or anything else you need. If you want him as military, I'd prefer...the spear corps! :D
He would be fairly spastic, and like colors. I'm talking everything is random colors, lacking any kind of pattern or reason to the madness. xP (of course he would like art too)
I have no preference for deity, although I would prefer just a casual worshiper.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 11, 2008, 04:43:27 pm**

The events of the 21st of Malachite, 1066

The merchants were busy packing their goods up, absolutely ecstatic at the sheer volume of profit they had pocketed this season. Nationtempted was off trying to find an increasingly erratic Aryn, and the majority of Dwarves were spending their time inside away from the heat, or out toiling unfortunately on Stravitch's bizarre demand, or Dodik-Come-Lately's renovations.

Glacies, looking over his shoulder, entered the court yard from the south. Not seeing Stravitch, the book keep wiped his brow and straightened up a little, walking towards the covered depot. He spotted Jack Talkedspiders hefting up a large barrel of trinkets, and gave a wave, making a bee-line over to him.

"I'm sorry to see you go, Jack," he said. "But, I know how the trading life is."
"Yeah, the trading life..." The Goblin said dismissively, "This isn't anything like the life I once had..."

Glacies went silent, and after a moment decided the best course of action would be to ignore the complaint outright. Reaching out, he clapped the goblin on the shoulder in a friendly gesture, and smiled, "I want to thank you for the information you gave. It's more than I expected, now if only I knew the best way to act on it."

Jack nodded, and tossed the bin into the back of his wagon. Brushing dust off his palms, he turned to look at the book keep, and offered a faint smile - the first in his stay there. "Of course. Good luck with that."

The uncomfortable silence that followed was broken when Jack cleared his throat, saying softly, "You need to stay away from Stravitch."
"...It's kind of difficult to do that, when he has his mind on something. I'm supposed to be helping coordinate his building."
"Yes, I understand that. Coordinate his plans away from him," Jack looked over his shoulder, gnawing on the inside of his cheek. "He's in a lot of danger, and anyone who's near him is libel to be hurt by proxy. I'd feel terrible knowing you got The Red Smile just because you had the misfortune of standing too close to that poxy bastard. Keep safe Glacies. Keep constant vigilance."

As Glacies watched the goblin, confused, Jack climbed up onto his wagon and took up the reigns. Letting out a cry, he snapped them, setting the oxen in motion. Before the dust clouds grew to hide them, Jack raised his three fingered hand and gave a small wave, quickly vanishing in the growing dust.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 11, 2008, 09:12:13 pm**

Quote from: Keifru on October 11, 2008, 02:59:54 pm
Long time reader, first time poster (actually, I burned through the earlier pages xP) and I do like your writing style. The character development is pretty sweet to boot.

I was wondering if I could get a dwarf named Kivish Inkedwalls...

Glad you're enjoying the story! You get the same speech burst though, blah blah queue blah blah :D You'll get in sooner than later, I've got an idea for Kivish. That may be good or bad, take it as you will. Mwhaha....

Also, I found out today Rice went and nominated me for a Community Role Model over in the Various Nonsense section. Thanks, Rice! According to the polls, I'm tied for fifth with a whopping two votes. I think that means that I'm this forum's version of Ron Paul. That rocks my world, because not only is he awesomely insane, he's an OBG/YN so he gets all the ladies. Double-score!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 11, 2008, 11:00:20 pm**

Seriously man, your writing is awesome and you are always so polite to people on the forum. So personally, I think you are definitely one of the people to be considered a role model here. I meant everything I said in the post there also. You are one of the only reasons that I frequent the forums now. Cause I don't need to be here to play DF

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pixelfish** on **October 12, 2008, 03:33:38 pm**

You know, I recently reread this from the begining....I'da never thought Stravitch would get as far as he has. He's like the 'true evils' loyal henchman only he isn't a henchman to anyone, and seems to have replaced loyalty with blood lust.

I'm really excited to see how it comes out.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 12, 2008, 04:28:16 pm**

The events of the 27th of Malachite, 1066

Valania, Sgt. Pepper and Likot all loitered outside by the edge of the magma pit, throwing rocks and scorpions over the edge to watch them sizzle and puff up tendrils of smoke. They talked, and occasionally laughed their terrible hollow laughs, and ignored the occasional admonishments from Soldiers and Guardsmen as they passed that more training should be done, and less goofing off. The trio would have ignored everyone for the rest of the day, had a wail not risen from behind them, by the trade depot.

Duke Bomrek stood in the heat, his face drenched with sweat and red with rage. Beside him stood Glacies, looking uncomfortable as ever, and Stravitch, grinning a huge wolf's grin. The wail had come from Mayor Ineth Orbsbarb, and beside her Miner Matchedcities looked pale and terrified. Mayor Ineth wailed again, lifting her hands up and backing away, "No! NO! This isn't right! THIS ISN'T RIGHT!"

"Isn't right?" Duke Bomrek shouted, his walrus mustache flapping in front of him as he blustered. "Of course it's right! I asked you to NOT sell ANY flutes to the traders! Flutes are a fortress NECESSITY! And what did you do?" He jabbed a finger at Ineth, "You ordered that miner to bring a barrel full up here, and then you signed the sales order! Glacies, how many flutes did we lose?"

"twenty two."

"TWENTY TWO!" He shouted. "For that you both get a month in the black cells. I say, maybe that will teach you to disobey my orders, my ONLY orders! Stravitch, put them under arrest."

"Right away" Stravitch said jovially. Ineth turned to run, and was brought down to the ground with a clothesline from behind. Grabbing her by the ankle, and Matchedcities in a headlock, the Captain of the Guard began dragging them towards the steps.

From the cliffs edge, Likot laughed even louder, the sun glinting off the green glass of her goggles. Cupping her one good gloved hands over the respirator, she shouted out hollowly, "**HA HA, IF YOU WEREN'T THE MAYOR, YOU WOULDN'T BE GETTING THROWN IN THE CLINK! REMEMBER THAT WHILE YOU'RE DOWN THERE, YOU BITCH!**"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Duke of Nawn** on **October 12, 2008, 06:33:25 pm**

Vetek's Notes, 27 Malachite

Mayor Ineth Orbsbarb has been sentenced to one month jail time for violation of a no-export mandate, as is proper under dwarven law. Captain Stravitch himself detained the Mayor, though he... enjoys his duties more than is proper.

I have been unable to fulfill my own duties as a guard for some time now, as the Captain requires my vigilance at the site of his construction for reasons unknown. I attempt to mollify my conscience with the thought that he suspects the workers of a pending mandate violation, but I know him too well. I hope the new construction of Dodik's is finished quickly.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **October 12, 2008, 08:26:33 pm**

Diary of Zako:

I'm still stuck in bed. Still!

I've heard news of the mayor going to the jail cells because of a tantrum from the Duke not getting his way.

It appears that nobles are more dangerous than they seem, if they have control over the justice system. Which is Stravitch.

Good god...

I'll have to watch myself when I recover so I don't get crushed by a certain mace used by a certain dwarf...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 12, 2008, 10:15:48 pm**

The events of the 1st of Galena, 1066

"Ohhh, no, please. You NEED to be careful with him," Dojango said, dismayed. He stood in the barracks, ringing his hands while Maggarg held a struggling Zako in a headlock, grinding his knuckles into the top of the Dwarves head. While the roughneck laughed, Sparrow and Adol, grinning, came towards the once-again-released recruit with a thick roll of cloth and a barrel of cotton.

"This bugger's fine," Maggarg shouted, laughing as Zako finally managed to pull himself free. "Look at 'em, made'a rubber he is. Watch. Likot'll have his head popped off next, and he'll be here in a month carryin' it in one hand, and his shield in t'other."

"Aye, Master-Chef," Adol said pleasantly, "We'll make sure he's perfectly safe. That's what this cloth and cotton is for."

Dojango groaned, and covered his eyes as Adol started wrapping up Zako's chest and stomach with the cloth roll. Sparrow came in behind him, stuffing in wads of cotton, and soon Zako was puffed out like a marshmallow, his arms held out in a T-shape beside him, unable to go down any farther. Laughing, Maggarg started punching the recruit in the stomach, who laughed and stumbled backwards.

The revelry was broken up by shouts from outside. One of the doors to the barracks slammed open, and Stravitch stormed into the barrack, laughing so hard tears streamed down his cheeks. behind him, tied up in a half-hitch, was a cursing Glassmaker that he was dragging. As he entered the barracks, yanking on the rope to drag the Dwarf behind him, Aryn stormed into the room screaming.

"Captain Fillwhip, LET THIS DWARF GO! I NEED him to make glass blocks! It's IMPERATIVE! The welfare of this fortress DEPENDS on this mans work!"

"This Dwarf disobeyed production orders," Stravitch said cheerfully, "and for that, he goes to jail. That's fair."

"He disobeyed the orders of The Mayor, who is *already locked up*! She demanded the impossible, crystal glass! This is madness."

"Madness?" Stravitch said, turning to look at Aryn, "Madness? This is Justice!"

"No it isn't!" Aryn screamed at him, the veins in his forehead pulsing so hard they looked as if they would burst.

"You're right," Stravitch laughed, and turned to begin dragging the Dwarf once more. "This is just so much fun. Come on, Glassmaker. Aryn Got you another month in the slammer. Ha ha!"

OOC: Zako, turns out you've been healed for <x> number of days, I just got caught up building a ton of stuff and forgot to check. So, errr, story wise, you just got out of your sick bed again. Heh.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **October 13, 2008, 12:44:24 am**

Good to know that hes ok!

Now for more training and perhaps a talk with the new major for some combat tips? *hint hint*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **October 13, 2008, 04:21:07 am**

I am gona express my opinion here *protects face and crotch*

I reckon that this thread has a better character developing storyline than even Nist Akath(which of course was revolutionary in it's own right and still holds it's own in pure badarseness) So keep up the wonderful writing ;D *Runs out of the thread still covering vital areas.*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **October 13, 2008, 10:39:58 am**

Diary of maggarg
Zako healed, so we wrapped him up in six inches of cotton just to be safe.
He still managed to dislocate a finger and get a gash on his knee though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 14, 2008, 02:12:45 pm**

OOC Notes:

Just a quick update while I've got some downtown. With the forum currently experiencing... uhhh, "frequent outages", I'm going to shift some of my efforts into completing the third, and final, revision of my book. After that, it's the grind of trying to find an agent or publisher to take on a book that's so foul, my uncle (A retired bishop) said it "made him sick to read" and my aunt thinks I'm a potential sociopath and is scared of what might be in my shed. Then they took me out to a nice seafood dinner!

Uhh, what was I talking about again? Oh yeah, with the efforts shifted, that doesn't mean I'm going to totally drop this story, but I am going to put it off for the day if my "play dwarf fortress" time falls into one of these Forum Dead Zones.

Also, I want to thank Rice and his feel-good post for warming my cold sociopaths heart. Thanks for the kind words :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 14, 2008, 07:01:14 pm**

The Events of the 10th of Galena, 1066

Down time, once again. Vash had left the fortress proper to wander down the road, taking enjoyment in watching the Dwarves hard at work building. Even if he was against *what* they were building, the expertise with which they did it was awe-inspiring. As he enjoyed his time off, he found himself wandering from build site to build site, eventually finding himself along the same stretch of fresh-paved road leading to Dodik's.

He loitered for quite a while, but eventually curiosity got the best of him. Smoothing down the front of his coat, Vash ambled towards the same olivine pillar as before, waiting before he leaned down, peering into the unfilled hole in its side. Even in the darkness, he could make out a faint flat shape, and his heart stopped for a second. Reaching in, Vash pulled the folded sheet of paper free, staring down at the simple wax seal keeping it closed. Breaking the red wax, he opened the paper and read:

Quote

Make another wish

Taking in a deep breath, he pulled out his charcoal pencil and wrote on the back:

Quote

Give me a giant leopard.

Exhaling, he folded the sheet up and slipped it back into the pillar. He walked away, his hand stuffed into the pocket of his suit coat, softly running his thumb along the edge of the steel coin he kept.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **October 15, 2008, 02:28:06 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 14, 2008, 02:12:45 pm

OOC Notes:

Just a quick update while I've got some downtown. With the forum currently experiencing... uhhh, "frequent outages", I'm going to shift some of my efforts into completing the third, and final, revision of my book. After that, it's the grind of trying to find an agent or publisher to take on a book that's so foul, my uncle (A retired bishop) said it "made him sick to read" and my aunt thinks I'm a potential sociopath and is scared of what might be in my shed. Then they took me out to a nice seafood dinner!

Uhh, what was I talking about again? Oh yeah, with the efforts shifted, that doesn't mean I'm going to totally drop this story, but I am going to put it off for the day if my "play dwarf fortress" time falls into one of these Forum Dead Zones.

Also, I want to thank Rice and his feel-good post for warming my cold sociopaths heart. Thanks for the kind words :D

OOC: This totally reminds me of when I was asked in like, oh, grade 2 or something to write a scary story for Halloween. Well, needless to say, the story I handed in prompted the teacher to become scared (Success!), so scared in fact that she called my parents in and said I was a sociopath in need of psychotherapy. Funny thing is, I still remember that story, it was a simple thing where I combined features I had seen in Disney movies, Indiana Jones, and a Vampire Lord villian - basicly, it was a three kids, who try to figure out the mysterious disappearances and murders in their town, the clues lead them to the cemetery where they discover maze like crypts full of traps that they make their way through to confront the Vampire. I don't completely remember all the gory details but it certainly was more than what that teacher was expecting from a kid when she gave us that assignment.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **October 15, 2008, 03:10:44 am**

Why am I wishing that Vash had included the word "Tame"?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vicomt** on **October 15, 2008, 08:35:15 am**

Quote from: Jools on October 15, 2008, 03:10:44 am
Why am I wishing that Vash had included the word "Tame"?

oh that's going to to be fun.....

Vash cancels befriend giant leopard: being eaten. :o

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 15, 2008, 08:01:18 pm**

The events of the 15th of Galena, 1066

Vash stood in the growing crowd, his jaw hanging as slack as the rest of the onlookers. The zoo was more packed than it had been in weeks - ignoring Jools obsessive caretaking - all the Dwarves staring at one cage, set near the north entrance. The one cage that contained an asleep, and very thin, Giant Leopard Cub.



Vash's heart was racing, the blood pounding so hard in his ears he couldn't hear the Dwarves around him talking. The statues were one thing - the rumor mill had been hinting that Glacies was fuming over the misplacement of statues from the storerooms, though the only thing that was certain was the count was off. But this? This was a living, breathing, beast placed into a large cage for all to see. Already the children were laughing and pointing, and with a shaky little roar it stretched out it's long legs and giant paws. Inhaling deep, Vash pushed through the crowds unnoticed, and as soon as his boots hit the court yard he began sprinting, out the gates and down the road.

Coming to a stop by the pillar, he made sure that he was unseen before stuffing his hand into the hole, feeling around. A sheet of paper was inside, and he pulled it out and broke the seal without even looking, the pages shaking so bad they were difficult to read.

Quote
You have one more wish - payment will be needed. Think hard.

The charcoal pencil he had pulled out hovered over the page, and slowly was placed back in his pocket. Biting his lower lip, Vash folded the sheet of paper thrice, and gently slipped it into the inside pocket of his suit. A last wish? A payment needed? He'd make sure it was perfect.

Aryn stood in the hallway by the mess, glaring at one of the many posters that had appeared over the past few weeks. Today, there was a new addition, graffito inked in large, petulant letters across the top.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Turning to the paler, recently freed mayor Ineth Orbsbarb, he said in a low tone, "Who the hell is Telamon."
"I don't know," she said dryly, "I've heard his name whispered in the mess today, especially among the artisans and bellows-men. They didn't realize I had been freed."
"And what do they say?"
"They say that *he* says... the punishments delivered to the nobility are just, and the beginnings of a proletariat uprising."
"So he's the lead rabble-rouser... Go find Arrowsalves, and round up the rest of my honor guard. I want this Telamon trussed and drug out into the sun. I want him swinging from a gallows over the magma as a reminder to all what the "Nobility" thinks of their petty, thankless attitudes."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **October 15, 2008, 09:00:11 pm**

Rise members of the Proletariat! Cast off your shackles and band together under a Communist banner! I have read the teachings of Urist McLenin, and they speak the truth!

Also:

"Urist McLenin cancels Govern Russia: Stroke"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **October 15, 2008, 09:18:18 pm**

Diary of Glacies

Well, Kuli and I are completly at a loss. 6 Iron statues appeared in the church last night. It doesn't seem like we're missing any iron, and the metalworkers just shrugged at me. All in all, a very unproductive day.

Meanwhile, I took the seal off of that map Jack passed on to me. It marked Gatesmaws location. There was a letter inserted within, too.

"So here's where you used ta live before you got run out. I figer that everyone back there's dead cuz of the baronial circle and what they found. so it might be a bit dangerous. However, your design thingy, for your Analzticull machin, are probably still there. So maybe if your lucky you can recover them."

The analytical machine. Back when I was a mechanic, the guild came up with this theory about a machine that could think. It required a central piece, a masterwork of crafts dwarfship crafted from silicon and amber. It would be perfect for a stockpile records system.

I'm going to talk with Ayrn about it right away.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sukasa** on **October 15, 2008, 11:48:04 pm**

Haha, Charles Glacies? :D

Anywas, was curious about this thread, I thought I'd asked for a dwarf. I guess not, so can I get on the list? Any dwarf will do, but I'd have a preference towards a mechanic, or if not, a military dwarf.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 16, 2008, 07:18:13 pm**

The Events of the 21st of Galena, 1066

"You can't be serious," Aryn said, pressing his palms hard against his eyes.
"Extremely, sir," Glacies said, fidgeting nervously from foot to foot. "I think you're missing the importance of this. I mean, imagine - just imagine, a machine that can take tallies, preform computations, calculations... isn't that exciting?"
"No, Glacies. Not at all. There is NO excitement in that."
"But sir!"
"GLACIES!" Aryn brought his hand around to slap against the wall, his face contorting with pain. Cradling his hand, his upper lip curled into a snarl, "Listen to me. You're not leaving. You're not going out on some stupid lark, in some old hovel, for some mythical design most likely burned in a fire long ago. Drop. It."

"So ya' want me t'do what?" asked Ingish Pickrim's, his eyes narrowing in confusion.
"I want you to be me," Glacies said patiently, "It's not that difficult."
"I jus' dunnae get why yer' wantin' this?"
"You look the most like me, Ingish. I mean, you're an inch taller I guess, and you've got a bit more gir-" He paused as the Tanner scowled, and coughed into his palm. "I mean, I'm much leaner 'cause I'm... always doing stuff like keeping track of stocks. I just need you to do this for a bit, a season, maybe two at most while I go out and fetch these schematics. You can live in my room, use my clothing, have access to my bank account..."

Ingish's eyes lit up at the thought, and Glacies kicked himself mentally. He finished with a lame, "So... you'll do it?"
"Aye, 'course I will, cain't be t'at hard. An' I get a runna' yer' coin?"
"Yes, but... just leave me some, please? And don't go out ... buying all sorts of things. You have to BE me, and it'll be suspicious if you're walking around in new clothes, and buying drinks for the miners, and what not. Carry a ledger, wear my coat, and sit quietly in Aryn's meetings. And everything will be fine, okay?"
"Course it'll be fine - now you'll s'cuse me, ol' Ingish's gotta' go buy a barrel'll the GOOD booze."
"No! You're Glacies! Oh... great..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **October 16, 2008, 10:57:01 pm**

...

Aryn: "You let me out of here at once!"

URIST9000: "I'm Sorry, Aryn, I can't do that."

...
HAD to be said XD

Anyway, I'd like to request a dwarf - 'Keldor', cheesemaker, dreams of making the world's finest cheese. Likes cats - all types of them.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 17, 2008, 08:49:10 am**

OOC:

Haha, I'm surprised I haven't worked a 2001 reference in here somewhere... good show.

Keldor, and Sukasa: you're both added to the quickly expanding list. If Duke Bomrek didn't demand platinum items once a season, I'd pump out so many platinum statues our worth would skyrocket... maybe I'll do it with gold, and have Limul cover them with jewels and Mookie with Bones to hopefully trick more migrants into showing up.

I'll be honest, this is getting a bit annoying. I posted a thread over in General Discussion, but I'll repeat it here: Any reader here have modding experience, that wants to try to find out the "don't come to this fort" flag and write a util to reset it? Doing so, I'll make sure to grant your wildest dreams*

* Wildest dreams are limited to a hearty thanks, internet fame, maybe a story request, and nothing else. Wildest dreams don't include money, houses, cars, video games, anything of value, and most things not of value. Not valid outside the continental United States

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **October 17, 2008, 11:51:28 am**

One thing i noticed recently while doing a single dwarf family fortress in a sealed fort is that if you have few enough dwarves migrants show up every time, (even though they all die the next season). I had about 200 dead dwarves, 6 in the sealed family. If this is determined as a function of your fort population vs your max population cap, you should be able to trick your game into thinking you're severely underpopped by setting your population cap at a very high number until you get an immigrant wave. (I think this may give you a baby boom as well, but i can't be certain)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 17, 2008, 12:11:36 pm**

Quote from: Vector on October 17, 2008, 11:51:28 am
One thing i noticed recently while doing a single dwarf family fortress in a sealed fort is that if you have few enough dwarves migrants show up every time, (even though they all die the next season). I had about 200 dead dwarves, 6 in the sealed family. **If this is determined as a function of your fort population vs you max population cap**, you should be able to trick your game into thinking you're severely underpopped by setting your population cap at a very high number until you get an immigrant wave. (I think this may give you a baby boom as well, but i can't be certain)

Hmm, now *that* is an interesting theory... when I get home, I'm skyrocketing the cap to a paltry 400 dwarves. Also, I now want that many. Double-digit FPS? What the hell are those?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 17, 2008, 08:37:17 pm**

The events of the 1st of Limestone, 1066

Glacies had his modest things packed into a satchel, and he slung it over his shoulder, a heavy sense of melancholy gripping his heart. Pulling the wide brimmed miners cap down low over his eyes, Glacies took a dollop of glue and smeared it on his mustache. Looking into a warped piece of buffed bronze, he carefully applied the large, waxed-stiff donkey tail-hair mustache to the glue, wiggling it and holding it into place until it set.Of course, the black tail didn't match up exactly with his light brown beard, but with his cap, and his large mottled coat, he didn't expect that anyone would recognize him. Taking a last look around the room, he inhaled deeply and pushed put

the door, quickly darting through the hallways and up the stairs.

This close to bed time, he saw very few in the hallways. The ones he met ignored him, and once his boots hit the courtyard, Glacies felt a little better, a little safer. Darting towards the Depot, he silently counted the remaining barrels to be moved downstairs, then pushed past it, towards the southern exit.

He stopped in his tracks, gawking. Stravitch was standing by the drawbridge, talking to Ex-Mayor Likot.

They both turned to look at him.

Likot was immobile, her green gaze impassive and terrible. Stravitch just looked annoyed. Scowling, the old goat pointed at Glacies, and said, "The hell are you doing out at this time of night?" Freezing up, Glacies stammered some before saying, "I... am a mason! I ... do masonry. It's my shift? On your... project?" "Oh," Stravitch's scowl stayed in place, "The hell are you doing out here, at this time of night? Get back to the construction site!"

Likot turned her gaze to Stravitch, her head cocked slightly to the side. Her voice came, hollow as always, and tinged with thinly disguised annoyance, "**Captain. Perhaps you should ask to see this mason's credentials. Perhaps this isn't his shift. Maybe he works on some other project.**" "No, he works on MY project. I have a lot of them, Glacies has it arranged." "**Yes, Captain. That's an excellent idea. Perhaps you should check with *Glacies* about this Mason. See he's properly reprimanded for being late.**" "Too much work," Stravitch said, as Glacies lifted the brim of his hat to mop at his sweat soaked brow. "besides, look at him, he's TERRIFIED of me. Ha! Won't be late again, that one. Now go on, get!" "**You're... an excellent Captain of the Guard, Stravitch. Class act... it's obvious *nothing* gets past you, does it?**"

Glacies darted past them, mumbling apologies. Standing out front on the road, he looked over his shoulder once before disappearing behind the wall, crunching the sand. Pulling a crude map out of his knapsack, Glacies traced a line with a finger, took a deep breath, and set out, for adventure.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **October 18, 2008, 04:32:07 am**

From the diary of Jools Machinescalded

I was checking the hooves of one of my donkeys when I noticed that one of the older ones (Urist, the one in the rope reed hat) had a particularly thin accumulation of tail hair. I was wracking my brains for lotions that might cure donkey-tail-baldness when I noticed that the hair was not lost, it had just been cut, close to the tail.

From this I have learned two things. Firstly, that we have a criminal in the fortress (along with the living dead, brainless morons, a dwarf with a God Complex and more bullies than a tin of beef extract). Secondly, the criminal in question is not stupid - he or she cut the hairs rather than plucked them. I've caught dwarves before trying to pluck donkey tail hairs - well, caught is a bit of an exaggeration, found-writhing-in-agony would be more accurate.

The question is who to tell of this hideous crime (harming even one hair on a donkey is a crime - this case has almost uncountable acts of this nature). Few dwarves if any accord donkeys with the proper respect they deserve, and fewer still would be driven to act on hearing this news. The obvious person to report crimes to is the Captain of the Guard - but ours is a bullying nincompoop obsessed with his tower, whose only taste for justice is in dealing out beatings, and were he not Captain of the Guard himself I am sure he would have a charge sheet as long as his beard. I could tell Kuli, but he has enough problems of his own these days. Perhaps I should go and see Glacies about it - he might not care about donkeys, but at the very least he'll want to find and count the hairs... I don't know what to do.

OOC: Population cap being raised? Baby explosion? Excellent news. Just give me and Kib a little time alone (ideally with a dozen red roses, some Barry White and a large tub of triple-chocolate ice cream) and we'll soon be hitting the target... ;-D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **October 18, 2008, 02:44:40 pm**

Dwarves reproduce via spore though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jotwebe** on **October 18, 2008, 07:31:28 pm**

Wow, Migrursut rules!

I'm sprinting to the end of the dwarf queue, an claim one! Gender no matter, job whatever, but I'd like someone with at least dubious worshipper of Neth Okin Shagog - The Equity of Balance, or whatever that one was.

Weird deities to the fore!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 19, 2008, 10:59:09 am**

The events of the 6th of Limestone, 1066

Jools stood outside of Aryn's door, drawing pictures of donkeys in his small notebook while he waited for the counsel meeting to finish. The past thirty minutes had been nothing but a serious of shouts and screams, of curse words so foul they made the zookeeper's - even with his Army Wife - ears burn.

The door flew open, and Aryn stormed out, his face as red as a tomato. Turning, he shouted back into the room, "SCREW YOU, GLACIES! SCREW YOU!" Grabbing one of the Telamon posters by the corner, Aryn ripped it down and tossed the paper into the room, darting towards the staircase.

The others filed up, The Duke looking oblivious, Wavepaddles bored, and Crowpages looking nervous. The last to leave the room was Glacies, who looked smug in his new, fresh pressed green tunic. He tugged his feathered cap to a jaunty angle with just sewn lambskin gloves and made to walk to the mess when Jools said politely, "Excuse me, Mr. Snarledsalves?"

"Ehh?" Glacies turned to look at the zookeeper, blinking in confusion before recognition hit him. "Yes. I am Glacies!" "...What?" "Err. Whaddya' want?"

"Sir, I don't know who else to talk to about this. It's a matter of *grave importance*." "A'right. Well, what is it?" "Someone has been cutting hair out of the donkey's tails!"

The look on Glacies face was suitably shocked, and Jools nodded and continued, "They didn't pull the hair out, or anything. It was cut. *Cut!* It's dastardly, is what it is. And we need to do something to stop this mistreatment of those wonderful beasts." "...Ya' think there's money ina' donkey tails?" Glacies asked, stroking his beard.

"I should say so. Who wouldn't want Donkey Tails?"
"Ya' did ta' right thin' comin' t'me. We'll have this, ya' know, taken care of right quick. Dun' say a thin' ta' anyone or word might, ya' know, get out."
"Ohhh, good point. Right, I'll keep this mum. Thank you Glacies! I knew you were the right one to talk to!"
"Tha's what I'm here fer', I think."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 19, 2008, 12:10:18 pm**

The events of the 13th of Limestone, 1066

Vash opened the door at the back of the church, stepping out into the small courtyard between the Temple of Zefon, and Kuli's inner sanctum. The Maester had kept this small area meticulously clean, sweeping away sand in the morning and arranging the rocks beside the aqueduct in small, pleasing patterns. Even now Maester Kuli was working, laying on his stomach on the stones as he plucked the small, brown weeds that threatened to creep through the cracks of the stones in great numbers.

Clearing his throat, Vash said softly, "Maester Kuli?"
"Yes, Vash?" Pulling a last weed, Kuli looked over his shoulder at his disciple, "What's wrong?"
"Maester, if..." Vash paused, and wet his lip. "If you were given the power to... to create things. To just, have them *be*, what would you do with it?"
"And why do you ask, Vash?"

Vash felt a pang of guilt, lying to the Maester, "I was speaking with another parishioner in the library. It started as a... a game of questions, and the last one concerned Bertrand, raising plant life in the sands. And I haven't, ah, been able to stop thinking of the question. The chance of selfishness is so high, if you can just make things."
"Well, Vash, it is a very difficult question. And it's one you should look at in relation to the community as a whole."

Kuli slowly pushed himself up, and stood, brushing dust off his pants. "It's okay to be selfish occasionally, everyone is. It's just the nature of Dwarves. But what's greater, is help the community as a whole. Your actions may be done to solely benefit you - and that is something undeniable - but if they also help others, the poor, the weak, the mistreated, than you've done a lot of good. Selfishness isn't always a sin. Do you understand?"
"Yes... I... think I do. Thank you, Maester."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 19, 2008, 03:23:10 pm**

The events of the 15th of Limestone, 1066

Vash sat at his desk, staring at the little sheet of paper he had taken from the pillar. He'd been staring at it for nearly an hour, the charcoal pencil he held poised just above it starting to cramp his hand. A few times he'd tried to write something, whatever had popped into his head, but as he pressed the tip to the parchment the idea turned to ash in his head, something stupid - not worth it.

"All those times as a child - who am I kidding - all those times spent around the beer barrels talking of wishes, of what would be done with immense wealth, and now that I have the option, nothing sounds right," he said, just to hear something in his silent room.

Pushing back from the desk, he stood and paced the small area around his room, his hands locked behind his back. He stopped when he heard from shouts from the hallway, and moving to the door, he opened it to listen better.

"What are you DOING down here!"
"Getting something to eat, si-urk!"

Stravitch's mace clanged off the steel breastplate Vatek had taken to wearing all hours of the day, but the guardsman still stumbled backwards, rebounding off a wall before he fell to the ground coughing. Stravitch stalked into view, glaring from under his bushy eyebrows. "Eat out at the construction site! Have one of the masons bring it to you with his stones - but don't leave!"

Shutting his door, Vash hurried over to his desk. His pencil was a blur over the parchment, scrawling across the back of the paper

Quote

Kill Stravitch Fillwhip. Steel for Steel.

He quickly placed the steel coin he'd kept in his pocket in the center of the paper, and folded it four ways. Taking up the candle, he poured wax along the folds, sealing it shut.

That night, he reached the pillars, making sure he wasn't followed. His sealed letter was stuffed back in the hole, and Vash was off, heading back for his room - and hopefully, soon, a calmer fortress.

The events of the 16th of Limestone, 1066

Rice stopped in front of the gate, carrying a chunk of cinnabar in his thick leather gloves. He saw Merchants, hardy Dwarves with their wagons and guards trundling towards their fort, and smiled. Turning to Erandor, he said, "Huzzah! More trade! This is your first Dwarven Caravan with us, yes? You're in for a real treat."

"I suppose I am," Erandor said, "but is there a reason they're coming towards us so fast?"

Blinking, Rice turned to look at the caravan again. They did seem to be moving at a full march, and a few of the merchants were well ahead of the pack on their mules. As the animals hit the bridge, one of the Merchants vaulted off the side, sprinting towards them, waving his hands, "RAISE THE GATES! Hurry! Raise the gaaaates!"

"What?" Rice said, confused, "Why would we do that?"
"GOBLINS!" the merchant screamed, moving out of the way as the first of the wagons rolled in. "They're on the march, a whole horde of 'em - bigger'n I've ever seen."
"Oh, no..." Erandor said, trembling, "The half breeds. They're coming here, too... oh no."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **October 19, 2008, 03:50:55 pm**

Oh dip.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sneakey pete** on **October 19, 2008, 04:23:17 pm**


!!!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **October 19, 2008, 05:03:13 pm**

I wonder if this will help get migrants...?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **October 19, 2008, 05:14:46 pm**

Coughing and sputtering, Glacies stumbled up the beach, seawater dripping from his beard. He made his way across the sand leaving a little trail of water and climbed the top of a sand dune before turning to look over the beach.



Then he began swearing.

There was a lot on Glacies' mind. The human ship he'd been on had been attacked by pirates, and now he was washed up on some god-forsaken shore. To make matters worse, he had no idea where he was.

Watching the horizon for some time, he discerned a little flotilla of wooden scraps and dumped supplies.

He looked over the desert stretching far as the eye could see to the west. He looked in his backpack and saw a tiny little waterskin and a couple of smoked fish. He sighed, and began to walk into the wastes.

A few hours later, the sand began to give way to grassy fields. At about midday he reached a glumprong sticking forlornly out of the dirt next to a little pond. Then, after sitting down in the partial shade of the tree, he began to write.

Diary of glacies, date uncertain

"Well this is another fine turn of luck for me. I'm lost on some continent I'm not even sure is the right one, and I've got four fish to tide me over until I get back home.

Ayrn was right, of course. The analytical machine was a bloody stupid idea and as soon as I get to civilisation I'm heading right back there and apologizing to him, in person.

And this stupid moustache won't come off."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **October 19, 2008, 09:56:28 pm**

Keifru cancels sleep: Interesting Plot

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **October 20, 2008, 03:06:55 am**

Gosh. Wasn't expecting that. An extremely interesting turn of events.

Well, except the goblin bit. Goblins are to be expected if the fortress is showing a bit more wealth.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **October 20, 2008, 07:00:35 am**

I like where this is going.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 20, 2008, 01:45:36 pm**

OOO

Keifru: You're on the list of names, for whatever good that does people ;)

Jotwebe: You're on the list too, I'm afraid (though I'm glad you're enjoying the story!).

Neo1096: Oversized Goblin/Ogre half breeds and a wish for the death of arguable the most terrifying and obnoxious Dwarf in existence? I can't see why we wouldn't get swarmed with warm bodies at the end of the season!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **October 20, 2008, 05:23:49 pm**

Diary of Zako:

After some more investigation when I was taking a break, I found that the dead rising from the sands was always happening here. Its only in the last few seasons that dwarves started to rise as undead monsters...

Is this place causing the once living to rise as mindless creations of a cruel mind? Or is it just a random act by a insane god? Who knows...

Training calls again. Oh, and I haven't had the guts to go talk to Merkil yet, but after this training session, if he has the spare time, I'll go see him about some training tips and other matters...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 21, 2008, 08:49:51 am**

OOO stuff:

All this doom talk coming from Toady's direction has made the concern start to rise again. Mostly the concern for this community story. I know Toady has backed up the DB, but... look, I'm kind of a paranoid. I hide it relatively well, but I also have an already packed duffle bag full of clothes and canned goods in my closet, and there is either a loaded firearm or a hunting knife hidden in every room of my house *just in case*.

So this sparked an idea, kind of a... make a good thing from a potential bad situation. After ripping this thread out, I was planning to write a quick script and jack all the in-character story sections and compile them all, book format, into a PDF. Do a little formatting

maybe (but leave the spelling and my plethora of spelling and grammar errors untouched), and then just put it up for hosting and downloading. That leaves me with one question though -

Reader-generated story content. How should it work? Should I leave it in place, right where it is? I don't want to leave it out because I quite like the interactions and the "inside the actor's heads" feel it gives off, but moving from a forum format to a "book" format offers some interesting problems.

So, anyone want to throw out some suggestions?

Also, an aside: Stravitch and I have been arguing for days, because he doesn't believe Toady and I are super-best friends. Well, guess what. *we are*! Take that, Stravitch!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vicomt** on **October 21, 2008, 03:33:18 pm**

Personally, I'd remove the OOC stuff, either that or get people to re-write things IC.

not sure if there are any "Great Thread - Great Story" replies, but they could be droppped from a more IC version. I think it'd be a great idea.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **October 21, 2008, 04:05:33 pm**

I think the reader generated content adds a lot, so it should go in. You may want to do some editing, though, as I think I saw a few entries where the writer was a bit confused as to what was going on, which makes for some weird entries. Maybe e-mail those sections to the person with what's not quite right in them and have them re-write them?

As for adding them into a book format...maybe something like this?

Main Story Main Story Main Story | Journal
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Main Story Main Story Main Story | Journal
Main Story Main Story Main Story | Journal

etc...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **October 21, 2008, 07:46:23 pm**

Well, seeing as the story is in journal format, I don't see why you shouldn't just throw the player-made journals in. Just get some clarification when needed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **October 22, 2008, 07:19:25 am**

You are *not* BFF's!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **October 22, 2008, 07:32:09 am**

It might be an idea to stick the main story together in slightly bigger lumps as chapters, then add player-made journals on to the end of each as additional reflections on the plot advancements. This might allow the story to flow a bit more between natural start and end-points, and then collate each character's private recollections of the events at the end of each chapter.

Though this depends on how well you can combine stuff into short(ish) chapters... long enough to keep flow, interest and plot advancement, not too long that that it renders the additional stuff at the end of the chapter into a vast appendix that's about as readable as the Silmarillion.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 22, 2008, 08:17:49 am**

So far, all good suggestions. I've got a question for Mephansteras though. Are you suggesting that I have each page of the PDF (or word file, or whatever) broken up with a margin on the side, and while the main story is on the Page Proper, the reader-content is put in the margin so that it matches up chronologically?

Because if you are, or aren't, suggesting that, I kind of like that idea if it won't slaughter the formatting.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **October 22, 2008, 10:54:20 am**

That is exactly what I'm suggesting. Kind of like asides to the main story, which I suppose is exactly what they are.

BTW, if you ever decide to turn this thing into a full story and publish it, you have my full permission to use any pieces I write for Adol.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 22, 2008, 12:09:25 pm**

Quote from: Mephansteras on October 22, 2008, 10:54:20 am

That is exactly what I'm suggesting. Kind of like asides to the main story, which I suppose is exactly what they are.

BTW, if you ever decide to turn this thing into a full story and publish it, you have my full permission to use any pieces I write for Adol.

I appreciate the consent, but I don't think I'd go about turning this into a pay-for-it book. There's just a big slippery slope here, and as broken as my moral compass is, I'd actually feel really bad making a profit off of this when Toady might not see a dime. Really, this is just a for fun thing for me, and to hopefully help me improve as a writer and allow me to work with plot holes that happen out of my control (stupid game). Besides, there are a bunch of general ideas and themes - unique to the story, not ~~stolen~~ parodied - that I'd love to self-plagiarize and use in the Unnamed Fantasy Novel I've started in my off time.

Giving this out as a free pdf download? That's cool. Maybe there could be a way to work it in as a Thank You for those that contribute to Toady? That could be cool too. Really, all I can say is, "If you dig this story, give Toady money." Because if there's anyone here that deserves some coin, it would be him.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **October 22, 2008, 02:25:33 pm**

The journals in the margins aren't a bad idea. However, the side stories like mine and Glacies' (were there others?) should probably be attached as appendices. And maybe there would be a footnote at the appropriate part of the story that says something like "Go to Appendix B to read so-and-so's adventure."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **October 22, 2008, 02:34:14 pm**

The diary of maggarg
Big nasty halfbreed goblins outside.
Must remember to give Z. his crash suit.
Can't have him in bed another 6 months.
Gosh, actually, I'm really thirsty, I'll fight later.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 22, 2008, 04:18:26 pm**

OOC: Updates will be VERY sparse until after Halloween. Not only is there the connection issues, I got a bombshell dropped on me in the form of travel to Huntsville next week.

This is a conference full of various agencies that all hate my department, and what we do. If I can't find some small way to get out of it, I plan to make this the most uncomfortable event anyone has ever witnessed by explaining to each and government agency there that the reason our group has this work and they don't, is because we actually have results, and I'm not a whining bitch in a three piece suit.

So if I go dark for a couple days, starting around Sunday, don't worry about me. I'm just sitting through nine hours of power point presentations and drawing pictures in my notebook of the various ways I want to kill myself. Actually, if that happens, everyone here start harping on Glacies to pump out more side-stories and pictures. That way he can feel as put upon as his in-story Dwarf, and I can laugh when I get to read it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **October 23, 2008, 04:56:08 am**

Good luck, HF. Enjoy making the other agencies uncomfortable!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **October 23, 2008, 07:16:20 am**

Are you there yet? Are you there yet? Are you there yet? Are you there yet? Are you there yet? Are you there yet? Are you there yet?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **October 29, 2008, 01:13:44 pm**

Annnnnd were back!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **October 29, 2008, 01:28:40 pm**

phew, i guess the forum outages were well timed with HF's leave of absence

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 29, 2008, 01:52:56 pm**

Quote from: [Vactor](#) on October 29, 2008, 01:28:40 pm

phew, i guess the forum outages were well timed with HF's leave of absence

Actually, funny story, I got pulled from the trip at literally the Eleventh Hour, which means I've been here all week, glassy-eyed, refreshing the forum *ad nausem*.

The black-out timed extremely well with Heavy Flak buying Fable 2 and Fallout 3. Though I had nothing to do with it, I plan to give you guys some update(s) tonight as a, ahh, apology for the forum being down? Is that the right work I'm looking for?

Also, bit of a shot in the dark - anyone on here know any literary agents? :) I've finally exhausted all of my "easy" options, and now have to deal with the arduous task of shopping myself out based on these terrible things like... skill, and personality.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **October 29, 2008, 03:40:32 pm**

it looks like we lost a bit of content, the first post is cut off at "They"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 29, 2008, 03:46:04 pm**

Quote from: [Vactor](#) on October 29, 2008, 03:40:32 pm

it looks like we lost a bit of content, the first post is cut off at "They"

Daaaamn. Good eye. Thanks to the magic of Google Cache, the problem has been fixed. If anyone comes across more cockups like

that, let me know.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **October 29, 2008, 04:51:10 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 29, 2008, 03:46:04 pm

Daaaamn. Good eye. Thanks to the magic of Google Cache, the problem has been fixed. If anyone comes across more cockups like that, let me know.

OK.. i did a brief run through and here's the reply's that seem to be cut off(the ones i'm unsure if its actually cut off or not have ? with them:

HF:
16, 20, 80?, 135, 136(italics), 274, 383, 398, 400(johnny's artifact name), 467?, 667?

Electrum:
243, 265, 332

Jools:
790

Makrond:
892

****I didn't check any of the spoiler boxes btw****

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 29, 2008, 06:00:33 pm**

I'll check the spoiler boxes during some down time at work. I managed to correct all the ones you listed - seems to be some sort of bug involving accented characters... I *think*.

Anyone else want to fix theirs, feel free to go on in. Shame Electrum probably won't, he seems to be a ghost on this forum for the past couple months.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 29, 2008, 07:15:07 pm**

The events of the 19th of Limestone, 1066
Part 1

Rolland and his crew were pounding through the barracks, throwing their training weapons onto the floor and snagging full-edged blades, steel hammers, and steel bolts from the weapons racks. There was a ripple of excitement going through the group, the air actually crackling with suppressed energies. The caravan workers had riled up the fortress proper with their talks of giant ogre-goblin half-breeds, of massive weapons and hull-thick armor.

Rolland had been the voice of reason as he stood in the barracks in his lazy stance, thumbs hooked through the weighted down belt strung through his quiver. "Ignore their size," He shouted to the group at large, "What are they? Larger targets. So their armor could substitute for a ships hull, there are always chinks in it. Aim for the face, aim for the knees. You don't kill with your weapons, you kill with your *hearts*. Remember that. Get prepared, we're marching east to cut off their reinforcements. Move out!"

As they left, Maggarg was the only one laughing, running his mouth about how he planned to decorate his entire room in the skin of half-breeds. Adol looked disgusted, sighing loudly as he tromped out of the room. As Zako and Sparrow made their way towards the door, Rolland held out a hand, and shook his head.

"Not you, Master Mergedhame. You've just recovered."
"Sir," Zako blustered, snapping to attention in his battle armor. "I'm perfectly fine."
"No," Rolland said morosely, "You're a liability. You still need more training. The others are far more advanced, and need to concentrate fully on the enemy at hand. Stay and protect the civilians. Do your duty here. You'll be ready soon enough."

Sulari, Snake, Major Merkil, Varen, and Sergeant Towersacks stormed up the stairs, their steel clad boots clanging like a smiths forge over the steps. Sprinting as fast as their little legs could carry them, the three groups of soldiers rushed towards the southern gate. Sulari, falling behind to count and prepare, blinked behind the slats of her helmet and nearly clotheslined Zako as he tried to speed past.

"Where are you going, recruit?"
"Out to the battlefield!" He said defiantly.
"No-o-o-o... no, not at all," she said, tinting a little red bed the mask. "Zako, stay here. This is... this is really serious. We can't have green soldiers on the field. I'm sorry, I know you want to help... but no. Stay behind. Protect the workers. That's as important a job as slogging through the blood of these green skinned abominations."

Zako looked on, forelorn, as Sulari adjusted the grip on her axe and sprinted on, bringing up the tail end of the her marching squads. Sighing, Zako slowly stripped the steel plated gloves from his hands and dropped them to the stones at his feet. Hanging his head, he towards the stairs, and down to the shops proper, to see to the safety of the denizens.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 29, 2008, 08:09:16 pm**

The events of the 19th of Limestone, 1066
Part 2

The red mist overtook her.
Rivers run reeeddddd
The wooden haft of Sulari's axe, creaked as she tighened her grip, splintering slightly around her fingers. The half breeds marched towards them, their faces hideous masks of derision. Sulari's, behind her full-helm, was a mask of rage.

She collided with the head of the marching spear in an explosion of armor and gore. Her axe sang through the air, and cleaved down, from left shoulder to right thigh, hewing the first of the laughing mutants in twain. It fell to the ground writhing, his intestines spilling out in great ropey strands. His screaming misery was put out by Varen's spear through the mouth, and the dwarf shook his blade off, disgusted.

In that instant, the half-breeds paused. They had torn through caravans on their way to the fort, destroyed or sent scrambling an entire town. And what did they have now. A laughing, gore-spattered horror stalking towards them, her axe on high. And behind her, six other, equally hardened demons. Readyng their weapons, the half breed commander barked an order in their harsh tongue, and charged.

"FIRE!" Sparrow yelled, a superfluous command to their commander in charge. Rolland's bolts were flying three times as fast as his charges, the steel tips finding their mark in elbow joints, in the sides between breast and back plate, and in two occasions, in the throat of quickly-dead half-breeds. Maggarg and Adol waded out into the field, and though both took a battering, the pair held the goblins off while Rolland and Sparrow picked them off, one by one.

"BOLTSLINNNGAH!"

Glancing over, Sparrow saw Rolland tense up, noticeably. The dwarf turned towards the shout, his gaunt face hardening like stone as he saw, admist the towering frames of the mutants, a small goblin dancing from foot to foot.

A small goblin in a black cloak, and a tall, black stove-pipe pipe.

"OLNGO! OLNGO MATONGOM!" Rolland bellowed. His fingers worked deftly, loading up the chamber of his repeating crossbow. "You dare show your face here? You fool."

"Me? A fool?" The goblin said, and barked out a laugh. His face spread into a wide smile, seeming to go from ear to ear. Even hidden from the harsh sun by the brim of his hat, the goblin's eyes twinkled with foul humor. "" To accent his words, the goblin clapped his hands together and spread them in a wide arc, a trail of fire expanding outwards before quickly dissapating. "I thought you would have given up your idiot search long ago, but... you've always been a stubborn one, haven't you, Boltslinger?"

Rolland's response was to wind his crossbow, ignoring the fighting around him. Adol, catching a quick respite, was able to shatter a half-breed's kneecap. The downed monster was dropped fully by Maggarg and his heavy, dented sword.

"Your ego is too great... I can see it in your face, you think I'm here for you, don't you? Of course not! Your tale of revenge is so dull... so uninspired. Do you think you're the only one who's life I've touched? There are hundreds like you... and none of them see a point in following some endless chase. I've been *summoned* here - this is a vacation for me, this is a just playtime! After I've left, what will you do? You're going to die in these wastes, that's what, your dreams left unfulfilled! You're the fool, Boltslinger! You're the foo-urk!"

The goblin stopped mid hop, looking down at the new bolt growing from his shoulder. Screeching in rage, he gave a hard flap of his cloak and spun in a tight circle, the resulting explosion vaporizing the face off one of the corpses near where he stood. Rolland stepped backwards under the pretense of reloading, and Sparrow was much too tactful - and busy - to comment that his crossbow was already nearly-fully loaded.

Sulari and her group met with Rolland's on the road. Sulari looked like an absolute horror, covered from head to toe in strips of meat, in cascading blood, in dents and knicks from weapons. The others with her fared much better, but they were all tired, Merkil especially. He drug his hammer in the sand behind him, the heavy artifact digging a deep gouge in the red.

"Any damage?" She asked wearily.
"I sprained m' damned wrist," Complained Maggarg. "Idiot beasts wit'their 'ard skulls."
"Perhaps you're related to them," Adol quipped dryly.
"We're uninjured as well, but... there were a lot of them."
"They were uncoordinated," Snake said, dabbing at his forehead with his sleeve. "They usually aren't. This was a test of our defenses."

"This was a test, indeed," Rolland said quietly. "They brought along their wizard... he's gone back to report on what he saw... This bodes ill."
"Then we need to bolster our de-" Sulari nearly jumped as a scream came from the fortress, echoing through the desert. The Dwarves whirled, and as one headed towards the gates as fast as they could.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **October 29, 2008, 08:19:35 pm**

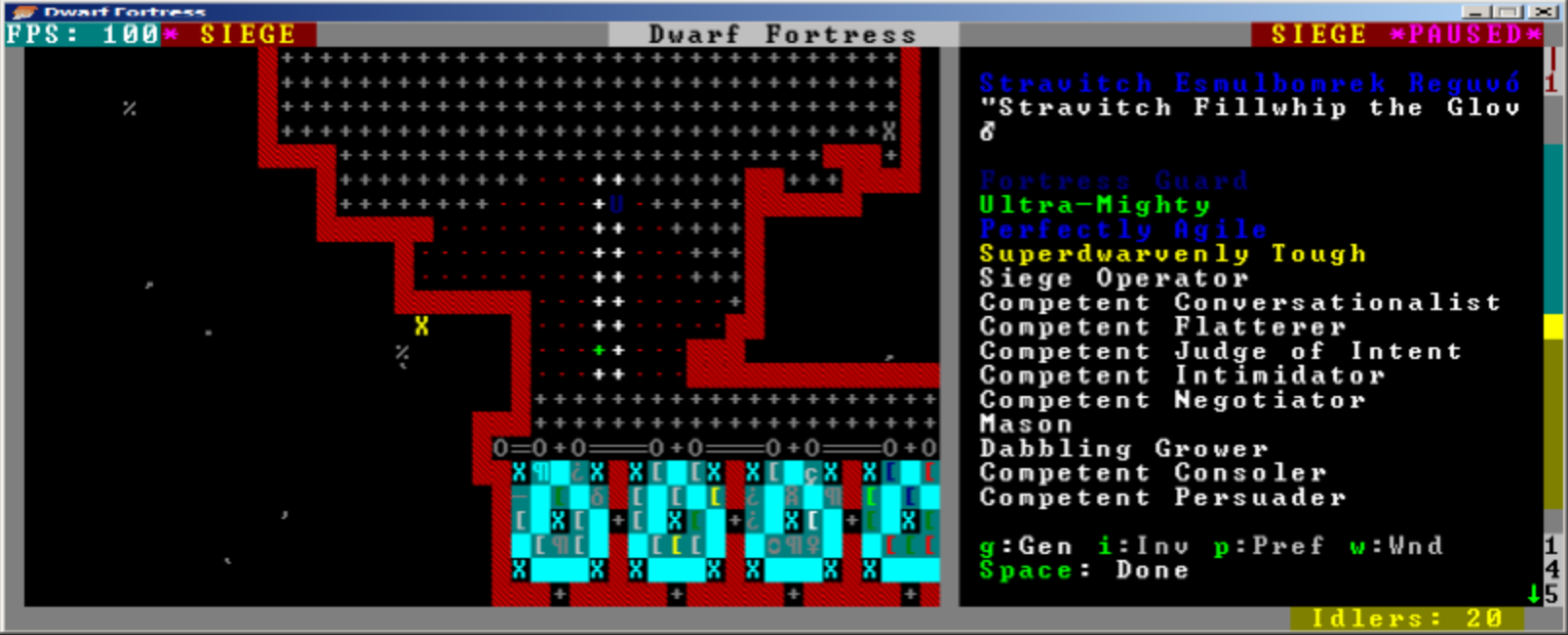
WHISTLES INNOCENTLY

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 29, 2008, 08:59:08 pm**

The events of the 19th of Limestone, 1066
Part 2

Sulking, Zako walked through the shops, looking at the trinkets on sale. With the clerks distracted, an idle thought flitted through Zako's mind. *I could rob them all blind* he thought, and then looked ashamed, glancing around behind him. That wasn't him, that's not something he'd do. It must have been the anger talking, the feelings of inadequacy from being left behind while the "Big Dwarves" went out to play war.

Heavy footfalls drew his attention, and peeking out the door, Zako saw a shirtless Stravitch stumbling towards the maintenence tunnels, drunk as could be. Knitting his brow, he tugged the visor on his helmet down and followed after the Captain of the Guard. His frown deepened as Stravitch stepped out onto the bridge, and rocking, unbuttoned his fly - pissing off the edge and into the lava. What surprised him more was the sudden appeance of a small girl at the other end of the bridge, flashing a small curved spear in her hand.

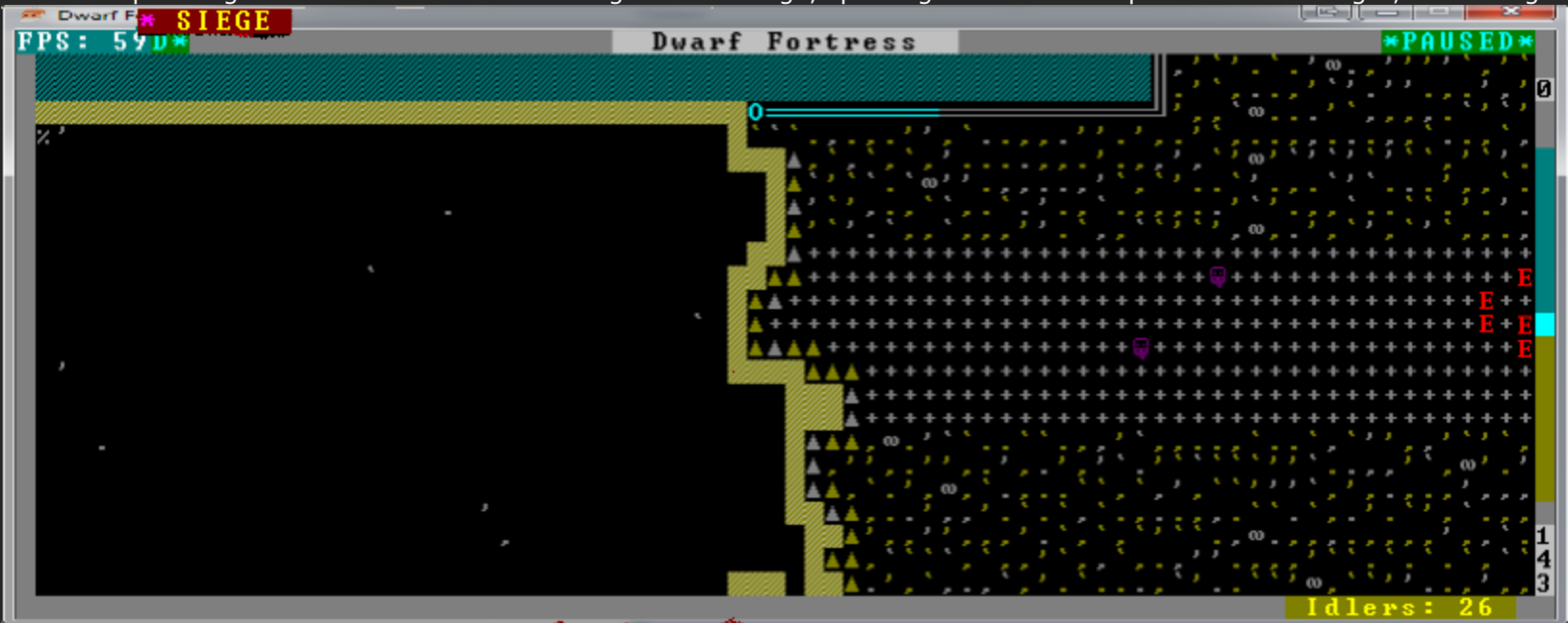


"Well, well, Your grace, esteemed Dwarf, Stravitch! This Girl has missed you so much... you left her with quite a token, in the form of a badly-healed shoulder."
"Ehhh?" Stravitch turned towards her, blinking. He took his time buttoning himself back up, heavy brows narrowed as he tried to focus.
"What are you, new at Dodik's? Piss off, I don't have time for whorin', there's drink to had."
"Ohhh, you poor thing," she tsk'd, "It's a shame your so drunk. This Girl had so much to tell you. Things like... I found your friend Gerald... and he screamed for three days, as This Girl's sweet blade kissed him *all over*. Look," She fingered a small chain around her neck, pulling a dried finger out from her shirt. "I keep this as a memento, to remind me of how much fun was had! Now, come to me. I

have such a present for you."

Stravitch, confused, took a step forward, and grunted hard as her blade stabbed him in the stomach. He looked down at it, and back up at her, before reaching down slowly to grab her wrist. The little half-breed squealed as the Captain of the Guard tightened his grip and crushed the small bones in her hand, his upper lip curling in a snarl of rage. Wrenching her hand back, the girl screamed, "I'LL EAT YOUR DAMNED CORPSE! YOU WON'T ESCAPE *THIS* GIRL AGAIN!"

Zako watched in horror as she spun and delivered a hard kick to Stravitch's midsection, driving the blade in deeper. The force of her kick sent him sprawling backwards - and over the edge of the bridge, spiraling under the overpass and out of sight, screaming all the while.



Running onto the bridge, Zako shouted, "Noo! Captain! Ohh, no!"

The little girl turned to look at Zako, and blanched. "Ohhh..." she moaned, her eyes widening in horror. "Noo, no, you're a dead dwarf. This girl left you to bleed out... you died, in some swamp town years ago. Oh, ghosts..."

Zako had no time to comprehend her words. He charged forward, bellowing out a war cry. She came to her senses as they collided. She stumbled backwards, and screaming, toppled over the edge of the bridge as well. Zako, trembling, moved towards the edge and peered down, but he didn't see the little hellion anywhere.

And suddenly he remembered Stravitch. Sprinting, Zako hit the stairs and dashed down to the Bertrand's garden. He saw Stravitch laying there in the grass, slowly pulling himself backwards. He'd landed at the edge of the magma, and it was assumed his pants had caught ablaze - because he wasn't wearing them now. The blade was still stuck in his stomach, but with a grunt, the Captain pulled the short spear free and after looking at it cross-eyed for a moment, tossed it into the magma. Hurrying over, Zako grabbed Stravitch under the arms, and hauled him up, hissing, "You'll be fine, Captain, just hold on."

"Hold on? You queer," he slurred, "Take me to Dodik's, damnit."
"Sir, you're bleeding! A LOT."
"Yeah? Her girls will be too, after a couple rounds with the champ..."

Zako dumped him in a bed in the barracks. Unsure what to do, he quickly shed his armor and sprinted towards the stairs, to try and find Dojango and to hopefully stitch the wounds up.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **October 29, 2008, 09:24:21 pm**

WOW! AMAZING!

Finally, Zako gets the taste of battle! Still needs more training by the sound of it though, but nice job on the she-devil of a foe!

Great update HF! Please keep it coming!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **October 29, 2008, 11:21:10 pm**

BTW in the realm of HF + Toady One = BFF, I can only say, from the "let me know here about any problems" thread:

Quote from: Toady One on October 29, 2008, 09:34:01 pm

```
For the post in question (msg 191020), the dump from the old forum looks like:

Code: [Select]

INSERT INTO REDACTED VALUES(191020, REDACTED, 'Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)', 'Heavy Flak', REDACTED, '[i]1st Granite[/i]<br /><br />They've all been taken in by Aryn Estetar's spell, though I really don't see how anyone in the Mountain Homes could have resisted.&nbsp;He's spun such a great tale these past weeks.&nbsp;An immigrant from the icy tundra's far more North than our maps can show, Aryn Estetar's slimmer frame stood taller than we mountain cousins.&nbsp;His matted blonde hair and patchy beard always struck me as odd, but who am I to go against the blind masses, those enthralled with sweet words of rewards and hard work, of Utopia.<br /><br />By the end of his stay at Stukos Matul he was giving speeches in the statue gardens almost twice daily, his already towering height accented by the tower-cap barrels he stood on.&nbsp;He spoke at great length about what we were due, and how our hard work was only being used to line the pockets of an unjust and corrupt king.&nbsp;A KING who would gladly let his servants - the engineers, the miners, the masons, the craftsmen - starve because he felt that everyone deserved a meal.&nbsp;Not just those that couldn't work, but those that [i]wouldn't[/i].<br /><br />Eventually Aryn's ramblings filtered up through the usual channels, as they always did, until it caught the ear of Queen Rigoth Herself.&nbsp;One morning as he started his first sermon he was interrupted by the clattering arrival of the Royal Guard.&nbsp;A quite amicable offer was given to him: Leave immediately and you won't be trussed and left to the goblin hordes gnashing at the border.&nbsp;Those who agreed with his filth should leave the statue garden now - any talk of dissension would be quashed by the Hammerer.<br /><br />The son of a wealthy merchant, Aryn arrived in the country of Stukos Matul with vast wealth.&nbsp;This threat upon his life was all the catalyst needed.&nbsp;Jumping down from his makeshift podium, Aryn pointed to the streets beyond and with a rallying cry shouted, "Then follow me, follow me to a new life!&nbsp;We embark this evening!"<br /><br />The turnout for his exodus was far less than expected.&nbsp;We dwarves, though hardy, are slow to uproot from our homes and even less are willing to risk their lives at the whimsical lark of some rabble-rouser.&nbsp;Only a scant few joined him for this trip.&nbsp;Myself, having nearly exhausted my... sources of income, eagerly pledged allegiance to this idealist. If word of success returns home with this letter, Aryn's new settlement could potentially be a massively untapped resource for an intelligent, enterprising dwarf!<br /><br />As our Miner's strength gave way, he lost his grip on the yolk of the wagon, the whole lot of remaining supplies digging a few more feet forward to embed in the dirt.&nbsp;But Aryn Estetar didn't mind at all.&nbsp;Jumping down from the back of the wagon, he rushed to the edge of the cliff, staring over the scorched wasteland below.&nbsp;His frame a slow shimmer from the heat, he raised his hands skywards and bellowed, "We have arrived.&nbsp;Look!&nbsp;Look upon your destiny!&nbsp;Look upon your new hopes!&nbsp;LOOK!&nbsp;Upon our [i]future![/i]"<br /><br />We were put to work immediately at Aryn's barking orders - dig out a makeshift series of shops, scrounge for food and brew drink, destroy the wagon to make beds.&nbsp;The Mountain Homes have been bled dry from our kind, it is time we milked these exciting new venture.&nbsp;Venture forth if you dare, but as soon as Gold is struck, I will be writing again.&nbsp;I'll need your help to haul it all home.<br /><br />Faithfully yours,[i]<br />Johnny Zefonkigok<br />Johnny Fountainspring[/i]', 'xx', 1);
```

So it doesn't look like the information was lost at that point, but rather when it was dumped into the forum by Big Dump. I don't know why it would have trouble on that character, and I don't have enough knowledge of php or whatever else to propose a solution.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **October 30, 2008, 12:02:19 am**

So the crazy half-elf was the one granting wishes, then?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Jools** on **October 30, 2008, 04:42:52 am**

She could just be the agent of whoever is granting the wishes. Also I think her return to catch up with her old friend Stravitch Fillwhip predated anything that was wished for.

Besides, all the other wishes have come true, no matter how unusual. I think Stravitch's troubles aren't over.

BTW, its great to see the forum back up and hooray for the new updates. I'll nip back to 790 and see what was lost from my post (I've got a fiver here that says it was just something boring and donkey-related).

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **sneakey pete** on **October 30, 2008, 08:35:33 am**

I'd laugh is stravitch was so hardcore that this mythical wish granter couldn't kill him

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 30, 2008, 08:42:28 am**

See that, Stravitch? Toady even went so far as to redact certain things from his MySQL command, like, "BEST THREAD EVAR" and "Heavy Flak + Toady = BFF", so that others on the forum wouldn't get jealous. Heavy Flak - Point, set, match :D

Also - I wasn't particularly pleased with how Rolland's section of Part 2 turned out, so I went through and updated it closer to how I imagined it went.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **October 30, 2008, 10:10:54 am**

Quote from: Jools on October 30, 2008, 04:42:52 am

She could just be the agent of whoever is granting the wishes. Also I think her return to catch up with her old friend Stravitch Fillwhip predated anything that was wished for.

Besides, all the other wishes have come true, no matter how unusual. I think Stravitch's troubles aren't over.

BTW, its great to see the forum back up and hooray for the new updates. I'll nip back to 790 and see what was lost from my post (I've got a fiver here that says it was just something boring and donkey-related).

I bet Stravich hasn't even noticed he's in trouble, and wouldn't care if he did know.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 30, 2008, 06:30:42 pm**

The events of the 20th of Limestone, 1066

Zako hurried down the steps, looking worried. He was followed by Dojango, who was carrying his set of cooking utensils and a length of rope, Vatek, and Varen. Zako noticed, but didn't comment, that while Vatek almost looked pleased, Varen - Stravitch's old whipping boy - seemed the tiniest bit concerned.

"So you say he was stuck straight through?" Dojango asked.
"Almost, he pulled the spear out, and I drug him down here. I hope he's okay..."
"Now now, just because you're impaled doesn't mean you'll die," Dojango soothed. "We have a lot of blood in us, and as you'll know, most everything is in a direct line behind the lungs. The lungs, pancreas, kidneys, stomach, heart... there's a good chance it missed all of those completely."
"But doesn't that mean it could have hit all of them at once?" Vatek said, hiding the eagerness in his voice.
"Well! Looks like we're here," Dojango interrupted. He coughed, and opened the door.

The quartet stopped, all of them gaping. Stravitch was sitting up in bed, the blankets and mattress under him soaked through with blood. A long string from a scratchy blanket had been tied around a sharpened sliver of cat bone, and the Captain of the Guard was whistling a drinking tune as he stabbed the end through the top flap of the wound, threading it down through the bottom. The stitching was uneven, but it was holding tight. Occasionally Stravitch would reach over and pick up a bottle of bourbon, and just as often as he'd dump some down his throat he'd dump some onto the wound.

Looking up as the door opened, he snorted and said, his voice low and raw, "What the hell are you doing down here, Vatek? Why aren't you up at the construction site watching the workers?"
"W-what?" Vatek stammered, "There were goblins! A whole host of them, I helped the workers inside to safety."
"That wasn't your job. Your job was to guard them so they can work THROUGH things like that. I'll be done in *five minutes*. I'll expect you in the barracks you slacker, you've got a training session coming."

"Sir," Dojango sputtered, "You shouldn't be doing that. That's not good for your health."
"I'll see YOU in the barracks too!"
"I'm not a soldier! I'm a chef!"
"Oh. Ahh..." Stravitch paused, considering this. "Then I'll see you in the barracks when you bring down refreshments. Varen, Zako, you'll take the Chef's place. Now move, I've gotta' finish my stitching."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Eita** on **October 30, 2008, 07:21:38 pm**

Bomzulash, "The Home of Pain".

This is a masterfully sewn image by Stratvich Fillwhip. The image is of Stratvich Fillwhip. He is surrounded by scantily clad Dwarven women.

Stratvich Fillwhip
Random crap
Random crap
Random crap
Random crap
Random crap
Random crap
Random crap
Bomzulash, "The Home of Pain". Stomach.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 31, 2008, 08:23:33 am**

Quote from: Eita on October 30, 2008, 07:21:38 pm

<distilled awesome>

I think we should form a petition, to get Toady to implement tattoos and especially *sewn images* for body parts. Just imagine the terrible, terrible things the RNG-Gods would give our hairy little charges.

Some OOC Notes:

The battle between Stravitch, Lanni, and a well-timed Zako was absurdly challenging to do. Either all three of them toppled into the magma together, or Stravitch would explode her in one lazy hit. It got to the point where I had her stats jacked up like this and there was a 50% chance that Stravitch would still explode her in one hit:
Spear: 75, Shield: 75, Armor: 75, Wrestling: 75, Strength: 20, Agility: 20, Toughness: 20

Compare that to the standard points you need to get to legendary... 16. Stravitch took a wound to the stomach (a brown), broke her hand (a yellow) then got thrown over the edge and landed on the ground below, that lucky bastard. Zako, now a legendary wrestler, threw her over the edge because she was stunned, I guess from knocking his bulk aside.

Where did she land? I guess it doesn't matter because the game bugged out with an infinite siege after I saved with a goblin mid-flight, and I had to save-scumm to a previous version. Meaning whatever-the-hell-I-want to happen to her will happen to her :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **October 31, 2008, 09:57:53 am**

Like Stravitch would like death stop him from seeing his masterpiece completed first.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **October 31, 2008, 10:51:38 am**

Upon dying, stravich would just beat Death up and wander back into life.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **October 31, 2008, 03:56:36 pm**

Quote from: Magqarg - Eater of chicke on October 31, 2008, 10:51:38 am
Upon dying, stravich would just beat Death up and wander back into life.

OOO: Hahaha... OMG, I could so picture that.

"Oh... my... Stravich is dead"
"He will be missed, sorta."
Stravich's mangled corpse suddenly shivers violently and sits up abruptly with a rattling intake of breath.
"What are you all staring at? Why aren't you working..."

Later that same day, the other undead dwarves confronted Stravich...
"Well, what brought you back."
"Brought me back?!? You pansy pushers, you mean you didn't tell Death to get the hell out of your way? Speaking of which, you're in my way, unless you coffin cravens are coming along with me to Dodik's or desire some *training*."

Happy All Hallow's Eve, you crazy bunch of dwarven deviants! ;D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **October 31, 2008, 04:07:51 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 30, 2008, 06:30:42 pm
The events of the 20th of Limestone, 1066

"Now now, just because you're impaled doesn't mean you'll die," Dojango soothed. "We have a lot of blood in us, and as you'll know, most everything is in a direct line behind the lungs. The lungs, pancreas, kidneys, stomach, heart... there's a good chance it missed all of those completely."

Love the dwarven anatomy. XD

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 31, 2008, 08:05:07 pm**

The events of the 22nd of Limestone, 1066

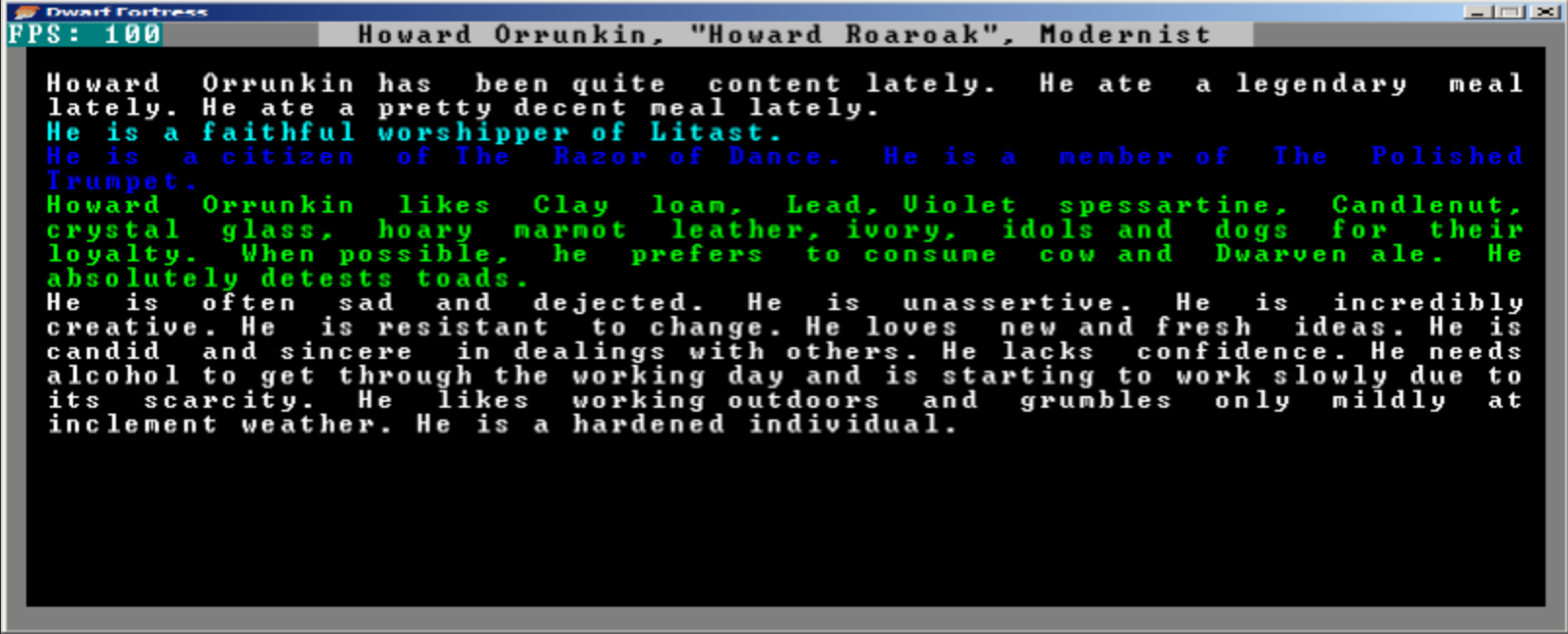
The Goblin menace taken care of, and the Dwarven menace back on his feet, life in the desert fortress returned to it's own level of normality. Aryn, flanked by his retinue of personal guards, exited the stairwell top-side. He was in relatively good humor, giving curt nods to workers heading out to their daily chores, or haulers heading towards the magma pit to deliver their bounty.

Reaching the edge of the trade depot, Aryn held up a hand and turned to glance briefly at his guards. "Wait here," he said. "Traders are a harmless lot, stay stationed here. Watch for assassins, and thieves."

As the guards spread out, Aryn stepped into the coolness of the depot, and began to peruse the wares. He was heckled by the merchants to purchase their overstocks of leathers, barrels of silk - for some reason, they brought a dozen Anvils with them, but these he pushed off. His interest was in metals, in flux, in the rare gems they brought with them, and he was quick to make note of their goods, and to discuss with Glacies their current stock.

His concentration was broken by a mellow voice calling from behind him, "Hello, Mr. Estetar. It's a pleasure to see you again."

Aryn turned slowly, his lips pursing together. He looked at the speaker, a dwarf that seemed to be made up entirely of angles, broad shouldered and narrow waisted, his arms and legs long and lanky. A shock of orange hair rife with arrogant curls, his orange beard lush and flowing to his belt, the picture of masculinity. Aryn's rage threatened to boil over.



"You've been here days, Roaroak, and didn't even think to come announce yourself to me?"
"You've been busy with more important things," Howard Roaroak said calmly, "I knew when they were taken care of, you'd come here. I didn't want to bother you."
"You're an ass, Roaroak. The world doesn't revolve around you."
The Dwarf just shrugged, the action lazy and insolent, and Aryn controlled himself from taking a swing.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming," Aryn asked, finally.
"I did," Howard replied. "Didn't you get any of my letters?"
"Outside of the encrypted one - why did you encrypt that one?"
"You told me too."
"You didn't give me the key!"
"You didn't ask. That wasn't part of your instructions."

Aryn could have screamed. Instead, he took a deep breath and exhaled. "I didn't see any other letters."
"The roads are dangerous these days. This caravan is two months off schedule, I'm sure the mail carriers met... an unfortunate end. We had to go over the mountains, as the valley near the sea is under Goblin control now. More cities have fallen. It's fortuitous we arrived at all."
"Did you begin working?"
"With so much time on the road, I did. But it's not complete. Give me a room and a table, and I can have your blueprints finished in a few weeks."
"Then go find Mayor Ineth on the fourth floor, and Glacies will most likely be down there in the mess. Tell them I sent you, and to give you a *nice* room. Stress *nice*"
"I don't need a nice room," Howard said, "Just a room with a table, a candle, and a bed will be fine."
"No. Trust me. Tell them a nice room, or they'll try to stick you in the barracks. You don't want to be there. Now go, I have to swindle your merchants."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 01, 2008, 10:34:13 am**

The events of the 26th of Limestone, 1066

"Glacies" walked towards the trade depot, grumbling. He'd gotten into a row with Aryn, and surprisingly, both Duke Bomrek and Tax Collector Crowpages sided with the old fool. A half hour shouting match later, and the book keeper was clanking towards the trade depot to take tally of everything Aryn had placed on purchase.

Jools, his face a mask of exaltation, turned towards the newcomer. For just a second, his look of revvery was broken by confusion, and Glacies looked down at himself. He had on at least twenty necklaces, and a couple rings on each finger. Two different colored vests adorned him, and he wore a jaunty hat on his head, and another under his arm.

"Wha's goin' on here?" He demanded.
The small crowd of Dwarves around Jools turned to look at him, and one of them said in bored tones, "The traders are playing a game of chance with yon zookeep, and the fool keeps losing."

Squinting, Glacies stepped up and looked at the small stage set up. There were three cabinets that had been hollowed out and set up, a curtain draped between them. The traders were looking pleased as the appointed barker called out the rules.

"Nawww, listen he'ah mah frien's. F'ar you newcomma's, rules are simple. Two a' these cabinets have a donkey on t'othah side." The barker paused as a trader leaned over to whisper something in his ear. Frowning, the Barker continued, "Onna' these has a donkey on t'othah side. 'Notha has a donkey we made outta' some barrels and cloth, an' the third's got a full suit of jewel encrusted steel plate. Master Jools here, havin' paid his coin yet 'gain, gets t' choose one door. Now, choose a door."

Jools smiled and pointed to the center door. The Barker nodded, and scratching under his chin, moved towards the one on the far left and opened it. through the cabinet could be seen the wooden donkey. "Now, as ya' can see, this one didn't have t' plate. You can switch cabinets if'n ya' want."

"I'm staying," Jools said serenely.

With a groan, Glacies clapped Jools on the back of the shoulder. "Now 'old up, I ran this exact game years ago on the road. Swindlers game, you've got a fifty fifty shot of gettin' the armor now, supposin' they don't pull a fast rig and switch the prizes behind that curtain. What's the harm, 'eh? Just switch up."

"I apologize, book keep, but that's where you're wrong. If I switch, I have a two-thirds chance of getting the armor."
"You're a daft bastard," Glacies snapped. He yanked his hat off dramatically, and put the other one on, tugging it down to cover his eyes.
"It's fifty fifty, and those'r the best odds you're gunna get. Look, there are only two cabinets, just switch, you pro'lly picked wrong at the start."
"No, no, I assure you, I picked right. I'm staying."

The Barker, shaking his head, opened the middle cabinet. Through the cabinet was a bored looking donkey, chewing away at the sparse tufts of weed sprouting from the cracks in the stone floor. Jools made an excited noise and clapped his hands.

"You WANTED the donkey?" Glacies asked incredulously.
"Have we not met?" Jools replied, perplexed. "I'm more likely to get a donkey than that stupid armor, and if I don't switch, my chances increase to two thirds."
"ONE HALF!"
"You're wrong,"
"Bugger all, I'm playin' this game, I'll show you how it's done," Glacies said, pushing past Jools.

"We don't have anna'more donkeys," The Barker said.
"I don't care, lay out a barrela' ox shit if you want, I'm gunna clean you all out."
Jools popped his head from around Glacies, lifting one hand up to be noticed, "Sirs? Is it okay if I have the wooden donkey, too?"

Nooooooooooooooooooooo.... Flashbacks to Nist-Akath... my eyes burning from the pages of fury! Augh!

I've read the last few pages and now I want to go back and read the thing from the beginning. I haven't done such a thing since Nist-Akath.Gaugh >.>

The events of the 5th of Sandstone, 1066

For the first time in years, work was canceled. There was an initial outpouring of praise, of celebration, until word began to trickle through the channels: There is no work, because there is an emergency meeting in the mess hall. Aryn has something important to say.

As noon drew close, Dwarves began to file into the dining hall. Some grumbled, some didn't, some were genuinely interested. But none skipped, if only because this broke the monotony of the day.

Aryn stood at the end of the room, in front of an easel draped over with a heavy cloth. Standing behind him, off to the side, was Howard Roaroak, his lanky frame slouched back against the wall in insolent defiance. When the room seemed close to bursting, Aryn stepped forward and cleared his throat, speaking out loudly and clearly.

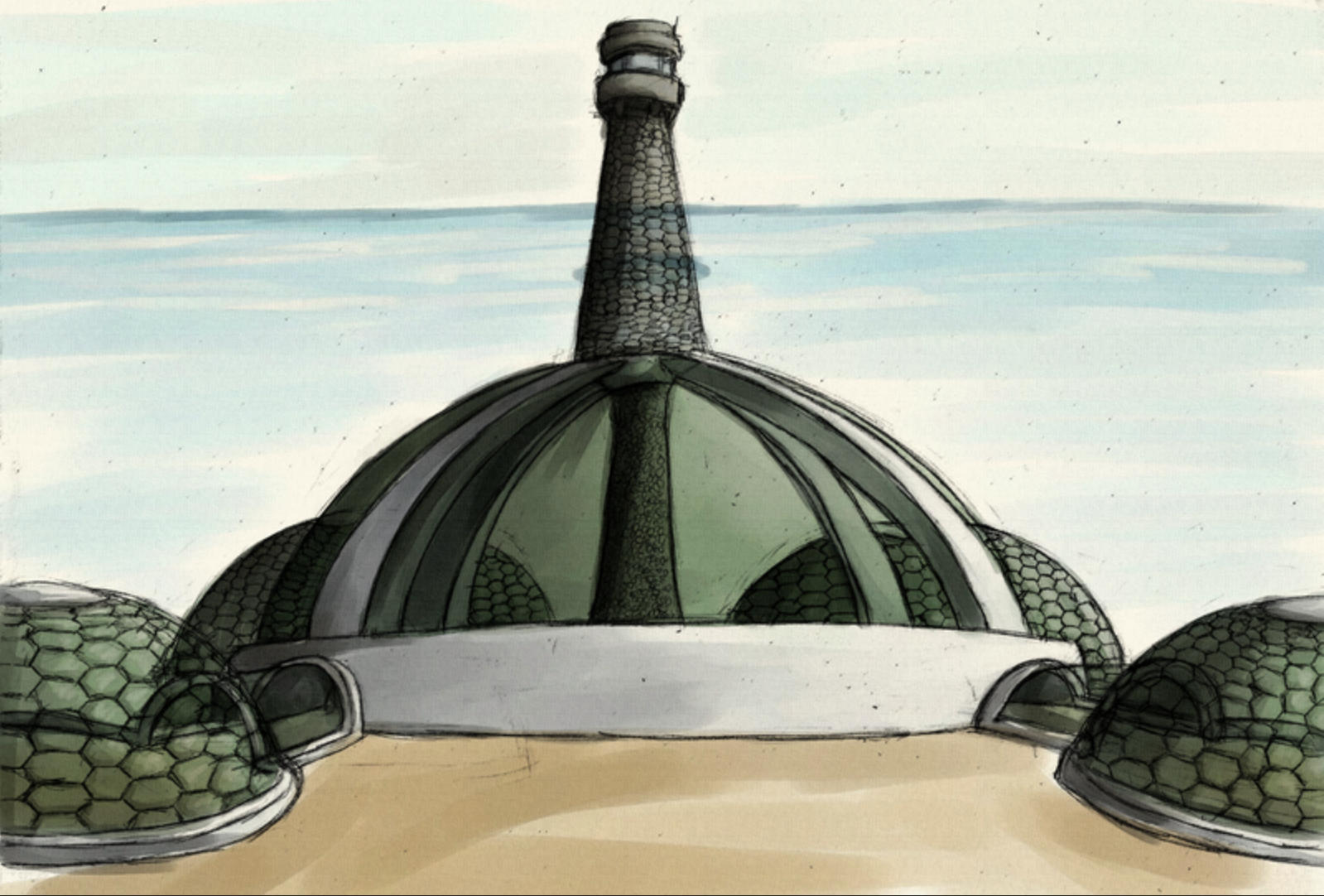
"This is a historic day. I've called you all here, I've canceled work, for one specific reason: so there is no excuse to miss this announcement. Dwarves - men, women - *citizens*. Life, The world, society, has conspired against us. We have been given a bum deal, we've been persecuted, we've been hunted, we've been tested. We, effectively the last remaining members of our home country, are all that is left in this world. The Goblins have run amok, their monster brethern have laid waste to once proud Dwarven strongholds.

"What are we left with? A pitiful existence, clawed from these very sands. Through stubbornness, and grit, we managed to survive and eek out a life. This life has been threatened. This life, our freedom, is being challenged by the very goblins who have destroyed the life we came from. These half-breeds, and their Goblin controllers, are angry at our ability to decide what is right and good, at what is fair and just, at what is *pure*

"This past year, I commissioned a work.... a blueprint from a Dwarf who is considered a revolutionary in his field. His contemporaries may condemn him, but they are just scared of his genius. Mister Howard Roaroak, standing beside me, is the wave of the future. He is the natural progression, the evolution, of the Architectural Arts, and it is for that very reason that I hired him. For my project, my vision, was not something that was contemporary. It was not a something standard, to be pawned off onto the Leopardknights of the world, onto the merely mediocre. No, we - we as a community - needed the best, and I put up a lot of my own personal fortune to hire him, with the understanding that he would have full creative control. Howard, would you like to have a word?"

Howard shook his head, and after a momentary setback, Aryn continued on, "speaking to a crowd is not his strong point... and that's fine. He's not paid to talk, he's paid to create. Howard has given us something amazing in his design. I've examined it with a fine-tooth comb, and it's fail-proof. And that, *that*, is why I've called you here today. To present to you my dream, as designed by Mr. Roaroak. I present to you, **Oceansbled**."

Aryn gripped the edge of the sheet and gave a hard tug, yanking it off of the easel. The crowd gasped as the Spoiler: blueprints were unveiled, (click to show/hide)



and the reaction seemed to please even Roaroak, the faintest hint of a smile curling the corners of his mouth. Aryn grinned, slapping the edge of the paper with his hand.

"This, my friends, is the future. This is safety, it is wealth, it is advancement, it is *community*. This is open to those who produce, those who work - those who follow Dwarven Laws and Society. My friends. I give to you... *The Future*. I give to you... the greatest achievement Dwarven Kind can create. I give you something the Goblins can't destroy, the humans can't conquer, the leeches can't abuse. I give to you... I give to you, a utopia, carved from the wastes."

End Chapter 3: Of Glass and Steel

Quote from: Lemnx on November 01, 2008, 01:57:57 pm

Nooooooooooooooooooooo.... Flashbacks to Nist-Akath... my eyes burning from the pages of fury! Augh!

I've read the last few pages and now I want to go back and read the thing from the beginning. I haven't done such a thing since Nist-Akath.Gaugh >.>

I read the first page once, then stopped. I just read this page and I'm going to start again.

GAH! Not again, I have zombies to write about!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sneakey pete** on **November 02, 2008, 02:03:36 am**

Ahhh, Glass and steel!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **November 02, 2008, 03:04:04 am**

Wow... I'm slow. I didn't get that till I read your post sneakey_pete.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pwnzerfaust** on **November 02, 2008, 05:19:10 am**

Is this game still open for new characters? If so I'd like one... Make him named Mikaf, and make him... something. Whatever fits. Prefer a Swordsdwarf or perhaps a Marksdwarf or maybe a mason or possibly a miner or a woodcutter or a cook or a brewer or a trapper or a hunter or a mechanic or an axedwarf or a carpenter or a gem setter or a small animal dissector or a judge of intent or a gem cutter or a metalsmith or a fisher or a wrestler or a hauler...

Oh, and if possible, make him lukewarm at best on the whole religion thing. That'd be neat.

Thanks.

Oh, and great thread. Three thumbs up.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 02, 2008, 05:33:22 am**

And so ends another chapter...

WOW! Manoman am I glad I joined the game!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **November 02, 2008, 05:38:16 am**

Wow, I was wondering this entire time how you'd use that. Well, up untill Aryn mentioned a project a few pages ago.

...In any case your writing continues to be awesome Heavy Flak. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 02, 2008, 06:21:13 am**

Indeed. Fantastic stuff. Does this mean that the fortress will be moving? Or will the world (or at least the local area) get flooded?

I'm guessing this is the reason that Aryn's had everyone digging an enormous hole in the landscape - but will it be big and deep enough for Howard's grand designs?

Oh yes. One other thing:

DOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYS!

Beautiful little scene. Sod the armour, I want to win the donkeys.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **November 02, 2008, 08:11:05 am**

OOO: Did anyone else think of Bioshock when they read the word "utopia" and saw that picture? Especially given how Aryn's dwarven expedition has gone so far... :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 02, 2008, 09:23:58 am**

End of chapter OOC Stuff:

I want to start this off with one huge shout-out to Xofrevlis, for the fantastic picture he did for me. I approached him at the *beginning of august* in the hopes of getting a special picture done for you all for the end of the chapter. I had to be vague in what I wanted, but even with my crappy description the work he produced was spot on, and really awesome. So, Xofrevlis, thanks again, for helping make the end of this chapter extra great.

This grand project, believe it or not, has been planned since the very first post. I've actually been dropping hints about it throughout the entire story, incredibly vague ones (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg191040#msg191040>). Vactor seems to have a pretty sharp eye for things, and actually pointed it out as far back as here (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg221509#msg221509>), along with a PM he sent me about a biodome.

This won't be a new game world, and this is actually part of why I was so distraught about Toady making the new versions break save compatibility. But, hey - there's a pretty good chance I'll be finished with this story before he releases the new version ;)

Lemnx brought up a good point in his ego-buffing complaint about having to read this whole thing. There's a lot of text to slog through, and that's a particularly daunting task. Maybe I should write up an abridged version...

Pwnzerfaust: You're on the list, for whatever good that does you. With no deaths this season, a huge (HUGE) profit for the Dwarven Traders, and a population of 136 out of 600 (teehee, we're such a small community!) I should be able to trick this stupid game into sending me more immigrants.

Jools: That scene was inspired by a conversation I had with my cube-neighbor at work, who's a PhD in mathematics and computer science. I'd heard of this probabality problem Monty Hall and did NOT believe that the probability of winning the real prize was 2/3rds instead of 1/2 if you switch after a door has been opened. It took him a half an hour to get it through my thick head, and I'll be damned if he wasn't right. Knowing the probability, Jools would do all he could to win those majestic animals :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **November 02, 2008, 10:16:28 pm**

If there are no migrants soon, very mad I shall be.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **November 03, 2008, 12:19:05 am**

I second Eita

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **November 03, 2008, 12:58:32 am**

I hope we get a cryptogram too; I seem to have withdrawn from society with some ideas ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Of Glass and Steel (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 03, 2008, 12:30:04 pm**

Anyone itching for more cryptogram stuff might want to check this thread (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=26612.0>) out. I should mention two things: One, I'm suspect it is anything other than a cool sign hanging on a guys wall. Two, if it is something, you're in for a challenge because you're given even less to work with than I normally give you all.

The first person to make that into something resembling a sensible answer, I'll give you a "small" story request. Make of that what you will :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **November 04, 2008, 08:37:34 am**

And I survive another chapter! Huzzah's all around!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 04, 2008, 03:19:02 pm**

Yeah, but you got your arse kicked by a girl. In the world of Stravitch FillWhip, that's got to hurt one hell of a lot.

;-P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **November 04, 2008, 03:54:42 pm**

I like to think of it like this. I'm sure being the old, grizzled thing Stravitch is, what happens behind the closed iron doors of his bedroom (see Dodik's) much more freaky things have happened. What's a cigarette burn or a pierced lung, eh? All in good fun!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 04, 2008, 04:57:46 pm**

Whats hurting him more is that a green in the military saved him! Once again, Zako is great!! ;D

Looking forward to the new chapter!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 04, 2008, 05:44:39 pm**

I like the new title.

"Goodness is a choice". I'd like to propose an extension to it: "Goodness is a choice. Donkeys are a necessity"

Maybe just in the small print somewhere.

;-P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice, Donkeys are a Necessity (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **November 04, 2008, 07:44:07 pm**

Wow, really? That is just awesome! I too, live! Yay for Ricemastah, and Lucy

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice, Donkeys are a Necessity (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 04, 2008, 09:21:09 pm**

The events of the 6th of Sandstone, 1066

"Now c'mon, you bastards. Step up? Who wants t'take another round, eh?"

Glacies laughed heartily, the chains around his neck clanking loudly. The merchants were distraught as they stood in front of him, staring at the three boxes he had laid out. A suit of armor, encrusted in jewels stood behind him. So did a couple stew horses, a whole bushel of roast cats, an entire barrel of arrows, and bags full of gems. Vash slowed down when he saw the crowd, and sauntered over.

One of the merchants pointed to a box, and Glacies reached his hand in, pulling out a small silver coin. He grinned, and slapped it on the table - "Even money says the other coin in the box is silver, too."
"You're on."

Reaching in, Glacies pulled out his hand, and slowly opened - showing off the small chunk of silver.

"What are you playing?" Vash asked overtop the cursing merchant.

"Bertrand's Box," The book keep said.

"And...why do you call it that?"

"Because these are Bertrand's boxes. I stole them. From his room."

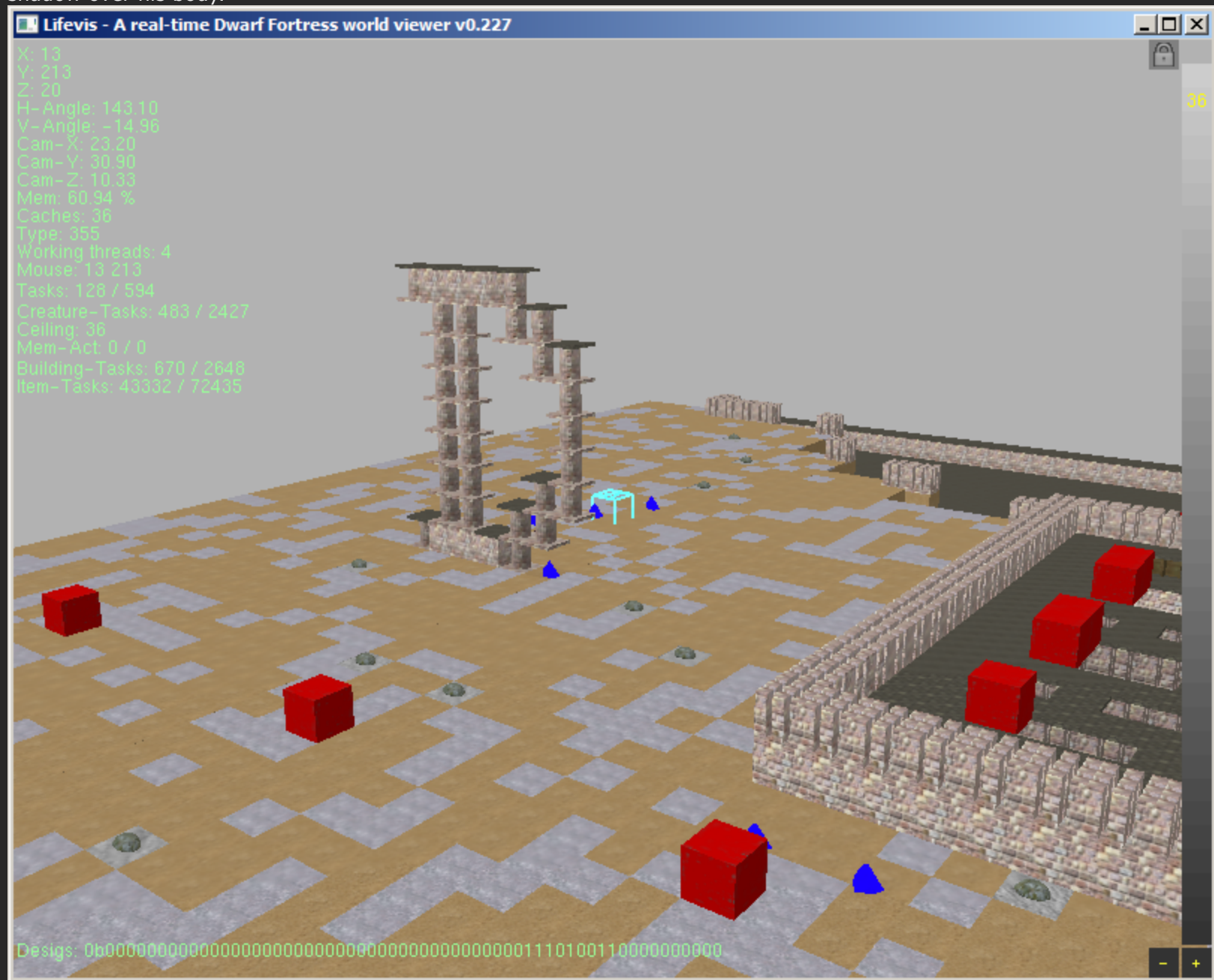
Vash just stared at him in shock. Glacies clacked his rings together in response. "Who's next?"

There was the sound of an explosion, and Vash dove to the ground, a reaction he picked up from working down in the furnaces. A cry was heard, "MOOONNNSTER! MONSTER!" and Dwarves began to sprint towards the stairs. Aryn, talking with Crowpages, turned and

started sprinting towards the wall, grabbing Snake by the arm.

"Get underground! Get Sulari" Aryn bellowed, "Snake! Come with me!"

The pair hit the stairs in the guard tower, sprinting to the second level. Safe behind the walls, Aryn and Snake peered out the arrow slits. Duke Bomrek was laying on the ground unconscious, a large slab of stone by his head. Beside him, the monster loomed, casting a shadow over his body.



Snake stifled a laugh, turning away to hide himself from Aryn's death gaze. He turned to the railing and looked down into the courtyard, his bellows echoing off the stones, "JOOOOOOOOLSSSSS!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **November 04, 2008, 11:32:15 pm**

OH GOD THE DRAGON
DID YOU SEE THAT DRAGON?!
WHERE IS STRAVITCH!!!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **November 05, 2008, 12:39:23 am**

That's a donkey...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **November 05, 2008, 09:28:03 am**

Gnah just looks like a building to me! What am I missing? :-)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Tanase** on **November 05, 2008, 09:47:16 am**

Flar Moonchill, may I direct you to...

<http://www.dwarffortresswiki.net/index.php/Donkey>

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **November 05, 2008, 10:10:12 am**

Could some kind person spell out for me what, exactly, is the underlying reference that this story makes? I'm really curious.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **November 05, 2008, 01:59:42 pm**

They're both capital D's...cut me some slack :(

But now we have a giant dragon ass made of stone, just sitting outside... ::)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **November 05, 2008, 11:56:55 pm**

Of course, since one could differentiate the donkey from the fake donkey, the chance Jools is standing at the door with the armor reduces to 50% again. It would only be 33% if the two donkeys were indistinguishable, or at very least, if Jools did not know that only one of them was fake.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **November 06, 2008, 03:33:28 am**

Ahhhh Im a moron! Not used to seeing ACSII characters in 3D form! My mind couldn't cope! Thanks!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 06, 2008, 04:07:20 am**

Brilliant, brilliant stuff. Still haven't stopped laughing.

Beware Donkey Sanctuary owners when they come bearing gifts. ;-D

Don't have time at the moment to write up a proper journal entry but I'll definitely have to fit one in later.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 06, 2008, 08:36:23 am**

Quote from: Keldor on November 05, 2008, 11:56:55 pm

Of course, since one could differentiate the donkey from the fake donkey, the chance Jools is standing at the door with the armor reduces to 50% again. It would only be 33% if the two donkeys were indistinguishable, or at very least, if Jools did not know that only one of them was fake.

I'm not exactly sure that's right. You're assuming that Jool's wouldn't want both the real donkey and fake donkey - that's just not the case! Think of it as The Armor (33.3%) and Not The Armor (66.6%). It should still be the same ratio of 2/3rd's correctness if he switches, and the same if he stays.

Anyone (Vactor, I'm looking at you) want to pop in and explain the underlying theme to Kuli? If no one does, I'll just send him a PM since he asked first, and leave the rest of you to sort it out on your own. :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **November 06, 2008, 07:43:02 pm**

Great story, Flak! The only problem is that the eighty three pages of awesome with which it menaces have caused me to neglect my own dwarves for several days.

Anywho, I'd like to request a dwarf child. Grov if male, Iruanna if female. Preferably the offspring of a military mother. Due to being used once too often as a bludgeoning weapon, Grov is... not quite right. The other children refer to him as "The Yardstick of Thickness," while some of the older dwarves joke that he is Woundletters reincarnated. Think 'Sloth' Fratelli.

If possible, I'd like the actual in-game dwarf not to have permanent brain or spine damage.

Incidentally, one of my dwarf children was (red wound) bitten in the head by skeletal horses early in life. Her random surname? Plankslapped. I imagine the horse can't have hurt her looks too much.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 06, 2008, 09:14:21 pm**

The events of the 19th of Sandstone, 1066

Valania's amorous engravings and cold, dead eyes had finally creeped Rice out enough for one day. He dodged through the crowds and made his way topside, breathing a bit easier as he took in breaths of fresh air. He got a stare from Likot and Sergeant Pepper as they stood at the cliffs edge talking, and not one to be rude, he gave a little wave in their direction. Sergeant Pepper gave him a high wave back, and Rice had to smile just a little, giving a quick nod of his head.

He turned towards the shout that came from the southern gate. "Hoy! Bricklayer! I need to talk to you."
"Yes, Miss Rinsesilver?"

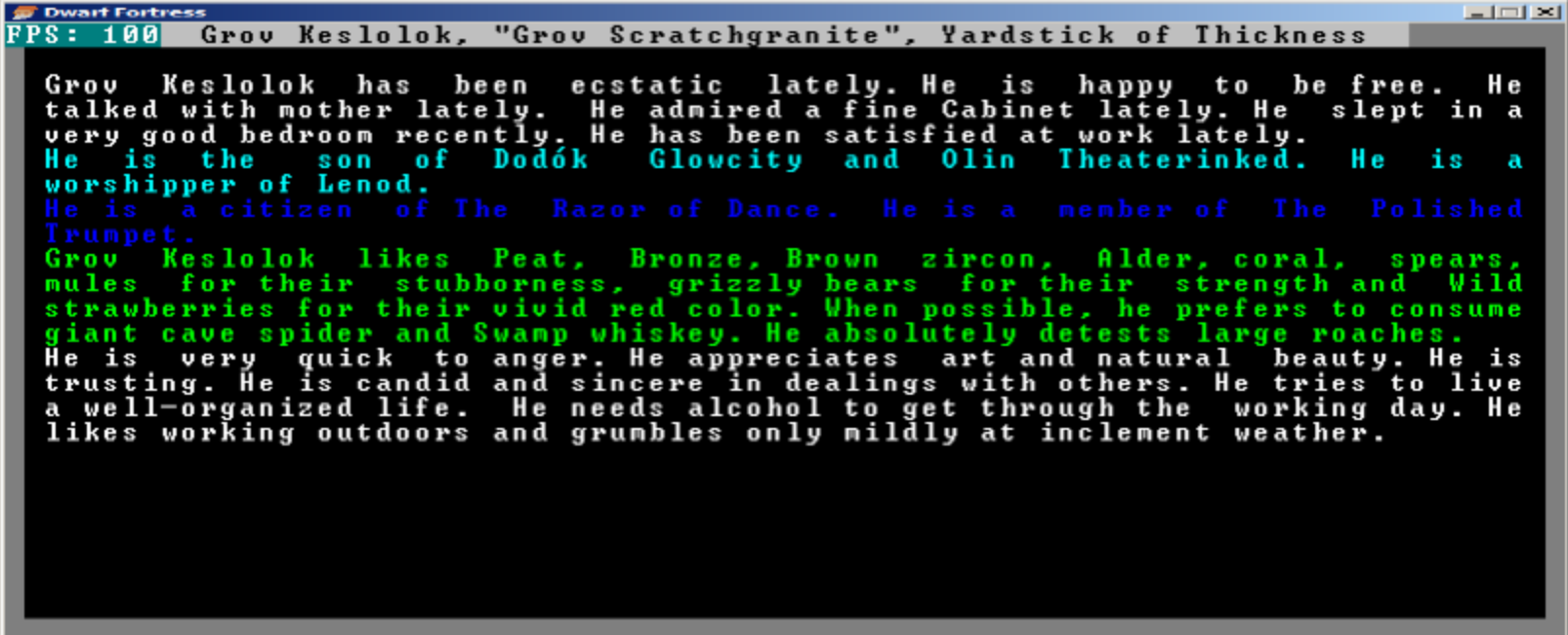
The Fisherdwarf stopped in front of him, giving a slow tug to the sleeve of her masterfully tailored suit. A small movement of her head, and there was a solid crack of her neck, followed by a little adjustment to her collar. "You're in luck, Rice Relicmastered, we have work for you. It seems there was a... large barrel of gems that turned up. A mystery, but we've made sure they've been put to good use. We - as a group - need more able-bodies laying bricks at construction site atop Dodik's. She's agreed that to hurry this... venture along, we'll need to open up to independent contractors. When can we expect your team?"

"Ma'am, I..." Rice coughed into his closed fist, lowering his eyes. "My group is actually currently busy, we have a few projects already, the most important - and longest running - on the list is finishing the retaining wall around the quar-, err, around the new lake, and second is-"
"RICE!"

Rice jumped, while Rinsesilver swiveled her head with a bored expression. Yellowbolted entered from the eastern gate, red faced and wide eyed. He rushed over, out of breath, glancing over his shoulder, "What the hell are you doing? Where are your men? Why aren't they at The Captain's construction site?"
"Because we're working on the retaining wall!" Rice responded, exasperated.
"Oh, no, no no... please, send at least a pair of masons! Stravitch is about to wake up, and he'll come out here first thing."
"No he won't," Rice said, frowning.
"I believe Master Bricklayer is correct," Rinsesilver said, "He'll probably drink some rum, eat some hardboiled eggs, drink a little more rum..."
"Take a nap, maybe eat some cat roast, have some beer, then come out," Rice finished for her. "It's not even two yet, I doubt he's stirred."

Yellowbolted closed his eyes, lips pulling back over his teeth in a grimace. "He'll show up whenever the hell he wants, and I need workers there or he's going to break some of my ribs. If you don't give me workers, Rice, you're taking the lives of everyone at that construction site in your hands."
"Man, don't say that..."
"Their lives are in *YOUR* hands, Rice."

"HEEEYY YOU GUYYS!"



The trio turned towards the happy child running their way, waving his hands above his head. Rice beamed a wide smile, stumbling as Grov tackled him about the middle, giving him a big hug. Chuckling, he ruffled the child's hair, and asked, "What are you doing out here, kiddo?"

"Goin' to feed the leopard!"

"...Uhhh, no. I'll tell you what, why don't we go find your pappa, and then we'll go talk to Nice Master Jools and maybe he'll let you help sometime."

"Okay!"

"C'mon, let's go."

"You're making a BIG mistake, Mister Relicmastered," warned Rinsesilver.

"Oh, no, please, you're making a BIG mistake Rice," pleaded Vatek.

OOO Stuff: This is how I pictured Jools when he opened that cabinet :D

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Also, Groveller gets in through a high mixture of flattery and making an unorthodox character request. Well played!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **November 06, 2008, 10:13:32 pm**

Alrighty

Here you go Kuli:

!!WARNING DO NOT READ OUT OF ORDER!!
i tried to make them nested, but it didn't let me...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Are you sure?

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

OK then, The references are multi layered... remember this is going to tell you the underlying reference of Migrursut, I don't want to spoil it for anyone who wants to find out themselves...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

So yes It began as a dwarvenly retelling of a game called Bioshock, which is an homage to the industrialist author Ayn Rand. Rand, an immigrant to America saw capitalism/industrialism as the pinnacle of humanity, and wrote several quite famous books including "The Fountainhead," and "Atlas Shrugged" In "Atlas Shrugged" all of the most productive members of society withdrew to a mountain utopia where they (the industrialist leaders) built their own great society. The rest of the world (filled with the suckling proletariats) withered without the leadership of these greats.

Bioshock clearly references "Atlas Shrugged" in its themes and character names. The setting of the game is an underwater industrialist utopia gone awry. A man by the name of Andrew Ryan (Ayn Rand reference) (Aryn references) used his wealth to create an underwater city where capitalism reigned supreme, and every man was worth as much as his labors. The highly competitive nature of this led the citizens to begin altering themselves genetically to gain powers over their competitors.

this brings us about up to speed with Migrursut, if you read further you may spoil some future events that HF hasn't yet incorporated into the story...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

I warned you...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

By the time you get there things have gone to hell. A populist revolt had occurred, and the only person helping you is a man by the name of Atlas (Atlas Shrugged reference). You learn as you play that the inciter of the revolt was a man name Frank Fontaine (Johnny Fountainspring references) who generated unrest distributing religious paraphernalia As you go about the city you see posters saying "WHO IS ATLAS" with a picture of a man silhouetted (Telamon sp? references)
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
I think that about covers it
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
this one's for fun

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pwnzerfaust** on **November 07, 2008, 08:33:45 am**

Uhh, hey, I just realized I spelled the name of the dude I wanted wrong... Typo thing, you understand. Mikad is the name I want, not uh, Mikaf, was it? ...yeah. Anyway, that's all, carry on...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **November 07, 2008, 09:00:26 am**

Thanks, Vactor. I thought it might be something like that, but I wanted to be sure.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 07, 2008, 09:18:34 am**

Check out the big brain on Vactor! Very well put together (and spoiled) explanation. I'm not allowed to comment on any possible future connections, but let me just say that this story has kind of ballooned into it's own entity, and only the core idea seems to be still in place.

As an example of what I mean - I fully expected this story to have been finished at the end of what was Chapter One. Actually, I fully expected it to be finished *well* before that, because within the first... minute of starting the game we were attacked by giant zombie scorpions and giant zombie leopards. So, the point of this is, that things have kind of shifted into it's own really screwed up, screaming and flailing monster. Also, that analogy doesn't work so well but I'm keeping it.

Groveller: Grov is in (as can be seen above) and I'd like to make a few notes on him. He has "military parent" in the form of a mother who was in Aryn's guard, but has passed on, his father is an Artifact-Legendary pump worker, and he has no existing injuries at all. Also, he has a custom title!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 08, 2008, 12:29:06 am**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
5th of Timber, 1066

I've found it best to stay outside of the public eye. Much is happening, too much, and to stick my nose in these petty arguments of our work-groups is asking for trouble. At the best, I'll get a stern lecture from the Fountainspring Fishery workers and their new strong arm leader Rinsesilver. At the worst, Stravitch will break the damn hinges on my door yet again, ruin a table, and steal a few bottles of good bourbon from my private stash after spending an hour yelling at me.

And what do these fools do? They fight over the most petty of things - over the time of a mason. So they hold their money, big deal, I hold the cards here, and I have the ideas. I gave them papers, blueprints, a speech, the works, and they're still arguing over Rice's time. For what? They're petty projects? Screw their projects, when Oceanbled is finished, the great Glass and Steel dome, they're asinine designs will be for naught. Of what use is the Word of God, or the Mouths of Whores, in a society governed by the productive, by the intelligent-elite, by the *producers*?

They can have their fights. The quarry is almost mined down completely, and as soon as Archin and her crew are finished, I can set to work on construction. That leads to some interested development... Roland, and Likot, and Sparrow... and perhaps Zako, if he ever learns to handle a boltslinger again, should be stationed above the retaining wall as guardians against outside forces, and as wardens keeping the Dwarves rising steel, setting up glass...

I need another drink, and my stock has run out. I need to liberate a barrel of bourbon from Dojango, and skip the questions pressed on me by the the Bone Carvers union, and the Engravers Union, and, really, any damn artisan that gets in my way.

OOC: My laptop is screw up, yet again. I've filed an RMA with HP, and hopefully it'll be taken care of soon, but that leaves us with a minor delemia. Playing DF is a huge ordeal now, because at random intervals my computer locks up fully and blue screens, occasionally (like earlier tonight) ruining a months-worth of in game play. If that doesn't happen, well, it still over heats, and because I'm OCD about some things, I don't like playing DF on a desktop. This is a laptop only game.

Anyway, point is, I'll update, but they're going to be angrier because I'll be without my laptop. And without my laptop, I can't watch my giant-ass HD-TV. And without that, I can't play Fallout 3. And without that, well, you've got a very angry gasmask wearing horse... dog, whatever the hell that is, that's my avatar.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 08, 2008, 10:38:52 pm**

The events of the 10th of Timber, 1066

Everyone else was really busy. The miners were working 18 hour days now, one final push to get the bottom of the quarry finished so Roaroak could begin his work. The masons were busy too, pulled in three directions by screaming leaders. Even Dojango was busy in the kitchen thanks to Sulari's extended training regiment, and he'd recruited his old friend Akroma to come in and help work the kitchens; though he was better at making a mess and playing with the animal parts than actually making anything edible.

That left Erendor and Mookie as the welcome committee for the Dwarves that trundled up the southern road, and Likot and Sergeant Pepper. The latter pair refused to leave despite the polite requests from Erendor, and had taken to loitering by one of the gate houses, talking and laughing, much to the stoneworkers discomfort.

As the first dwarf climbed the incline, the smile fell from Erendor's face. She had a huge gash across her forehead, and her face was a crimson mask, her armor splattered with blood. A huge hammer was slung across her back, and she looked travel-weary, extremely tired. The pair of soldiers, swordsdwarf and axedwarf respectively, looked just as bad, and the laborers that followed behind them looked less wounded but just as tired.

"What happened to you?" Erendor asked, aghast.
"Goblin attack," came the reply. "They hit us just before we hit the safety of the mountain pass."
"Wait," Mookie said, her little nose crinkling up. "You were with the traders, that just left?"
"Aye, like a hammer hits an anvil; got smashed by a waiting group of those damned half-breeds and their wizard leader. Set the wagons ablaze, started slaughtering the animals so we couldn't get away. I grabbed a weapon and started bashing, and eventually we hit the

wastes running."
"Are there more?" Erendor asked.

"No. I don't know. Maybe, I don't care. I could really use some water. And food. And water."
"Oh, oh, right, of course, here, ahh, follow me."
"What's with the corpses? Decoration?" Asked the swordsdwarf, smirking.
"What's with your face?" Sergeant Pepper rumbled, the knuckles of his leather gloves creaking ominously.
"Nothing."
"Wait just a minute then, I can fix that."

"Now now, come on boys," Mookie said cheerfully. "Come on, I'll fetch you all a big tankard of ale. My normal area of work is closed for renovations, but that doesn't mean you can't get a sweet talk-job and a gourmet meal."

Dwarf Fortress

FPS: 100

Eita Kolnebél, "Eita Wheelsadmires", Hammerdwarf

Eita Kolnebél has been quite content lately.
She is a casual worshipper of Zefon.
She is a citizen of The Razor of Dance. She is a member of The Polished Trumpet.
Eita Kolnebél likes Microcline, Silver, Dendritic agate, green glass, cow bone, quivers, cabinets, crowns and turtles for their beauty. When possible, she prefers to consume naked mole dog, spotted ratfish, River spirits and Dwarven wheat flour. She absolutely detests fire snakes.
She doesn't handle stress well. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She would rather intimidate others than compromise with them. She is immodest. She dislikes contracts and regulations. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

Dwarf Fortress

FPS: 100

Keldor Delethzefon, "Keldor Polishedfountain", Gem Setter

Keldor Delethzefon has been quite content lately.
She is a worshipper of Lenod.
She is a citizen of The Razor of Dance. She is a member of The Polished Trumpet.
Keldor Delethzefon likes Lignite, Rose gold, Lace agate, Mahogany, maces, shields, tables, donkeys for their stubbornness and fairies for their lacy wings. When possible, she prefers to consume two-humped camel cheese and Dwarven wine. She absolutely detests purring maggots.
She is somewhat reserved. She tends not to openly express emotions. She is open-minded to new ideas. She admires tradition. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She often does the first thing that comes to mind. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

Dwarf Fortress

FPS: 99

Kivish Shemtekkud, "Kivish Plankpick", Blacksmith

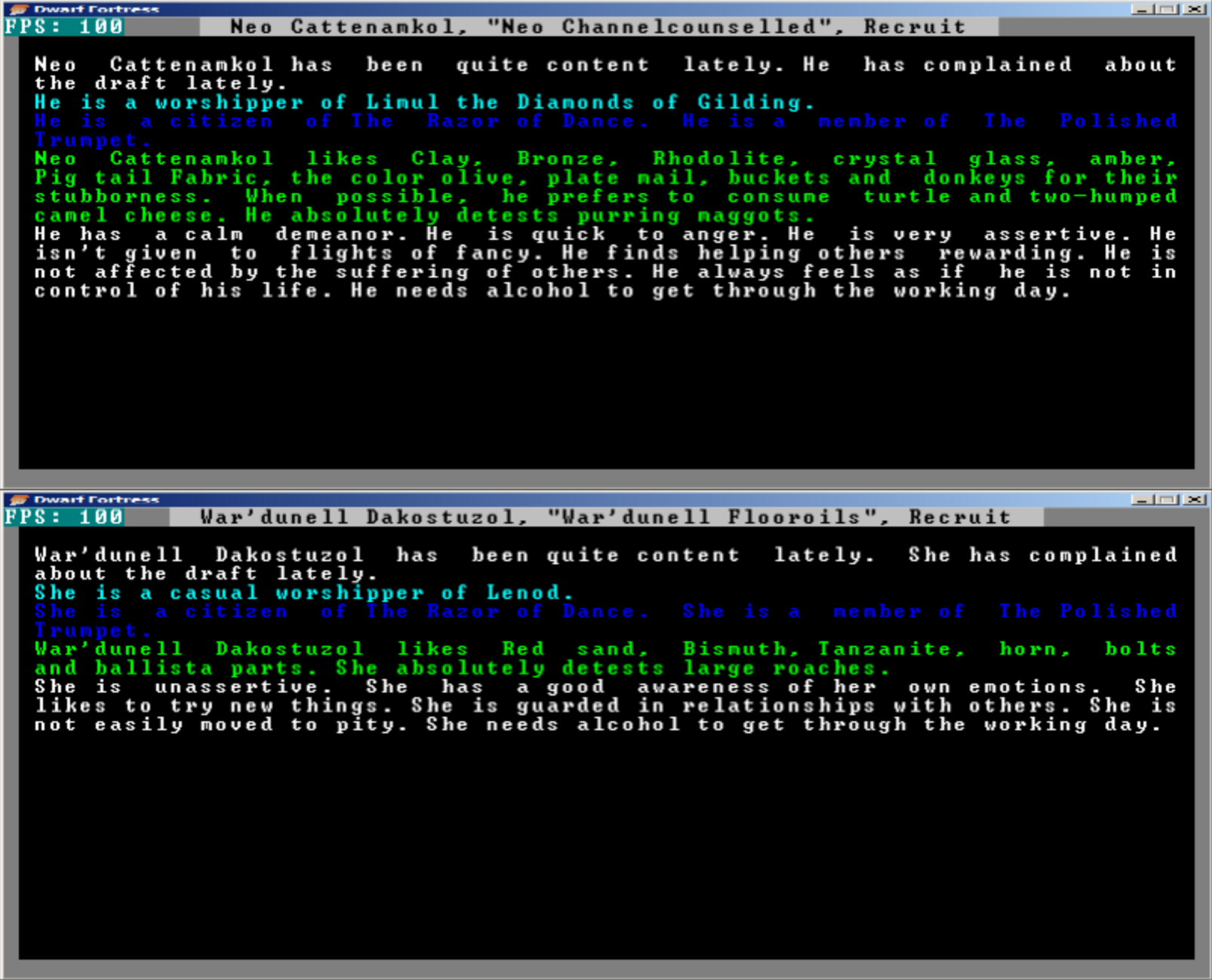
Kivish Shemtekkud has been quite content lately.
She is a casual worshipper of Litast.
She is a citizen of The Razor of Dance. She is a member of The Polished Trumpet.
Kivish Shemtekkud likes Raw adamantine, Bismuth bronze, Chrysocolla, horn, Rope reed Fabric, clouds, short swords, scepters, coins and cows for their haunting moos. When possible, she prefers to consume cow and Dwarven rum. She absolutely detests toads.
She occasionally overindulges. She doesn't handle stress well. She prefers to be alone. She has a fertile imagination. She appreciates art and natural beauty. She tends not to openly express emotions. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She hates rules, contracts and other confining elements in her life. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

Dwarf Fortress

FPS: 100

'Lugnut' Cogtirist, "'Lugnut' Bootrim", Mechanic

'Lugnut' Cogtirist has been quite content lately.
He is a worshipper of Deler.
He is a citizen of The Razor of Dance. He is a member of The Polished Trumpet.
'Lugnut' Cogtirist likes Realgar, Bismuth, Claro opal and bucklers. When possible, he prefers to consume Dwarven beer and Dwarven sugar. He absolutely detests cave spiders.
He is slow to anger. He occasionally overindulges. He is very active. He lives for risk and excitement. He dislikes intellectual discussions. He is compassionate. He doesn't go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.



OOO Stuff: I had a really funny OOO post made up here, and a great one above, and then my computer locked up yet again. I almost put a hammer through it, but then I didn't, but that doesn't mean I won't after I have a couple more glasses of bourbon.

Turns out there was a lot more requests than I thought. Six of those nine have been met, mostly. In order to get both the most characters in, and the longest-waiting, I had to cut a few corners. Those corners were gender. I tried to match you up with a Dwarf that met your gender (if one was required), but if that was the only thing missing, well, I went ahead and brought them in anyway.

Flintus, Jotwebe, Pwnzerfaust, I apologize, but hopefully you'll be getting in relatively soon.

For the rest of you? Welcome... to Migrursut!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **November 08, 2008, 10:54:12 pm**

lol no problem but It looks like with people coming in again I may not have to wait long

Keep up the good work as always

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **November 09, 2008, 03:52:42 am**

Diary of maggarg.
It's hot. It's always hot. I hope all the Armok-damned things that the leaders want to build are ventilation ducts.
Some migrants arrived today. More like refugees, really.
I actually recognised one of them! I reckon he's a cousin of a bloke who used to run a fort that my great-uncle is in charge of this year.
Must remember to try and press-gang him.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **November 09, 2008, 12:09:21 pm**

Only one new Zefonist? :(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 09, 2008, 12:37:32 pm**

Quote from: Kuli on November 09, 2008, 12:09:21 pm
Only one new Zefonist? :(

I'm disappointed too. Out of the past three migrant groups, I think this is the only one to have any Zefonists at all. Lenodites are all the rage the days, since they always have the largest numbers of followers show up.

Just between you and me, I kind of think they're all jerks. Shh. Don't tell anyone!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **November 09, 2008, 12:49:01 pm**

I gotta say, it is pretty eerie how Kivish mirrors me.
Except the whole being female part. xD

Huzzah to immigrants!

10th Timber, 1066

"Bear?" Grov looked up questioningly from the enclosure to the zoo keeper's face.
"No, no. Horse."
They moved on to the cow pen. "Bear?"
"No, it... uh... okay, yeah."
The mule enclosure. "Bear?"
"Uh-huh, well spotted."
Next came the donkeys. "Bear?"
This was simply too much for the poor keeper. "No, they're donkeys. *Donkeys!*"
Grov looked uncertain for a moment. "Donkeys?" he asked, cautiously.
"That's right, donkeys, well done!"
The child pointed a finger at the beasts. "Donkeys!" he exclaimed, pleased with himself.
"Yes, yes, marvelous creatures, aren't they?"
The pair moved on, the zoo keeper casting several wistful glances backwards, to the giant leopard cage. "Donkeys!" the child said, safe in the knowledge he was getting the hang of it now. "Donkeys! Donkeys!"

War'dunell Dakostuzol *The 10th of Timber, 1066*

I am just so excited to try something new, I think I am going to start writing a diary. I'm in luck too, writing implements seem to be in no short supply here.

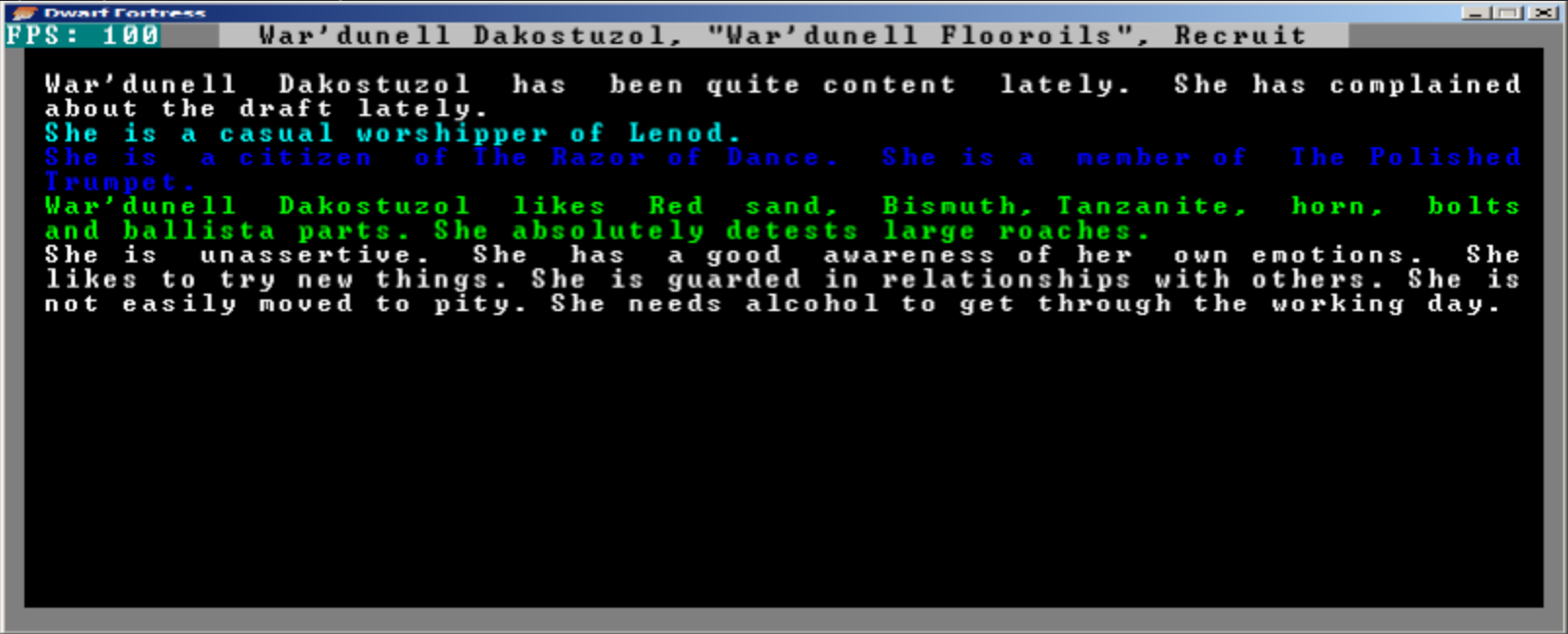
This place is as beautiful red as I imagined it would be! Though for a while there, I thought I would be wandering in swamps, forests, and mountains forever until I met up with this group saying they were headed to Migrursut.

Migrursut. I had begun to think this place was just a pipe dream, a tall tale told around a good pint of dwarven ale so as to convince others you were deserving of another. C'mon, what kind of place gets to kill so much and still live to tell the tale? Sure, there is the run of the mill goblins that have run us out of so many good earthen homes, but undead scorpions, undead camels, titans, dragons ... tentacle demons! I wonder if I will get to kill anything with my axes, other than trees that is.

I always did like cutting down the hated trees and other things that grasp at my home with roots. What do elves see in the damn things? Give me the red sand any day. Ahh, such a lovely place, everything the color blood. I think I could easily fall in love with this place.

Speaking of love, I wonder if there is anyone here who wants to tug hair after a few drinks, eh? I wonder, does anyone here like to train and toss?

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



OOC: Actually Heavy Flak, I love not getting exactly what I asked for! It presents a wonderful avenue for a flight of imagination, to see if I can help contribute a female dwarf, when I am a human male. Creative writing is a blast! :) Hmm, I wonder if my character will have a kid or fall in love or end up dead from being stupid and unlucky in Migrursut.

Diary of Zako:

Its been awhile since I've done this sort of thing. Well, no time like the present to get back into it!

First, I must confess, Jools unnerves me sometimes, what with his yelling of "DOOOOONNNKEEEEEEEYYYYSSSS!!!" all the time. Makes me worry at times for his mental health...

Secondly, the dead are being quite of late. Just watching us, led by the foul fiend Likot. She, and by that I mean it, has made no aggressive moves towards everyone else. Worrying. What is it planning to unleah upon us now... No matter, I will be ready when the time comes, and if it does come, Likot will 'get the point' of my concern. All 20 of them.

Lastly, I am uncertain of what to think of Aryn's plan of what he calls, a 'biodome'. He must have come up with that name by its shape and maybe not its purpose. Building this thing may kill us all by attracting the wrong attention, and what about the dead? Likot and Sgt. Pepper are still here and they know about his plans, so I worry nightly.

I must train harder!

From the journal of Kuli Problemwalled,

We were honored to welcome the immigrant Eita Wheelsadmired to our congregation today. We held a small welcoming ceremony before the sermon, and though Eita is a little rough around the edges she has already been accepted whole-heartedly by everyone.

The big news lately, of course, is Aryn's big plan. A dome of glass and steel surrounding and protecting the fort...It sounds so impractical and extravagant. Yet, I think I may approve of it. If Aryn has the resources to do it, and the blueprints are sound, then I think it could

be a great boon to Migrursut. This is a land of much death and suffering, but the protective shell of *Oceansbled* could guarantee our survival amidst the wastes. No more goblin invasions, no more Dread Came incidents. It is truly a project that promotes life. As much as I find myself despising Aryn Estetar at times, I can't help but think that he is ultimately a force for good in the world. Sometimes during my meditations, I recall that night when I received a vision from Zefon that warned me of a plot against Aryn's life, and I wonder then if Zefon has perhaps chosen Aryn as an instrument of her will. I have not yet decided if I am comfortable with that possibility. May Zefon's love be with us.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **November 10, 2008, 12:49:10 am**

Property of Kivish Shemtekkud. If found, please return swiftly.
Date: Day of Arrival
For no little amount of time we have been traveling this cloudless, rope reedless, and even cowlessness of the scorching land. Thankfully, following that hammerdwarf proved one of my more fruitful ideas. To bad he wasn't using a bronze sword. Mmmmmm....

This place looks very impressive, I can't wait to view what incredible works of artistry that adorn the stone! Maybe this could be the place where I can finally get my project on a roll...it will revolutionize art as we dwarves know it! But enough of that; someone might find this and steal my work if I write to much. I'm talking to you, person who "found" this and are reading it! *frowny dwarf face is scribbled below the paragraph*

by the way, have you posted info on Litast? I can't seem to recall that god.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Grath** on **November 10, 2008, 01:42:15 am**

Can I request a dwarf?
Male, don't care profession, name 'Pauly' Stibmer.
(This bad pun brought to you because Zako said 'Biodome' in his post)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **November 10, 2008, 04:43:24 am**

Oh dear. I see that my dwarf likes donkeys. Could be amusing if she goes and starts adopting Glacies' donkeys...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **November 10, 2008, 08:23:05 am**

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Thanks to Heavy Flak for getting me the map for this so quickly.

Something I whipped up for a project I'm starting, doing 31 drawings in 31 days. This would be the first drawing. I'm just going to give myself a bit of a plug and mention that the drawings will be hosted on my Deviant Art page, which there is a link to in my profile.
(hopefully noone minds)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 10, 2008, 09:49:32 am**

Donkeys are for everyone. I approve of other dwarves' fondnesses for donkeys, and while there should always be donkeys in the donkey sanctuary, I have no objection to other dwarves adopting them as pets and caring for them.

Letting adopted donkeys out of the sanctuary, so that they may follow their owners, might involve a little teleportation, but I'm sure that that could be arranged.

Donkeys!

My name is Jools Machinescalded, Donkey Sanctuary owner, and I approve of this message

Also I like the map, showing the world of Migrursut... but I can't help feeling that there should be a little more of a warning on it. Camels, whales, Giant Octopi and other hazards are clearly marked to deter the casual adventurer, but other than the name, there's not a lot on the map that says "AVOID MIGRURSUT, IT'S FULL OF LOONIES". ;-D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **November 10, 2008, 10:15:50 am**

Maybe a nice cheery "HERE BE ~~DRAGONS~~ STRAVITCH" would do it?

Xof, you make me wish I could draw.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **November 10, 2008, 10:36:57 am**

The thing is, I'm not sure about most of these dangers. I just love the old maps with drawings of serpents and dragons and such. There might be nothing bigger than a flounder in that ocean for all I know.
...As for Migrursut, I think the fact that it's roughly scratched on on top of the original map and only marked with an X might say something about it. Maybe that's a bit understated though, I'm liking the idea of needing a warning about Stravitch.

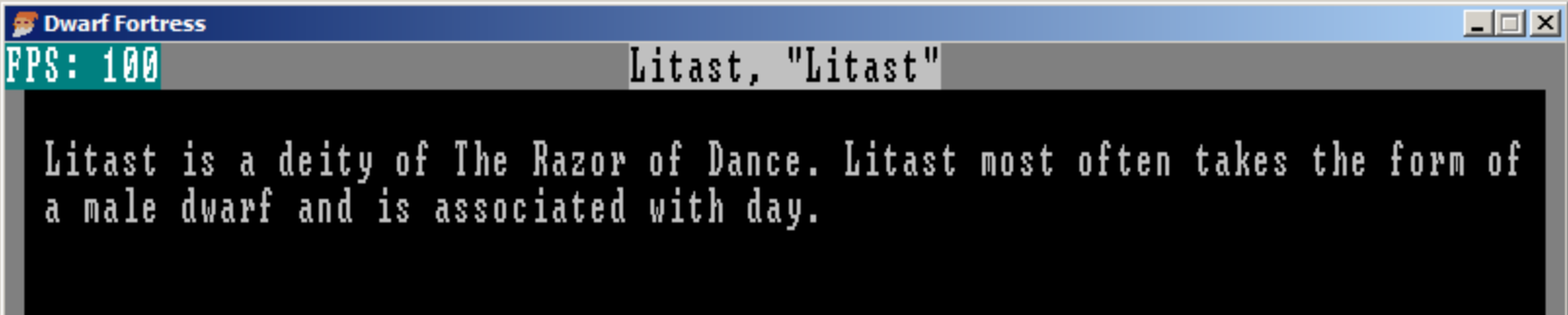
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 10, 2008, 10:38:40 am**

Grath: You're in, and without the standard "you'll need to wait 1-5 months before it happens" warning. Woaaaah! Also, you have the added bonus of being the first person in this thread to make a joke based on that. That means your character will be extra annoying. :D

Kuli: That's a really interesting take on Aryn, and his project. I hadn't even thought of some of the other groups thinking of him as... a necessary evil, so to speak.

Xofrevlis: As always, I'm super impressed. I don't care what the notes on your deviant art page says, I like the yellowing effect. Hehe, I really dig the jolly looking squid chilling out in the ocean.

Keiferu:



Litast was the last of the God's mentioned in the story (Why? either laziness on my part, or because through sheer randomness no one picked a character with him as a Diety), and they're something of a ... milder subset to Lenod's Fiery Rage.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sparrow** on **November 10, 2008, 12:13:39 pm**

Oh Can I get my profile and deity entry please? I'm too lazy to look my profile in dephts of this thread and I don't think there was an Itmad entry.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **November 10, 2008, 12:55:47 pm**

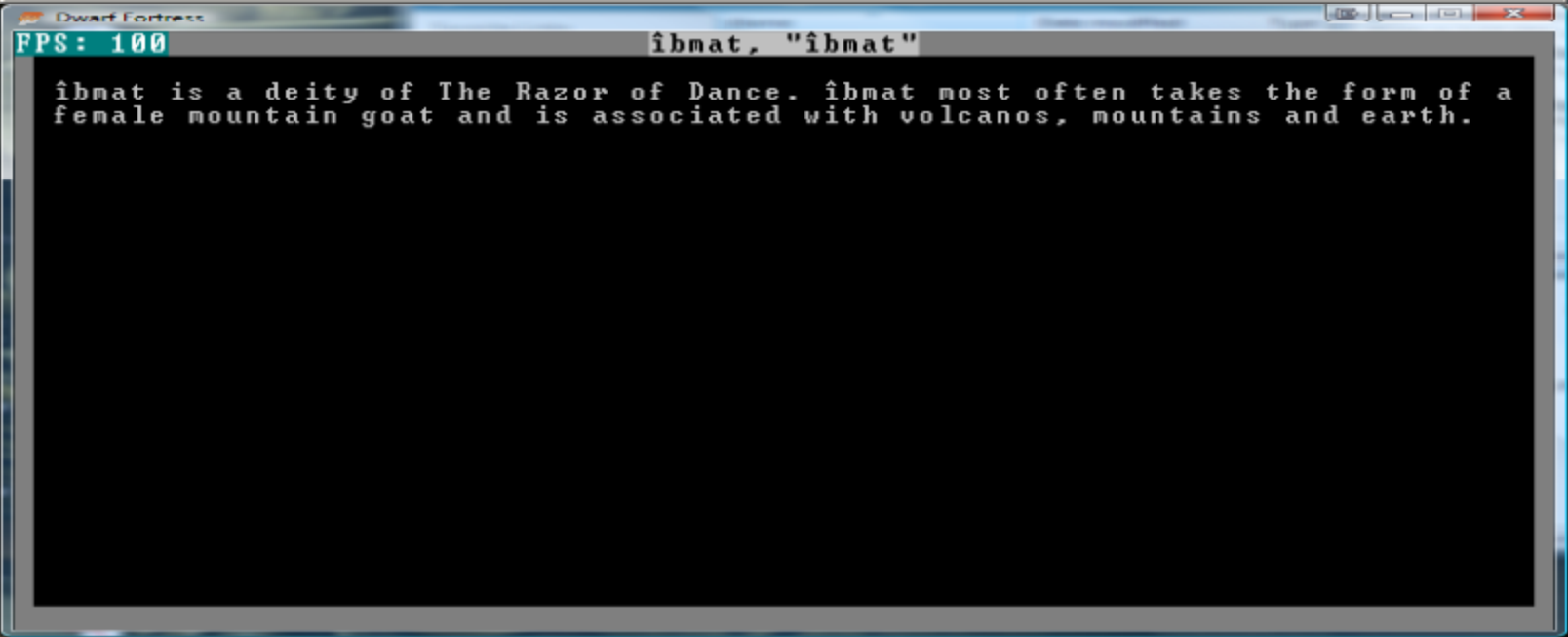
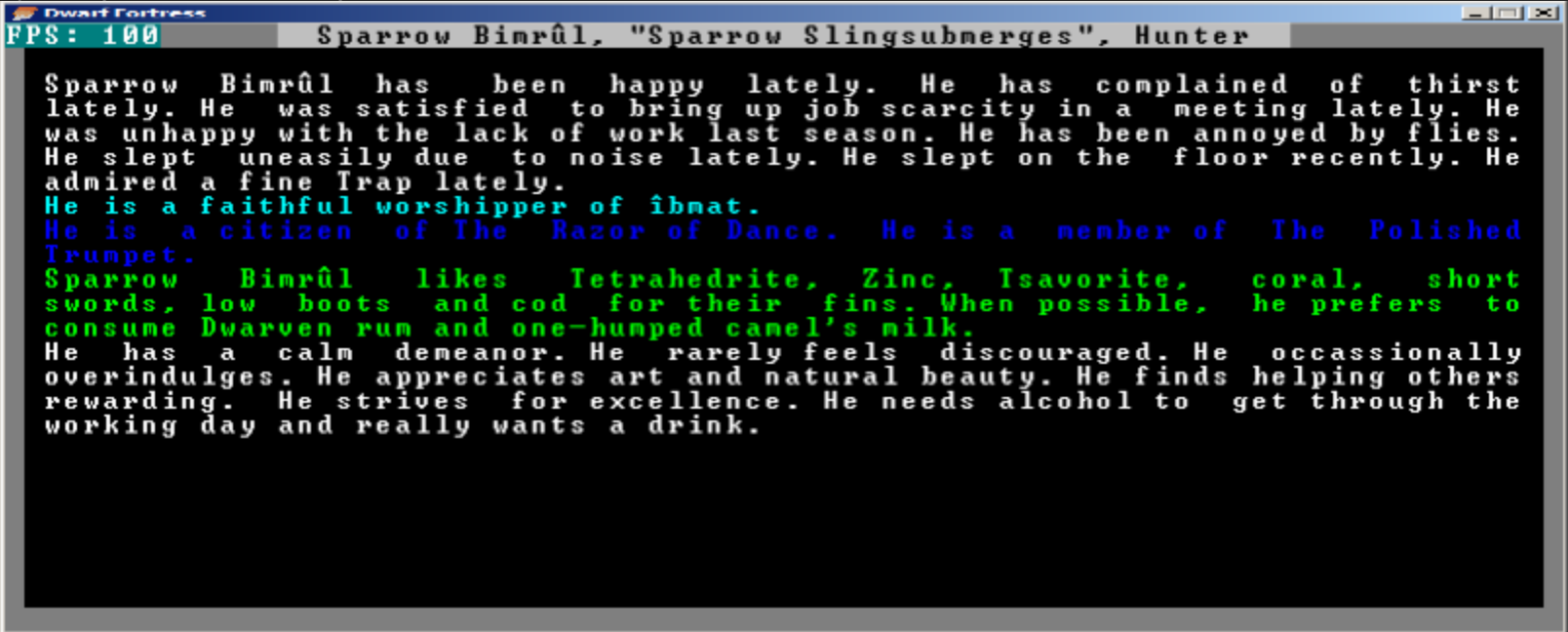
Yeah, Litast hasn't come up all that much. I think Adol was the first player dwarf who worshiped him.

We need a priest of Litast! Something to counter the Ledonites...excessiveness.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 10, 2008, 02:38:36 pm**

Quote from: Sparrow on November 10, 2008, 12:13:39 pm
Oh Can I get my profile and deity entry please? I'm too lazy to look my profile in dephts of this thread and I don't think there was an Itmad entry.

Here you are
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



And the diety info is in.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 10, 2008, 03:38:27 pm**

Quote from: Mephansteras on November 10, 2008, 12:55:47 pm
Something to counter the Lenodites...excessiveness.

<cough>We could always listen to Master Kuli, and follow the path of Zefon</cough>

Anyway - a warning that this catches me up from my last diary entry, about 100 posts ago, to the present day:

From the diary of Jools Machinescalded

It has been some time since I have taken the time to commit my thoughts to parchment, and much has happened in the intervening time. Part of the reason for this break has been massive upsets involving the loss and destruction of a number of journals, with their owners unable to find them, or update them, and them being incomplete when they were recovered.

With the Captain of the Guard unwilling (and probably unfit) to take on investigative duties, I have been discussing the matter with Bertrand. Given the indiscriminate nature of the disappearance of the diaries (everyone, from Aryn to the tiniest child, was affected) and then their reappearance, largely undamaged, it is unlikely to be related to any conspiracy against the fort. Anyone seeking to hurt us

through stealing our diaries would (aside from being a halfwit - there are few vital secrets committed to paper in this place) be unlikely to return them; anyone seeking to learn from them would not steal all of them at once, and be so obvious about it.

I am entirely at a loss, and have decided to leave the matter unresolved, for I fear nothing will ever be conclusively proved. Bertrand has a theory that some individual or group feared they were about to suffer a mass outbreak of diarrhoea, and so stockpiled every scrap of paper in the fortress for their own use, starting with the soft, well-thumbed pages of our journals (presumably with the journal of ever-unpopular Aryn on the top of the pile). Then, when unafflicted, they were sheepishly returned. While unable to discount this theory, it is not one I am in agreement with.

Also in the list of unresolved crimes is that heinous matter of the cutting of the hairs from the tail of one of my donkeys. I have been unable to recover them, or find anyone who knows anything of the crime. I suspect outside influences; some evildoer sneaking in to the fortress, cutting the tail hair, and leaving once more, never to be seen again. I asked Vash to keep a particular eye out for donkey hair on any thieves that were spotted and killed, but he's been a bit distracted lately, ever since that incident with the iron statues appearing. And the giant leopard. Perhaps I should try speaking with someone else who patrols the wastes.

Shortly after I gave up hope of making progress in the Donkey Tail investigation, there was some sort of attack. Goblin half-breeds or something, and apparently their leader is some big cheese - some say a wizard, which he must have been to attack this place and escape with his life. The military prevailed, as always, but I couldn't help thinking that they would have done better had they used a wooden donkey in their battle plans.

Around the same time, Stravitch Fillwhip got stabbed in the stomach. Nobody is quite sure how or why (there are too many plausible reasons to make a reasonable guess), but it clearly wasn't anything to do with the goblins. When asked, Stravitch just glares, and the only person I feel might know something is Zako - however, he clams up swiftly when questioned, so I feel the truth is unlikely to emerge unless Stravitch or his attacker makes it known. Regardless, ever since being punctured, Stravitch has been relatively deflated, so it remains a positive turn of events for the bulk of the fort.

Following that, a number of weeks later, was an excellent day, when some foolish merchants tried to increase their wealth by gambling. Sadly they hadn't thought much about the game they were playing, and for a little coin, I was able to win donkey after priceless donkey off them, without once winning a wooden donkey or some gaudy chunk of armour, so encrusted with jewels as to be practically useless. I won every last donkey they had brought.

Weirdly, once they were out of decent prizes, Glacies started playing the game of chance with them. For some reason he was trying to win the armour. I don't think his head's screwed on right. Besides, he's been acting a little odd for a while.

While I was introducing my new charges to the Sanctuary, I was rudely summoned to a fortress meeting, at which everyone was present. At this meeting, Aryn laid out his plans for the future - some great construction to be made in the quarry, of glass and steel, domes and spires and bubbles that will house the finest elements of Dwarven society in luxury, secure beneath an ocean of water that our goblin foes cannot penetrate.

I'm not sure about it, myself. I looked at the plans. There wasn't a donkey sanctuary in there that I could see. Nor space for another temple to Zefon. In fact, there wasn't any sort of temple - unless you looked at the whole thing as a giant temple to Aryn, and that's something I can't see anyone but Aryn worshipping in. Besides, seeing water above them would spook my donkeys, and I'm not really sure that even glass and steel is strong enough to protect us from any carp or other fierce aquatic beasts that might be in the waves above us. No, I shall stay outside this "utopia" while I have a choice, dwelling in and above the rock, and caring for my donkeys.

Then there was the minor incident of the wooden donkey. While Glacies was still gambling with the merchants after the grand meeting, I took the opportunity to examine the wooden donkey they had given me. With a little disassembly and examination, I was able to build larger-scale components and assemble them into a giant wooden donkey, outside the walls, where our brave military might use it to aid in the defence of Migrursut.

Sadly this sparked a minor security alert. I am not an expert carpenter at large scale objects, and many were unsure as to what it was that had appeared over the walls, some even misidentifying it as a dragon. Despite the fear shown amongst the fortress, the military remain strangely reluctant to use it in our defence, despite my offering it to them to use as they wish. The only person who has so far expressed any approval of the wooden donkey is Snake Splitskin, who laughed uproariously, slapped me on the back and bought me a large flagon of ale, saying it was the funniest thing he'd seen in years.

Since then I seem to have attracted an apprentice to my sanctuary. A child called Grov who seeks to feed all the dangerous beasts. While I am ever alert to the danger of such a carefree ~~idie~~ child feeding *himself* to the beasts, I have occasionally allowed him limited contact. Strangely he seems more fascinated by the big, dangerous animals than by the donkeys. I'm slightly nonplussed by this, but welcome the attention of someone who may, in years to come, aid me in my work in this Sanctuary.

In a shocking change to the normal run of events in this place, more dwarves came to join us. Okay, so they were merchants and guards from a caravan, who survived an attack and fled here, but it's strange that they chose to stay. Most sane dwarves would take one look and flee straight past here, with the fear inspired by their sight of this place lending them wings to carry them faster than the swiftest creature of Zefon's making. Anyway, my spirits are boosted by the new arrivals. There is another Zefonist to join our congregation, and also two donkey lovers. They are all most welcome

I think that brings us up to date. I shall try and keep more current journals from now on: things are beginning to change more swiftly, and if nothing else, I think it worth chronicalling the construction of Aryn's utopia, so that if when something goes wrong, the true cause can be revealed, and this document may serve as a Warning From History.

As well as a treatise on the importance of donkeys and a detailed examination of the proper ways to care for them and deal with anything that afflicts them. This thing isn't *all* about Aryn, you know.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 10, 2008, 03:57:44 pm**

The events of the 17th of Timber, 1066

The refugees all gathered in the mess hall, sitting on one side of the long rows of benches. Standing on the other side was Aryn and his guards, the tax collector Crowpages, and Glacies - who seemed out of breath from all the trinkets he had draped about him.

Large stacks of paper were in front of the refugees, and Aryn was walking them through what was written there. The laborers were signing much more than the soldiers, grumbling as they had to agree to taxes on their wages, on meager days off, on what exactly they'd be doing.

The soldiers, lead by the Hammerer Eita, had much less to agree to - just the basics: The protection of Migrursut, it's citizens, and most importantly it's leaders. As the commander for *The Portals of Honesty*, Eita signed with a Florish, followed by War'dunell, but Neo held the process up, lifting his head to ask, "Wait, wait, hold on. Is this really the order I have to follow?"

"What do you mean?" Aryn asked, startled.
"Well, look here," he jabbed the paper with his index finger, frowning, "Let's say Kivish here is getting mauled by a leopard, and you've had your coin purse stolen by a kobold. I'm supposed to go for the Kobold and let sweet Kiv have her face eaten off?"
"Course you go for the coin purse, what'are ya', daft?" Glacies chided
"I don't want to get mauled by a leopard!" Kivish wailed, horrified.
"Then don't go petting them, ya' fool!"
"She wasn't trying to pet the damn thing, she was just walking to the trade depot," Keldor said, folding her arms.
"That's right! I was just going to bring a barrel of plump helmets inside for needy children, and then it attacked me."
"You're a liar," Glacies snapped, rising from his chair, "you were going to STEAL the plump helmets! It's a good thing I let that damned leopard out! You deserved every single bite to your stupid face!"

"SHUT UP!" Aryn roared. The room went quiet, and Aryn, his hands trembling, pushed strands of greasy hair out of his face. "Use your best judgement," he said slowly. "Of course let the Kobold go if someone's getting eaten. If they're stabbing the leopard in the throat, then go for the Kobold. This isn't that hard to deal with. Now listen, there *is* one thing that you need to remember, that isn't added to the welcome package just yet. Telamon.

"Telamon is a ghost story, a terrorist, something evil used to scare the fortress. He, or she, or... gah, it, doesn't exist, at all. Ignore the posted - if you hear rumors, if anyone talks about him? Mentions his ... his conspiracies? Report them to me. This is fortress safety, this is needed, these are men who seek to undermine our way of life."

"For once, I have to agree with Master Estetar," Crowpages said, and Aryn preened noticably. "This person has caused nothing but trouble, and as new members, you're in a unique position to-

Crowpages stopped as the door to the mess opened, the heavy thock of boots hitting the stone floor. All eyes turned towards Archin as she stalked towards the nobles, looking like a ghost as covered in alunite dust as she was. When they arrived in these wastes, she was petite and small. But after so long toiling in the mines, Archin was massive, block-shaped from bulging muscles, her face lined and hard. Her voice was low and gravelly from lack of use, "It's done. The quarry is complete. I'm going to the farm."

"Seriously?" Aryn grinned wide, and clapped his hands together, "Oh, oh! Excellent! I need to let Roaroaks know, and- farm? No, grab your spade, you're miners are to join Rice's team. We have a lot of work to do."

"No."

The room went deathly quiet. "What do you mean, no," Aryn asked, his eyes narrowing.

"I mean no. I'm through, screw you and your projects. I haven't had a hot meal and a real conversation for almost five years. I'm done."

"Now you listen me. You're to grab your spade and get to work, and if I hear one more complaint, I'll make sure you can add "see light" to the list of things you haven't had in years, because you'll be safely tucked away in the black cells."

Archin snorted out air, misting the rock dust off her beard. She turned hard and brought her fist down on the table beside her, the rock cracking under her huge, calloused hand, crumbling to pieces on the floor below. She didn't say anything, instead turning and stalking from the mess hall, dropping her pick and miners cap on the floor in the middle of the room.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **November 10, 2008, 10:05:08 pm**

What is this I hear you are showing disrespect to Lenodites? *gently pats his baseball bat on his other hand*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **November 10, 2008, 10:08:54 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on November 10, 2008, 10:38:40 am
Kuli: That's a really interesting take on Aryn, and his project. I hadn't even thought of some of the other groups thinking of him as... a necessary evil, so to speak.

Kuli may be unique in that regard. He still thinks of Migrursut as a potential new Zoden Zefon, and he grudgingly respects Aryn for founding the place and keeping it running.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **November 10, 2008, 11:47:54 pm**

Property of Kivish. Theft of this object will be subject to mild discomfort at the hands of sunbeams.
Date: 7 days post DoA

I can't believe we had to wait seven days in this Litast-blasted land before we could even come inside and get something to eat and drink!

This Glacies is a foul man. Setting a leopard upon me, the nerve! Never mind this was all theoretical, he had no right to sic a spotted beast upon myself, believing me to be procuring plump helmets illicitly! I'm glad that Neo would have helped me.

Maybe I should find a metalsmith and see if they will make me a splendid sword...or maybe a sword hidden within a scepter! It would be perfect. No one would suspect a woman carrying a scepter around, and whence brigands spring forth, WA CHA! a blade I pull from within it's bosom!

It is quite unfair we have to pay taxes on what we do. We're refugees, with nothing to our name now! We don't even get a reprieve period to build up some reserve money...what if I get cave sickness and have whim to pray to Litast? I would be vomiting all over the place and in no condition to work. I would be in debt!

Aryn does not sound much better than Glacies. His words are like soap...but more...unclean. Like anti-soap. Like, if you washed something with anti-soap, it would become dirty instead of becoming clean. Maybe anti-soap is dust?

Archin seems pretty...strong. It was badass how she stood up to Aryn. Hmmm, that would be a pretty neat picture.
Two dwarves are drawn below this entry. One dwarf is making an angry gesture. The other dwarf is smashing a table

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 11, 2008, 02:43:17 am**

I got a request of the local dwarf drawers on the forums, and I would be ever grateful if it was done with good quality if possible!

My request: A group drawing of all the current military dwarves, making sure that all details like Snakes regrowing beard, Merkils special hammer and even the special leg-brace of Zako are drawn.

I think it would look cool! But no fort guards unless you want to!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **November 11, 2008, 08:25:31 am**

Quote from: Zako on November 11, 2008, 02:43:17 am
I got a request of the local dwarf drawers on the forums, and I would be ever grateful if it was done with good quality if possible!

My request: A group drawing of all the current military dwarves, making sure that all details like Snakes regrowing beard, Merkils special hammer and even the special leg-brace of Zako are drawn.

I think it would look cool! But no fort guards unless you want to!

Your post has motivated me from my lurking. I'm gonna ask Heavy Flak for the military dwarf's details, and finish Lucy and that other guy I forgot the name of first. But I'll try and get on it ASAP.

EDIT:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **November 11, 2008, 10:55:06 am**

Keldor burst into the office of Glacies, waving excitedly, a golden coin in her hand. "I have the most wonderful idea!"

Papers flew about the room as "Glacies" hustled to make himself appear busy, only to sit back again when he realized that it was only Keldor, not Aryn, the Duke, or anyone important. "Yeah? Whadda ye want?"

Keldor opened her other hand to reveal a small trinket, made of rose gold. Placing the gold coin in her hand next to it, she presented both items to the bookkeeper. "Look, you can improve the currency of this fort with a simple change of materials! By adding a bit of copper to the gold for coins, it takes on a beautiful dusky-reddish luster! Just like Lenod's sunset over the red desert sands! That means it would also be representative of this fort, just like its currency should be. I came to you since I didn't think I could talk to Aryn about it, he seems so aloof, but as bookkeeper, you could have a talk with him about changing our currancy materials."

Keldor withdrew her hand, moving the items out of the reach of Glacies, who's hand had been moving involuntarily toward the valuable items. "So, what do you think? Will you talk to Aryn about it?"

Glacies looked up from the coin with a start. "Huh? Talk to Aryn? Whatever for?"

"To see if he'll have some rose gold coins cast, of course."

"Oh, well, um," Glacies simply could not turn down the prospect of more coins in Migrusut, "Yeah, sure, I'll talk to Aryn about it then."

"You will??" Keldor almost squealed with delight, "Thank you! Thank you."

"Um, yeah, well good luck with, uh," Glacies' brows furrowed, "what is it you do again?"

"I'm a gemsetter," replied Keldor.

"You are?" Glacies' eyes lit up for an instant before he continued, "That is, see to it that you get lots of items encrusted with gems, and maybe a fine gem window, I've always wanted one of- erm, I mean, maybe you could stud all the bedroom doors with gems! Yeah, that would be wonderful."

"Of course, I'll go and see what gems need to be set." Keldor gave a quick little curtsy and hustled out the door.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **November 11, 2008, 11:41:23 am**

That bit about the rose gold would have made the proper book-keeper estatic. Too bad he's thousands of miles away being chased by Harpies and learning how to sneak.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 11, 2008, 09:21:02 pm**

The events of the 1st of Moonstone, 1066

As his boots hit the tiles outside, Kuli raised his head up, eyes squinting as he looked at the sky. Today was destined - he could feel it - to be a good day. He carried the large, leatherbound book of Zefon under his arm, his sermon for the day nestled safely within it's pages.

Smiling, Kuli started the short walk towards the bridge, and the church proper, but was stopped by a voice behind him.

"Maester, a moment of your time."

Turning, The briefest hint of a frown touched Kuli's lips at the sight of Likot standing in the courtyard, her trenchcoat flapping in the faint breeze.

"Miss Ropetunnel," Kuli said stiffly. "Can I help you? It needs to be made quick, I have a sermon to give before the second shifts are required to begin work."

"What makes a Dwarf, Maester? What is it that separates us from the goblins, from... the animals?"

Kuli paused, his frown deepening. "A dwarf is made by his capacity to do good in the world. That he is given the ability to cause mischief but does not, that he is able to cause harm but refrains... that he is encouraged to lie and steal and murder, but knows better... that is what makes a dwarf. It's not just free choice that makes a dwarf, it's making the right choices to help our brethren. Look at the goblins, they have the same free will as we, but instead of being helpful, of being fair, they murder and rape and enslave. What makes us unique, is that our urges for this evil are quenched, and instead we reward life, and we help each other."

The lack of noise - other than the steady kchuu-*chhk* of Likot's respirator expelling air and clicking to filtration - was heavy, almost palpable. Eventually, the ex-mayor gave a slow nod of her head, her voice tinny, yes, but slightly subdued. "I didn't choose this life, you know. It was thrust upon me."

"Then you - and Valania, and Sergeant Pepper - are given the most unique of chances. You all lived your lives, and you all passed to the beyond. And you've been allowed to come back. If you don't mind my saying so, perhaps you should think on the 'wrongs' you did before, what actions might have... caused discomfort to others. You shouldn't squander this second chance, even if it wasn't asked for. Now, miss, I must go, my flock is waiting. Would you... care to join us?"

"Thank you Maester, but no. You've given me... something to think on. I'd like to go reflect."

"Of course."

Kuli watched as Likot turned, her crippled arm dangling at her side, and stalked towards the stairs towards the fortress proper. He waited until she had vanished from sight before allowing himself to turn and head towards the Temple of Zefon, already beginning to change the sermon in his head.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **November 12, 2008, 11:10:43 am**

Diary of maggarg
What the hell's a utopia?
Must be some kind of fish tank.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Keldor** on **November 12, 2008, 08:39:47 pm**

It's a tank for the carp to keep their pet dwarves in!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 13, 2008, 11:42:46 pm**

The events of the 12th of Moonstone, 1066

The time interred in the desert fortress was not the most exciting for Eita and her crew. Even though Sulari had welcomed them with open arms, and Rolland's group had been mostly nice - baring Maggarg's overzealous beatings during training - something had seemed off. Aryn had always seemed angry, rage just barely kept from bubbling over. The other "leaders" - Crowpages the taxwoman, Orbsbarb the now-cowed Mayor, even Wavepaddles the frighteningly neutral hammerer... they went out of their way to not meet with the new inhabitants.

Everyone was too busy to notice them as anything more than warm bodies, and out of spite the whispered hushes among the miners-cum-masons of Telamon and his "better life" was purposely ignored. The only excitement was when a kobold was caught in a cage trap just inside the stairwell, though even that was ruined when Adol - his normal calm resolve broken - pushed Sparrow over top a weapons rack, saying between hysterical bouts of laughter, "There's your damned Kobold, I win this round you poxy prat! Ha ha! Stick *that* in your pipe and smoke it!"

Their game was quickly soured as the Kobold was delivered to Aryn's office by Dojango, and once again, tedium set in.

Having been ignored for weeks, their training supplies meager at best, their armor old and dented, Eita sucked up her pride. Yes, their troop had taken a rather large handout, and had imposed upon this fortress, but it wasn't as if they would be a burden. Their laborers were excellent, their soldiers tested... and to be given these wooden swords and rusted armor was a travesty. Pulling herself up to her full height, Eita marched from the barracks to Aryn's office, banging her mailed glove on the door.

There was a crash inside, and the hurried sound of footsteps towards the door. It cracked open an inch, and a single eye peered out at her. With an exhale, the door shut, a lock unlatched, and it opened fully - leaving Eita to gape.

Aryn stood there in trousers and a butchers smoke. Shirtless underneath, his skinny frame was pale and malnourished. His smock was covered in blood, as was his right hand nearly up to the elbow, strips of meat dangling from his fist. He brushed a few strands of hair from his eye, the blade he held in his other hand glinting on the torchlight. Offering a tired smile, the fortress leader said, "How may I help you, Miss Wheelsadmires?"

"I..." she stammered, her eyes growing wide behind her bangs. "I just think we... we're not being held to the standards the rest of the soldiers are."
"Is that so."

She coughed quietly. "We're only given the dregs of the armor. This breastplate I have on is so rusted Zako punched a hole in it yesterday. You wanted us to protect our people? We can't do that if our weapons and armor fall apart in a strong breeze."
"I suppose you're right," Aryn conceded. He flashed a rictus grin, the entire effort looking strained and out of place. "Go talk to the blacksmiths, I suppose Kuli is still their leader. You've got credit on my account for..." He calculated quickly, splattering blood on the floor as he ticked things off on his fingers, "Three suits, three weapons. No more."

"Alright... sir? About the blood?"

"Oh," Aryn looked down, blinking at the strips of meat in his hand. "I have a pet grizzly, and it's his feeding time." The tired smile game back into play. "I should finish that, before he decides I could be dinner. Ha!" The door slammed shut, cutting off the barked laugh. Eita stood in the hallway for a moment, chewing on her lower lip, only one thought running through her mind.

Maybe we should have risked the deserts, instead of stopping here.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **November 14, 2008, 11:18:55 am**

Diary of Maggarg
I smell bear.

A big bear. Puts me in mind of wherme and the Yobs were lootin' a norse temple back in 32' and we found some giant zombie bears. They pretty damn well stank, and ol' three-finger bomrek ran for it. Course, he was et by some angry tree or something. Anyway, dunno what one of them's doing out here. On the plus side, everyone's too busy to be suspicious of my past, and 'parrently most of the dwarves in these parts are long gone. Happy days.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 14, 2008, 05:40:39 pm**

The events of the 13th of Moonstone, 1066

A gutwrenching shriek tore through the valley below, it's high wail hitting the stone walls of the fortress. The noise reverberated, echoed; the Dwarves working their hauling jobs winced and dropped their loads, quickly covering their ears with their hands and looking around in wide-eyed terror.

It was Bertrand, of all people, to find the source of the noise. He was lounging in a chair beside the aqueducts, his feet propped up on a small footstool, a book on botany in his hands. At the sound of the scream he winced and marked his place, setting the book aside as he leaned over, looking into the valley. Others, seeing his interest, rushed over to see what the commotion was.

Down below, a small green figure was screaming and spinning in circles, torrents of red spraying from it's missing arm in a high arc. Trotting up almost lazily was one of the Dread Camel's. Light glinted off the polished bone around it's eyesocket, the missing skin around it's mouth extending upwards into a terrible, forced grin. Leaning over lovingly, the camel opened it's maw wide and daintily bit down on the goblin's left ear.

Another scream ripped through the valley as the Camel tugged it's head back, tearing away the long, pointed flap of skin, leaving glistening blood and shining bone. It wasn't long before the goblin was pushed over, it's stomach ripped open as the dread camel fed, the chewed up green meat dripping out of small holes along the camels belly.

One of the dwarves vomited, and Bertrand was quick to push him to the cliffs edge instead of in the aqueducts. Tugging on a small fishing line, the philosopher pulled a half dozen bottles from the cool running water and pulled one free, uncorking it to take a swig. Everywhere the growing crowd looked, there were goblin ambushers getting mauled by the dread camels, the red sands stained ruddy from blood, an orgy of gnashing teeth and bloody meat, and camels dancing happily upon the corpses.

"Someone should go find Sulari," Bertrand said, his tone bored. He sat down and picked his book back up, turning back to the page he had left off at. "I fear all this noise will really hurt morale unless she takes care of it.'

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 14, 2008, 08:01:02 pm**

The events of the 18th of Moonstone, 1066

Keldor and Makrond, against all odds, had become fast friends. The leatherworker and the jeweler had taken to eating lunches together, to enjoying nights watching the dead camels frolic amongst the sunsets, and like today - times spent hauling items from the battlegrounds to the magma pits.

"I wish Dodik's was open," Makrond said with a weezy sigh, taking his time ambling towards the piles of armor. "Why? I've heard nothing but bad things about that place. Vash keeps saying it's a... hive, of scum and villainy." "Sure, if you go to the back rooms, but they had this casino there that was very fun! And Miss Dodik was planning to put on stage shows. Really, it wasn't *that* GOBBBLINS!"

Makrond and Kodor stopped in their tracks, staring at the crack squad of Goblin Commandos that rose out of the sand. In terror, Kodor went wide eyed and sprayed a stream of vomit everywhere when she saw the corpse of the Legendary Metalsmith of Sombith Kiron, moaning, "Oh god, we have to get out of here!" "Hurry, back to the fortress!" "Okay, I jus-urrrgak!" she vomited again, and paused, pointing with a shaking hand, "Look at that set of trousers. Hold on, I'm just going to get those." "You can't..." Makrond weezed, clutching the right side of his chest, "we have to go, they're coming!" "You're right. Okay, let's go."

But when Kodor looked back over her shoulder, Makrond was slowly making his way towards a skullcap laying half buried in the sand.

Snake watched from up on a rise, pinching the bridge of his nose hard between two fingers. Drawing his obsidian sword he slid down the side of the dune, and walked over towards the pair of haulers. Sparing them a glance, he just shook his head again, lowered his stance, and charged into the mass of goblins, his blade singing.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 14, 2008, 08:52:13 pm**

The events of the 21st of Moonstone, 1066

Work was canceled for the day; every dwarf was outside to pay their respects. Very few eyes were dry, and many of the men had their gaze downcast to the stones, their hats held over their hearts. For once Duke Bomrek's obsession seemed to come to use - Rinsesilver's obscenely well dressed dockworkers lined up, each of them holding one of the many masterwork flutes he had commissioned over the years, and slowly played a soulful dirge.

Sulari dressed in her dented and bloodstained battle armor, strode to the front of the cliffs edge, her face lined and hard. She stopped, and the flutes hushed. She opened her mouth to speak, and glanced down at the eye patch she held in her fist. She closed her eyes, her face tightening, and a single tear rolled down her cheek. Clearing her throat, she opened her eyes and pressed on.

"Death is never something easy to accept. Out here, in these wastes, it's often sudden and violent. I have little doubt that we will be blessed with the fortune of a quiet, noble demise, surrounded by those we love. Our only solace is that our eternal end, our grand sacrafices, may be used to better the lives of many others. "Fikod Splitskin kept to himself. He trained quietly, he bothered no one, and for most, he was just an accessory. He was "that dwarf sent to exile", or "that dwarf without a beard". But he was more than that. He was someone who was honorable. How did he die? Protecting our citizens. Witnessing an ambush, he charged selflessly into the mob, holding back seven goblin commandos by himself until Towersacks', and Maggargs', squads could arrive and for aid. Because of him, three goblins were blinded and noseless. Because of him, only one of our workers Channeledbeard died in the attack. The loses could have been much greater. They weren't. He fought until exhausted, and only succumbed to death when he could no longer lift his sword, when he could no longer move his legs.

"I would like... to take this time to recognize Maggarg Bridgeblameless, Varen Claspshafts, and Asmel Towersacks. Though they arrived late, they are not to be faulted. They should be commended...Please step forward. "I present to you, Asmel Towersacks the Famines of Ownership. "I present to you, Maggarg Bridgeblameless the Hollow Basin of Lanterns. "I present to you, Varen Claspshafts the Prestigious Diminishment of Buries. "And I present to you, Fikod 'Snake' Splitskin, one of the finest dwarves you would have ever met. He's ready for the earth."

Sulari wiped at her cheek with the back of a hand, and walked through the crowds and down the stairs, heading towards the liquor

stores. The flutes took up their dirge again as six soldiers solemnly marched to the simple stone coffin and lifted it up, marching slowly towards the steps - and towards the crypts below.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **November 14, 2008, 10:40:19 pm**

Aww, another great dwarf is committed to the earth. Long live the memory of Snake! (Especially since he died protecting me :P)

If only I'd had my sp- oh, wait, that would have been even more disastrous...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **November 15, 2008, 06:13:18 am**

Diary of maggarg
Snake's funeral was today, and three of us were given titles.
Don't reckon we deserved them, cause we were late, but we have them anyway.
One thing though.
The Hollow basin of lanterns. That's bad. Someone has an idea of who I am.
It harks back to a period when my thirst for artifacts went perhaps a little too far.
Robbing temples and fortresses is all very well, as long as you don't touch the graves.
I forgot that just once, in a place called the Hollow Basin. We went in with lanterns, and came out with the armour of the hero Ast Raingrizzled, the wheels of fire.
I think I'll just go down to the stockpiles to have a drink. And another.
And probably another.
(I had an adventurer back ages ago, and I robbed a desert fort I'd made called the hollow basins. I normally don't rob graves, but the champion of that fort had truly badass plate armour.)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Grath** on **November 15, 2008, 08:26:05 am**

Snake!
SNAKE?
SNAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKE!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **November 15, 2008, 09:00:59 am**

Quote from: Grath on November 15, 2008, 08:26:05 am

Snake!
SNAKE?
SNAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKE!

...Why didn't I think of this first?

Poor Snake, I'll miss him. He deserved a long, happy life after killing Bax Unostotho.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 15, 2008, 09:17:18 am**

From the journal of Jools Machinescalded

Migrursut is a... strange place. In amongst all the bullying and bickering, the wrangling and warmongering, there is a strange kind of normality that prevails. Whilst we live in a harsh, hostile location, surrounded on all sides by undead beasts and murderous goblins (to say nothing of the foes within the walls), we manage to live. Though many dwarves die, and whole waves of migrants or caravans can be lost to some unknown death in the sands, you can still see the same characters living the same lives, carrying on with their duties or interests as if somehow sheltered from the maelstrom of violence about us.

Even for the military, this normally rings true. Though we may lose a few foolhardy recruits who charge off into battle, heedless of tactics or reason, and the speardwarves make the ultimate sacrifice so often required by their dangerous profession (itself a part of normal fort life), every day we see many heroes who have taken up the task of defending us, and survived battle after battle against everything from kobolds to demons. Sulari, who has grown from being first into battle to directing the defense of the fort. Merkil, a more recent hero, now so respected among the fort. The formerly late Sergeant Towersacks. Likot, for all her sins. Snake.

Snake.

No more. Snake Splitskin, someone with a past shadier than the deepest unlit cavern, probably banished from more forts than he had fingers remaining (including, briefly, our own), who came to us looking out for little more than his own hide, has fallen in defence of the fort. An ambush, out in the wastes, of two of our haulers - Snake saw this, and seeing no alternative, leapt to their defence, sacrificing his own life to save theirs. One can ask no more of a dwarf. He was truly a donkey of our military.

He may not have had made many friends during his time here, but I shall remember him. He fought to win, and survive, but as time passed he grew to understand that his survival was dependent upon the survival of others, and he was often found saving lives on the battlefield and protecting his squadmates. He stepped in to quell unrest between the various military groupings in the fort, and even tolerated civilians (unlike some of the military). He even bought me some ale once.

For all this, he will be remembered with honour. May his soul rest with Zefon until it rises again in a new body.

Now, I must join the others and honour him in the timeless fashion of dwarves - by getting a skull-throbbing hangover.

Next day

It is the day after the wake for Snake Splitskin. As the pounding headache from the previous night receded, I rose from my bed and stumbled over something as I headed towards the door.

A sword.

It isn't Snake's old one - I imagine Sulari will be keeping that. It isn't one of Kib's weapons. This is a crude thing of iron, uncared for like those of dwarves who have spent their lives in battle. There's no note attached, so I'm pretty sure it's not a gift - I must have picked it up last night from somewhere, thinking it a good idea.

I don't know why I did that. I've never felt my path through life involved the military before (other than that bit about marrying a warrior girl). I've always spent my time caring for things - dwarves, donkeys, animals, making crafts and food and hauling things. I just wanted to live in peace with donkeys - not much to ask. But it seems that in this life, or at least this fort, if we seek to create some utopia, some must fight to defend it, whatever the cost.

And yet I have no skill in these matters. I've... helped to ease the pain of some sick and dying animals, but never fought for my life before, or fought to take the life of another. Tactics and strategy are alien to me, and I would rather wish for a world where dwarves and

goblins live in peace than for one where we live in castles built from goblin skulls.

And yet...

I can hear life in the fortress outside my room going on outside. The donkeys will be waiting for me. Will my old instincts kick in, and my path lead towards the Sanctuary? Or will I reach for the weapon, and start out down a new and dangerous path? The fort is without one of its strongest warriors, and a new wave must step forward to replace him (and, in time, they themselves will be replaced). Should I step forward in the defence of those I care about? Should I find some other way to try and protect the fort, by helping build walls and traps and defences? Or should I leave these matters to others, trusting that they will keep me safe, and spend my life caring for donkeys?

My fate lies balanced, like the sword before me.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **November 15, 2008, 01:14:58 pm**

War'dunell Dakostuzol *21st of Moonstone, 1066*

What's this? Some snake guy died on the red sands today or was it yesterday? Lucky bastard, he went out well, in battle showing some green skins what for.

...

I was just told a few moments ago that he was the guy who took out a tentacle demon like a total bad ass dwarf! You think I would have remembered that, but the stories told about this place while on the hard roads were always kinda vague on details like that. Bah, would have liked to train with that guy. Was even told he was exiled at one time too. Odd, you think he would have seen that as his chance to ***Escape Migrursut*** but instead he protected this place.

Hmm, I wonder if I will ever get a title too. Doesn't seem bloody likely with this crap equipment I've been training with but the view of the sun off the sand around here more than makes up for it. Eita shared with me between training sessions she wonders if we should have kept going and never looked back - I can't fathom that, this place is a red sandy heaven on earth.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **November 15, 2008, 10:19:44 pm**

The Journal of Eita Kolnebel

A Swordsdwarf named Snake died some time ago. I barely noticed over the time my search has been taking from me. I've had to scrounge up the squad's equipment from all the back-corners of the fortress, done some shady dealings with the traders, and stolen at least a thousand turtles worth of armor.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 15, 2008, 11:28:08 pm**

The events of the 3rd of Opal, 1066

"SCREW YOU, DAD! I'll do whatever the hell I want!"

In just a few weeks time since the sobering events of Snake's death, screaming and drama had reared it's head once again. Neo and War'dunell, newly christened in their roles of Swordsdwarf and Axedwarf thanks to their increased training schedules due to Eita's tireless efforts in getting better equipment peered out of the barracks.

Istrath stood in the hallway looking bewildered. In his hands were multiple schematics for support walkways. Standing by the stairs was his soon, Limul, his face bright red.

"Son, what's wrong with you? All I want is for you to hold down my workshop while I go out to assemble some scaffolding."
"No! You're going out to help those swindler thieves. Man, do you know what they're doing? They're helping the... pornographers of this fortress, like, suppress the *hard working Dwarves* by... making them PAY for SEX, man! They're wanting to jazz up that den of sin and start overcharging every single pleb that comes through these gates, and that, like, ain't right!"
"*What* are you talking about?" Istrath said, reaching up to tug on his hair in frustration.
"The pornographers don't support them at all, son," Erith Othsindoren said as he walked past. He sighed, shrugging dramatically, "Dodik made us pay just like the rest of the workers. No sense of art. Though... you're looking pretty strapping these days. Care to pose for an engraving? I'll make you a star, kid."

Limul looked like he was about to vomit. "Get out of here, ya' freak! And as for you, *Dad*, I'm *already* a star. Akroma says so, he said he hasn't seen anyone work a corpse like I have - it's *art*. You want your store watched, watch it yourself. Or stop working for those fascist jerks."
"Now don't say that. Rinsesilver is a good employer, and pays well."
"Yeah, well, not for you, 'less you can find someone to hold the shop down."

Istrath sighed and shook his head, "Fine, I'll just go talk to Keldor then."

Limul, fuming, turned and ran up the steps, slamming any door he saw on his way topside. Istrath just sighed, and went towards the mess, hoping he could find the newest gem setter around to lend a hand.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 16, 2008, 03:13:33 am**

The events of the 12th of Opal, 1066

"Go for the HEAD! The HEAD!"

Rolland barked out his orders, and Eita followed them, her words kept harsh and low, unheard by group. The herd of Dread Camel had been hobbled by ex-hunter Sparrow, their mostly decomposed bodied flopping around in the sand, bolts having shattered their legs.

That had been part of the bargain. Outfitted in full steel plate, her hammer solid steel and wrought with goblin bone, Eita walked towards the downed camel with a mixture of boredom and annoyance.

"Like this?" War'Dunell called. She hefted her axe up and brought it down on the camels neck, the body and head stilling completely as she severed the spine. Neo had the same result, his sword severing the little bit of tissue that held the vertebrae together. Laughing, he turned to look at War'dunell, flashing a lopsided grin, "Look at that, a quick *snnnnck* and the bastard beasts fall like sacks of grain! To think we spent all that time beating in their rock-hard skulls and doin' nothing but denting up swords."

"Speak for yourself," War'dunell said, kicking the blade of her axe to knock off some stuck sand. "I never had a problem splitting a skull when needed."

"You're a liar," Eita said, bringing her hammer down hard. She kiai'd, squatting down at the last second to lower her center of gravity. The head of her hammer whistled ominously, and crashed downwards, sinking deep into the sand. Splinters of bone and dust sprayed out

from where the camel's head once was.

"Is this necessary?" Eita asked. She turned to look at Rolland, annoyed. Rolland turned to look at her critically, chewing on the end of a hand rolled cigarette.
"Every year, a half dozen dwarves lose their lives at the hooves of Dread Camels. They do this through ignorance and bravado. You can swing an axe, of that I have no doubt. And you have strength and resolve. But you need practice and discipline. There's a forth one left. Show me how you'd bring it down, if it could walk."

Rolland and Sparrow watched as Eita, grumbling, marched over to the dread camel and raised her hammer on high. Sparrow winced as it was brought down, shattering it's skull, but Rolland only shook his head.

"You hesitated. That will never do. Come with me, there's another herd down by the river. We'll practice until you can do this in your sleep"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 16, 2008, 02:16:42 pm**

The events of the 20th of Opal, 1066

A majority of Dwarves not out in the wastes working were gathered in the mess hall, trying to meet the gaze of an incredibly angry Aryn. He paced in front of the long tables, his hands clasped behind him. Coming to a stop, he turned and dropped his head, his voice low.

"Even out here, with everything I've seen and done, I'm still amazed by just how absurd you can all be. Did any of you realize we had a children stolen yesterday? I know at least four of you did. That would be Kib Machinescalded and her troops, and Vatek Yellowbolted. Here, why don't you two come up here with me. Come on, I won't bite."

Kib and Vatek slowly made their way up to the front, flanking Aryn. He smiled humorlessly, and gestured to Kib with his right hand.
"Mrs. Machinescalded found out about the child snatchers... why did you find out about them?"
"...Because my youngest born was grabbed me."
"Ohh, and when was this?"
"When we were on duty."
"On duty doing what."

Kib sighed. "On duty poking a Dread Camel with a stick, since it's legs were all broken."
"Uh huh, so you're... poking a dangerous animal with sticks, and then this... this snatcher rushes up and grabs the baby off your back, stuffs it in a bag, and makes it's way to the hills with it's friend - who also has a child. And that brings us to you, Yellowbolted." Aryn gestured to Vatek with his left hand.

"This guardsman saw the entire thing, as he stood out in the middle of the desert by Captain Fillwhip's obsession. He watched it, he called out for help, and... he stayed standing there! Kib got her child back, but the other? Gone, snatched. Another of our number stolen away to Goblin Horrors. What is WRONG with you all!"
"Which cihld was it?" Someone called from the crowd.
"IT WADN'T ME!" Grov shouted from the back, waving his arms, "I'M RIGHT HERE."
"Oh, who cares?" Aryn snapped. "It's not important which one was taken, it's important THAT one was taken. Mrs. Machinescalded, you're no longer allowed to play with the dead. In fact, you're not allowed down time. You've got a month of patrol. And Vatek, you're not to loiter by construction sites anymore. You're to guard the doors to the fort. Do I make myself clear?"

Vatek turned to look at Aryn, paling. He glanced into the crowd and saw Stravitch standing near the back. The Captain of the Guard was glaring, and slowly he lifted a hand up to his throat to draw his thumb across it, shaking his head slowly. Vatek swallowed and said nothing. Aryn shook his head and closed his eyes, pointing towards the door.

"Get out of here, all of you. And keep your eyes open. Stop being so damned stupid! Think! Think about what you're doing!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **November 16, 2008, 03:57:59 pm**

War'dunell Dakostuzol *20th of Opal, 1066*

Been a fun month! Goodness me, I like training just as much as I love cutting down trees and goblins. We even got to go out in the beautiful sands and "meat" some of the local wild un-life. Such a wonderful sound they make: "**Snnnnck!**"

While I don't normally get close to others, I am certainly grateful for all the tremendous effort Eita has gone to, making sure we have been having such a good time.

Hey, I found out a bit about all the beautiful and sexy carvings one day. I wonder if Erith would carve me? I'd get him to make it like I have nothing on but a huge battle axe in my hands and another two hanging from their straps on my shoulders, standing on a dune of red sand with a tanzanite and horn adorned dwarven bikini standing over my fallen foes, especially a large roach! Yeah, that would be sweet, it would be like I was a hero like those stories my dad would tell me before he went away and ... Whatever, probably won't happen, sounded like he was more interested in Limul anyways. Though, Dodik's place sounds interesting, like a really fun place to try new things.

I hear this old hulk of a Dwarf likes that place too, goes by the name of Stravich. He's kinda cute for an old dwarf but I doubt he would ever see anything in me. I hear he is making sure a kick ass temple gets built, not like that prim and proper place. What am I thinking, Lenod is cool and all but I probably won't go, I would rather be bouncing off the sand with my axes training till it feels oh so good. You know what my favourite part of training is? Knowing that if I dish it out good enough, people will leave me alone for the most part. Suits me fine. If they can't take the pain, why are they training?

Speaking of pain, had to sit through some boring ass meeting with that Aryn "Aristocrat" leading the charge against some dolts who can't fathom the concept. I don't even know what the big deal is, if I ever have kids and they get snatched, the little brat probably had it coming for not following my instructions and smashing the dirty rotten kidnapper in the family jewels and snapping their neck when they fall over, like I saw this wrestler do once. Hmm, I wonder if I will get to try some more wrestling one day? That stuff is fun and I always love trying new things...

OOC: Hey Heavy Flak, I know its probably unintentional, but Aryn reminds me of Louis Riel (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Louis_Riel), a guy who tried to preserve his way of life in Canada, got exiled, founded a bunch of places, got elected even while the government of the time was trying to throw him in prison, possibly went a little crazy, started a rebellion and later got executed.

Oh, and what does "She has complained about the draft lately" mean? Is that like she doesn't like a constant breeze of air or being drafted into the military? Heh, that would be funny if it was the second, I would feel silly for writing her like I am then. :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 17, 2008, 05:24:02 am**

Erm, yes, "complained about the draft" is a negative thought for any dwarf drafted in to the military who doesn't have any fighting skills. However, that's not to say that your dwarf hasn't come to love fighting in the short time she (?) has been in the military, so I don't think that that makes anything you've written look wrong.

Also: GOBLINS TRYING TO SNATCH A MACHINESCALDED KID? This I can't stand for, even if Kib got the child back (and exactly how many

pieces did she leave the Goblin in?). Heavy Flak, next time you're looking for another wave of ~~meat-shie~~ new recruits (no rush, just next time you feel like plugging some holes or expanding the military), please count me in. This is one donkey keeper who's chosen to stand and fight for what he believes in (family, donkeys, oh and Zefon). Sword, shield, and then later, possibly some experiments with a donkey cavalry...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **November 17, 2008, 06:07:20 am**

It was only a matter of time before he started 'experimenting' with his donkeys...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 17, 2008, 07:46:14 am**

What would they be called though? Donkeyleirs? Bovineriders?

Yes this is quite enjoyable, try it!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 17, 2008, 10:35:17 am**

CanadianWolverine: Jools is correct. Your dwarf didn't actually have any military skills coming in to the fortress, so when drafted she was negatively affected. She's now officially an axe-dwarf, and quite happy with her post. She had successful training sessions and hasn't taken any injury. Neither's Zako, for that matter, who managed to make it to Legendary Wrestler without any more boobos, or dying, or anything!

Jools: The incident of Kib and the Stolen Baby actually ties in with why Snake bit the dust (Something I was NOT happy about.) Let's start the story off from the beginning...

A multi-legendary Dwarf is found dead by a crack-squad of seven worthless goblin wrestlers and their macegoblin friend. With Sulari currently away cracking the skulls of what turned out to be TWO goblins and a herd of dread camel, I sent the closest dwarf to deal with them - Snake. He gets there, and I promptly forget about it, until I get the notice "Snake has died!"

So I get pissed and overkill it - I send Towersacks AND Maggarg's squads over and watch in confusion as it takes them five real-time minutes to kill the remaining gobbos. It wasn't until it took Kib and her group five minutes of chasing around a couple goblin snatchers and still only killing one that I looked into the raws for what the problem is.

Oh! I'd set the Goblin's size to like, 100, and forgotten to change it back! teehee! My mistake! Now that I know goblins of that size can actually kill legendaries, I'm going to add in a couple more tags like nofear and whatever one makes them ignore limbs getting removed, and see how the next siege goes.

Groveller: This is going to sound really really strange, but I, uh, lost Grov *ducks*. I don't mean he was snatched, or that he died. I mean I *literally* lost him. He shows up in Dwarf Companion as happy and alive, but he doesn't show up in the unit list AT ALL. If he doesn't...magically come back into existance, I might have to switch him to another child. Where the hell did he go?? I think Migrursut is starting to implode...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **November 17, 2008, 11:01:52 am**

He's not locked in the basement, is he? Maybe he's sneaking, or hiding in the giant wooden donkey...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sneakey pete** on **November 17, 2008, 12:47:12 pm**

Sumo goblins!

(ok, i know that they'd be a lot bigger than that with size 100, but the mental picture of sumo goblins...)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 17, 2008, 04:50:08 pm**

Oooops indeed re: the oversized goblins. I'm sure there's some sort of moral here about not playing with things to make them grow in size, lest you end up with an unsightly mess on your hands, but I can't quite think what it is.

Still, at least it took something reasonably epic to finish Snake off, and I am reassured by Kib chasing round like a lunatic after a pair of, essentially, Goblin Giants who could have easily tucked the children they snatched behind their ear or something for carrying purposes. And even better, getting our child back.

As for Migrursut imploding... well, after all the tinkering I wouldn't be surprised if it did, but is there any chance that you're just hitting some sort of limit of how many creatures DF can keep track of? Or that Grov got snatched and nobody noticed?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Skid** on **November 17, 2008, 05:01:03 pm**

What's his location given as in Dwarf Companion?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 17, 2008, 05:11:49 pm**

Jools: I have this fear in the back of my mind that I'm going to get close to the end and the whole save will just explode under all the random tweaks and crap I've pulled. But I'm also a paranoid; last night I almost shot the cats because I was convinced I was getting robbed. I've almost put a round through the washing machine too, when it switched cycles without warning.

I don't think Grov got snatched, because one of the things I did was unhide ever snatcher in the area, look through all their stuff, then re-hide them. Not a one of them had a child.

Skid: There's another weird thing. He was like, inside a bunch of rock. I tried moving him to ground level, but nothing, he wasn't there. There's also a raccoon in the vicinity which is just weird, because I have never ever EVER seen a raccoon, either brought by merchants or wandering around the desert.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **November 17, 2008, 06:06:41 pm**

OOC: I am picturing Grov following a racoon into crack in the wall now, probably saying something like "Donkey?" and mothers telling stories of how if you listen to the rock walls long enough, you can still hear Grov crawling around in there searching for the racoon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **November 17, 2008, 06:43:52 pm**

Quote from: CanadianWolverine on November 17, 2008, 06:06:41 pm
OOC: I am picturing Grov following a racoon into crack in the wall now, probably saying something like "Donkey?" and mothers telling stories of how if you listen to the rock walls long enough, you can still hear Grov crawling around in there searching for the racoon.

This should become official Migrurset myth.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **November 17, 2008, 07:13:09 pm**

You found a... petrified child and raccoon?

Have you tried sending your miners to dig them out? Maybe it'll resolve itself once they're freed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **November 17, 2008, 07:46:59 pm**

Or, you know, explode.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **November 17, 2008, 07:53:41 pm**

Well, if you think about it, that *could* be just as good, depending on how it explodes. If it goes hypercritical INFLATE -3, then no, that would be pretty bad. But if something whacko happens, say, they both get treated as a mineral/lump of stone, and we end up with dwarves making a +raccoon block wall+ or a smith forging a +Grov battleaxe+, then that might be okay. ;)

Oh god, I now have this mental image of Jools charging into battle wielding a big sentient battleaxe that periodically shouts "Donkeys?" as it slices through goblin necks.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **November 17, 2008, 09:47:33 pm**

Quote from: CanadianWolverine on November 17, 2008, 06:06:41 pm
OOC: I am picturing Grov following a racoon into crack in the wall now, probably saying something like "Donkey?" and mothers telling stories of how if you listen to the rock walls long enough, you can still hear Grov crawling around in there searching for the racoon.

Grov the Ghost Child. Migrursut needs this now.

Edit: Impending Doom's idea is cool, too.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **November 17, 2008, 10:08:12 pm**

I approve all the above.

If you do decide to merely remake another Grov, I only hope the original then returns. Maybe Bertrand experimenting with cloning? Who will win in the battle of Grov vs Evil Clone Grov? Or will they both be distracted by something shiny? Tune in next week, folks, for another exciting episode of I Don't Know What I'm Saying Anymore!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 18, 2008, 08:38:13 am**

Quote from: CanadianWolverine on November 17, 2008, 06:06:41 pm
OOC: I am picturing Grov following a racoon into crack in the wall now, probably saying something like "Donkey?" and mothers telling stories of how if you listen to the rock walls long enough, you can still hear Grov crawling around in there searching for the racoon.

HEAVY FLAK HAS SPOKEN. THIS IS NOW PART OF THE MIGRURSUT MYTHOS

One way or another, Grov the Child is coming back. Regardless of how that happens, he's now officially part of ghost stories.

Impending Doom: I don't actually think I can dig into where they are, they're buried within that 5 tile edge of the map that you're not allowed to mess around with. Maybe someone DID kill and bury them :o

Groveller: You just gave me a stellar idea. Oh boy! More to come later!

CanadianWolverine: Wow, Louis Riel really does sound like Aryn. I'm going to have to do some research into him, because this entry is absolutely fascinating.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **November 18, 2008, 11:48:47 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on November 18, 2008, 08:38:13 am
Impending Doom: I don't actually think I can dig into where they are, they're buried within that 5 tile edge of the map that you're not allowed to mess around with. Maybe someone DID kill and bury them :o

I think the 5 tile edge can't be built on, while only a 1 tile rim can't be dug into.

Quote from: Heavy Flak on November 18, 2008, 08:38:13 am
Groveller: You just gave me a stellar idea. Oh boy! More to come later!

You mean clones... *from space!*?

Edit: Oh, and: OOOOooooOOOOOooooOOOOOoooo!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 19, 2008, 04:04:18 pm**

Quick Note:

This story has fallen by the wayside thanks to Real Lifetm. In this instance, real life is two things.

- 1) Figuring out what exactly HP did to my laptop to "fix" it, along with restoring all my backed up files, and possibly getting it RMA'd a second time since I'm pretty sure causing me heat damage isn't a standard feature on the Pavilion dv9628nr model notebook.
- 2) I love setting deadlines for myself. I may have mentioned quite a few times I'm a little bit OCD about certain things, and meeting self-imposed deadlines is certainly one of them. This deadline is set for the end of November and is composed of getting the *last* revision of my book completed, and packages put together to ship out to publishers and agents. This should have actually been done two weeks ago to give myself some breathing room, but I'm on the unbelievably, mind-numbing boring part of going through like, four separate manuscripts and finding *all* the grammar errors I made and then putting them all together for Revision 3c. Then printing, and packaging, along with a synopsis and author bio, and... I guess praying the editor reading it liked stuff like *American Psycho*, or isn't a priest. Or my mother, who I think I managed to offend as well...
- Anyway, point is, updates will be infrequent but will be there, and will pick up the in a week and a half.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 19, 2008, 05:57:08 pm**

Real Life always comes first. Good luck!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **November 19, 2008, 08:03:21 pm**

I've had bad experience's with HP laptops in general myself. Dad's one likes to randomly turn its self off and not turn on for thirty minutes (that was a lot of unsaved data lost when it was the only computer I could use) and we've probably sent it in 5 times in the past two years. Probably all for the same reason.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **November 20, 2008, 12:09:02 pm**

Quote from: Jools on November 19, 2008, 05:57:08 pm
Real Life always comes first.
lies.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 22, 2008, 12:45:03 am**

The events of the 28th of Opal, 1066

Yet another meeting Glacies had been kicked out of. Pushing over a cabinet on his way down to the workshops, the book keeper lamented over the situation he had been put in. This wasn't what he signed up for - he had great ideas, damn it. *excellent* ideas. And one threat to cut Aryn's throat, and he was thrown out on his ear by old Duke Bomrek, who was a hell of a lot stronger than he let on.

Sulking, Glacies stalked the halls of the workshops, pushing over carts or stuffing anything that looked valuable into his pocket. He paused, eyes lifting towards the end of the hallway where the alchemists lab set. Light flashed from under the door, bright streaks arcing out at random. Curiosity got the better of him, and he made his way over to Bertrand's Lab, pushing the door open.

Bertrand sat in the corner, his face lined with exhustion. Stacks of paper lined the counters beside him, and he was scribbling furiously in his notebook. Shaking his head, the philosopher said wearily, "Alright Akroma, flip the switch and remove the plant. Obviously higher life forms have issues. Try the bowler again."

Akroma pointed towards the door, frowning. "We've got a visitor, Bertrand."
"Hmm? Oh, so we do. Master Glacies, I apologize for missing the last meeting, I've just been so busy down here I lose track of time." "Screw the last meetings," Glacies snapped, "Aryn's a daft old bugger, dunnae' good idea when he hears it, he don't. The hell's all the blue crackles comin' from here, eh?"
"Sir?" Akroma looked to Bertrand, who nodded and closed his notebook, rising from his stool.

"We've managed to create life here, but it's slow going. There are so many conditions that must be met to allow plants to grow, and anything more than grass is... it just seems to be too much to these dead sands. So our efforts have been pushed to other ideas. Such as this, my lightning machine."

He limped over, and spread his arms wide at the tubes of swirling sand rising from the ground. Due to the dry air and the large amounts of wool, static had been built up to excessive levels in an upper chamber of the tubes. Glancing over, Glacies noticed a small lever by the wall, marked with a poorly written sign, "Pull for tests."

"And what does your lightening machine do?"
"Nothing. We, well, our hypothesis is that stimulating what small pieces that make up an object, they can be copied and recreated using the power of the Sands and the Electrical Conductor. Isntead, we get this... please stand back, book keep."

Glacies took a single step backwards, and Akroma hurried over to pull the lever. The machine sparked to life, electricity crackling between the tubes, before arcing down to catch the bowler they had placed between it. The hat jumped once, twice, and flopped over upside down, a small trail of smoke wafting up from the brim.

Shaking his head, Bertrand waved a hand and Akroma flipped the switch down, the electricity dying. "See? Look at that? Instead of a recreation of something as simple as a silly hat, we instead get it burnt through prolonged exposure. It's just... it's a total disaster, we'll probably need to scrap it. You can't win them all."
"Oy, ya' poor ol' chump," Glacies said, almost kindly. "I hate seein' old people screw things up. C'mon, head to the storerooms with me, I'll buy ya' both a round of wine."

As the trio left, a small figure appeared from out of the shadows. Waiting until they were gone, it darted inside, the door shutting behind. Soon the blue lights began to flicker once more, childish giggles flitting out into the hallway, along with extatic cries of, "Eee, Donkeys'll LOVE this! It TICKLES!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 22, 2008, 07:11:25 am**

Wow. That sounds like an incredible invention, something that would gain Bertrand real... Prestige, if he could only work out what it did. ;-D

I assume that hats are to become Migrursut's primary export for a short period?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **November 22, 2008, 07:17:15 am**

Arg! Jools beat me!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 22, 2008, 10:39:55 am**

The events of the 5th of Obsidian, 1066

"Hunnybunny, are you sure this is the proper stance?"
"Of course I am. I've been doing this much longer than you have, I'm quite sure I know what I'm doing."
"I was briefly a part of Maester Kuli's honor guard, lest you forget. We were practicing to defend the fortress!"
"Oh. I'll never forget that, don't you worry."

Kib stood beside the hastily constructed training dummy she had made up from sacks and straw, a bucket sitting on top for a makeshift head. Jools was drenched in sweat under his full plate - though Kib noticed he refused to give up that silly sword he found by his door. Shaking her head, she pointed to the dummy at the shoulder, then drew her finger down to the opposite hip.

"To use a sword, you need to know where to cut. For maximum effect, on lightly armored attackers, you attack from the shoulder to hip."
"And why do you do that? Wouldn't it be easier to just... put the pointy end in them?" Jools tried to prove his point by doing just that, though he began to struggle as the pointy end got stuck on the wood support pole. Eventually he yanked the sword free, a shower of straw rewarding his motion.

Kib closed her eyes and sighed, "Are you sure you want to do this, dear? Perhaps your talents would be best used elsewhere."
"No! After that incident with that snatcher, I... I can't imagine anything happening to our children. And it won't! Not under my watch!"

She looked down at their youngest strapped to her chest, his little face already covered in nicks and scratches, then back up at him, confused. Jools glanced down too, looking taken aback, "Wait, what's this now? I don't remember him."
"Oh, I gave birth when we were chasing that snatcher."
"You were pregnant?"
"Sure looks like it. Now quit stalling - back to your training."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 22, 2008, 11:23:45 am**

The events of the 10th of Obsidian, 1066

Grov hadn't been seen in weeks. That was just one of those little misfortunes that occurred out here in the wastes. There was the requisite amount of mourning, and then everyone moved on. Ineth Orsbarb, Mayor, found it was in her best interests if she just held her head down and avoided anything that could get her locked up a second time. That's why she'd started teaching the children - though her lack of knowledge was staggering, telling stories and morality fables certainly wasn't difficult.

"And you see, Grov chased that little raccoon all through the fortress, and out of the fortress, and down to Bertrand's Gardens. It was there that the raccoon smashed itself down really small and crawled into a crack in the stone. Grov, being the curious and ill-kept child, forced himself into the crack in the stone as well."

The children listened in rapt attention, and Ineth couldn't help but smile. She paused for maximum effect, and continued, "That raccoon turned out to be a demon! It turned to smoke and rushed past poor grov, sealing up the crack in the stone. He's been trapped there for weeks now, and will be forever... and that, children, is why you're to always be mindful of elders, and not go chasing things into the wastes."

"THERE'S NO RACCOON I'M RIGHT HERE!"
The children all turned to look at Grov, sitting in the back of the room. He was dusty, and wearing an old sand-covered bowler, but he was as happy and unaware as ever. Ineth gaped, stammering for a second, before saying, "That's, that's just great, Grov, go out and play now..."

Grov got to his feet and bounded from the room, laughing and flapping his arms, leaving Ineth to field the uproar in the classroom. Rounding the hallway, the child almost ran face first into Glacies, stopped only by the book keep swinging an arm out and nearly clotheslining him. Squinting, swaying on his feet from too much drink, he said hoarsly, "Aren't you dead, kid?"
"HAHA, NO!"

Reaching out, he gave a flick to the brim of Grov's new hat, his rings and bracelets jingling. "Where'd you steal this? Have you been breaking into Ber-urp, Bertrands lab?"
"NO! It was outside in the desert! There's a bunch of 'em!"
"...what?"
"Ya! Out in the desert! Kay, bye!"
"No! No, wait." Glacies rocked again, his eyes rolling, and corrected himself, "Okay, no, go, I'm gunna' be sick. Ya-... ya' want some sweets? Come show me later where those hats are, and I'll give you a whole barrel of sweet biscuits."
"Okay!" Grov said happily, rushing off. Glacies took a step, then thought better of it, slumping against the wall in the hallway to take his nap.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 22, 2008, 01:49:10 pm**

The events of the 17th of Obsidian, 1066

War'dunell left Eita's room still talking, giving a happy way to Zako. "She's all yours! Goodness, I'd been in there for so long, I nearly forgot to get lunch! Tah!"

Squeezing past her in the hallway, Zako gave a brief knock before slipping into Eita's room. He looked abashed, and quickly took his helmet off, holding it with both hands against his breast plate. "I'm sorry about not warning you. It slipped my mind with what Maggarg is putting us through. Sgt. Pepper has a... a really nasty disposition. He likes to break new recruits, the bastard."
"Yeah, now you tell me," Eita grumbled, wincing as she readjusted her broken arm in it's sling. "What's up with that Doctor? He came down here with a carving knife and a tenderizing hammer."
"Oh, Dojango! He's a great guy, but he's more a... chef then a doctor."
"Just wonderful..."
"Now now, I know you're mad, but he'll get you fixed right up. Take my leg for instance," Zako lifted his leg up, propping the boot on the foot of her bed, giving his steel knee brace a tap with his knuckles. "He rigged this up with Lucy's help. I can even run with the support; just great work."

Eita nodded, her eyes lifting up from the knee brace to the old, dented armor Zako wore. She lifted one eye, pointing to the worn sigil on the breastplate. "What's that?"
"Oh, this? Well, it seems I picked some wrong armor out of the store room. An Old Major we had here left it behind, and-" They both jumped as a cry tore through the fortress.

Kuli, Vash, and a sword-carrying Jools stormed down the steps towards the workshop levels. Kuli's face was taut with concentration, his maester's coat flapping behind him as he nearly ran. The book of Zefon was in one hand, a vial of water from the lake in front of the church in the other. Pounding down to the crafts workshop, he stepped aside as Jools kicked the door off it's hinges, Vash coming up beside them with a small wooden hatchcover.

Inside the room, the walls were covered in vomit and blood. Stoneworker Roughfloor stood on his tip toes near the back, his arms outstretched, seemingly held up by puppeteers strings. He held a scepter in his hand, his mouth slack, eyes rolled back in his head to display only the whites. As Maester Kuli stepped inside, Roughfloor's mouth snapped shut, lips curling into a wide mocking smile.

"*Kuullliiii*," he said, his words reverberated around the room, a trick of the stone making it sound as if he was speaking with multiple voices. "*You're such a problem. I would have hoped... you would have died long ago.*"

"Let me skewer him," Jools said eagerly. To demonstrate he thrust his sword forward twice. "I'll kill this demon." Kuli frowned at Jools, and held the book out in front of him like a shield. He shook the vial, splashing the water onto Roughfloor. "Back, fiend! Announce yourself, and release this Dwarf! You are NOT welcome in this place!"

Roughfloor shrank back, unearthly shrieks rising from his throat. "*You will be destroyed, you will be over run. I - Olsmo - will personally rip your head from your tender neck you annoying bug, and then I'll feast on the marrow in your bones*"

With a flash of light from Roughfloors eyes, and another spray of vomit, the Stoneworker collapsed to the ground in a heap. Kuli wiped his forehead with the back his sleeve, and Vash leaned over to ask, "Is he exorcised?" "Yes... he's fine now, he needs rest, and water." "What did he make?"

Kuli knelt down and picked the scepter up, looking it over. "A microline scepter, covered in ash, and spikes of... Rose Gold and Nickle Silver. It looks like there... yes, there are dwarves slaving away to make this fortress, and... there is a large bat on the top in dread camel bone. Looks like the handle is wrapped in Donkey Leather."

That evening, Jools had finally calmed down enough to be let out of his room. Vash still had a knot above his eye from when he had to wrestle his friend away from Maester Kuli, but they made up quickly enough over a few mugs of ale. Now if only they could get Kuli to speak to them...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **November 22, 2008, 03:02:59 pm**

War'dunell Dakostuzol *17th of Obsidian, 1066*

Eita had her arm broken by Sgt. Pepper during training - very impressive! What, am I supposed to pity her poor fortune of being in the way of his weapon? Whatever - what really interests me is that axe of Sgt. Pepper's. Wow. I wonder if he will ever stop being not dead and I could use it one day...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 22, 2008, 04:00:05 pm**

Quote from: CanadianWolverine on November 22, 2008, 03:02:59 pm

War'dunell Dakostuzol *17th of Obsidian, 1066*

Eita had her arm broken by Sgt. Pepper during training - very impressive! What, am I supposed to pity her poor fortune of being in the way of his weapon? Whatever - what really interests me is that axe of Sgt. Pepper's. Wow. I wonder if he will ever stop being not dead and I could use it one day...

Haha, War'Dunell cracks me right the hell up. This fortress is so damn weird <3

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 22, 2008, 08:32:47 pm**

Diary of Zako:

I just visited Eita in her sick bed, what with her having a broken arm and all and we talked a bit about things in the fortress. The undead among them. Nataurally, it was Sgt. Pepper that broke her arm in the first place.

Damn that monster... I will have to destroy it sooner or later, but I'm still not experienced enough in how to fight these menaces! Good thing is that I now think that I'm adequate in unarmed combat! Now I just need to get used to using a shield, armor and weapons and I'll be set!

Oh and by the way diary, Eita asked what the sigil on my armor meant and I was about to answer her but was interrupted by Kuli exercising another demonic possession. He is quite capable in combating them I think, perhaps I should chat to him about the fortress' wellbeing? And I should finsih my conversation with Eita too. Poor girl...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **November 22, 2008, 09:52:23 pm**

From the journal of Kuli Problemwalled,

Alas, my worst fears are realized. Mr. Roughfloor was possessed by a demonic presence earlier today. A presence that identified itself as Olsmo. I never truly believed that the Lord of Death was destroyed, though certainly I had hoped so.

Perhaps most disturbing about Olsmo's appearance is that the demon's hatred is being directed in a specific and personal way. The Lord of Death addressed me by name and personally threatened my life. Not only that, but the possessed Roughfloor's use of donkey leather in his foul masterwork seems almost like an intentional insult to Jools. I can't imagine what Jools could have done to gain the Lord of Death's attention. I will have to ask him if he has any idea once he has calmed down.

I wish I could say that this news means Migrursut is now in grave danger. The fact is, our home has been in grave danger since its founding. Evil seeps in the surrounding wastes, and Olsmo's evil in particular is strong here. This incident merely serves to remind us of that fact.

Action is needed. I allowed myself some complacency while there was still hope that the Lord of Death was gone, but no more. Yet, what action is necessary? I already know that a hasty, forceful action is doomed to failure. What Migrursut needs is some defense, some bulwark against the forces of evil. A bubble of glass and steel will keep out goblins and dread camels, but those are mere physical threats. The Lord of Death is formless, and no physical barrier can thwart him. What Migrursut needs is a shield, but a shield of virtue rather than glass, built on a foundation of faith instead of steel.

...I must be careful of my thoughts. Just now I allowed myself to consider the idea of aggressively converting all dwarves in Migrursut to the worship of Zefon, and purging those who resisted. Yet even if I thought that I could succeed in such an endeavor (and I highly doubt I could), I must remember that even Zoden Zefon was brought low by the Lord of Death despite being inhabited only by the most faithful of Zefon's children. I have no doubt that faith, morality, hope, and love can guard us from evil, but much depends on what form those virtues take. The dwarves of Zoden Zefon shunned their fellow dwarves and isolated themselves. We must not make the same mistake. Unity is needed. The children of Zefon must embrace their brother dwarves if we wish to live.

It sounds too grand to be true, and it probably is. Zefonist quarrels with Lenodite, faithful conflicts with the faithless, civilian distrusts the soldier, follower despises the leader. Such is the disunity in Migrursut. This is not a problem I know how to solve. I can pray to Zefon for guidance, but ultimately Zefon has put the responsibility of our lives in our own hands.

For now, I will warn anyone who will listen of Olsmo's resurgence. Every sermon I give will now be on this subject, and I will reach out even to non-believers at every opportunity. Unity is needed, but unlikely. Nonetheless I will try. May Zefon's love be with us all.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Makrond on November 22, 2008, 10:20:06 pm

Excerpt from the journals of Makrond, c. 1066

Hey, I found my journal! So much has been going on lately. Grov apparently disappeared into the walls, found a huge pile of hats, and reappeared again. I think there's something wrong with that boy. Maybe he got dropped on his head one too many times.

Someone called Eita got... her? I can never tell... arm broken by Sgt Pepper. Crazy undead.

Oh, and we had another possession. Kuli exorcised it, but he's been looking worried lately. He's been talking about Olsmo a lot lately; from what I can gather, Olsmo is a powerful demon indeed. Ākim protect our fortress and help us to emerge victorious in these difficult times.

Bertrand's been making something in his lab again. I sense complicated happenings in the future.

I hope that perhaps I can train some more, and be ready to protect this fortress, when the need arrives.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Eita on November 23, 2008, 12:23:02 am

A letter to Mother

The Captain was here. I'm sure of it now. I know you still thing that I'm a fool for going after him, but I have to do. Besides, he left me his hammer for a reason. It's saved my life more times then I care to count, I feel like I should at least thank him for that. Anyways, he certainly kept to his traditions. This time he left his breastplate. I found his shield up north, and one of his greaves in the Mountain-Home. He left another hammer and his old helm on a glacier down south. For a moment, I thought he was buried there, but with some digging I saw that it was someone else. The cold kept the man wonderfully preserved. Remarkably, he was fully clothed when I opened his grave, but I quickly fixed that. His armor served me well for a time. I left the Captain's helm and hammer covering the site.

Love, Eita

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Groveller on November 23, 2008, 03:34:48 am

Diary of Grov, in crayon, on a wall.

Scribbled on the wall is a poorly designed image of donkeys and hats by Grov. The donkeys are wearing the hats.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Jools on November 23, 2008, 06:25:51 am

From the journal of Jools Machinescalded, Recruit

The path of the warrior is not an easy one, it appears. Though it would be foolish of me to assume otherwise. Kib is showing the patience of a saint as she teaches me the basic forms, and how to strike a practice dummy, but I must admit to being all at sea. While I follow her instructions, I can't help but think that some of them don't make sense - like always striking with the edge of the sword, and never pushing the point into people (from a little further away, which makes it seem a little safer to me). Regardless, I shall follow her commands for now - once I am an experienced warrior, I may experiment on my own, but until I understand more about fighting I must do what others think it best for me to do.

Also I must note that we have been blessed with another little bundle of joy. Kib told me that while chasing one goblin snatcher to retrieve a child, she gave birth to another one. That's frankly rather impressive, giving birth while on the run, engaging in a fight and then carrying two children back to the fortress. Kib's brilliant. Hopefully, though, next time (and I don't doubt there will be a next time, in this blighted and frequently besieged fortress) I will around to assist her. Probably just by carrying a child while Kib chases goblins, but some day I should like to be considered capable of chasing goblins and saving children on my own.

That is likely to not be for a while, though - there is much I must learn. The way of the warrior is not all about learning to swing a sword right, and position a shield just so, to deflect it - one must know how and when to strike, and when to hold back. This was brought most to fore when Maester Kuli called for assistants to deal with a possession - Vash and I heard his call, and joined him as he rushed to the workshops to cast out the demon.

When we arrived, it appeared that Olsmo had once again possessed a worker, this time crafting some demonic scepter. I was all for combating this foul being immediately, heedless of the dwarf that would be harmed by my actions, but fortunately Kuli knew a better way - he forced the demon to name itself, and cast it out with the holy ritual of Zefon, as Vash held it back with a brandished wooden hatch cover. I should learn to control myself better, and be of more use in these situations, rather than thinking that all problems can be solved with a sword.

Only once the demon was gone did we examine the foul artifact it had left behind, and it was of such a monstrous nature, such a hellish creation of UNSPEAKABLE EVIL

<The writing at this point becomes overexcited and illegible for a while, unreadably so, the author apparently so furious that he fails to notice the misshapen letters, the words scored right through the page, and the section where he's somehow managed to use his own blood as ink by accident. The few words that can be made out are generally "EVIL", "DONKEY" and, most frequently found in the section written in blood, "REVENGE">

... I must control myself. What that fiend has done is done, and I can do no more about it. With the demon gone, there is no-one to strike down for this hideous crime. The Lord of Death probably wished to fill me with rage, for some reason unknown to me, and he has succeeded, but I shall not lash out and hurt others as he would wish. No. I cannot forgive this act, but I shall reserve this fury for when it serves *me* to use it. It shall lend strength to my arm as I swing my sword at a goblin, but remain quiet as I go about the fortress. It shall render me capable of withstanding the greatest blow in a fight, and retain the will to rise and continue to fight, yet I shall not be insensitive to other dwarves and their needs. It shall give me wings as I speed into battle, yet not make swifter my urge to punch that smug git Aryn.

Well, maybe not that last bit.

Anyway, this control is something I must learn as I train. I shall go and apologise to Kuli for my actions, and then return to the practice dummy, though Kib is resting now. The eye of the Lord of Death is upon me, and I must make myself stronger and faster to withstand

any challenges that I face. For I have not forgiven the harming of a donkey to create that accursed artifact, and I know exactly who did that. Olsmo. Something in my bones tells me that some day, he will come before me, and I must be ready for when that happens.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sparrow** on **November 23, 2008, 08:52:36 am**

A New Diary of Sparrow the Boltslinger
18 Obsidian 1066

Instead of finding the old one, I started the new one.

Many rumors circulating around this fortress lately.
Firstly, Sgt.Pepper injured another recruit. Eita, was it? Well yeah, Sarge broke her arm. Dojango should work on it. Them undead thinking they own this place. But still, I have to be careful. I am not strong enough to challenge them yet, and I don't want to lay in bed with a broken limb or two.
Secondly, Grov kid, who has been 'buried', is alive and well with a lot of hats to boot. When he was all that time no one will never know. Power of stupidity I guess.
And thirldly, Kuli exorcised the demon Olsmo from poor stonecrafter. Though in possesion, he made a artifact. It is of not bad quality with a few decorations and a donkey leather handle. Yes, donkey leather. You can guess what happened to zookeeper after he saw it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 23, 2008, 04:15:39 pm**

The events of the 23rd of Obsidian, 1066

The children gathered around Mayor Ineth on their little mats, their faces bright and eager for story time. She had a good one worked up this time, and she leaned forward in her seat, her voice lowering just a bit for ambiance.

"Once upon a time, Children, there was a child named Grov. Grov wouldn't listen to the warnings of his elders, and he did things no child should. He played in the weapon store rooms, and he played near the Leopard Pen, and he played at the cinnabar construction site, running underfoot of Captain Fillwhip-" The children all gasped, suitably horrified. Mayor Ineth smiled, and continued, "-something you should NEVER do. But Grov did one thing even worse than all of that. He liked to play on Sgt. Pepper's executioners plank.
"The haulers were doing there job very poorly, and instead of being careful they dumped rotten tallow all over the bridge instead of down into the magma. But that's a morality tale for another day. Grov, running as fast as he could to the bridge to play, slipped on the tallow and slid off the edge - laughing and waving his hands all, all, *all* the way down into the magma. Where he was burned alive.
"And that is the moral of todays story: Always listen to your elders, because you could die in a fire if you don't."

"YAaaay! THAT WAS A GREAT STORY!"

One of the children screamed, and another passed out, all eyes turning to look at the noticably un-burned Grov sitting on a mat at the back of the room, three bowlers stacked on his head. As Mayor Ineth gaped at him, he stood up and waved, shouting happily, "Kay, I'm gunna' leave now! Bye!"

Darting from the room, Grov was nearly clotheslined as he rounded the corner by a distraught Glacies. Behind him came the book keeps newest assisstant, Lugnut, who looked quite uncomfortably. Glacies scowled at Grov, wagging a finger in front of his face - pulling it back before it was bitten. "Whatt'er ya' doin', boyo? I told you to stay in that room! Don't you wanna help ol' Uncle Glacies entertain everyone in this damn fortress?"
"Uh huh, but it was booooring in there."
"How was it boring? You had Lugnut here to play with!"

"Glacies, man, like, I know you're paying me and all... but I can't babysit this kid *and* build this thing. Did you even look at the blueprints you gave me? Where did you get them?"
"From Bertrand's workshop, I don't care if they're hard to follow, just do it exactly like it says in the plans."
"You're making me an accomplice to theft."
"I'm makin' you a well fed accomplice t'theft. What was it you were doing again, before I started throwing money at you?"
"...Sitting in the mess hall and watching people eat, 'cause Aryn won't feed me if I can't pay."
"That's right. Now what, you want some more coin? I'll give you ten extra a day, but just *keep this kid locked up* until it's done. You got it?"
"Yeah, yeah, I got it... c'mon, Grov, let's go get a drink."
"Yaaay!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 23, 2008, 04:53:05 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1067

Everything is coming along according to plan. Writing that makes me quite nervous that I might jinx myself, but for once, really, for once, things seem to be going my way. Of course there are the requisite hurdles: there are the Dwarves that refuse to work, the deaths, the seiges, the merchants trying to con us, and of course the ever-popular current of dissatisfaction and uprising brought on by inhabitants too stupid to understand if it wasn't by my hand, they'd be living in a dank cave hunted by corpses, if they weren't already one themselves.

The last two layers of flooring still need to be dropped before Howard can begin his constructions, which is fine because there are quite a few units of ore and gem that need to be captured and cataloged. Glacies has been incredibly surly lately, and his work is slipping. Perhaps I'll suggest he take a nap, or stop wearing so much damned jewelery, I can hear him walking from a mile away with the way it clanks, it must weigh him down something terrible.

Today in the mess hall I saw something horrendous. Though reanimated, the reborn trio still eat our food and drink our wine; it must take a lot to keep the fires burning inside their rotted bodies. Sgt. Pepper and Valania eat in the mess, but Likot still holds to her tradition of eating consuming food she's prepared herself, and drink brewed in her room. That bitch Archin came into the mess too, but instead of sitting with the miners - or the growers - she came and sat down with Likot's crew. And began to hold Sgt. Pepper's large fist in her own, batting her eyes at him like some tarted up whore. The scene was enough to nearly make me vomit, what is wrong with her? I can only imagine this is yet another way she's trying to punish me. Perhaps an accident can be arranged now that her singular skill has become obsolete.

Stocks and Such:
Population: 140
Wealth: 3,585,414monies
Jail: Currently Empty
Unmet Mandates: Lay Pewter Items for the Duke's idiot wife. Doesn't she realize we have no lay pewter in this area? Kuli will most likely take the fall for this, which is fine by me.
Current Floor Plans: Updated (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-4010-oceanbled-oceanbled>)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 23, 2008, 05:16:47 pm**

Donkeys!

They're looking a bit cramped. Any chance we could spread them around the empty cages a little? In breeding pairs, naturally.

Also I like the tower for Dodik's. Is it, perchance, a windmill?

And Stravitch's spiky temple is looking good too. Somehow that just **has** to collapse around him at some point.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pwnzerfaust** on **November 23, 2008, 09:28:52 pm**

I'm afraid it needs more cowbell.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **November 24, 2008, 01:26:39 am**

Donkeybell?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 24, 2008, 06:23:55 am**

Jools would be tearing heads off if he heard that.

Wait, someone else is already doing that. Nevermind...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sukasa** on **November 24, 2008, 11:29:35 am**

Damn, gone for too long (stupid dns issues). Anyways, this is awesome, as always.

I couldn't help but laugh at the Ayn Rand reference a couple pages back, though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 24, 2008, 09:07:14 pm**

The events of the 11th of Granite, 1067

The hallway was filled with smoke, and pandemonium. Dwarves rushed up the stairs, or down them hauling buckets of water that went unused. Women fainted, men screamed, but over the cacaphony, one word could be heard loud and clear:
"FIIIIIRE!"



Smoke had started to flood into the hallway from Aryn's closed door, and no one was quite sure just what to do. Merkil rushed from the barracks with his great hammer and smashed the door with one blow, but the heat radiating from the room drove him backwards, shielding his face with a forearm. There were nervous whispers, though those were silenced as Aryn roared from the staircase, "What the hell is going on? My room! What the hell!"

"There was an explosion sir," Lucy said, "in your quarters, I heard it from the mess."
"My things! My room! My *BEAR!*"

Aryn's rage drove the dwarves back as much as the heat did. Even Major Merkil, battle hardened and broken hearted, averted his eyes from the red rage that seemed to be boiling out of their leader. Shoving a mason aside, the Nobel rushed headlong into the smoke to the gasps of those watching.

Minutes ticked past. Merkil shook his head, removing his helmet solemnly, but it was an action taken too soon. Through the smoke Aryn charged, coughing loudly, dragging his singed black bear by the chain it had been tied. The beast looked rattled, but unhurt, as did Aryn, his patchy blonde beard blackened and filled with soot. He pointed a trembling finger towards the opened door, shouting in near hysterics, "My room was full of damned booze barrels, it reeks of ale in there. Get in there and douse it you idiots! Put the fire out before it spreads!"

Rice, watching from the sidelines, stepped forward, concerned. "Who could have done this? This is monstrous."
"Who? You *all* know who. Terrorists! Dissenters! The worthless, the non-workers of our community!" He slammed a mostly-burnt sheet of parchment to Rice's chest. "This was left nailed on the broken door to my bedroom. I want his head! I want it on a plate, on my dinner table! The first one of you to bring it to me will get every single gold piece I own, on Lenod's fiery sword I swear this. Now where is that worthless Dungeon Master! I want my bear trained *NOW!*"

As Aryn stormed off, leaving a wake of quaking dwarves behind him, Rice slowly pulled the parchment from his chest and looked at the burned poster, the words "TELAMON BELIEVES IN A BETTER LIFE" painted hastily across the propaganda poster. He whistled tonelessly as the others crowded in to take a look.

In the distance, watching from the safety of the mess-hall entrance, Sgt. Pepper and Archin watched the scene unfold in silence, her hand held in his.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **November 25, 2008, 02:01:37 am**

Not Lewis Therin! D:
or am I getting a non-existant literature reference? =/

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **November 25, 2008, 03:03:28 am**

11th Granite
Rice's Journal

I'm quite shocked to say the least. I know that many people feel... *anger* towards Aryn, but to try and destroy his belongings is a step too far. Really, peaceful resistance was all they needed to do. The non-workers were already grating him, and over time they would have gotten their demands met. Not that I know what their demands are.

Who is Telamon, indeed. Whispers flow about this fortress almost as fast of the flames from Aryn's destroyed rooms. Though I bet he's glad that his furniture is of stone crafted from my own hands no doubt! Now then I should find out more about this Telamon fellow, what his goals are. He must be a real dwarf, but what does he want with us? Though our existence isn't prefect, we're carving out a fine life here, and imagine, not more then a decade ago this place was an empty wasteland. Now we a temple to Zefon, blessed be the goddess, and soon enough a temple to Lenod. All these things have been wrought from our sweat, and our souls. What does Telamon know of these works, what does he know of a better life?

They can only be fought for. They are earned through work, through ingenuity! And in this world there is little as ingenious as the dwarves of Oceanbled.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 25, 2008, 04:47:46 am**

Could be Lews Therin or could be the father of Ajax ([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ajax_\(mythology\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ajax_(mythology))) (chappy who made war on Troy and so on, good fighter, survived a fight with Hector and ended up going nuts and killing himself). That Telamon was allegedly a comrade of Hercules and a bit of a raider and rogue in his own right (raiding Troy before it was fashionable) so could be a candidate... though more as a warrior than a behind-the-scenes political figure.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **November 25, 2008, 11:13:16 am**

Hmmm...good point.
I need to read the illiad and odessey again. This time, reading an abridged (rather than trying to read the epic) might help ::)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **November 25, 2008, 11:17:42 am**

Telamon isn't an anagram or cypher of another dwarf's name, is it?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **November 25, 2008, 11:33:57 am**

Quote from: Glacies on November 25, 2008, 11:17:42 am

Telamon isn't an anagram or cypher of another dwarf's name, is it?

no, its a veiled reference

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **November 25, 2008, 06:40:22 pm**

I'm guessing you guys didn't read the spoilers a few pages back....

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 25, 2008, 07:04:51 pm**

The events of the 22nd of Granite, 1067

The doors to the temple of Zefon crashed open, sending a cry of shock through the gathered crowd. Stravitch stood in the center, a massive, broad shouldered silhouette - only discernible by the heavy mace he let dangle from his left fist. He was flanked by two of his guards. The one on the right - obviously Vatek, hung towards the back, his head lowered, his gaze averted. Beside him stood one of the newer member to his entourage, Guardsman Frostmirrors.

Stravitch took too steps into the room, his boots ringing on the floor. Clearing his throat, he pointed his mace at the Maester, his voice booming through the room, "Heretic Problemwalled. The Duke's wife has placed you under arrest for an unmet mandate. You've earned yourself a hundred twenty days in the dark cells."

Kuli sighed, and shook his head, "The lay pewter crafts? Will she never learn..."

"Of course she's learned. She's learned the best way to keep the rabble from rising is to lock them up. Frostmirrors, fetch the prisoner."

Frostmirrors bounded towards the dais, but Kuli shrugged out of her grasp, his near-legendary cool breaking for just a second as he snapped, "I know where my cell is, Guardsman. I've spent enough time, thank you."

He walked past Stravitch without a second glance, and Vatek fell in beside him looking morose. "I'm sorry about all of this," Vatek murmured, "I tried to hide the orders, I really did, but Stravitch rooted them out of the trash then chased down the farmer he thought did it."

"It's alright, I appreciate your effort. I've spent nearly as much time in the cells as out of them. Please ask Vash to handle the congregation until I return."

Vatek almost responded, but he felt a tap on the back of his head and tensed up. Stravitch moved beside him, his eyes narrowing, and murmured, "As soon as you deliver this prisoner..."

"Yes sir, straight back to the construction site, sir."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 25, 2008, 07:36:15 pm**

The events of the 26th of Granite, 1067

"Are you sure this is going to work?"

"Yes it is," Glacies hissed at Lugnut, giving him a little push. "Just don't screw your part up! You know which levers to pull?"

"I always know which ones to pull," Lugnut said, offended.

"Good, then just... do it like we practiced with the plump helmets."
"Oh god..." The mechanic said, covering his eyes. "You're insane, you know that?"
"And you're going to be out of work soon if you don't shut up and just pull the damn levers!" Glacies shrieked. Pushing hair out of his eyes with both hands, he took a deep breath and said, "Okay, good, get ready."

A curtain had been set up in front of one alcove in the library, and Glacies bounded out of it, his arms raised high. He was dressed in a gaudy purple and gold-trimmed suit, a large floppy hat on his head. He still wore all his jewelery though, and it slowed his movements down some as he jangled and clanked.

"Laaadies, and Gentlemen! You've paid your entrance fee, and you're here for the *good stuff*. Ya' may not know this about me, but I'm the embodiment of the greatest magacian that e'er lived, Magician Asoblensham! And I've been waiting for the best time to unveil the greatest, and most dangerous of tricks. Lights!"

Lights came slowly as Lugnut had to run out and set a few torches around a small hole escavated in the floor by the back. From inside, a little hand lifted and waved, and Grov shouted out, "Hiii! I'm in the floor now!" Swinging above him was a heavy block of stone swinging from it's netting.

"Now watch, an' be amazed, as our precious young assistant will be smashed alive by a half tonne of stone. Except... he won't! He'll appear unharmed across yon room - now hold your breaths, and women with weak constitutions, avert ya'r eyes."

Dropping his hand, the rope was released from behind the curtain, the stone crashing down into the pit. There was a wet crunching sound, and a spray of red from the edges. At the same time, a flash of smoke appeared... and the curtain rustled, Grov getting hastily shoved out in front of the nauseous crowd. There was a smattering of applause, which grew in preportion as they saw the child waving and laughing from the side.

At Duke Bomrek's loud announcement of, "Well, since Aryn's upstairs tending to the elven Merchants, I suppose I *should* go tell Diplomat Deerowl about my newest plan for a tree farm," the crowd began to disperse, followed out by Glacies cries of, "tell your friends! The Great Asoblensham will amaze anyone who has coin with his death-defying arts!"

A half hour later, with the library empty, Glacies turned to Lugnut with a grin. "Hundred coins, for what, fifteen minutes of work? Excellent, that's what we call that back home ya' sour bastard! Excellent! Now, would ya' lift that stone back up and scrape out Grov Three? I don't want anyone findin' him there. C'mon kid, you earned yourself some sweet treats from Dojango's storeroom."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **November 25, 2008, 07:52:01 pm**

My god, it's full of Grovs!

Of course, I'm ignoring the fact that 'Glacies' is technically murdering poor, innocent children for people's entertainment.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **November 25, 2008, 10:35:02 pm**

This is religious persecution!

Damn you, Stravitch! Damn you, Aryn! Damn you, Dutchess Whatever Her Name Is! At times like this, I wish Zefonists believed in a hell, so I could tell you all to go there!

(Not in character, obviously.)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **November 26, 2008, 01:21:57 am**

Is it sad that, after reading the last entry, I first thought Grov was tele-fragging himself? (a-la Quake 3 Arena comes to the forefront of my mind)

Also: Awesome :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **November 26, 2008, 02:18:46 am**

OOC: I think it is actually a bit of a homage to The Prestige (<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0482571/>), which was a thought I had also when reading about the experiments, reminded me of scenes when the one rival magician visits a real magician: Tesla.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **November 26, 2008, 02:58:34 am**

One of these days I want to see someone lock Stravitch in a 1x1 room and keep him there for a while.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **November 26, 2008, 03:41:51 am**

Diary of Grov(s?), in crayon, on a wall.

Scribbled on the wall is a confusingly designed image of Grov and Grovs by Grov, or possibly Grovs. Grov is surrounded by the Grovs.

OOC:

Well, there has been mention of Migrursut being haunted by a ghost Grov. Now it can be *infested* with ghost Grovs!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 26, 2008, 05:03:32 am**

(OOC)

Something tells me that signing up for the military was almost a wasted effort - at this point, all we need to do is keep using the machine, and dispatch a Grov swarm to jump up and down on whatever foe comes - super-goblins, dragons, hydra, none can possibly face an infinite swarm of Grovs.

Still, I shall keep on with the training, if only so that one day, some follower of the Light of Zefon is there to counteract the... excesses of Stravitch FillWhip.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pwnzerfaust** on **November 26, 2008, 05:16:45 am**

This thread is similar to McDonalds in that I am loving it.

No more immigrants yet?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jusal** on **November 26, 2008, 05:23:27 am**

Just finished reading this from the start. Being a story of such epic proportions, it took about a week to get this far.

That said, keep up the great job! I can't wait for the next entry.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **November 26, 2008, 08:35:54 am**

Don't hate the law! I'm hear to protect you >.> <.< Yeah that's it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 26, 2008, 08:49:25 am**

I think the best thing about you guys, is I'm writing up that last entry. I'd been planning it for a couple days, and I get it all out of my head and onto paper and before I hit send, I think, "This could actually offend someone."

Then I think, "This is the Dwarf Fortress Forum, where it's in vogue to describe slaughtering kittens for hats, and think vomiting, screaming, tantruming balls of muscle and hair ripping the heads off babies and beating their mothers to death with them is the height of humor. Then I pressed send!

Pwnzerfaust: No migrants came at all during the winter months. With the pop cap so high, even Jools and Kib can't pop out enough kids to meet it. We should hopefully be getting more meat at the end of the spring.

Kuli: I don't even have to think anymore. If I see a mandate for Lay Pewter, I know in 6 game months you'll be back in prison. Without fail. The only other blacksmith that took a wound was Thob, and he still isn't right, the poor collapsed-lung bastard. He's not even Makrond-Lucky, who built up so many levels of toughness he powers through any bits of one-lunged asthma he might have.

Lastly, for those of you that want a way to cause more destruction and mayhem in your fortress (possibly to elves??), our own story mainstay Xofrevlis posted a thread in general discussion about a very peculiar mystery (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=27752.0>). I won't spoil it, but let me just say, I think you'll all find ways to abuse this for the lulz. I know I will!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **November 26, 2008, 03:45:47 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on November 26, 2008, 08:49:25 am

Lastly, for those of you that want a way to cause more destruction and mayhem in your fortress (possibly to elves??), our own story mainstay Xofrevlis posted a thread in general discussion about a very peculiar mystery (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=27752.0>). I won't spoil it, but let me just say, I think you'll all find ways to abuse this for the lulz. I know I will!

Funny you should mention that, I'm waiting for the next human caravan right now. Hopefully I'll be able to record exactly what's happening. Good thing I started this fortress with the intent of lighting traders on fire anyways (hence the secondary entrance that is currently submerged in molten rock). However, being down to 26 dwarves and being declared a death trap -due to me leaving a back door open during a goblin siege rather than something interesting unfortunately- leaves doing actual work while I wait a bit tedious.

I wish I had something else to contribute besides yet another "good work, awesome story", but I seem to have gotten into a drawing slump. I'm sure something will get me out of it, but for now I have other stuff I've been procrastinating on anyways. :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 26, 2008, 05:45:39 pm**

Quote from: Xofrevlis on November 26, 2008, 03:45:47 pm

I wish I had something else to contribute besides yet another "good work, awesome story", but I seem to have gotten into a drawing slump. I'm sure something will get me out of it, but for now I have other stuff I've been procrastinating on anyways. :D

I was actually wondering why there hadn't been more updates lately (heh, yeah, I check your deviantart account a lot). I know completely about the whole Artistic Slump. It takes a LOT of energy to just slog forward.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 26, 2008, 07:49:28 pm**

The events of the 8th of Slate, 1067

"Oh, Lenod save me, they're everywhere," moaned Mosus Sacktwinkled, her face and armor covered in sticky black blood and chunks of meat. Hammerer Rackreleased growled and gave her a hard cuff upside the head and said, "Just keep swinging you sissy! Don't let them get through the damn gates!"

The hammerer squad had been attacking the horde of dread camels for a half hour. Even Kib, with all her grit and brawn, was swinging her hammer a little bit slower, a little bit more clumsily. Occasionally there would be a hollow laugh from on the walls, and a single bolt would fly from the tower, catching a camel in the head to bring it clattering to the ground, it's evil magic bond broken.

"Damned undead," Rackreleased complained, "She's toying with us."
"There's an end, sir!" Sacktwinkled cried, nearly overcome with emotion. Kib let loose a fell roar and charged, smashing one hard enough it collided with a second, both of them exploding into dust. The remaining half dozen, were quickly dispatched, and Rackreleased grinned, soaking in the cheers that came from inside the fortress. *If only Sulari would actually fight* he thought morosely, [/i]she's become broken since Snake... that's the last thing this fortress needed.[/i]

It was only as his squadmates limped towards the gates, and the praise behind them, that Rackreleased noticed he was missing one.

"Where's Jools," he asked, his voice low.
"Jools?" Kib Blinked, scratching her back with the edge of her warhammer. "He's right - wait? Where is he? Hunny?"
"Oh!" Keldor said amiably from the sidelines, "I saw some of those evil beasts down by the magma vent. I pointed them out, and he charged on down after them."
"Oh good lord, no!"

Rackreleased and Kib, as tired as they were, sprinted past Sacktwinkled hitting the stairs at full speed. Kib was breathing hard as she

dropped floor after floor, the wind knocked out of her as she hit hard on both feet at the bottom. Scanning the area hurriedly, she saw a Dwarf standing by the wall. Surrounded by the corpses of three camels.

"Did- ...did you do THIS?" Kib stammered.

"Oh!" Jools turned, looking confused, but he smiled wide. He pointed at one of the camels with his sword. "They were down here, and I didn't want you all to be bothered, I know you were busy. So, uh, I came down here and killed them, I think."

"You killed three by yourself... my gosh, my little man is growing up so fast!"

"I feel so... so *strong*," Jools said, looking down at his hands, and his sword. "Like I... could punch through a fuckin' *wall*! I never knew it would be like *this*!"

"Uhh, yeah. Okay, come on dear," Kib said soothingly, "After battle, we go to the mess and drink a lot as a reward."

"This is **power**!"

"Yes dear, now come along and be quiet. You're arm candy, remember?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **November 27, 2008, 12:33:57 am**

He he he at Jools.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 27, 2008, 01:32:57 am**

Heh, Jools is arm-candy. Nice.

Does that mean that he is delectable?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pwnzerfaust** on **November 27, 2008, 04:55:39 am**

At the risk of sounding like a total noob (and showing my colors as such), can someone give a list of the months in order from first to last? Just so I know what time of year it is without having to take time to figure it out.

Thanks.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **November 27, 2008, 05:11:57 am**

Quote

"Oh, Lenod save me, they're everywhere," moaned Mosus Sacktwinkled

At this point, I was sure this post would be about me. Oh, and:

Hematite, Malachite, Galena are summer.
Limestone, Sandstone, Timber are autumn.
Moonstone, Opal, Obsidian are winter.
Granite, Slate, and Felsite are spring.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jusal** on **November 27, 2008, 05:29:49 am**

I'm not sure how I managed to miss Groveler's post there. Duh.

Anyway here (<http://www.dwarffortresswiki.net/index.php/Calendar>) is the wiki page on the dwarven calendar for future reference.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 27, 2008, 06:31:42 am**

OOC: Pissing myself laughing. Arm candy? Arf. But hooray for getting on the scoreboard!

Oh yeah, and I'm tempted to suggest that, to reflect the dangers and experience of being Kib's husband, and the achievement of having such a large family despite this, I ought to have a free point or two in wrestling... ;-P

From the diary of Jools Machinescalded

I never expected that I would be in combat so soon. From what I've seen, many other recruits (such as Merkil) can go many months and become greatly skilled before ever going in to a real fight, but I was summoned with the rest of Rackreleased's squad to fight off a horde of Dread Camels.

Brusquely ordered to stay at the back and avoid anything that looked slightly dangerous, I was effectively shielded from battle as my squadmates (how new that term is to me) tirelessly fought against wave after wave of the undead beasts. There was little I could see that I could do to be helpful, without getting in the way of the more experienced warriors (especially Kib - I've learned to stay beyond arm-and-weapon's reach when she's got that look in her eyes). However, as the battle was approaching its end, Keldor spotted a small group of camels that had broken off from the main group and were approaching the magma vent. My squadmates were all rather busy at that point, desperately smashing the last group of camels into the desert sand (or indeed into each other - there seems to be some sort of game where you get "points" for doing this, but I haven't worked it out yet).

Anyway, I decided that in the tactical sense, it would be best to consider myself as a strategic reserve, and commit myself to fighting the small group of camels so that they would not get into the fortress and cause havoc there. My squadmates were already desperately fighting to prevent the main assault from achieving this, and I was determined not to allow their efforts to fail because they were unaware of this threat. Also I was mildly annoyed at being kept out of the fight, and I wanted to hit something.

I dashed off towards the vent, my departure unnoticed by my squadmates, and leapt down the stairs towards my foes. They spotted me as soon as I sighted them, and I charged towards them with a great battle-cry of "DOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNKEEEEEEEYYYYYYYSSSSSS!"

The first camel was a little quicker than the others, and I got to fight with it a little before the others got to me. They're certainly tough creatures - I've got quite a bit of respect for the way Kib and the others were smashing them about and killing them in a single blow. I had to make do with hacking them about a bit and doing what damage I could, before finally the first one went down and I could start fighting the others, rather than just dodging and avoiding them.

However, as I fought, I started getting into the swing of things, learning how to swing the sword so all the force went into the camel rather than just in waving a sword around, and by the end of the fight I was feeling quite a bit stronger as I managed to chop bits off the camels rather than just cut into them.

Regardless, I've survived my first fight and learned a fair bit. Hopefully this is just the first of many in a glorious military career!

P.S. Kib thinks I'm arm candy. Awwww. Isn't she sweet sometimes? As well as being ferocious...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **November 27, 2008, 09:11:02 am**

Jools, what would happen if Migrursut were set upon by zombie donkeys?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **November 27, 2008, 10:13:12 am**

Finally gotten back to Dwarf Fortress.... (finally got my damned laptop back). And once again I have atleast some time to read the wonderfull stories that this great game manages to spew out (with a massive amount of help from Heavy Flak ofcourse. ;))

I'd just like to say that I loved reading trough the storyline between Merkil and the General... shame about the "incident" with Dwarf Companion and sexes though.... I guess you could interpete it as Merkil being devoted to the way of the hammer, and not being interested in other pleasures....

Would it be too mutch to request a screenshot of Merkil's stats/personality and kills?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **November 27, 2008, 11:38:36 am**

Quote from: Groveller on November 27, 2008, 09:11:02 am

Jools, what would happen if Migrursut were set upon by zombie donkeys?

Two donkey zoos...or he would hug them so hard, they would snap in half. :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 27, 2008, 12:03:53 pm**

Zombie donkeys would be kept in a separate pen, and Bertrand would be repeatedly pestered for a cure.

Or I might try and give them a decent burial, in the hope that they would be reborn in the light of Zefon, pausing occasionally to smack them with a shovel and ensure they stayed in the graves.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 27, 2008, 03:00:49 pm**

IronValley: Sometime today (probably tonight after I finish making my Deep Fried Thanksgiving! (HELLZ YEAH!)) I'll get all that stuff posted for you. I agree completely about your take on Merkil's "love" for DayCovering. This has taught me that there are some things even I shouldn't mess with, and in the future, all Dwarf genders are going to stay set in stone. Here's something funny I found out while getting map information for Xofrevlis - if you change a Dwarf's name and gender in-game, then look at him in the legends section, his name will be 'A Nick Name', and it will show his real gender.

So, using this, Aryn's *actually* a girl. That just makes my head hurt. Does explain all the dresses he wears in private, though...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **November 27, 2008, 04:39:58 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on November 27, 2008, 03:00:49 pm

IronValley: Sometime today (probably tonight after I finish making my Deep Fried Thanksgiving! (HELLZ YEAH!)) I'll get all that stuff posted for you. I agree completely about your take on Merkil's "love" for DayCovering. This has taught me that there are some things even I shouldn't mess with, and in the future, all Dwarf genders are going to stay set in stone. Here's something funny I found out while getting map information for Xofrevlis - if you change a Dwarf's name and gender in-game, then look at him in the legends section, his name will be 'A Nick Name', and it will show his real gender.

So, using this, Aryn's *actually* a girl. That just makes my head hurt. Does explain all the dresses he wears in private, though...

I imagine masterpeice dresses made by Dwarven artisans must be quite comfortable.... alternatly you could consider it to be something like this

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 27, 2008, 09:27:46 pm**

IronValley: Here's the requested info on Merkil. Ignore the "romantically involved" part :D

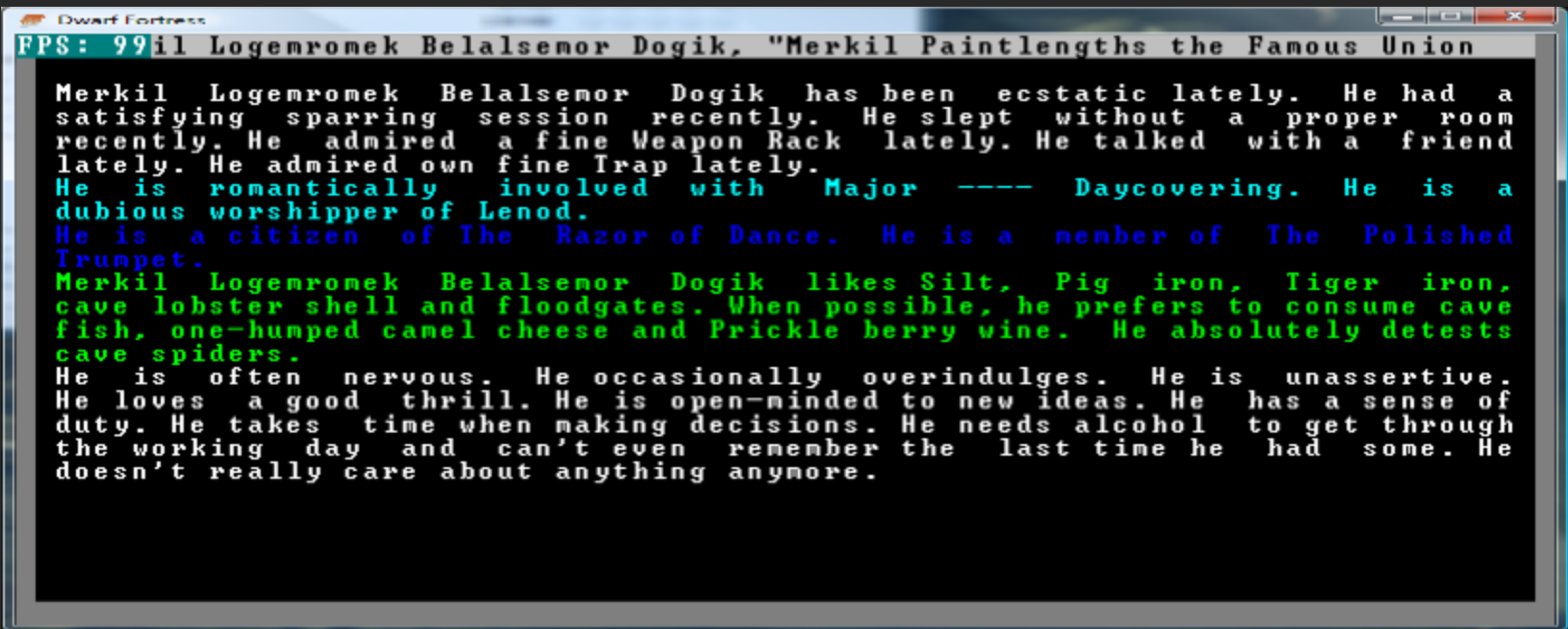
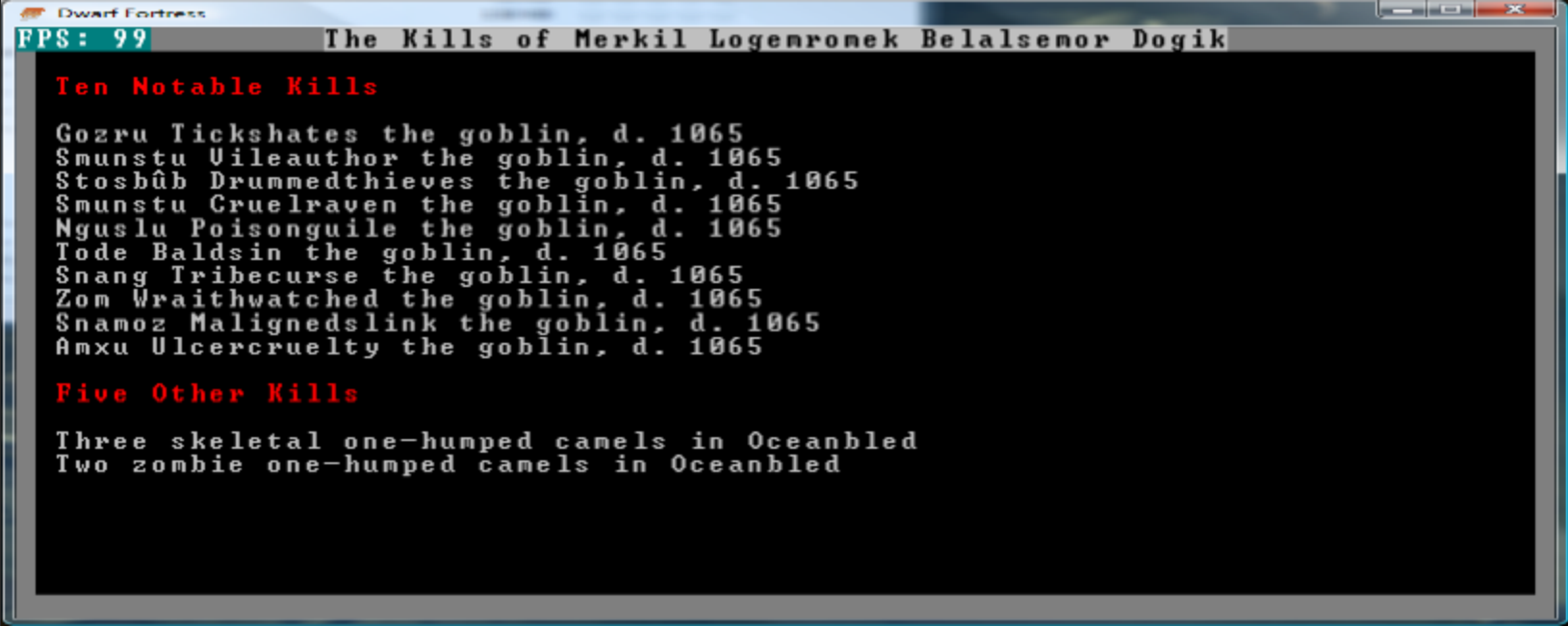
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Sparring in Barracks
Ultra-Mighty
Perfectly Agile
Superdwarvenly Tough
Legendary Hammerdwarf
Flatterer
Pacifier
Comedian
Judge of Intent
Intimidator
Negotiator
Consoler
Conversationalist
Dabbling Grower
Adept Pump Operator
Legendary Armor User
Legendary Shield User
Adept Wrestler

g:Gen i:Inv p:Pref w:Wnd
Space: Done



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 27, 2008, 10:16:51 pm**

Can you post info on Zako? Please? I'm curious to how his training is going.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 27, 2008, 11:23:43 pm**

The events of the 15th of Slate, 1067

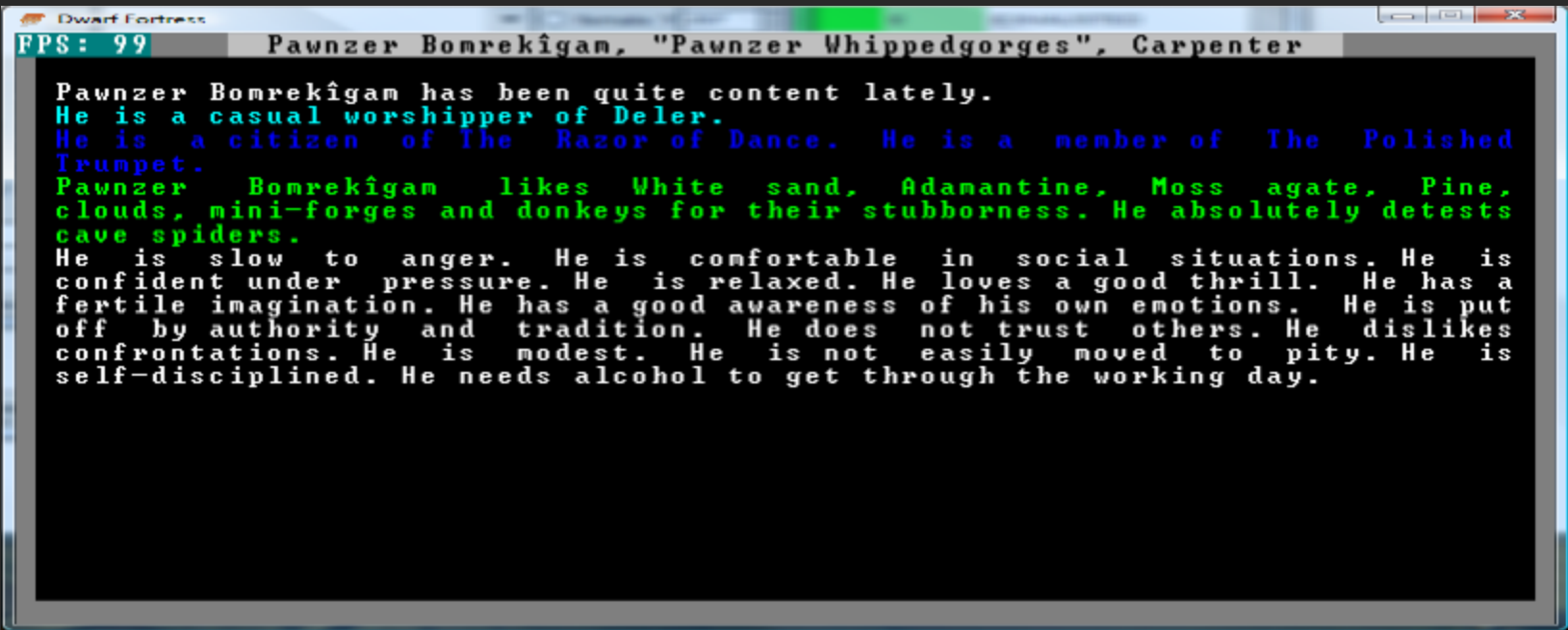
Six figures trudged wearily to the fortress from the access path to the south. They were coated in dust, dehydrated to the point where they no longer sweat. One of the peasants nearly fainted, but he was hauled into a fireman's carry by the single guard traveling with them, a lean speardwarf, her face a mask of determination.

As they mounted the the ramp to the front of the fortress, they were greeted by three large iron bins, fires roaring inside them. A massive dwarf, his long gray beard hanging down below his belt stood in front of the southern bridge, blocked the path with arms outstretched. A large spiked helm half covered his face, but the cheshire grin he sported could be seen easily by all.

"FREEESH MEAT! WELCOME TO HELL! HA HA HA!" The figure boomed. A large mace crashed into the road, sending up a shower of pebbles and dust. "STEP UP, ALL OF YOU, STEP UP AND RECEIVE YOUR PUNISHMENTS!"

A smaller dwarf rushed in from the side. His armor was dented and he looked harried, his face long and worn. He leaned in and whispered something into the area of the graybeard, then ducked as the mace swung past his head to crack the wall. "What the hell, Vatek! Why do I keep letting you guard my site if you're going to run to me with every pissy little problem that comes our way! MOVE, I'll handle it!"

Soon, it was only Vatek standing in front of the bridge. He gave an apologetic shrug to the group of migrants. "Just, uhh, ignore The Captain. He was in one of his moods this morning when he woke up from his After Breakfast nap, and..." Vatek just sighed. "Anyway. Come on in, you can meet down in the mess. We'll bring water, and ale, and food... and, like I said. Just ignore The Captain? Or... better, stay away from him. Yes. Do *that*."





OOC: Jotwebe, you're the last on my list. The reason you're not in this group is because of the request to be a worshipper of Neth Okin Shagog - everyone either dug Lenod or Delar. this round (No Zefonists either Kuli). There were a couple peasants, and... maybe a thresher I could give you as a character, but if you want to wait that's cool too.

Flintus, to get you in your character's a chick. Sorry!

Zako, I'll get your skills posted here in a bit, but your kill log is hidden for the moment, for you know, story reasons. And stuff!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **November 27, 2008, 11:32:36 pm**

I'll nab that peasant mentioned if there's no objections. Named Wilber, macedwarf is preferred but anything you need done actually, go ahead and assign him/her. It'd be interesting for my dwarf to be involved with Flintus' person (assuming Sarek is Flintus' creation).

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pwnzerfaust** on **November 28, 2008, 12:51:10 am**

Haha awesome, my guy likes donkeys.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 28, 2008, 03:48:58 am**

Welcome to the new migrants! Especially those of them who like donkeys.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **November 28, 2008, 04:05:36 am**

Quote
Flintus, to get you in your character's a chick. Sorry!
Lol no prob Flak I am too excited to finally be a part of this to care about gender :D And plus the personality works for a girl anyways. Ty and keep up the good work

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **November 28, 2008, 01:16:35 pm**

When the book-keeper comes back, head is going to roll. And possibly bounce.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 28, 2008, 02:29:56 pm**

The events of the 24th of Slate, 1067

The training room had become a bit of a hazard. Not because of Sgt. Pepper - as of late, the ghoul had been banned from the barracks. He had been making eyes towards the newly hired Eita, and eventually was blindsided by Sgt. Towersacks, Merkil, and Varen, plowing him over before tossing him into the hallway.

But with the influx of soldiers in the fortress, Merkil found himself standing admist a sea of bodies, scratching his head in confusion. The noise, the clanking of metal and wood and stone, was near deafening. *Geeze, I'm going to need to talk to that ass Aryn about expanding a training area, this is getting absurd*

There was a tug on Merkil's sleeve, his train of thought broken. He turned to look at one of the new recruits, the Speardwarf Sarek. She smiled, and gave a little wave. "Hi, uhh, I'm sorry to bother you sir, but one of the peasants that came with us is tired of his hauling duties."

"Tired of his hauling duties?" Merkil looked nonplussed. "He's been here a week, maybe."

"You can get sick of it *real* fast." said the peasant. "I was tasked with throwing goblin socks in the lava. *booooring!* I'm here to help out on defense!"

"Ugh. Fine," Merkil said begrudgingly. "Take him to the storeroom, and grab one of the left over maces, and... try to find an empty corner to practice in, I guess."



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **November 28, 2008, 04:11:13 pm**

My guy seems to have the material preferences required to make the most god awful eye-killer of an artifact.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 28, 2008, 08:11:01 pm**

Quote from: sonerohi on November 28, 2008, 04:11:13 pm

My guy seems to have the material preferences required to make the most god awful eye-killer of an artifact.

Quote

Araludos, "Ladiesman", an Oak bed

This is a Oak bed. All craftsdwarfship is of the highest quality. It is decorated with lead. This object is encrusted with Star sapphires, studded in lead, and decorated with sheets of Leopard Print. It is adorned with Green Glass affixed to the ceiling above the bed. On the item is an image of a Dwarf and Dogs in Silver. The Dwarf is embracing the Dogs. On the item is an image of a Erith Othsindoren and a bed in Ivory. The artwork relates to the pornographer Erith Othsindoren looking at the bed approvingly.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 28, 2008, 08:34:25 pm**

Wheres the stats for Zako? Too much stuff to do?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 28, 2008, 08:52:54 pm**

Quote from: Zako on November 28, 2008, 08:34:25 pm

Wheres the stats for Zako? Too much stuff to do?

BAM!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



I'm just like Emeril!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pwnzerfaust** on **November 28, 2008, 11:08:13 pm**

Sorry if I missed it, but what's my guy's profession?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 28, 2008, 11:30:43 pm**

The events of the 9th of Felsite, 1067

Small groups of happy, chatting dwarves left the Temple of Zefon, prepared to either head to work or head to the mess for a large, late breakfast. Vash began, and ended, every sermon with a prayer for the safety of their leader Kuli, and made sure to keep the sessions upbeat and uplifting.

Last out of the church, Vash locked the front doors and sighed, feeling as if the weight of the world was pressing down on his shoulders. As he turned to walk across the bridge, he spotted his old friend Jool's leaning against one of the posts in full plate, waving. Smiling slightly, Vash offered a wave of his own, heading over to his friends side.

"Haven't seen much of you lately," Vash said, "You must be busy."
"Yeah, well, you know how it goes... I make sure to come to ever sermon though."
"Really?"
"Of course," Jools said. "I wouldn't miss them. I also make sure to take Maester Kuli his daily meals, to keep his spirits up. Or Vatek does it if I can't... he seems like a good egg, despite being in the Guard."

The pair of friends stood in silence, watching the water in the lake. With a sigh, Vash turned to Jools and asked, "Do you think this place would be better without Captain Fillwhip?"
"...what?" Jools blinked, turning to look at Vash.
"Do you think our home would be... better off without Stravitch around."

Jools thought about this for a few minutes in silence. Eventually, he spoke, "I don't know, probably not. I know he has differences with us, but he does keep this fortress... well, safe from things that aren't him."
"You didn't say that in the past..." Vash said quietly, "you were all for a Stravitch-Free fortress."
"...Yeah. I know. But you have to look at the things he does. What do merchants fear? Stravitch's wrath. What do the goblins fear? Running across The Captain in the battlefield, even more than they do Sulari and Merkil. Who has first dibs on meals? Stravitch. I heard this story about a team of Goblin Commandos that snuck into Dodik's while the Captain was in there. That's why they shut it down, because they needed to set up a series of pumps to get all the blood out of there.
"I know he's hard on us Zefonists, and especially on Maester Kuli... but the Maester seems to take it in stride. They've never hurt him, and the Hammerer seems to be a believer of Honest Justice. While I think he needs to be brought down a peg, and I wish, perhaps, Johnny was still around to keep him in check, I think... perhaps Stravitch is a necessity for our safety."

Vash gave a little nod, and a weak smile. "You're... probably right. I'm sorry, I've just been feeling out of order as of late. Things happen so fast around her."
"They sure do," Jools said. He reached over, giving Vash a light clap on the shoulder. "I have to get back to training, or Kib will beat me with a stick for being late. Maybe I'll see you in the mess soon."
"Yeah, sure, I'd like that."

Vash waited until Jools had left, just watching the slow ripples running in the pond. Slowly he reached into his jacket, pulled a small, folded sheet of paper from the inside pocket. Unfolding it, he frowned at the words on the sheet.

Quote
You bought a life with steel. The Captain's time will come, but first there is preperation. Payment cannot be withdrawn. Be happy with the choices you have made.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **November 29, 2008, 12:00:48 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on November 28, 2008, 11:30:43 pm
I have to get back to training, or Kib will beat me with a stick for being late.

Kinky.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 29, 2008, 01:16:16 am**

Time for Zako to train in crossbow usage! Nice to see that he is quite safe with armor and shield as well as hand to hand combat.

Could be handy if undead things get too close...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Lucid_Archon** on **November 29, 2008, 02:55:43 am**

Just ran across a deity named 'Zefon *something* Lenod' , and couldn't help but think of what such a monstrosity would look like...
shudder

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 29, 2008, 07:50:25 am**

Quote from: Eita on November 29, 2008, 12:00:48 am
Quote from: Heavy Flak on November 28, 2008, 11:30:43 pm
I have to get back to training, or Kib will beat me with a stick for being late.
Kinky.

Not actually that kinky when you're in full plate. More... musical.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **November 29, 2008, 08:04:34 am**

For some reason I remembered it being Jools who made those wishes, not Vash. That made the last update a little confusing. At least now I have been corrected.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 29, 2008, 08:17:02 am**

Oh it was definitely not me wishing for iron statues, a giant leopard, and the death of Stravitch FillWhip. Had I been granted wishes, there would (rather predictably) just be more donkeys.

And maybe something nice for Kib.

And possibly the collapse of Stravitch's temple to Lenod (without actually harming anyone).

But **definitely** more donkeys.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pwnzerfaust** on **November 29, 2008, 08:42:57 am**

As an aside, and countless apologies if I somehow failed to notice that which was plainly stated, but what, pray tell, is my profession?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **November 29, 2008, 09:48:59 am**

Quote from: Jools on November 29, 2008, 08:17:02 am
Oh it was definitely not me wishing for iron statues, a giant leopard, and the death of Stravitch FillWhip. Had I been granted wishes, there would (rather predictably) just be more donkeys.

And how.

Quote from: Jools on November 29, 2008, 08:17:02 am
And maybe something nice for Kib.

Maybe a nice donkey.

Quote from: Jools on November 29, 2008, 08:17:02 am
And possibly the collapse of Stravitch's temple to Lenod (without actually harming anyone).

Crushed by giant donkeys, perhaps.

Quote from: Jools on November 29, 2008, 08:17:02 am
But **definitely** more donkeys.

Possibly made of donkeys.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 29, 2008, 10:09:40 am**

Quote from: Pwnzerfaust on November 29, 2008, 08:42:57 am
As an aside, and countless apologies if I somehow failed to notice that which was plainly stated, but what, pray tell, is my profession?

Since you requested it a bunch of pages back, I gave you the carpenter (the first migrant to arrive!) that came to the fortress. He's actually being put to use, because we bought out the wagon of logs the elves brought and he's set to block-making.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pwnzerfaust** on **November 29, 2008, 10:35:28 am**

Huzzah! I am confident he will be churning out masterpiece blocks by the dozens. ;D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 29, 2008, 11:59:12 am**

Quote from: Groveller on November 29, 2008, 09:48:59 am
Quote from: Jools on November 29, 2008, 08:17:02 am
And maybe something nice for Kib.

Maybe a nice donkey.

Somehow I think that Kib would be more impressed by something **she** actually liked. As in less likely to whack her (helmeted) husband over the head with a hammer and tell him to get her something else.

Speaking of which, Heavy Flak, next time you're inclined, would you mind posting Kib's skill list and thoughts & preferences screen? Cheers.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **November 29, 2008, 12:19:46 pm**

Hmm... I've always imagined you two met over a romantic candlelit donkey.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 29, 2008, 01:27:33 pm**

The events of the 21st of Felsite

The small group had gathered inside the tiny bunker shelter, secreted away at the north end of the fortress. They had weekly meetings when it was safe, though quite often members of the group would find a small note slipped under their doors in the morning, a small symbol of a sword through a sun crudely drawn on it in charcoal - the designated sign saying to stay away.

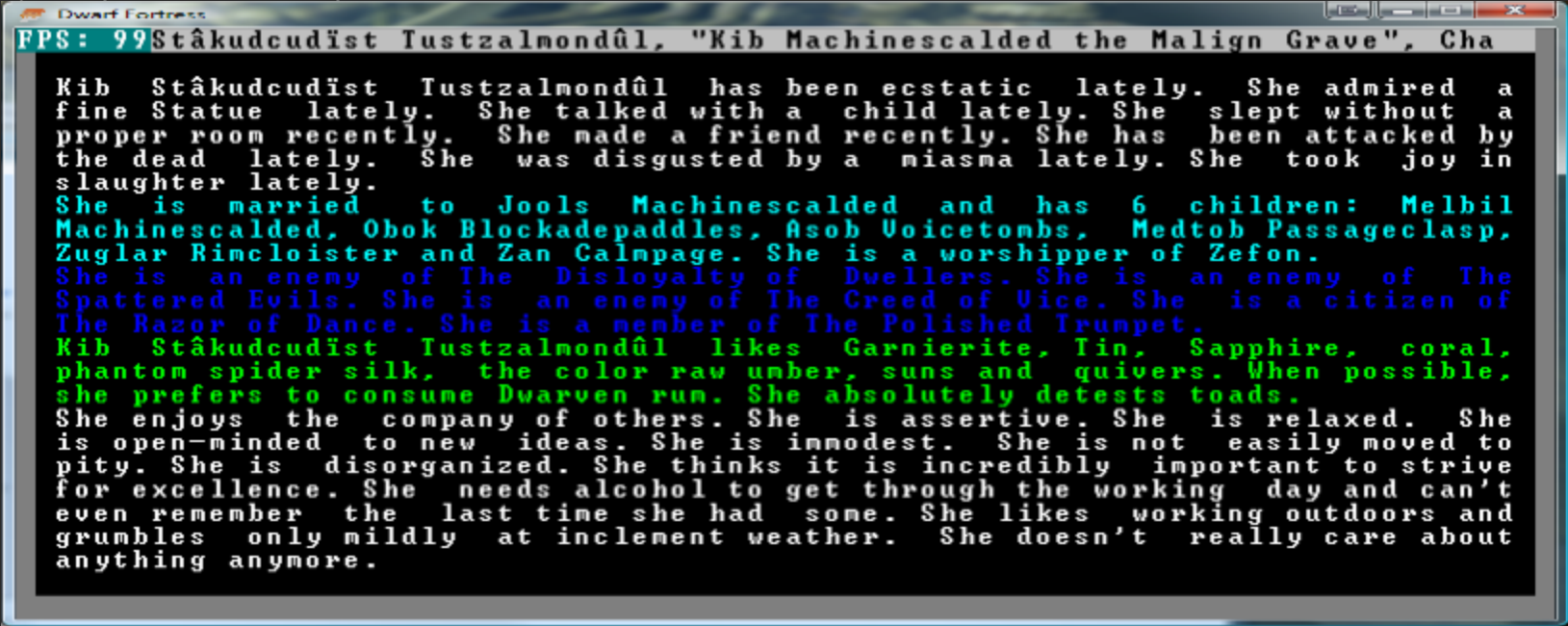
Only one of the members of the group had seen Telamon, a particularly disgrunted tanner named Stablancers, who described the enigmatic dwarf as a "short, stocky, near-silent, and wearing a welders mask for security." All correspondences From Above came through Stablancers, along with all supplies. This bunker was found by him, along with the supplies for their various missions.

Sgt. Pepper guarded the doorway, his huge frame compacted some in the small hallway, his axe set aside so he could grapple with any wood-be invaders where they couldn't escape. It was dull work, but being dead did have some advantages, and the time was spent staring blankly ahead, still as stone, his mind constantly whirring.

The door beside him opened, and Archin slipped out. She was covered in grease and saw dust, and bits of metal shavings stuck in her beard. Sgt. Pepper turned his head to look at her. "**Done for the night?**"
"Aye. Twelve keg-bombs assembled. They're going to sit in that creepy room with the coffin until it's time to place them in the noble's chambers."

"What did you use for shrapnel this time?"
"Some nails stolen from Dodik's workshop, a bunch of chains from Mookie's room, and I spent the last hour breaking down iron floodgates with a chisel."
"Perfect," Sgt. Pepper rumbled, "did you use my suggestion? I thought it was particularly good."
"No," Archin said dryly, giving him a punch on the shoulder. "Taping them to the barrel was NOT a good idea. We set the barrels of booze in some bins, and packed the metal in the space inbetween."
"I suppose that would work too," Sgt. Pepper conceded.
"Of course it will, now come on, let's get a snack and go to bed."

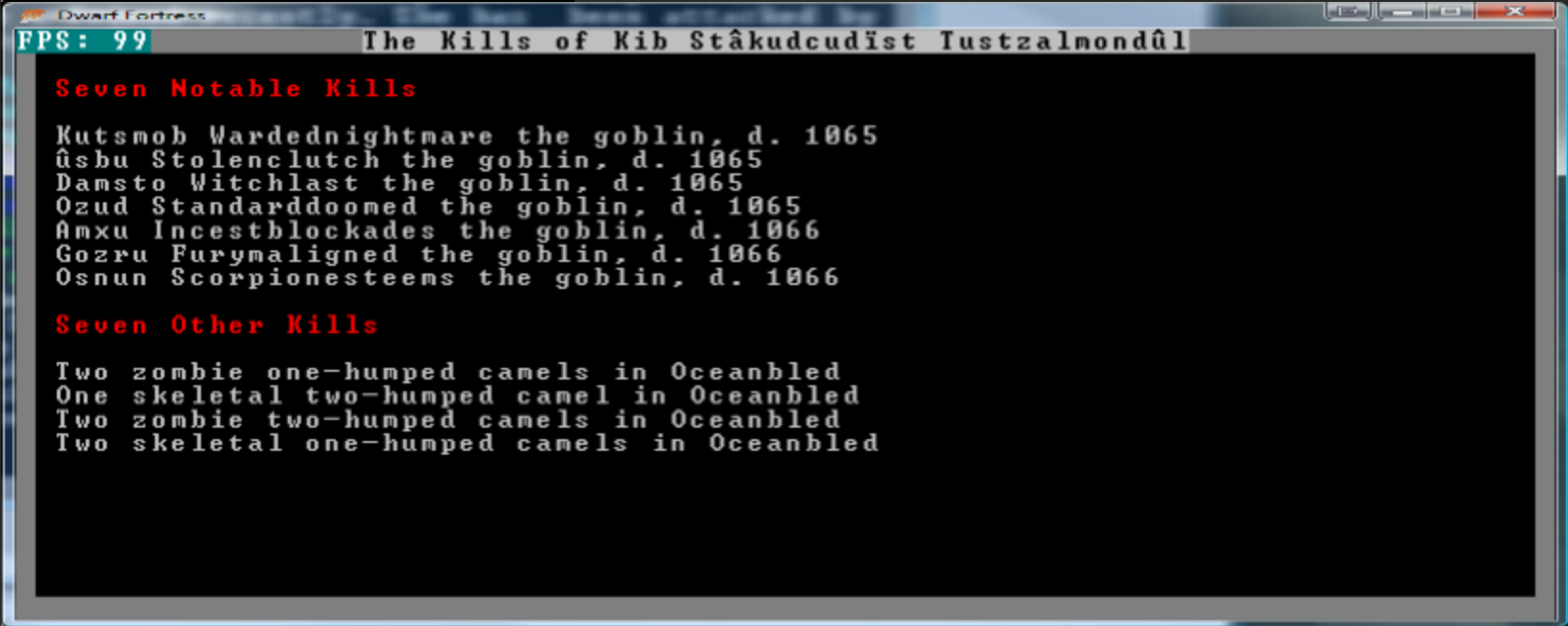
For Jools:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Kib Stâkudcudîst Tustzalmond
"Kib Machinescalded the Mali
♀

Soldier
Ultra-Mighty
Perfectly Agile
Extremely Tough
Competent Flatterer
Competent Consoler
Competent Comedian
Competent Conversationalist
Competent Intimidator
Competent Persuader
Professional Armor User
Legendary Shield User
Legendary Hammerdwarf
Competent Wrestler
Competent Judge of Intent
Competent Negotiator
Competent Pacifier

g:Gen i:Inv p:Pref w:Wnd
Space: Done v: Next



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 29, 2008, 01:43:00 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on November 29, 2008, 01:27:33 pm

The events of the 21st of Felsite

The small group had gathered inside the tiny bunker shelter, secreted away at the north end of the fortress.

Hang on... isn't that Johnny Fountainspring's old hideout?

Thanks for the info on Kib. I knew she was great, but... a Champion? Cool!

Also amusing:

- We have some enemies called "The Spattered Evils". That's an optimistic, fear-inspiring name if I never heard one. What could be worse, "The We're Going To Get Massacred"?
- Kib is an enemy of The Creed of Vice. Looks like I won't be taking her to Dodik's, then...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 29, 2008, 08:14:25 pm**

Diary of Zako:

They are planning something... The undead that is. They have been very quiet lately and Sgt. Pepper hasn't mangled anyone in weeks! The same could not be said of the Captain and I do not envy those he chooses to spar with.

Anyway, I have been training hard and I feel my hard work is paying off! Already my skills in wrestling are suitable to my chosen profession (that noone but me knows about) and my shield work is also suitable. I just need to work on weapon skills and using them in armor and I'll be ready to purge this world of the rotting monsters!

HAHAHAHAHA!!!!

But on a sober note, I need more information to combat them better. What they care about, if they care at all, what are their physical weaknesses, what are they vulnerable to? And most important, what are they planning?

First things first, I will make public investigations into how to successfully kill something like the undead outside, and for the ones inside I will make a SPECIAL visit to a certain alchemist...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **November 29, 2008, 09:43:34 pm**

Hey, HF, Zako and Eita never finished the conversation. I imagine that when the mental light clicks on there's going to be someone pressed against the wall.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **November 29, 2008, 09:52:41 pm**

Welp, I spent the better part of three days reading this. I must say, I'm impressed. I really want to see how the Rapture-esque building turns out.

I think I'll nab me a dwarf. Call him Korgan Bloodclocks and make him a mechanic/armorer/weaponsmith. He has this craaaazy idea that mechanics can and probably should be worked into armour to better help the dwarves (Obviously impossible without some modding, but it'd be nice if its added as fluff). He also has a prechant for making...exotic versions of otherwise standard weapons. Fluff, too.

Or, barring that, just make him an architect who seeks tutelage from Roarocks.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 29, 2008, 11:54:26 pm**

The events of the 27th of Felsite, 1067

"Very good, Zako. Again."
Zako notched another bolt and readied his crossbow. There was a moment of hesitation as he aimed, and then the strings were released, twanging loudly as the bolt was loosed. It struck the worn target, but it hit near the rim, no where near the bullseye. From the other end of the practice area, Likot snickered, and Sparrow shot her a nasty look. Rolland just kept his cool, saying in his normal monotone, "Ignore them, reload and fire Zako. No one has made anything of themselves without much practice."

"Yes sir, but... I'm parched. May I go and get a drink?"
"Hurry back," Rolland consented.

Shoving his way through the sea of training bodies, Zako eventually pushed through the main door. As his boots hit the first step, he heard someone behind him call, "Zako! A moment!"

Turning, he saw Eita standing in the door way. She had lost some muscle mass from her time spent in bedrest, but her arm was no longer in a cast which was positive improvement. Taking a few steps towards him, she pointed to his chest with her good hand, saying, "We need to talk about your armor."

"What, this?" He blinked, and looked down at his chest plate. "No, no, don't worry. I know, it's from some, you know, Old Major's collection. There was a big *to do* about it a while back but Captain Fillwhip explained things to them, uh, as only he can... and it's mostly blown over."

When Eita just stared at him, Zako tugged at his collar. "I mean, it went over as well as anything involving Captain Fillwhip does. But still."
"That "Old Major" was my father. And I want to know where he is."

"...what?"
"I've made the trek here for three years now, and was always told by the other merchant groups that Major DayCovering was here. And I see the house sigil on the armor your wearing, which can lead one such as me to think... *bad* things."
"No, you're jumping to conclusions here. See, he left. To go fight the goblin hordes in the south, to protect this fortress from further harm."
"All I see is a Dwarf wearing my Dad's armor, with some cock-and-bull story to back it u-"

Eita went silent as a large hand clasped down over her shoulder. Tilting her head back, she stared up at Maggarg, and just beside him, Adol. Maggarg flashed a smile of crooked teeth, and Adol just shook his head, pretty-boy hair hanging down tastefully over his eyes.

"Best ya' leave our little mascot alone, dolly."
Eita bristled, but Adol cut her off, "Leave the boy alone. We've already gone down this path. Go get this misplaced anger out of your system, and perhaps we can talk again over a mug of spiced rum."

Grumbling, Eita pulled herself free from Maggarg's grasp and stormed into the barracks to get ready for training. Maggarg laughed, and Adol asked, "You okay?"
"I guess," said an extremely confused Zako.

OOOC: This would have been up sooner but I forgot I was doing some demolition, and my copy of DF crawled to 0 FPS. So twenty-some minutes later, I had enough time to go eat some cake, get a couple glasses of bourbon, and watch an episode of Always Sunny.

Mad Larks, you're in the greatly-shortened queue. I can have you come in with the newest batch of migrants, or you can hold off and wait until the Real Glacies shows back up to the fortress; I imagine even if he doesn't get the plans for his contraption, he could have found a clockwork genius :)

As Maggarg and Adol slowly develop into their own characters, I almost want to make them into their own spin off, just because of how absurd the pairing is. A big jerk convict, and his well mannered blue-blood friend, having adventures. Every adventure would end as Stravitch (the forum poster) would say when we used to play D&D: "Well, we can never go back THERE again!*"

(*Stravitch the forum poster, and the rest of the guys I was the DM for, used to set every town they went to on fire. It wasn't always on purpose, but it always happened. Every game ended with them beat up, singed, and standing on a hill looking down at the ruin and saying that line.)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 30, 2008, 04:36:15 am**

Its a good thing that mirgurst isn't made from wood...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **November 30, 2008, 05:49:37 am**

...and an even better thing that they're planning to flood the place *anyway*, even before its on fire...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **November 30, 2008, 07:18:15 am**

Why do I have the feeling that Merkil will have some answering to do... uh oh..

(If you want reader input, I'd say that he'd crack the moment she mentions being his daughter. Takes her off to some desolate place and spills the whole story... She's a hammerdwarf, no? If she's not a Champion yet, Merkil would probably attempt to take on some sort of fathery role... depending on age differences. (How you think of them, that is.)

Oh, and would it be possible to request a screenshot of the old Major's Hammer?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **November 30, 2008, 11:16:36 am**

Oh boy, you're right, things will get... interesting... once Merkil finds out about it...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **November 30, 2008, 03:43:55 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on November 29, 2008, 11:54:26 pm
Mad Larks, you're in the greatly-shortened queue. I can have you come in with the newest batch of migrants, or you can hold off and wait until the Real Glacies shows back up to the fortress; I imagine even if he doesn't get the plans for his contraption, he could have found a clockwork genius :)

Oooh, I like the sound of that last bit. I'd like that. I'd like that quite a bit.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 30, 2008, 04:44:20 pm**

The events of the 12th of Felsite, 1067

"Thank you for waiting with me Varen, I just can't believe how long this line is!"
"Hey, ya' know, least I can do and all," Varen said, distracted. He watched over his shoulder, sighing heavily as the Fortress Guard switched their shifts. Stravitch stood in the hallway, waving his hands in the air wildly while he barked orders, but the fortress guard seemed used to this and mostly ignored him. Guardsman Meng spared a single glance back, and Varen lifted a hand to give her a little wave - and like that she was gone, vanished up the steps before Stravitch saw her loitering.

"How long have we been here now?" Makrond asked squinting up at the ceiling.
"Nearly an hour. You want to come back later?"
"No, I can't keep borrowing money from you... I think it's about time I asked Aryn about all this job scarcity. This is getting a wee bit absurd."

Aryn's door opened, then closed, a grumbling brewer storming down the hallway. Makrond waved him down, saying pleasantly, "Meeting go well?"
"Whaddya' think? He said we have over two thousand gallons of booze, that's more than enough. Said if I want pay, to grab some stone and a spade, and go find Roaroak. Damned bastard, doesn't know how to use anyone's skills properly, who 'lected him in charge anyway?"

Varen scratched the side of his neck, turning towards a dwarf near the front of the line. "I think you came a little late. Hoi, Gilddunes, what are you here for?"
The furnace operator turned to look at the duo, rolling his eyes. "Same as you, and ya' know it. Aryn's had the workshops overrun with glassmakers. 'E said you either make glass, or you make iron barrels to keep the food from rotting. I'm not trained for that! I only know how to smelt down ore! Once I finished up that lay pewter he found in a back room I'm now out of a job."

"...Lay pewter? We had some?"
"Aye, just turned up. Got a couple bars out of it, nothing major. Had some silver, too, haven't seen that in years."
"Makrond, I have to go, I'm sorry. Where is Vash?"

Makrond blinked. "Probably... up in Kuli's solar, preparing for tonight's sermon."
"I'll come back and check on you soon, good luck - don't let Aryn push you around."
"Oh, I won't!" Makrond called, waving to Varen's retreating form.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **November 30, 2008, 04:51:13 pm**

It'll probably be a while before the book-keeper finds gatesmaw and Bloodclocks, but it'll happen if you guys want it to. I'm going to be updating the sideplot REALLY soon. :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **November 30, 2008, 06:16:49 pm**

Yay for the hopefully soonish arrival of Bloodclocks! I can just imagine some of his constructions going massively cock-eyed and wind up killing him. Then his ghost will haunt the fort and everyone will hear the words "Hmm. Too much catsplosion." uttered whenever they get near the spot he died.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 30, 2008, 06:45:55 pm**

Quote from: Mad Larks on November 30, 2008, 06:16:49 pm
Yay for the hopefully soonish arrival of Bloodclocks! I can just imagine some of his constructions going massively cock-eyed and wind up killing him. Then his ghost will haunt the fort and everyone will hear the words "Hmm. Too much catsplosion." uttered whenever they get near the spot he died.

Be careful what you wish for. I have a very nasty habit of making it happen to characters. Just look at poor Grov(s). He's a cautionary tale for players, too! :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **November 30, 2008, 07:18:35 pm**

So... my character should be extremely careful in fighting the undead then?

That aint gonna be good if he's not skilled enough...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **November 30, 2008, 07:19:08 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on November 30, 2008, 06:45:55 pm

Quote from: Mad Larks on November 30, 2008, 06:16:49 pm

Yay for the hopefully soonish arrival of Bloodclocks! I can just imagine some of his constructions going massively cock-eyed and wind up killing him. Then his ghost will haunt the fort and everyone will hear the words "Hmm. Too much catsplosion." uttered whenever they get near the spot he died.

Be careful what you wish for. I have a very nasty habit of making it happen to characters. Just look at poor Grov(s). He's a cautionary tale for players, too! :D

...Point taken.

Now I have an idea for a neat and fitting way for Bloodclocks to come back from the dead, should that problem arise...although it'll probably require a chit...gotta try hard at the next crypto.

EDIT: Nevermind, just realized that in order for that to happen, he'd have to come back as something metallic and so far, I think, only Bronze Collosus got that...and I seem to recall Companion not being very friendly when it comes to resurrection.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **November 30, 2008, 10:21:37 pm**

So there was lay pewter after all? Kuli was framed! This is persecution!

Anyway, no journal entries from Kuli until he's out of prison.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **December 01, 2008, 04:49:28 am**

Found in the Machinescalded quarters

A finely crafted tin goblet. The goblet is filled with Dwarven rum. Attached to the goblet is a note reading "For my darling Wife, with thanks for your endless patience these last few weeks".

On the goblet is an image of a dwarf and donkeys in tin. The dwarf is rescuing the donkeys. On the goblet is an image of a dwarf and donkeys in tin. The dwarf is hugging the donkeys. On the goblet is an image of a donkey in tin.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 01, 2008, 09:01:40 am**

Quote from: Kuli on November 30, 2008, 10:21:37 pm

So there was lay pewter after all? Kuli was framed! This is persecution!

Well it's turned into persecution. So, err, I forgot to check the smelter, and it turns out there was an actual "make lay pewter bars", or whatever, option. I only got like... 4 bars out of it, so they have to be saved for special stuff, but if that tasking comes up again and Kuli is still in jail, maybe Thob can get a good hammering again in your place when I neglect it.

Also, uh, my bad.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **December 02, 2008, 03:34:26 am**

Hey Heavy,

Great story as always mate, I was wondering while your being bombarded by screen requests if I could add my own, any chance of getting a rundown on the artifacts that Migrursut has produced and what they currently being used for/by?

Also any chance of slipping a dwarf request in for a sword dwarf once more become available? Im quiet happy to come back as a escort for Glacies triumphant/not so triumphant retinue once he makes it back! Name of Sarig make for pref but not too worried!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 02, 2008, 08:39:05 am**

Flar:

I can do that, sure. It'll take a bit though, for a couple reasons. Finding out ALL the information on the 24+ artifacts will take both my main world, and one where I've abandoned and can look in the legends to figure out who made the dead thing. In cases like Kuli where he's still alive, I can just look at him and match 'em up. But there are a LOT of dead dwarves. It stands to reason that at least a few of them were artifact makers.

Also, I've managed to work myself into a bit of a funk thanks to all this research into agents and publishers. Seems like it's... kind of winning the lottery. Some guy (Jack King) was complaining about two of the seven agents I'm querying (huzzah...), and had a tally of the 400 or so that rejected him. *That's* a real kick in the stones, and has dulled a lot of the excitement I got when I read Stravitch's comments, with fun ones like, "oh my god what is this silence of the lambs shit!?" Anyway, I need a day or two to cheer myself up, then it's to artifacts, and you're on the list (I'll add you to Glacies Retinue, if he's down for the Bookkeep actually coming back with other characters).

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **December 02, 2008, 10:48:21 am**

And what happened to the military drawing?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 02, 2008, 09:03:56 pm**

I'm working on it, I'm working on it...:P It's gonna be my usual rubbish, I hope you know.. Anyways, I'd be happy to add you to my retinue, just don't expect to join the fort proper till february, at minimum. I'm still doodling out my storyline thingy..

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **December 03, 2008, 04:13:25 am**

Then I suppose I might as well entertain myself by writing some of Korgan's research notes. Which will probably wind up being his equivilant of a diary. Since that seems to be the predominant trait of Migrursut.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 03, 2008, 09:26:54 am**

With Glacies' optimistic time frame, I think I might have you all come in without him. It'll still work story-wise, I've got a couple ideas involving that. February's a long time away (not really, but hey, it feels like it to me) and this will let me get you all in sooner.

Besides, with the goblins being left at size *whatever* in the raws, there may be unique opportunities for secondary characters. Maybe I should give them a speed of 500, too, and the ability to shoot fire from their eyes...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **December 03, 2008, 02:41:32 pm**

make it so if you kill a size 500 goblin, it becomes two size 250 goblins, then those split into two size 175 goblins!

That would probably be a test of extreme endurance xD

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **December 03, 2008, 09:41:18 pm**

Oh god, don't give him any ideas. That would probably result in hundreds of size 1 gobbos running around.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 03, 2008, 11:30:46 pm**

Extended Artifact Information:

- 1 - Gusilgutid (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/1-Gusilgutid.png>): Price \$4800
- 2 - Stsokavog (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/2-Stesokavog.png>): Price \$9600 (Created by Aryn Estetar)
- 3 - Evostnokgol (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/3-Evostnokgol.png>): Price \$12000
- 4 - Thun Okin[/url]: Price \$6000 (Created by Johnny Fountainspring)
- 5 - Sefulkubuk Nirurtenshed (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/5-SefulkubukNirurtenshed.png>): Price \$32400 (Currently owned by Stravitch Fillwhip)
- 6 - Alnisetas (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/6-Alnisetas.png>): Price \$3600
- 7 - Ningusen (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/7-Ningusen.png>): Price \$22800 (Currently worn on Sulari's right hand, and created by Kuli Problemwalled)
- 8 - Tumamunos (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/8-Tumamunos.png>): Price \$10800
- 9 - Nelasbabin Thirakum (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/9-NelasbabinThirakum.png>): Price \$20400
- 10 - Addoridek (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/10-Addoridek.png>): Price \$28800
- 11 - Edtulalod (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/11-Etulalod.png>): Price \$19200 (Wielled by Ex-Mayor Likot)
- 12 - Kurolnazom (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/12-Kurolnazom.png>): Price \$37200
- 13 - Edulkuro! Bithsest Dasel (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/13-Edtulkuro!BithsestDasel.png>): Price \$91200
- 14 - Konadossek Iden Akest (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/14-KonadossekIdenAkest.png>): Price \$84000 (Created by Istrath Leopardknight, holding a tame bat!)
- 15 - Thokittalul (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/15-Thokittalul.png>): Price \$61200 (Created by Pornographer Erith)
- 16 - Bothontangak (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/16-Bothontangak.png>): Price \$14400
- 17 - Sombith Kiron (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/17-SombithKiron.png>): Price \$204000 (Wielled by Major Merkil)
- 18 - Lazedan (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/18-Lazedan.png>): Price \$32400
- 19 - Avalsistras Shoveth Betan (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/19-AvalstistrasShovethBetan.png>): Price \$120000
- 20 - Eshikeshtan Kukon Anan (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/20-EshikeshtanKukonAnan.png>): Price \$9600
- 21 - Mivid Am (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/21-MividAm.png>): Price \$226800
- 22 - Serkibmiroth (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/22-Serkibmiroth.png>): Price \$14400
- 23 - Saksulegul (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/23-Zaksulegul.png>): Price \$90000 (Created by Limul Leopardknight)
- 24 - Kasbenistam (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/24-Kasbenistam.png>): Price \$10800
- 25 -Matulnimen (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/25-Matulnimen.png>): Price \$25200 (Worn by Sulari, created by Mookie)
- 26 - Nelasalak (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/Artifacts/26-Nelasalak.png>): Price \$44400

Creator information is proving to be... very difficult to track down, and I only know of three off of the top of my head. They've been noted.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **December 04, 2008, 04:39:29 am**

(Quick note - the link for 25 has a "%20" in that breaks it, but it works if you take that out of the URL)

Matulnimen is great - a camel striking down an elf!

Also I never looked up Sombith Kiron, but now I've seen the translation, I hope Merkil keeps it away from Kuli...

Oh, and I know about the creator of Nelasalak being possessed - being under the control of a demon doesn't make what he did any better, but it does mean that it is the demon who should be punished for such a crime. However, I note that the creator of Bothontangak used the same taboo material, and some day he must Answer for his crimes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **December 04, 2008, 04:54:07 am**

[Quote from: Heavy Flak on December 03, 2008, 11:30:46 pm](#)
Extended Artifact Information:

Lol when I saw all that I immediately felt guilty for asking you for all that info in the first place!

Genius thanks for it!

Re dwarf immigration timing, thats grand HF when ever is good for me!

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Kuli on December 04, 2008, 10:36:37 am

Sulari is wearing two pieces of artifact armor? She must be nearly invincible.

Heavy Flak, if it helps track them down, some of the artifact creators were mentioned in the course of the story at least. I think I remember a story post where the Yellow Zircon Animal Trap was created by Istrath, for example.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Jools on December 04, 2008, 10:50:25 am

I can't remember the exact numbers but I think that the materials used for those bits of armour might be nerfing their quality. Apart from the Coolness factor of wearing a set of greaves made from the bones of your enemies, the actual armour value of bone is pretty low (and copper isn't that much better), and even taking Artifact quality into account you might as well just be wearing some decent steel plate.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on December 04, 2008, 12:08:11 pm

[Quote from: Flar Moonchill on December 04, 2008, 04:54:07 am](#)
Lol when I saw all that I immediately felt guilty for asking you for all that info in the first place!

Genius thanks for it!

Re dwarf immigration timing, thats grand HF when ever is good for me!

Hey, no problem at all! I'll just resent you for it forever. <3

[Quote from: Jools on December 04, 2008, 10:50:25 am](#)
I can't remember the exact numbers but I think that the materials used for those bits of armour might be nerfing their quality. Apart from the Coolness factor of wearing a set of greaves made from the bones of your enemies, the actual armour value of bone is pretty low (and copper isn't that much better), and even taking Artifact quality into account you might as well just be wearing some decent steel plate.

Jools is mostly right, I think. The coolness factor bumps up the quality of the armor, but the copper and bone greaves are really only as good (statistically) as a set of steel equivalents. Where I think it really helps (though I'll be honest, I'm not sure how much it REALLY helps), is in the weight. A set of Steel Greaves weighs like 471Γ, where as a set of Bone Artifact Greaves weights only 66Γ and has all the benefits of the steel. I imagine Sulari's moving really fast, and clattering something terrible. And then she has an exceptional steel axe that cuts off faces pretty well...

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Groveller on December 04, 2008, 03:43:26 pm

Assuming the wiki is right about artifacts sharing the masterwork quality modifier, artifact wood\bone\etc. is equivalent to plain iron, and slightly below +bronze+ and *copper*.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: neo1096 on December 04, 2008, 03:48:34 pm

[Quote from: Groveller on December 04, 2008, 03:43:26 pm](#)
Assuming the wiki is right about artifacts sharing the masterwork quality modifier, artifact wood\boneetc. is equivalent to plain iron, and slightly below +bronze+ and *copper*.

It isn't, actually the modifier is closer to x5 - x10 or something because a masterwork copper short sword does much less damage than a copper artifact short sword.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Mephansteras on December 04, 2008, 03:52:31 pm

Someday maybe Toady will clarify that for us.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Groveller on December 04, 2008, 03:56:10 pm

[Quote from: neo1096 on December 04, 2008, 03:48:34 pm](#)
It isn't, actually the modifier is closer to x5 - x10 or something because a masterwork copper short sword does much less damage than a copper artifact short sword.

I really hope you're right.

Edit: Oh, and that makes it somewhere between ≡steel≡ and "basic" adamantine.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on December 04, 2008, 06:12:53 pm

The events of the 17th of Hematite, 1067

Pundik Nationtempt hiked her dress up higher, cursing as she trekked to the fortress from the north. She hated coming out here, even if Master Estetar *did* give her traders quite a fair price. It was easy to get lost in the sands, and without their supply wagons full of water and salt pork, it would be impossible to survive the inhospitable and deadly climate and wildlife.

She stopped beside the ever-growing retaining wall, kicking some built-up sand from the bottoms of her webbegong sandals. Pulling free her water skin, she took a pull from it, nearly splashing the liquid on her face as the sound of someone clearing their throat surprised her.

The goblin seemed to come out of the very air. She hadn't seen him when she stopped, and here he was, beside her now. A dusty jean fabric jacket was worn open over a plain brown shirt, and blue-dyed jean fabric pants. He walked towards her with a faint limp, his hands held down at his sides, carrying a thin cylindrical tube by a handle at the top. He drew close thanks to her shock, and spoke in a low monotone. **"Pardon me, ma'am. Are you affiliated with those wagons trundling up the road?"**

"Uhh, yes." She said apprehensively.
The goblin gave a curt nod, and lifted his free hand up, fingers extended outwards as if to shake her hand. She looked down at it when he gave his monotone thanks. His fingers pressed in on a lever release on the tube.

There was a sudden hiss, and Nationtempts eyes went wide. He had lifted his hand up high, past her own reaching for his, and as he grasped a thin tube extending from the sleeve of his coat a large cone extended from the tip, punching a hole between her eyes. As she started to sway, the goblin pulled a sword from his belt, bisecting her across the middle.

Other goblins filtered in from the dunes where they had been hidden. Casually, the one in the jean cloth wiped the pointed toe of a snake skin boot on Nationtempts chest, saying, "**I doubt your money is in those wagons. But we should be able to use them to get inside.**"



"Ugh, what is *this* place, now?" the human diplomat said dismissively.
"Our home," Aryn replied, scowling. "Where's Nationtempts?"
"She's with the wagons."

Aryn shook his head. Squinting, he lifted his head up to stare at the sky, taking a few deep breaths to calm himself. Eventually lowering his head, he asked, "Where are the wagons."

The diplomat shrugged, and Aryn had to take a few more calming breaths. Dwarves were beginning to gather, preparing themselves for the eventual blowup that would happen. It never came. "Just get inside," Aryn eventually said. "Find the duke. And YOU!" He turned to the gathering crowds. "Get the supplies to the depot, damn it. Get it there!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **December 04, 2008, 08:26:06 pm**

OOC: Oh shit... That goblin is a homage to the main bad guy in the movie "No Country For Old Men", if I am not mistaken, and if that movie is anything to go by, Migrursut is *fucked*. That movie character is one scary mother fucker.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 04, 2008, 10:22:06 pm**

Somewhere across the ocean, probably mid-to-late felsite.

Glacies wandered in a roughly straight line through the barren brown wastes and hummed tunelessly as dawn broke. The occasional dead tree broke the monotony of the otherwise monotone desert, and the only noise was the wind doing it's best to throw sand around, and the crunching footsteps and the humming of the dwarf.

Glacies stopped wandering around about four hours later and sat in the shade of a glumprong. He took his backpack off and opened it, taking out the parcel of red, dripping cloth. He unwrapped the makeshift package and ate the harpy meat slowly, in small chunks. Then he did his best to wring out his improvised bundle, he swaddled it up and shoved it in his backpack again. Then, his diary was retrieved and he wrote in a neat little chart "4 harpy meat." Stowing it away, he rose, stretched, and walked throught the desert again, humming.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **December 04, 2008, 10:32:39 pm**

Haha, I like that. A bookkeeper on the road doesn't have so much to keep track of.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **December 05, 2008, 04:06:14 am**

Hmmmm. Goblins wearing **large** clothing now?

Anyway, I smell battle. Hopefully one I'll survive.

Also I like Glacies' diary and habits... though going by some bookkeeps I've known, might he not want to fill in a few additional forms so that he can claim the harpy meat back when he returns, and not incur the expense himself?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **December 05, 2008, 04:45:21 am**

Uhhhhhh, Jools that's human clothing... ::)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Akroma** on **December 05, 2008, 04:49:07 am**

was one of these created by me ?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jools** on **December 05, 2008, 05:26:24 am**

Well from what I remember of the hauling mechanic, you simply can't haul that many items at once - and if the clothing was being carried as still being worn on Nationtempts' lower body, I'm sure it would be shown as contained by it, rather than as separate items on the top-level list.

Hence it seems we have a Goblin Swordsman (Snodub Langom, I might look that up later in the language files) wearing large size clothing - presumably Nationtempts'. I can't see that fitting well, unless HF's been modding goblin size again.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **December 05, 2008, 05:27:50 am**

Corpses can't wear items, jools and if it was on the goblin you couldn't see it in the k-menu ::)
Edit: Also *EPIC FAILURE*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 05, 2008, 08:56:41 am**

Quote from: Akroma on December 05, 2008, 04:49:07 am
was one of these created by me ?

One of them might have been. On my drive to work I was thinking about it, and I know at least Limul Leopardknight has an artifact, along with The Pornographer Erith, and *maybe* Vash. I'll just check all the named Dwarves when I get back home tonight, and solve this mystery once and for all.

Quote from: neo1096 on December 05, 2008, 04:45:21 am
Uhhhhhh, Jools that's human clothing... ::)

Just to step in and explain, Neo's right. That's actually Miss Nationtempts lower body and everything it was wearing on the ground where Snodub Langom is standing. One square above him is her upper body. The poor merchant princess, I liked her :(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 05, 2008, 05:55:18 pm**

The events of the 20th Hematite, of 1067
Part 1

It was another lazy day. Zako had drawn the short straw and was stuck standing outside watching the wagons trundle into the depot. He leaned on his crossbow, sighing dramatically. A sideways glance showed him Ex-Mayor Likot, standing still as stone beside the edge of the cliff watching the magma bubble. Kib and Jools were loudly "discussing" something as they walked towards the Temple to Zefon. It was another boring day, all around.

"**Huh!**", came a startled cry from Likot, followed by the twang of her crossbow. "**Stop, or I'll fire!**"

There was the meaty sound of metal striking meat, and Zako whirled to see a soot covered goblin staring down at the bolt punched through his arm. He snarled and drew his sword, charging towards Likot. He dodged two of her bolts and was upon her in a flash, striking her with the flat of his sword - in seconds she was gone, having vanished over the side of the cliff. Zako finally raised his weapon and punched a bolt through the goblins leg, steadying his aim as Jools and Kib plowed into the goblin from the side. There was a brief scuffle, the goblin winded by one of Zako's bolts through the center of his chest, and was quickly stabbed through the throat by Kib.

The dwarves looked startled as they stared down at the goblin at their feet. Jools eventually spoke, "Where did HE come from?" "**Below,**" Likot screamed through her respirator, storming up the steps from below, streams of black blood leaking from the crack in her mask, "**Someone trigger the damned floodgates, there are probably more of the skulking filth in the gardens! Lock them out!**"

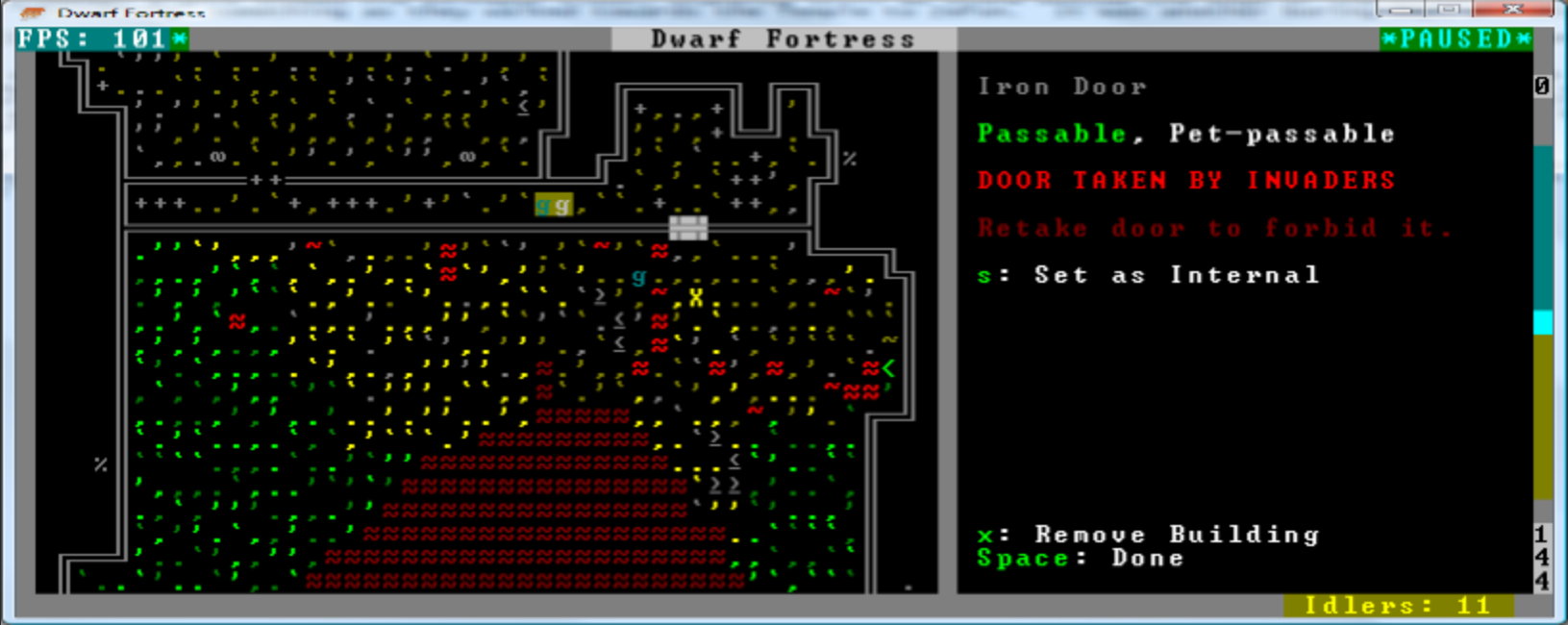
Rice heard the order from across the courtyard and rushed to pull the lever. But when he reached it, he dropped to the floor hard, a bolt whizzing through the air where his head had been. He crawled away on his belly, yelling, "They're already in the tunnel! Is anyone down there? Lock the access doors! Lock the access doors!"



In seconds, one of the furnace operators was running up the stairs. His face was reddened, and he was breathing hard, but he gave a nod at Rice's expectant look. The civilians gave a sigh of relief, and Likot reached a hand up to touch the crack in her mask, a roar reverberating through the respirator. As the Military began looking around for a senior officer, Zako perked his ears up, asking, "Do you all hear that?"

shhhhhhchhhkunk!

Rice peered over the edge and moaned. "Oh no, one of them shattered the lock on the door."



"Bastards knocking me off a damned cliff," Likot raged, "Get ready swordswingers. Get your bow up, Zako, prepare to meet the gobbos on the run!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 05, 2008, 06:36:24 pm**

The events of the 20th Hematite, of 1067
Part 2

The first goblin to poke his head up the staircase became a pincushion. Zako and Likot unloaded the second they saw the tips of his green ears, and by the time the goblin fell, his throat shot out, his right eye sprouting a bolt, his left arm and left leg full of bolts, they were both screaming at the tops of their lungs. Sgt. Pepper had been rounded up by Rice, and he had rumbled that Merkil had been roused to come assist, along with Eita and her squad. Already Sgt. Pepper and Kib were charging towards the felled goblin, preparing to take out much frustration upon his prostrate form.

More goblins poured up the steps, and the Dwarves crashed into them, sparks and sweat and blood exploding around from the chaos. The furnace operator gave a cry of, "That's the one that busted open the door!" but it went unheard. His presence was made known when he seperated Kib's left hand from her wrist.



For a Goblin with a limp, he moved fast. As Kib screamed and backed away, the goblin swung his arm lazily, his wickedly curved sword seperating her head from her shoulders. It arced away gracefully, pink misting the air until it hit the floor, rolling to a stop by the zoo.

Everything stopped. Slowly Sacktwinkled, the leader of the squad, looked at the goblin calmly wiping the blood off his blade with a checkered kerchief. Sgt. Pepper wrenched his axe from a now-blinded goblins chest, blood spraying from it's mouth when it tried to breath.

The Dwarven morale broke. The squads turned to run.

Likot screamed from the sidelines, and Zako - with newly arrived Sparrow and Rolland, filled the air with steel. The bolts whirred past the Goblin in the jean cloth, and after cleaning his sword, he calmly planted the heel of his boot through the skull of the baby Kib had been carrying with her. The goblins soon swarmed again, blocking the scene from sight.

Merkil rallied the troops himself, charging up the stairs. The sight of him - his gleaming armor, his masterful warhammer, the mask of rage he wore, inspired awe in the routed troops almost as much as watching Sombith Kiron punch through a goblin's chest did. What looked like lungs exploded from the other side, and the gobbo dropped to the ground, trying to breath.

The battle raged for most of the morning, but eventually the Dwarves prevailed. Many had been perforated with bolts, and it seemed as if Zako had a new signature - puncturing out right eyes. Jools looked happy for one who had lost a wife and child, and was now left to raise five himself, but the pet theory was he was suffering from Battle Lust, and no one was keen to be around him when it passed.

It wasn't noticed until much later that night that there was one goblin missing from the bunch. And it wasn't until a day later that Dockworker Coastalbust found herself with a broken nose at the hands of a rage-filled Rinsesilver.

Miles away, Snodub Langom took a seat on a boulder. He set the briefcase down beside him, and quietly unlatched the clasps. Opening it up, he peered at the thin sheets of gold inside, minted with images from Stramgil. He gave a curt nod and closed the case, latching it once more.

Soon, his attention was turned towards the bolt stuck in his thigh. A small knife was pulled free from one snake skin boot, and he used this to cut jean cloth from around the bolt, then the flesh from around the shaft. A small set of jewelers tongs were used to grip the shaft tightly. Holding it steady, Snodub worked the tip of the knife deep into the wound, a few beads of sweat dotting on his forehead. With a grunt, he used the handle for leverage and popped the bolt free.

He bandaged his leg with strips of cloth, and tucked the bolt safely inside his coat pocket. Soon he was on the move again, his metal tank in one hand, the briefcase in the other - his limp much more pronounced.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **December 05, 2008, 06:51:04 pm**

Aww, poor Kib. When I first saw the picture I was just hoping that all she'd lost was a hand.

I guess Jools has even more reason to hate the goblins now.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **December 05, 2008, 06:59:42 pm**

Did I participate in the battle at all?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 05, 2008, 07:21:21 pm**

Quote from: neo1096 on December 05, 2008, 06:59:42 pm
Did I participate in the battle at all?

You were a warm body weighing down the goblins, but I don't know if you did any actual damage. I ended up lowering the Goblin Size down to a *modest* 35, and it was taking a LOT to do damage. There wasn't supposed to be that many Dwarves on the scene, but, well, when Kib went down I went into panic mode.

This is the first time I've had goblins that are dangerous in a long time. I'm excited about these prospects!

Quote from: Mephansteras on December 05, 2008, 06:51:04 pm
Aww, poor Kib. When I first saw the picture I was just hoping that all she'd lost was a hand.
I guess Jools has even more reason to hate the goblins now.

She tried to get away, but then vomited and fainted. That'll do you in every time...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **December 05, 2008, 08:00:05 pm**

Was I too unskilled to participate, or was I another part of that rally force? I always like to think of macedwarves as just charging up to goblins, then stopping. A big TINK sound when they just tap the goblins in the head or torso or what have you. And then that body part just explodes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **December 05, 2008, 09:52:21 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on December 05, 2008, 07:21:21 pm
She tried to get away, but then vomited and fainted. That'll do you in every time...

At least she died with dignity.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 06, 2008, 05:12:28 am**

Go ahead and be dignified without your left hand. Go on, try it. There are knives somewhere in your house, go perform an experiment... ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **December 06, 2008, 08:16:03 am**

Diary of maggarg.
Hell of a mess after the battle, and apparently that limpy one got away with something.
We got some immigrants as well, armok knows why, and one of them was the daughter of that old major and tried to fight Zako.
Knowing his luck he'd have got mangled by a punch or something, poor lad.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 06, 2008, 12:45:42 pm**

OOO Stuff:

As always things don't happen *exactly* as described. The biggest thing that was different from my version to the "real" version was that Snodub Langom took more damage than I thought, and he was chased off the map.

I found this out after loading the game and wondering where everyone was. Well, look at this!



Every human guard is chasing him off the map. What's with all the blood? Oh, he has his heart and both lungs pierced. It's not slowly him down any though, because he chopped the hands off two human guards and left them to bleed to death, all without breaking his run. And he has a bolt stuck in his right thigh.

Also, I humbly ask that you look up towards the depot, where the Goblin is surrounded by Dwarves. One of those (the purple soldier) is Eita. She's taunting the Goblin and sticking him with her sword. The @ above him is Stravitch. I was warned that, "Stravitch Esmulbomrek Reguvoth Azin, Captain of the Guard cancels Sparring in Barracks: Interrupted by Goblin Wrestler."

Would anyone care to guess what happened to this Goblin Wrestler?

Also, in the middle of the battle the human diplomat interrupted everything by saying, "Such a lovely place you've carved for yourself." SCREW YOU DIPLOMAT.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 06, 2008, 01:28:00 pm**

The events of the 26th of Hematite, 1067

Rice and Fath Arcearth walked towards the piles of bodies stacked near the staircase. They'd drawn dump and melt detail, but it didn't really bother them. The masons in Rice's crew all enjoyed working with their boss; he never yelled, was always friendly, and was often laughing. Such was the case now as the pair paused by the corpses, doubled over with laughter.

The laughed stopped abruptly as Rice dropped to the ground, a bolt stuck through his now shattered knee. Arcearth's eyes bulged as she stared at the Lead Mason, her mouth flapping but no words came out. She turned and saw the goblin bowman rising the steps, grinning wide as he notched another arrow.



"Oh, Zefon save me," Rice howled, "Did no one go downstairs and fix the damned doors?"
"It slipped my mind," Arcearth stammered.

The goblin let loose with another arrow that punctured Rice's bicep. With his one good arm, Rice pulled himself backwards across the tile, blood smearing underneath him. The goblin lazily notched his third arrow, chattering away in his foul-sounding tongue.

There was a flash of steel and the bow fell to the ground. A second swipe, and a spray of blood misted into the air as Maggarg danced away from the wounded goblins kick. Rice could see other soldiers running from the Temple of Zefon - Asmel Towersacks, Adol, and Varen, and from the fields with a fresh kill, Sparrow hurrying to arm his crossbow.

The battle ended fast and bloody. Adol used his quickness to break wrists and ankles, giving Maggarg the opening to power his dull blade through chests and necks. Zako, Asmel, and Varen punctured hearts and lungs, leaving goblins to die in their own blood, or stagger off the edge of the cliff to the magma below, vanishing in a puff of greasy smoke.

With the last goblin dead, there was a cry of, "Where are they!"

Maggarg turned and stared at Eita, War'dunell and Neo as they came hurrying onto the scene, pulling on the last of their armor. Adol rolled his eyes and set to cleaning gore off his hammer. Maggarg snorted, and said, "Yer' late to the party again."

"Eita needed sleep," War'dunell said cheerfully.
"We had to wait for her to get up," Neo agreed. "I mean, you know how it is. It's unseemly to go out without your squad leader."

Adol sighed, and shook his head, "Yes, fine, why don't you all go check on Rice. I think he crawled into the zoo to hide. Make sure he didn't bleed out, please."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 06, 2008, 02:27:44 pm**

The events of the 6th of Malachite

"Well now, don't you heal fast."

Dojango stood at the foot of Rice's bed, holding a knee brace in his hand. But it was unneeded, after the bolt had been removed and his leg taped and elevated, Rice had healed up in less than a week. He still didn't have full mobility, but it was doing remarkably well.

Much better than his arm. Even though the arrow had been cut out The wound had become infected. Dojango did what he could to cut away the dead skin, and crushed herbs were packed into the hole thrice daily, but it was healing up slowly.

Lucy had stayed beside his bed since the accident, tending to dressing the wound, talking to him, feeding him, and giving him liquor to dull the pain. She was there now, looking pale and drawn, patting Rice's hand.

"What do you think it is?" She asked.
"Well," Dojango said, "Most likely the goblins dipped their arrows in poison. This one took because the head stuck in the muscle. The other punctured through his knee and I doubt enough scraped off during the flight."

There was a knock on the door, and Rice lifted his head. Howard Roar oak stood in the doorframe lazily, his lanky frame posed insolently. He gave a curt nod towards the wounded Dwarf. "A pity about your arm. I'm sure it will be healed soon. Miss Hammertempests, come along. We have plans to discuss."
"I'm not coming," she said softly. "I'm staying here with Rice until he's healed."
"And what good will that do him?"

Lucy blinked. "I can bring him things, tend to his wounds, feed him, make sure..."
"He can do all of those," Howard said. "with his two legs, and one good arm. His injuries are of a concern, but they should not jeopardize our work. The problems of one should not affect that of the civilization as a whole. Now come along."

Lucy started to speak, but Rice gave her hand a squeeze before pulling his away. "Mr. Roar oak is right. I'll be fine, and... we should be

focusing now on creating this... Migrursut that Aryn has been talking about. When it is finished, we shouldn't have more injuries like mine, the goblins won't be able to hassle us."
"Okay," Lucy said meekly. "Alright, I guess that makes sense."
"Good," said Howard. "Then let's meet in the mess. I have some plans I'd like you to look over, please."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **December 06, 2008, 03:46:12 pm**

scribbled pictures of goblins dying in fantastically horrible ways to axes

War'dunell Dakostuzol *6th of Malachite, 1067*

Nuts.

So ... we were late to all the fun. It was pretty much all over once we got there. The sands were beautiful shades of red, I enjoyed that part immensely though. Oh well, its not like I was going to force the matter and lead the squad myself, I'm sure I'll get my chance to let out all this blood lust at some point. Though, it does get me to thinking, can I trust Eita to lead me to some bloody fun?

I heard later that Kib and her battle child were killed by a seriously scary goblin ... literally, upon seeing the casual way it dispatched one of our heroes it shook battle hardened dwarves to their core and they fled in terror. That is until that dreamy Merkil rallied them. Still, what a glorious way to go, a mother and child should be so lucky, no one should pity them - so what if she leaves children and a husband behind, they most of all should be proud that she faced down the goblin hordes.

more scribbled pictures, this time of goblins destroying dwarven homes and lives with a lone female dwarf standing in their path of destruction

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **December 06, 2008, 05:19:32 pm**

Journal of Keldor

7th Malachite, 1067:

I talked with Jools today while helping out with caring for the donkeys. He's put a brave face on these last few days, but I can tell that the loss of his wife and child weighs heavily on him. Why, I had to stop him from accidentally mixing the meat for the giant jaguar in with the donkey feed! Moreover, he only looked slightly ahgast when he realized what he almost did. He must be suffering indeed to be so preoccupied from the donkeys!

We talked together a while, him telling stories about the heroics of Kib, many of which I hadn't even heard yet. She really was quite the woman. I think telling me all the stories helped lift some of the weight from his chest, since by the time we finished mucking out the donkey stalls, he was ready to talk about donkeys again, of how Kib truly was like to the noble ass.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **December 06, 2008, 10:41:27 pm**

Diary of Zako:

If I must say one good thing about the dead in this place, its that they know how to fight gobbo's. That deceased mayor is quite the shot, roaring away as arrows hammer it. Quite inspiring at times...

Quite frightening...

If gobbo arrows and bolts do that much to these things, then perhaps my choice of weapon was a bad one. Merkil's hammer seems like the better weapon and I am unsure of my ability to kill things with my crossbow now...

I need support. I must find a likeminded soul in this place before I lose confidence and give up. I MUST find someone to confide to, or at least express my concerns.

Perhaps Roland will listen...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **December 06, 2008, 11:32:50 pm**

From the Diary of Eita

The goblins attacked some days ago, and yet another hero of the fortress fell. She shall be missed. However, I have decided to let Zako live for now. I have found another lead, one who attacks with the same ferocity of the Captain, or rather, Major. He might even hold the Major's warhammer, but as all good weapons are, his is covered by layers of goblin gore.

I will find the Major. Dad owes me some explanations or two.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **December 07, 2008, 12:26:10 am**

Property of Kivish. Unauthorized reading of this dairy will result in it combusting 3 seconds post-access.
Have a nice day.

OH MY GOD!
OH MY GOD!
Poor Kib; her hand lost and then her head. I can't believe this...I've not been here a year, and...I mean, I heard the stories, but I figured they were just exaggerated.

But still, these giant goblins! It almost puts me in the mind of a story...how about some noble warriors from Mt. Halla fight the horrible Gotuns in an epic battle after three years of blazing heat...hmmm...

But anyway; Work is slow here, masons and architechs are in high demand, but I know eventually artists will reign supreme. You can't get rid of art; I know we will be called upon when aesthetics must be improved.

An image of a female dwarf and other dwarves is scribbled here. The female dwarf has her arm and head stitched on, and is being laid to rest by the other dwarves. Another, male dwarf, is off to the side. He is staring longingly at the female dwarf.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 07, 2008, 03:45:32 am**

Somewhere across the ocean, probably early malachite.

The harpy came to a jerky stop, landing clumsily and kicking up a spray of sand and pebbles as she did so. She carefully snagged the lump of meat with her talons and levered the chunk up to her mouth. The sun shone brightly overhead, and the wind was silent. As the harpy chewed, Glacies crept closer, clutching a hefty chunk of mudstone in his left hand. He made no noise as he crept towards the harpy, and then he slowly pulled his arm back.

The harpy chewed thoughtfully. She could almost place the taste of the meat. It was rather like human, but also strange and slightly tougher. Maybe it was elf? No, perhaps it wa*CRACK*. And then the harpy knew nothing, and slid to the ground. The book-keeper darted forward, took a knife from his belt and began to work.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **December 07, 2008, 08:24:14 am**

Who has roland for a character? I want to ask him something...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **December 07, 2008, 08:00:36 pm**

Rice's Journal

Although my knee is fine, my arm doesn't seem to be healing quite as quickly. I can't work in my condition though I can still watch over the constructions and whatnot. And I can think...
Roaroak seems like a good solid dwarf, a hard worker, and honest. I can ask no more of him. The goblins seem more vicious then normal lately, and my condition is the result of that. Not to mention Kib losing her life in defense of the fortress. I can only hope that Aryn's new plan can be completed before we lose anymore of the precious lives of our citizens.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Sparrow** on **December 08, 2008, 03:42:54 pm**

Diary of Sparrow the boltslinger.

Date lost to the time

Well that was quite a battle that day. Goblins pretty much didn't stood a chance. Rice got a few bolts in him though. Dojango's taking care of him and I think he's pretty fine except for his arm. I heard that the bolt that hit his bicep was poisoned. Poisoned arrows? Pretty useful. Must find a way to get some, just when the moment turns up.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 09, 2008, 12:23:00 am**

I'm properly starting that army sketch RIGHT NOW.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **December 09, 2008, 12:37:37 am**

GOOD! About time too...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 09, 2008, 01:04:50 am**

Okay, I'm done the sketch and pulling junk off of the printer/scanner thingy. Jools is not in this picture so I'm going to do him a sketch next. Upload in 20 minutes or so. I hope you guys will like it.

EDIT: Here it is! Now I need another project to slack on! Try and identify them from left to right.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **December 09, 2008, 04:59:18 am**

Tricky, tricky...

I'd have to say in this order: unknown, unknown, Sgt Pepper!, Sulari with her artifact gauntlet, Sparrow or Roland, Merkil, towersacks, Maggarg?, Sparrow or Roland, Likot, no idea, dont know that one..., who knows about that wait ITS ZAKO BECAUSE I SEE HIS LEG BRACE! and Varen? Something starting with V.

Hows that?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **December 09, 2008, 06:32:28 am**

Diary of Sarek. Entry 1
Hmmm seems most of the dwarves here keep a diary might be a good idea to jot down my thoughts and views epsecially if I am to become a great hero like dad.

Ahhh I am growing accoustomed to this place already although ~~since the most recent battle~~ the days have seemed to slow down since the recent battle, Kibs death really seems to have struck the fort I did not know her long but she seemed a good sort and I join them in their

mourning. I was told about the glory of Migrursut but I really wasn't prepared for this.

Of course we greenhorns didn't take a huge part in the battle but it was amazing watching the others do their duty, the tales about the warriors here seem true and more after witnessing it close up.

But to some up I feel that day by day I am getting stronger and the equipment they give us is top class just beautiful infact I hope soon I will be able to take my place defending this great land.

Sarek

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 09, 2008, 09:02:14 am**

Quote from: Glacies on December 09, 2008, 01:04:50 am
EDIT: Here it is! Now I need another project to slack on! Try and identify them from left to right.

Hehe, they're all so damn cute! Since I'm forced to look at it in glorious 2-bit grayscale thanks to a combination of blocked photobucket / vnc connections / home internet speeds crippled by torrents.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 09, 2008, 09:30:44 am**

Guess who all the dwarves are! I think I accidentally left some out.

EDIT: Yeah, craaap. Makrond, Zako, and some other guy were left out. But the order is..

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
From left to right War'dunnel, Neo, Pepper, Sulari, Roland, Merkil, Towersacks, Sparrow, Maggarg, Kib, Eita (Who had no equiptment to speak of!) and Varen with his goofy darth maul spear.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **December 09, 2008, 11:17:32 am**

Aww, no love for Adol?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **December 09, 2008, 04:14:29 pm**

has my guy been completely forgotten about by everyone already? First Heavy Flak ignores me when I ask about my guy fighting, and now this? Oh the huge-manatee!!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Lucifer** on **December 09, 2008, 04:36:03 pm**

Is there any room for another dwarf ? :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **December 09, 2008, 07:24:07 pm**

OOC: Wardunell is cute, right? Whose dwarf wants to date my dwarf! :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 10, 2008, 09:48:22 am**

Quote from: sonerohi on December 09, 2008, 04:14:29 pm
has my guy been completely forgotten about by everyone already? First Heavy Flak ignores me when I ask about my guy fighting, and now this? Oh the huge-manatee!!

Wilber (and I can't remember who his squad-leader is at the moment) was kept underground. With the goblins ... as big as they are now, I'm not letting anyone out to fight that isn't at least a champion. Dwarves need a fighting chance. A goblin *snatcher* killed a farmer-turned-wrestler. That was my big wake-up call.

Quote from: Lucifer on December 09, 2008, 04:36:03 pm
Is there any room for another dwarf ? :D

I'll add you to the list, but Migrants were too afraid to travel here this season :D

Glacies: Damn, I got most of them, but I thought Eita was Zako (since he was a wrestler at the time and all), and missed War'dunell. Makrond and Kib crack me up.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **December 10, 2008, 10:47:42 am**

What, I wasn't in there?

cries

Ok, in return for not including some people in that pic, do a pic that has only the military who weren't in the first. Lots of details please!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 10, 2008, 10:49:45 am**

Ok! I need Makrond, Adol and that other guy, Zako..? And Jools. I need the details on them, that is.

Also, start decorating the military equiptment! The need bling! Yes, yes...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **December 10, 2008, 11:17:45 am**

Well, I bet that Jools is riding a war donkey or something... ;D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **December 10, 2008, 11:18:07 am**

Adol keeps himself well groomed, and wields his families ancestral hammer.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 10, 2008, 11:52:33 am**

The events of the 16th of Malachite, 1067

At the knock at her door, Eita looked up from cleaning her armor. Setting aside the steel helm, she stood and moved to the door. She paused, her hand outstretched towards the knob, and quietly chided herself for being nervous. Goblins hadn't been seen in a week, and there's no way they'd come in to punish her for killing their brethren - or if they did, they certainly wouldn't knock politely.

When she opened the door, she was surprised to see Major Merkil standing there, his helmet tucked under his arm, his large hammer slung over his back. The Major offered a tired smile, and gestured towards the small room, "May I come in, soldier?"
"Uhh, yes. Sure, Major."

Merkil stepped inside, glancing about the room. He placed his helmet on top of her dresser, and stood at attention. For a long time, she watched him in silence, and eventually Merkil spoke:

"Your father trained me; it's because of him that I'm in in this position. That I have... this hammer-" Merkil reached over his shoulder, touching the handle of his warhammer. "- that was created specifically for him. One of our blacksmiths felt so awed by Major ---- DayCovering, that he created this brilliant weapon for his use."
"Then where is he."
"Well... about that..."

It wasn't until the wee hours of the morning that Merkil finished telling his tale of the old Major. He looked drained, and much older than when he entered, his eyes downcast. Coughing against the back of his hand, he quietly finished, "And that was his last wish. He knows we'll have a hard time here, that we have the world against us. He wanted to inspire some hope to the citizens, to keep their spirits up that somewhere, someone is fighting for them. And I-... well, I'm helping him do that. And I'm very, very sorry."

Merkil stood suddenly, and took his helmet off of the dresser. He paused at the doorway and looked back at Eita once before leaving her room empty once more.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **December 10, 2008, 07:19:42 pm**

Zako has dark hair, a nice beard, is a bit grubby and has his leg brace as well as the old major's armor. He uses a crossbow as well (standard military issue).

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **December 10, 2008, 07:31:17 pm**

Willber is short, cave-adapted, and bearded. The perfect dorf!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **December 10, 2008, 09:57:39 pm**

At least I know now i'm not the only one who's having trouble keeping track of all the military dwarves we now have :-[

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 11, 2008, 06:11:34 pm**

Vector brings up a good point. So, here's a list!

SPECIAL LIST OF MILITARY DORFS
(in order of appearance)

Sgt. Pepper (Legendary): Axe
Jools (Swordsdwarf): Swords
Sulari (Legendary): Axe
Likot (Legendary): Crossbows
Merkil (Legendary): Hammer
Asmel Towersacks (Legendary): Spear
Varen (Legendary): Spear
Makrond (Retired): Used Spears
Maggarg (Legendary): Swords
Adol (Legendary): Hammers
Zako (Legendary): Crossbow / Wrestler
Rolland (Elite Marksdwarf): Crossbow
Sparrow (Elite Marksdwarf): Crossbow
War'Dunell (Legendary): Axe
Neo (Legendary): Sword
Eita (Hammerlord): Hammers
Sarek (Speardwarf): Spears
Wilber (Macedwarf): Maces
Stravitch (Legendary Jerk): Maces
Vatek (Legendary): Mace

Eita would be Legendary with the rest of her squad, but she had her leg broken for a while and missed out on some training. Toady's weird bug where dwarves that train with a Legendary <anything> become a Legendary <anything> has cropped up mighty fast, because the military is gaining ranks like no ones business.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **December 11, 2008, 06:26:34 pm**

Go Willber!!! Keep on gainin them ranks!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 11, 2008, 07:16:38 pm**

Vatek stood straight backed, his head held high, staring at the sun. He knew it was bad for him; after only a minute the pain was so intense he felt like crying and his eyes were full of spots for a long while after, but it did a lot to drone out whatever drivel Captain Fillwhip was saying. Sometimes the Captain just couldn't be ignored though, like now, when Vatek let out a groan as he took a hard punch to the arm.

"Quit day dreaming you damned slacker, and tell me why the hell my project is blinking red, green and white."
"It's not blinking," Vatek said after a moment, rubbing his arm. "That's the gems glittering. For the... I guess it's a stained glass window you wanted."
"Why the hell are there gems! I didn't order any gems! Cinnabar! That's what I wanted, cinnabar cinnabar cinnabar cinnabar! Didn't you look at my blueprints at ALL?"
"Those were BLUEPRINTS you gave Rice?" Vatek asked, shocked.
"What did you think they were?"

Vatek pulled a folded sheet of paper out from his backpack, flapping it open. Holding it with two hands, he gave it a shake. "This is NOT a set of blue prints."
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"Then what the hell is it?" Stravitch asked sullenly.
"A crayon-drawn mess by a horrific madman. Why did you give the **sun** a mouth full of razor teeth?"
"Because it'll tear you up. It's *the sun*, how does that not click?"
"And what's that in the corner, screaming?"
"A dwarf I set on fire."

Vatek just closed his eyes. Off in the distance, there was a howl of pain and a scream from one of the haulers, "OH NO THE CAMELS! THEY KILLED ZUGLARS DOG AND ARE COMING FOR US!"

"Shouldn't you get that, Sir?" Vatek asked quietly.
"What? No, screw 'em. This is a lot more important."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 11, 2008, 08:30:01 pm**

Rinsesilver and her crew ran across the bridge from their nearly completed construction site, trailed closely by a few of the masons they had bought or bribed. Stopping just beyond the roofed road, Rincesilver winced as one of the citrine-gem windows shattered, throwing glass and jewels shards across the stone to glitter in the sun.

"What the hell is going on in there?" Rinsesilver demanded.
"One a' the Dread Camels got in there," one of the Dock Workers said, tugging on his collar. "I tells ya', it's a monster inn'are! Crushed a coupla' dogs heads, killed a donkey and it's foal, just runnin' a muck."
"How many workers escaped?"

The dock hand turned and made a quick count of the workers and winced. "We're missing three. Must be inside the tower finishin' up the mechanicalisms."
"I swear to all of you, your incompetence will get you nothing bu- RUN!"

The Camel, it's eye sockets blazing with evil light, knocked down one of the doors and came racing out from the construction site, bucking and snorting and biting at the air. As the angry sack of meat approached the hastily retreating dwarves, a blue-clad bur rushed past them. Rinsesilver watched as Meng Flickeredvessel drew her mace, cracking the camel's skull with one blow, the beast continued to run

for a few steps before collapsing in the road, the magic holding it's bones together gone.

As Meng turned to head back towards the human caravans trundling up the road, Rinsesilver held up a hand to stop her. "Pardon, a second of your time. You handled that thing with some real, ahh... some real finesse. You lookin' for a full time gig? We'll need a bouncer soon as this place is reopened."

"I... don't think so, miss," Flickeredvessel said. "My duty's to the fortress proper. But I thank you for the offer."

Rinsesilver frowned, and gave a little tug to her collar. "Well just keep it in mind. Some captain riding you too hard? Some work guarding some humans below your station? Just keep Rinsesilver, and the Fountainspring Fisheries in mind. I pay hard workers what they're worth, and not a cent less."

"I'll rememeber that, miss. Good day."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 12, 2008, 03:52:53 pm**

I'm always looking out for you guys!

Anyone with a hankering for my ciphers to solve, check out this thread (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=28515.0>). I have no affiliation with it, but anyone who wants something to beat their head against, pop on over there and give it a spin.

Also, I got my first form-letter rejection on my book from an agent. Surprisingly, it makes me feel all kinds of excited and stuff, because at least things are *moving*. I'm sure my mood will change in three months and forty-plus rejections, but for now? Excitement!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **December 12, 2008, 08:58:06 pm**

Can all of your loyal fans receive free e-versions?

Eita has your standard RPG character's Ancient Armor from a Forgotten Ancestor that Actually Sucks because you got it at the Start of the Game. Basically, it's what Zako wears except a lot more torn up and obviously older. Why? Artistic license dammit!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 12, 2008, 09:24:07 pm**

The events of the 13th of Galena, 1067

"Alright animal, you're unchained. Get out of 'ere."

Guardsmen Woundlulled tapped his mace on the steel door and stepped aside. He crossed his arms and glared as Kuli stepped from the Black Cell, blinking his eyes frantically against the hard light that assailed him. There was a small gathering waiting across the hall - Jools and Vash, Dojango, and a few of the guardsmen all waiting for the Maester.

As his eyes adjusted, Kuli gave a weary smile. He looked worn, and hungry; his skin hanging a bit looser on his much smaller frame. But he radiated warmth, his smile infectious to the onlookers.

"Thank you all for coming... though, I won't stay and chat. I need a drink very badly."

"Of course, Maester," Vash said. "Are you okay to walk? Do you need a hand?"

"I'm fine, thank you. I'm not entirely weak, though... I had much trouble sleeping. I kept hearing noises for the past few nights, even through the cell walls."

Dojango gave Jools a sideways glance which Kuli caught, and the Maester let out a weary sigh. "Tell me what happened."

"Well," Jools said slowly. "There was a slip-up with the Stramgil Merchants. This miner, Mosus, drug a bunch of barrels up there and didn't notice some of them had flutes. Well, when the merchants left and The Duke went looking for his flute stockpile..."

"Mosus got hammered," Dojango finished for him, helpfully. "Hammered in the cell next t'yours. Poor girl didn't last one blow. Now Vatek's even more sullen than normal - that was his fiance, ya' see."

Kuli shook his head slowly, tsking quietly. "Their mandates are becoming absurd. This isn't right, innocent Dwarves are losing their lives for such frivolities. We're becoming a society of objects, and though it may just be the nobility now, soon even the common workers will become obsessed with their material goods. Come, I'd like you all to join me for a drink, and perhaps we can discuss this... terrible problem gripping our home in better surroundings."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **December 12, 2008, 09:57:00 pm**

Another noble massacre?
Edit: Does Kuli know Kib died?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **December 12, 2008, 09:58:16 pm**

Viva la revolution!!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **December 12, 2008, 10:08:19 pm**

[Quote from: neo1096 on December 12, 2008, 09:57:00 pm](#)
Edit: Does Kuli know Kib died?

Probably not yet, but I imagine he'll find out soon enough.

Good to have my dwarf back on the outside. Now I'll be able to write journal entries again.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 12, 2008, 11:25:26 pm**

[Quote from: Eita on December 12, 2008, 08:58:06 pm](#)
Can all of your loyal fans receive free e-versions?

Heh, well, I'm not sure what the likelihood that I'll get published is, especially in a terrible economy. But hey, perhaps I can find the right agent who loves odd books. Point is, I've already decided the only fair way to do it is to make up a special cryptogram for you guys, and the first two (or five, or whatever) to solve it, I'll mail them a signed copy and some crayon drawings.

Also, don't get your hopes up that this will happen *any* time soon. Agents are the first step, from there it's publishers, from there it's getting published. But I'll always keep you guys... in *my heart*.

<cue studio audience>
Awwwwwh!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **December 13, 2008, 12:28:10 am**

Ooh! Can I just get the crayon drawings!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **December 13, 2008, 03:22:30 am**

OOC: Hmm, why would we need a e-novel? Lets see if I remember my terms right, he could do a synopsis. Or he could share his favorite chapter, that would build interest, right? Sometimes, you need to build the market audience before you get the publishing deal, sorta like a guarantee of this many copies sold in the publishers eyes because you have an established fan base. I remember other authors trying similar things and one of my favorite authors, Matt Reilly, self published his first book I believe. Do you have a website that you use to promote yourself and your stories, HK?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 13, 2008, 09:28:41 am**

CanadianWolverine: I've been doing a lot of research about this, and the way to go (for me at least) looks like it falls in this order -

- 1) Get an Agent. Agent's are wonderful because they handle many of the day-to-day stresses for you. Talking to publishers, handling contracts, dealing with merchandising, and sometimes setting up publicity events. Agents generally take 15% of the royalties you make (and 20% or more for international deals), which is fine - their salary comes from selling the author, so they work harder to get better deals.
- 2) Query the publisher yourself. You cut out the middleman of the agent and save the 15% on your royalties. You also have more control on where your book is sent. But you need a lawyer to look over the contracts, and you have to go through the whole process again with the next book, and the next, and the next... though having a few under your belt makes you look more desirable to Agents who would be more likely to pick you up when they see you're not just a flash in the pan.
- 3) Self Publishing is quick and easy, and generally something like... print on demand, or vanity presses, or whatever. They're last on the list because there is still a large stigma against them in the industry. This can be bad because self publishing is *still* publishing - Publishers won't touch that book with a ten foot pole since it's already been "printed" by another "publisher", and Agents turn up their noses to people who don't follow proper decorum. The main reason being, it's incredibly difficult to separate the Wheat from the Chaff. Sure, it happens, but the odds are pretty against you.

Once I stop being lazy I'm going to put together a couple websites, but... perhaps I'll post synopsis, or a sample chapter here at some point.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 13, 2008, 10:59:21 am**

The events of the 16th of Galena, 1067

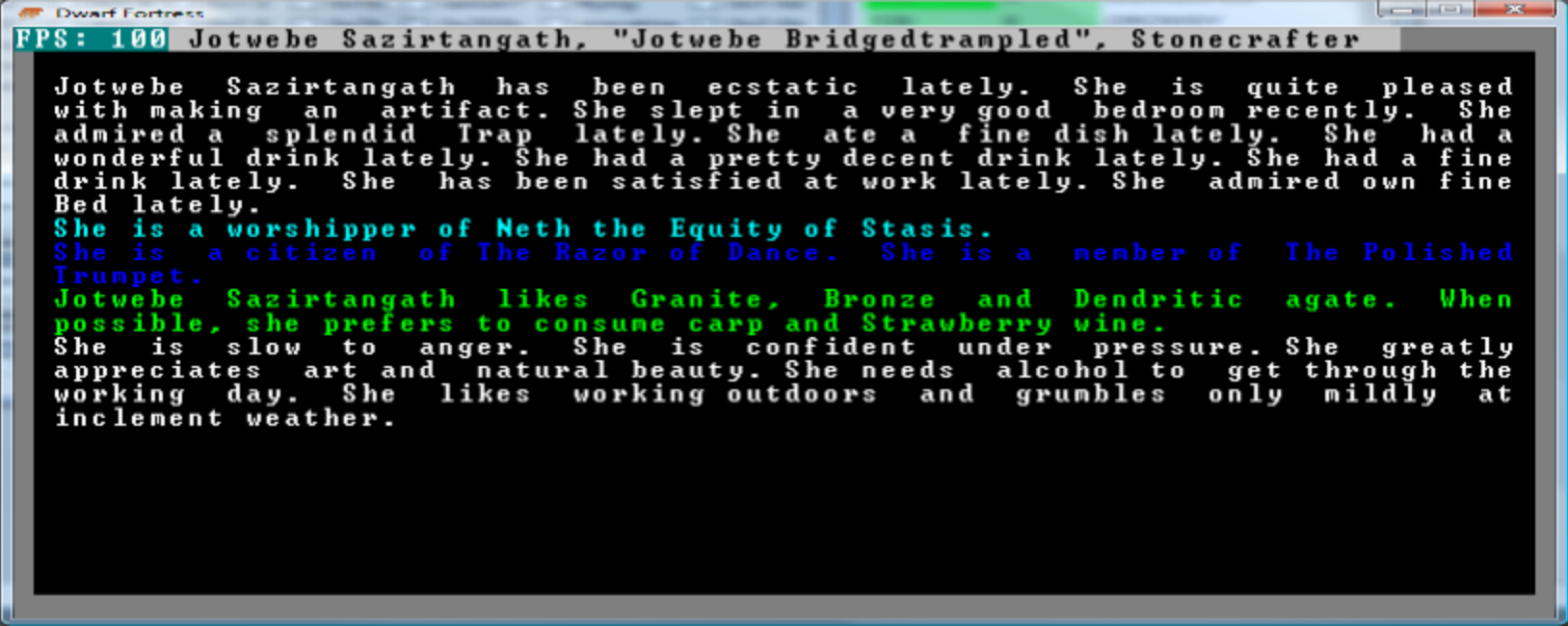
Many of the fortress children gathered around the body laying out on the stones. Grov-14 was there, inexplicably, because according to Mayor Ineth the child had vanished into the sunset and a few of the others had seen Grov impaled on some spikes by Glacies during a botching trick. But they didn't really say anything, they had more important things to do. Like watch the body on the stones.



The human had been laying there for weeks now, ever since the merchants left the fortress. The pool of blood he had been laying in had baked into the stone, and into his armor, and rolling around on the the hot stones had eventually cauterized the wound at his shoulder - the one where his arm had once been.

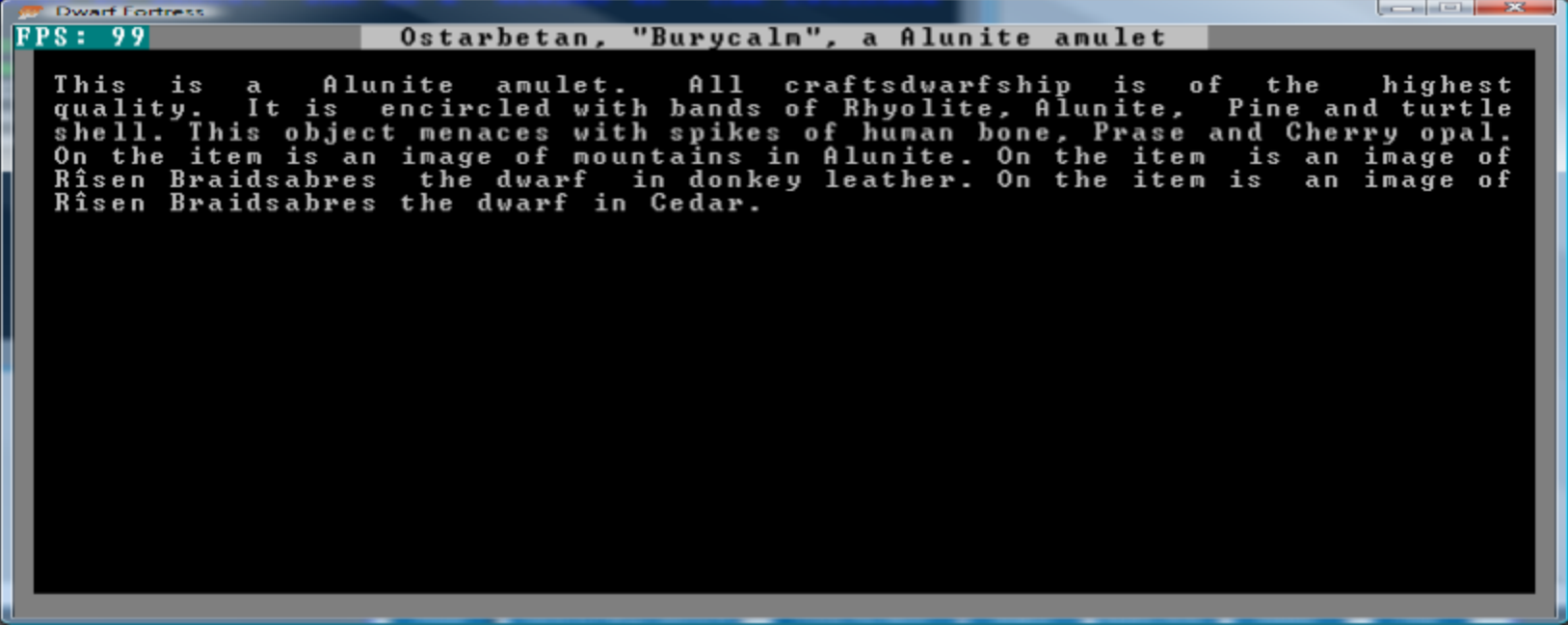
A patchy beard was growing on his face, and he had gone from red to brown in color, the sun having burnt and dehydrated his skin something awful. Every now and then he would sit up with a start and begin to croak "Water! Please, water, help..." and try to stand up before he would pass out again, cracking his skull on the floor, and the children would all laugh and clap and occasionally poke him with sticks.

There was a rush of noise from the main stairs, and a breathless Stonecrafter burst into the afternoon light. She looked exhausted, and ecstatic, and from her fingers dangled a large amulet swinging from a chain.



"It's finished!" The stonecrafter cried, "I finally finished! Oh, happy days... here, you have to see!"

The children gathered around expectantly, but she pushed through the crowd and knelt down beside the human. She gripped his shoulder and shook him hard until he woke with a start, gawking up at her. "Water" he gasped.
"No, no, *Am-u-let*," Jotwebe said. "See? I made this, and you, of all people, should see it! Isn't it spectacular?"



"What are... those spikes?" The human croaked.
"Oh, those? Well, after that nasty Goblin that killed Kib took your arm off when he ran away, I didn't want it to go to waste. Those are finger bones, and the humerus, ulna and radius, all broken and shaved into these menacing spikes. I think it really adds to the design."
"I..."
"Yes?" She said eagerly.
"Hate all of you... so damn much..." And with that he collapsed into unconsciousness once more, cracking his skull on the rocks to the cheer of the children.

"Well," Jotwebe said, turning up her nose. "I'll just go show Rice then, there's a Dwarf that can appreciate art.'

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **December 13, 2008, 11:03:56 am**

good lord, i think this is one of my favorite updates ever

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **December 13, 2008, 01:40:55 pm**

Clearly the human didn't appreciate traditional dwarven artistry, what with its magnificenct base-line of waste not, want not. What else would he have expected us to do with that arm, huh? Let it sit there and make miasma? I think not! Clearly those land-mongrels have no appreciation for proper dwarven artistry. Tsk tsk.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 13, 2008, 05:26:48 pm**

The events of the 24th of Galena, 1067

"Your eminence," Stozu Sinsdesert said quietly. He bowed low, his robes sweeping out behind him, the tips of his pointed green ears jangling from all the rings that adorned them. "You have a visitor."
"Please, send him away," High Priest Snamoz said with a dismissive wave of his hand. "I have no interest in hearing more problems from the workers."

"This..." Stozu said, elongating the S. "isn't one of our men... he's... very persistent. He said he has something to discuss with you, and it's of great importance."
"And what is it?"
"He would not say. Only that it must be discussed with you alone."
"Then send him away. Secrets are not to be kept in the Temple of Olsmo, from our Great Lord, nor from his mortal proxy."
"I'll tell him, your eminence."

Snamoz lowered his head once more, intent on the papers in front of him. He made tallies here and there, clacking his tongue as he poured over the notes, his attentions so focused he didn't hear the faint thump from the other room. There was a soft hiss, and a quick *chhhhchnk!* and the lock on the door shot into the room, clattering across the floor to land at the priests feet.

Looking up quickly, his eyed widened as he saw a tall Goblin limping into the room, carrying a briefcase and a large cyllinder. He shuffled over to the desk, and came to a stop, his voice cold and dead. "**High Priest Snamoz. I have something that might interest you.**"
"Oh, no, don't-" The priest started, but was silenced as the briefcase was dropped on the desk. Reaching across to unsnap the clasps, the tall goblin in the jean cloth pulled it open, showing off the gold bars inside.

"**The team you sent to retrieve this failed. I had to lead them to the fortress myself, and took I took it from the Dwarves who held it. You will see almost all the gold is there. Four-hundred coins worth are missing, to cover my expenses. Clothing. Food. Medical Care. Otherwise, the contents are intact.**" He closed the lid and pushed the briefcase forward.

"...And why are you delivering this to me. Why did you not keep it?"
"I am not interested in that money. I provide services, and I take what I am paid. What I have done for you, is a show of good faith. I have returned your belongings, and in return, I wish you to think of me when you have more problems that need a quick resolution."

High Priest Snamoz lifted the lid to the briefcase once more, staring in at the gold bars that lined the case. After much consideration, he lowered the lid, and offered a wary smile. "Perhaps you can be of assistance. We have a problem. The wizard Olngo has gone rogue, and taken with him the company of Half-Breed Mercenaries. He plans to take the Child of the Wastes, some... Limul Leopardknight, and use him to banish Olsmo and fill his place. He was to be used to increase The Lord of Fire's strength, but since his maturity, he is of no use to my master. But he can harm him, and this *cannot* happen. See to it that Olngo can never capture the child, and I'll see you're paid well."

The goblin gave a little nod, "**It will be done.**" Turning on his heel, he limped from the Priests office, stepping over the corpse of the retainer in the hallway. As he rounded the corner, the high priest exhaled hard, slumping in his chair.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 13, 2008, 06:47:43 pm**

The events of the 10th of Limestone, 1067

"Ladies and Gentlemen! You're attentions, please! I have today the most wonderful of news!"

The excitement and drama surrounding the grand opening of the construction site was palpable. Rinsesilver stood on the bridge in front of the main doors, the large tower jutting into the sky behind her, the top obscured by clouds. She looked resplendant in her tailored suit and thick gold chain. To her left stood Lucy in a modest dress, and Mookie, looking sleazy and pleased in her "working outfit". Madam Dodik beamed like a proud mother, her black ankle-length dress surprisingly tasteful.

Madam Dodik stepped forward, and gave a pleased nod to Rinsesilver. The lead Dock Worker returned the nod and stepped back, folding her hands in front of her. "I apologize for being shut so long, but renovations often take a while. But it should well be worth the wait. I'm pleased to give you the reopening of Dodik-Come-Lately's. This tower, situated behind the bridge on which I stand, acts as a beacon for any dwarf who wants good food, good drink, and good fun. For this whole week, prices are cut in half-" she went silent, grinning, as the roar from the crowd was deafening "- for everything on the menu. And I have something special to show you... Mookie? Would you do the honor?"

Mookie made a show of turning and walking towards the entrance. Once she had vanished from sight, there was the sound of gears slipping in to place, and a heavy sound of counter-weights dropping down. The grating of metal-on-stone sounded for a brief instant, and a roar...



Mookie walked out from the back room, giggling as the mist whirled around her. There was a collective gasp from the onlookers, and

Lucy looked absolutely shocked. "Oh my, it actually... it actually *works*?" she stammered. Rinsesilver reached over and gave her a squeeze on the shoulder.

"Now please, everyone - come in. Enjoy the mist, enjoy the games, enjoy the girls. The first round of drinks? Is on the house!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **December 13, 2008, 09:08:40 pm**

From the journal of Kuli Problemwalled,

This is my first time writing in several months, thanks to my imprisonment. I give thanks to Zefon for helping me endure those many days where I was deprived of food, drink, and sleep. I also pray for the soul of poor Mosus who was brutally executed for an "offense" that was no greater than my own.

The current situation in this fort is intolerable. Many righteous and hard-working dwarves are imprisoned or killed simply for failing to meet the selfish and unreasonable demands of those "noble" dwarves who think their lives hold higher value than those of others. My beloved Master Logem was killed for such petty reasons, and I increasingly expect that I shall meet the same fate soon enough.

I shall continue to call for unity in Migrursut. There is but one sacred value above all others - life. But, without unity we shall all lose our lives to the Lord of Death. I must make that fact clear to the leaders who would callously end the lives of any who displease them. If they will not listen, then...some direct action may be necessary. They take my patience for granted, but they will learn that even I... But no, Zefon forgive me if it should come to that!

Perhaps I am still exhausted from my incarceration. I fear that I may not be thinking rationally. For now, the best action is to get a good night's rest. Zefon's love be with us.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **December 14, 2008, 12:13:55 am**

Grov, which number he neither knew nor cared, wandered about the fortress with a fistful of pamphlets. That nice man in the long black dress had offered him cookies and beer if he would hand them out to everyone he met. He'd already given one to each of the donkeys, the leopard, and all the other animals in the zoo. He'd given several to himself, who he'd met on the stairs. Now, he was approaching a figure in the mess hall, and tugging at it's coat.

With a cry of "DONKEY-GUM-PLATEYS! HAHAAAAHA!" a pamphlet was pressed into the figure's hand, and the child ran off, giggling. The figure looked at the pamphlet. It read "Dodik's - Have You Come-Lately?" and the back, for some reason, had a crayon picture of a donkey wearing a hat.

OOC: Assume you're all given such a pamphlet at some point during your day to day activities.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **December 14, 2008, 01:23:35 am**

Zako looked at the pamphlet in his hand which had been given to him by one of the oh-so-many grov's that were running around the place. Reading the writing on it, he thought carefully for a bit then smiled widely.

"Perhaps Dodik's is the place for information. Miss Come-lately seems to be the knowledgeable type after all, and everyone talks to the owner when something is on their mind. Quite the information source for my plans..."

He looked around again and saw Kuli walking off to his church and a crafty look appeared in his eyes.

"The maester seems like the trusting type to talk about the dead. I'll go talk to him now that he's out again."

Zako shoulders his crossbow, readjusts a plate on his brace and quickly jogged off after Kuli.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **December 14, 2008, 06:19:04 am**

doodles of dancing, drinking decadent dwarves in various states of undress and ... <you blush>

War'dunell Dakostuzol *10th of Limestone, 1067*

Oh my! I love Madam Dodik's place! Just when you thought this place couldn't get any better thanks to the view of the beautiful red sands, especially at sunrise and sunset, along comes the mists and the drink and the dancing! I wonder if Dodik needs another lady to help out around the place...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **December 14, 2008, 04:38:46 pm**

I think Dodik *a/ways* needs more to help around the place. "Lady" however is an awfully strong term. ;D

Journal of Keldor:

I got a good look at Bridgetrampled's new amulet today. I must say, the use of donkey leather is deeply disturbing. I suppose that since it was from those poor, poor beasts that were slain by the dread camels, it's at least partially forgivable, so that their memories may live on. Speaking of which, I wonder what that human is so upset about. After all, at least his arm didn't get made into practice bolts!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **December 14, 2008, 05:14:44 pm**

any unforeseen complications with the waterfall?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 14, 2008, 06:22:32 pm**

Quote from: Vector on December 14, 2008, 05:14:44 pm
any unforeseen complications with the waterfall?

Surprisingly, no! Okay, that's a lie. There were two minor things.

The first was, I misjudged and put the flood gates too close to the corners, so all the water rushed out and over the edges of the overhang, and flooded the sands. Which is fine, because the second involved the pumps not working because I had one too-few waterwheels set up (which is bullshit, something is actually hosed with the power consumption).

I actually had this planned as an update on *Friday*, but I wanted to have if fixed and working first. And I'm honestly surprised it works. Now to just see if the water eventually overflows the channel I make, which will result in a a quick fix valve shut-off.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **December 16, 2008, 01:20:31 am**

How's the picture coming along Glacies? Drawing... Zako... undead... battles...

Zako has been taken by a fey mood!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 16, 2008, 05:35:17 pm**

The Events of the 12th of Limestone, 1067

"GOBLINS!"
"Damn it all," Rinsesilver screamed. She turned hard on her heel, planting a fist into the wooden doors of Dodik's. Cracked wood and blood smeared the spot where she had hit, and in her rage she didn't feel the pain at all. She lifted her other hand, pointing it towards the squad of goblin ambushers just south of the brothel, her voice raised to a near screech, "Go get Likot and Sgt. Pepper, someone fetch their rotting hides! No more drinks until this is dealt with!"

But before one of her lackeys could vanish below to fetch the undead, a dwarf in dented metal armor went sprinting past. Rinsesilver squinted, shielding her eyes, and watched as Vatek crushed the first goblins head with a hard blow from his mace, the creature planting itself in the send with a rush of air. Using the unmoving body as a springboard, he dove into the mess of greenskins, crushing head and limbs under his blows.

Rinsesilver watched as the guardsman, his duty done, slowly limped back towards the construction site. She also watched as Stravitch came trundling down the road, angry and red faced, waving his hands in the air as he screamed, "The hell are you doing away from your post! I told you NOT to leave! You are in SO much trouble for this! What could have compelled you?"

Vatek's response was a surly point of his mace, towards the piles of bodies gathered in the sand. "They were trying to raid Dodik's now that it reopened."
"Oh. *well then*," Stravitch said, mollified. He gave a half-hearted salute, and pushed past him to the bridge. "Carry on then, guardsman."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 16, 2008, 07:48:23 pm**

The 19th of Limestone, 1067

Aryn and Glacies stood out in the courtyard to welcome the Dwarvish merchants from Stukos Matul. Every time Aryn looked over, Glacies was busy chewing on muck root, his teeth stained a ruby red. Occasionally the book keep would flash a smile, and Aryn would groan in disgust and look away.

The lead merchant gingerly stepped around the emaciated, one-armed human, and gestured towards his prostrate form. Aryn just closed his eyes and shrugged. "I don't know, he's been there for weeks. Just ignore him."
"He's asking for water?"
"Yes, he does that. Just don't worry about him, the kids will be back up to poke him with sticks soon... just, ugh, just ignore that.'
"Alright..." The merchants said, sparing the human one last glance. "Your roads are awfully dangerous this time of year. We ran into some of those camels, and then a squad of goblins-"
"ANOTHER squad of goblins?" Aryn said, exasperated.
"Yeah, they had thrown some... I guess a miner to the camels and were watching them trample him to death. We slipped past while they were busy."
"Damn it ALL," Aryn ran his fingers through his hair, strands of blond coming out with them. "Someone go get Sacktwinkled, send her down there to deal with this."

"Hoi, Jools!" Rackreleased called from across the sands, "You okay doing that?"
Jools dodged a hoof, lopping the Dread Camel's rear left leg off at the knee. The beast tried to lower it's leg, but with it's balance broken it toppled over, kicking and thrashing. "Of course, why?" He called back.
"I'm just askin', what with you bein' the zookeep and all?"
"Well it's easy. They're not really animals anymore, the poor things." Jools stepped on the camels neck to hold it down, raising his sword up high.

Rackreleased dodged a sword-swing from one of the goblins, and as he fell backwards he swung his hammer hard. It caught the green skin in the face, shattering his cheek bone as the dwarf rotated in the fall. He landed on his stomach and sprung up, watching as the goblin slowly teetered over backwards, dead. "Yeah? So you could do that with anything?"
"I don't see why not?"
"Like if Aryn's bear turned into a walkin' corpse, you could bring it down."
Jools thought for a second, his sword still raised. "Yes, I suppose I could."
"And if all the dogs turned?"
"Of course, that wouldn't be much trouble at all."
"What if all those donkeys got the evil in 'em?"

Jools tensed. His upper lips curled, and he brought the sword down hard, splitting the camels skull in twain. "Donkeys could NEVER be evil," he growled. "Watch your mouth, blaspheming like that!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **December 17, 2008, 03:54:17 am**

I finally finished reading every post!!

I'd be a fool not to request a dwarf in this place.

Name: Fireheart
Gender: Male
Profession: Sworddwarf

Story: Fireheart is the former leader of a squad of Sworddwarves who roamed the land killing Undead and Goblins. The rest of the squad was wiped out in battle with a tribe of blood god worshipping goblins in the swamps.

He is against any evil creature, whether it is Undead, Goblin or Dwarf. Religion isn't a big deal as long as its NOT Lenod.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 17, 2008, 06:42:21 am**

The harpy circled over the prone form under the tree. It was hot, dry, and muzzy out that night, but the dwarf below managed to sleep despite the heat. Hungrily, the harpy soared lower, circling in anticipation, until it finally came close. With a triumphant screech, she attacked, talons outstretched.

The screech woke the book-keeper and he awoke with a start to find a set of talons in his face. He grabbed out and punched the harpy in the bread-basket, turning the screech into a gurgle. However, the talons struck home and the book-keeper received a nice, long gash all the way down his torso. Grunting with pain, he pushed the harpy off himself and scrambled upright with the help of the tree. Wheezing, the harpy backed away and regained her breath. Glacies snatched his backpack up, and the two eyeballed each other warily. Then, with sudden determination, the winged she-devil jumped forward again. The resulting scuffle was unpleasant and bloody for both parties involved, but the book-keeper eventually snapped her neck with a lucky swing.

Gasping for breath, he limped away and leaned against a tree. Wincing, he looked up and saw it was just before sunrise, and a faint line of blue was appearing over the horizon. As he bandaged himself, he watched as the sun slowly rose over the mountains in the distance as the stars slowly winked out.

And then he gave a start. There were mountains in the distance. Dropping to one knee, Glacies uttered a pray to Lenod, and then set off at a jog, ignoring the dead harpy on the ground. He left a small trail of dust rising in his wake.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **December 17, 2008, 04:41:08 pm**

I love how a simple book-keeper not only beats a harpy to death, but then runs off towards some mountains, injuries and all, after having caught only a slight bit of relief.

Sturdy little bastards, those dwarves.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **December 17, 2008, 07:53:29 pm**

simple book-keeper? They use 80 lbs pens made from stone and iron, and they have to scratch the records into the desktop, which usually happens to also be stone. Dwarven book-keepers are kickass things.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 17, 2008, 08:27:09 pm**

The events of the 2nd of Sandstone, 1067

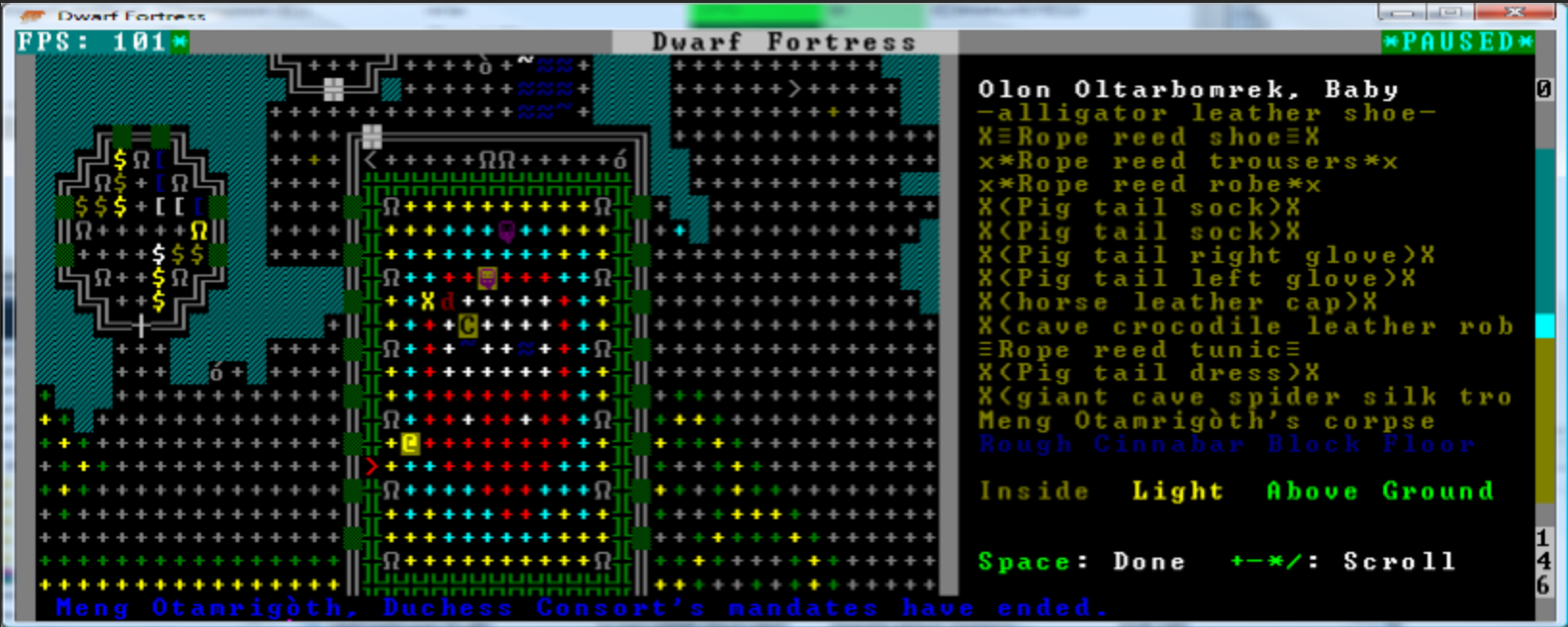
Glacies drummed his fingers on the desk, leaning back heavily in his chair. With a loud sigh he slapped his palm down on the table, and Crowpages jumped in her seat, glaring at him. "Can't we get this stupid thing on?" Glacies complained. "I have a *show* in an hour and I'd REALLY like to test out the play on the lever, ifn' ya' don't mind."

"We can't do that," Aryn snarled.

"Why the hell not!"

"Because if we start without the Duke, we'll have to stop as soon as he comes in and repeat the whole damned meeting. No, we're just going to wait for him because I don't want this to take any longer than-"

Aryn jumped as the door slammed open, and the Duke lurched in, white as a sheet and drunk from the near-empty jug of rum he dangled from his hand. As the members of the council turned to gawk at him, he gaped at them briefly before saying, "Meng's dead..."



The Council gathered in the Temple of Zefon, staring up at Meng's body as it slowly dangled from the rope-reed noose. Her face was purple, her eyes bulging out of her skull, spit frothed up around her mouth. Bertrand, ever the image of helpfulness pressed his index and middle fingers to her wrist and tasked quietly, "I'm afraid she's dead."

"I said she was dead!" The Duke blustered.

"Yes," Bertrand said solemnly, "But now that I've said it, she can *really* be dead instead of only through hearsay."

Aryn glared at the body, his lips tightly pressed together. Crowpages cleared her throat and asked, "Do you think she was depressed? Why would she kill herself?"

"She didn't," Aryn said quietly, "Look at her wrists."

Crowpages leaned in, looking at the rope-burns in her skin, and sucked her teeth. Aryn snorted, "This is revenge for a certain Dwarf's punishment. The nerve, to do it in his own temple... fine, if they want to play these games? I'll play them."

The next morning, as the Dwarves woke and went about their morning routines, they noticed a new poster tacked up in the hallways. It was simple, plain parchment with black ink, but the lettering was big and bold, and the tone unmistakable:

RELIGIOUS SERVICES ARE BANNED. YOUR GODS DO NOT EXIST. DO NOT PERSECUTE OTHERS WITH YOUR OWN INTOLERANCE.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **December 17, 2008, 08:57:22 pm**

Diary of Neo
Date: 3rd of Sandstone, 1067

I got a real shock today. Aryn (come on, we all know he's the brains behind this) has banned religion. While I am no big fan of any deity, he had the nerve to call it "intolerance". The only friggin' intolerance here is his own. I think he may have overreached himself this time though, I mean think about Stravich's reaction, and Zefon's faithful are many and comprise the fortress's heart in many ways. I do not actually believe Kuli had anything to do with it and Aryn's assumption of Kuli's guilt bothers me. Besides, the nobles really are getting out of hand. I've heard Aryn was in arms against them at one point even. Why'd he have to go soft now and take his idiotic rage out on the wrong people. I'll be offering my help to the temples, as this smacks of corruption on the part of the Council. And personally, good riddance to you, dear Duchess Consort. I only wish I could have been the one to string her up myself.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **(name here)** on **December 17, 2008, 10:02:46 pm**

I'd like a dwarf

Name: (Dwarf Name)
Job: stoneworker
Backround: (Dwarf Name)'s parents were recent immigrants from diskworld when they filled his birth certificate, and it's been haunting his life sufficently that he became a devotee of zefon because he found hope in a future rebirth where he gets a real name.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **December 18, 2008, 12:31:10 am**

From the journal of Kuli Problemwalled,

Today has been a bewildering whirlwind of events. To say that I am schocked and outraged would not do justice to how I feel at this moment. To think that someone would commit a murder in the House of Zefon! Whatever fiend did this must be twisted indeed, and deserves no better than to be cast out to face the merciless wastes. It is all happening again, just like that bloodbath with the Queen... no, no I don't want to remember that right now. I am disturbed enough as it is.

I have to compose myself and think of how to deal with the situation. Aryn has of course blamed me and the other children of Zefon for the murder. While that is an outrage in itself, it is not altogether surprising. With religious services outlawed and the temple closed down, worship services will be difficult to hold. But hold them we will. Aryn can punish *me* all he wants, but he will not oppress my congregation! In this matter, I will deny him at all costs. We will secretly gather whenever or wherever we can. I would sooner give a sermon in Madame Dodik's den of iniquity than not give one at all! ...Amusingly enough, that may not be such a bad idea after all. It is the only place with any sort of independence from Aryn's law, and there is a chance that Madame Dodik has enough of a sliver of her faith left to allow us...but, I should certainly not count on it.

My greatest task will be to restrain the anger of my fellow worshippers. Though I do not like to think it, the murderer could very well be among the children of Zefon, and this oppression could anger some of them enough to react with further violence. This must not be allowed. All life is sacred, even the lives of those we might hate! Peace and unity are now more important than ever.

Gracious Zefon, I apologize for the offense that has been committed against you this day. I pray that you guide us through these trying times, and help us find the true meaning of rebirth in your Love.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **December 18, 2008, 01:27:35 am**

Zako has started a mysterious construction! <--- Yesterday

And heres a post to tide you over:

Zako approached the doors to the temple of Zefon and stood before them, resting his crossbow on his shoulder. Looking over the doors he saw that they were chained shut and sighed knowing that the nobles were somehow involved. He saw Kuli looking at the church behind him and he walked over to him calmly.

"I am sorry for what this is doing to not only you, but others that follow the faith of Zefon."

"It is alright, my son. We will find a way past this setback, with Zefon's grace."

Zako looked around him to check that there was noone near and seeing that there was noone he spoke again:

"Do you know why I worship victory?"

"No I do not, my son. Tell me if you wish."

"I worship victory because I believe that if we are determined enough, and have enough courage to do what's right, then it will come by itself."

Kuli was silent for a while and in this pause Zako continued.

"I want to fight for what is right, and I want to live in a good world, hence why I fight for it. While I am not of your religon, I believe that the ultimate aim for what you wish is in fact, better for the world and everyone in it. What I am asking however is simple, will you fight for it?"

Kuli looked at Zako, straight in the eyes and was silent for a minute before answering;

"I will fight for it if the time comes for that to happen. Zefon wishes that we have peace and replace our hate with love, and by his grace we will do that. Just not at this moment."

They both looked at the temple once more and while gazing upon its structure, Zako murmured to Kuli quietly:

"Do you think that the good world that we envision will have the undead in it?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **December 18, 2008, 02:21:22 am**

War'dunell Dakostuzol *2nd of Sandstone, 1067*

You have got to be shitting me.

I may be just a casual worshiper of Lenod, so I honestly don't give a giant rat's arse about going to a temple, but to say my god doesn't exist. What the fuck. But who am I kidding, I wouldn't want to make a scene about it, I will just write down how I feel about this here. It almost makes me wish this place grew trees so I would drop out of military service to this dwarven dickhead and go wood cutting with my lovely axes.

Seriously, how does he not expect this to blow up in his face like poorly maintained still?

You see here a sketch of a female dwarf flying out a explosion brandishing a war axe above her head with male dwarves cowering in fright before the dwarven projectile

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **December 18, 2008, 03:48:19 am**

Excerpt from the Journal of Makrond, c.1067

Akim's thousand daggers pierce Aryn's cold, shrivelled heart... and lungs, and pancreas.

The fool has the nerve to ban religious ceremonies! He of all people should know that the devoutly religious in this hellhole are not people to be crossed. Meng's death may have been a step too far, but two unforgivable acts do not make a right. Ah, but I'm letting him get to me again.

Perhaps it is time... but no, I cannot think of such things. It is not yet time. I think I shall train much harder than I did before, that I may be ready when the time does come.

And I will be ready.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **December 18, 2008, 04:58:31 am**

Diary of Sarek
Entry two

I never expected this, I mean I do love this place and all it's splendor but these incidents are too frequent. I mean what could drive anybody to do such a thing to poor Meng I am just glad they had managed to get it all cleared up before I had gotten there to see what all the fuss was about.

And now Aryn has placed this ban on worship I am at a crossroad one the one hand I wish to fulfil my duty, but is it right to forsake the gods in order to do so? Well I have alot to think about but I guess there is little else to do but continue my training in my hope to join the ranks of heroes who wander these halls. If am still alive which in this place I have my doubts sometimes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 18, 2008, 09:59:08 am**

Well that certainly lit a fire under everyone! Huzzahs are in order.

Except there's a possibility that might be the last update you're left with for a week and a half, or so. I've got all next week off and plan to go back to Kentucky to visit the family and the girlfriend, both of which have placed a Dwarf Fortress Embargo on me. I'll try to pump an entry or two out tonight, but so far my list looks like:
* Buy two more Christmas Presents
* Dentist Appointment
* Pack and wrap *everything*
* make/get + eat dinner
* Booby trap my house
* do the dishes

Regardless of if I get anything done tonight or not - Happy Holidays, to all my readers.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **December 18, 2008, 02:00:04 pm**

Diary of maggarg.
Aryn has closed down all the temples.
I'm actually pretty miffed, not because I believe in gods, but because temples and such are full of lovely ornaments. Ah, I remember the first time I went to a church back in the summer of '39 with "Skinner" Likotmas. They don't build lava traps like them these days, but it was worth it just to get that jade monkey. 'Course, it was cursed, which is why I gave it to my father-in law at that present time. Serves him right for that crossbow wedding.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **December 18, 2008, 02:07:25 pm**

Adol stood outside, watching the sun slow rise over the desert. His head bowed in prayer, his thoughts turned towards the edict against religion. *Listast needs no ceremony, no temple. The dawn returns each morning, bringing light back to the land. That...that is proof enough of gods. And no edict of Aryn's can stop it.*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **December 18, 2008, 10:52:09 pm**

From the Diary of Eita

Aryn's going to get himself killed. I know it. There's no way this thing will be resolved amicably, but at least it doesn't effect me as while my belief in Zefon is true, I need no temple to praise his glory, nor prayers to convince me of his grace. The fact that this fortress survives at all is proof of his divine majesty, and the sheer beauty of Zoden Zefon doesn't hurt either. I still remember Zoden Zefon, so very many years ago. I had made the basic assumption that greats gravitated to great things, and the results had been promising. Then there was that whole thing with an island in the middle of an ocean that turned out not to exist, but at least I managed to get to the glacier.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **December 19, 2008, 09:06:17 am**

Everyone keeps referring to Zefon as "he." Zefon is most definitely female.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **December 19, 2008, 09:57:00 am**

My bad...

Are you going to type a response to my post soon?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **December 19, 2008, 12:52:12 pm**

I didn't know that you expected a response from me. On the undead question, Kuli would probably just say "I don't know." He really isn't sure how to react to existence of Likot and the others. They do make him uncomfortable, but he doesn't hate them. There's just no accounting for the undead in the Zefonist belief structure, I think.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **December 19, 2008, 07:05:04 pm**

If I may come with a suggestion as to the Zefon-zombie buisness?

While Zefonists are pacifists and Zefon herself is a decidedly nice goddess, say that the zombies are experiencing the equivilant of Zefonist hell/purgatory. Not hell/purgatory in the traditional sense, oh no. Zefon help it, no.

They're in the zombie state because either they have been particularly cruel during life and thus Zefon sees the need to keep them truly away from the eternal cycle of reincarnation until Zefon feels they've learnt their lesson and may enter the cycle once more ("Hell"), or she may feel that they have much more to offer to Dwarfity and, though they may have been slightly misguided in their living form, are given a chance to fulfill what Zefon feels to be what they must do for Dwarfity ("Purgatory")

Personally, this is how I fit in zombies in the Zefonic belief system, although I'll have to leave the final call to Kuli, the resident priest of Zefon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 20, 2008, 11:17:05 am**

Lenod's female too. Oops.

Bloodclocks and....that other guy...will be appearing soon. PM me with the sort of personality you want me to write them as, if you like.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **December 20, 2008, 01:29:37 pm**

Concepts like "hell" and "purgatory" or even "heaven" for that matter don't exist in Zefonism, I think. You're either reborn through Zefon, or you stay dead forever. And permanent death basically means your soul ceases to exist entirely. This is why zombies bother Kuli, because they exist outside of the absolute life-death dichotomy that he believes in.

Now, regular zombies like the Dread Camels are easily explained away as soulless constructs that are animated by dark magics. In the case of Likot and the others, though, it seems clear that they still have either a soul or at least a consciousness and are thus "alive" despite having died.

That's what *I* think, anyway, but I'm not the one writing this story. Ultimately, Zefonism is whatever Heavy Flak wants it to be.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 21, 2008, 12:30:38 pm**

While the girlfriend cleans and I "look up recipes" for cookies, I can pop in real quick. I knew I wouldn't be able to stay away...

The Gods were, originally, left intentionally blank because I had no defined idea of what to do with them. I probably wouldn't have done anything with them but with a lot of things with this story, reader-interaction slowly pushed them to the forefront. That's something I like quite a lot, for the record, because it wasn't forced. A totally natural progression.

With that said, the gods have been mostly left up to their respective "priests" - Kuli with Zefon, Stravitch having forced his way in with Lenod's fiery rage, Litast and... (crap, who made mention of Litast?), and a variety of the "minor" gods.

Anyway, point is, feel free to discuss away and give this story a much richer background!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **December 21, 2008, 03:20:22 pm**

Listat would be Adol. Not that he's a priest or anything, but I think I've mentioned the gentler day god the most.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **December 23, 2008, 04:28:11 am**

I'm not sure Maggarg even notices he worships litast.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **December 23, 2008, 08:13:05 am**

If the Grov Collective worship anything at all, it's probably not by conscious effort.

On a tangent, Kuli, how do clones fit into Zefonism?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **December 23, 2008, 04:02:00 pm**

Quote from: CanadianWolverine on December 18, 2008, 02:21:22 am
You see here a sketch of a female dwarf flying out a explosion brandishing a war axe above her head with male dwarves cowering in fright before the dwarven projectile
This is somehow different from the usual?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **December 23, 2008, 06:33:56 pm**

Quote from: neo1096 on December 23, 2008, 04:02:00 pm
Quote from: CanadianWolverine on December 18, 2008, 02:21:22 am
You see here a sketch of a female dwarf flying out a explosion brandishing a war axe above her head with male dwarves cowering in fright before the dwarven projectile
This is somehow different from the usual?

OOC: Not entirely sure what you are asking, but I will hazard a guess. It is just like a stick figure or cartoonish drawing on the borders of this particular dwarf's entries. They are doodles, little sketches taken from that dwarf's imagination based on how she feels about the goings on around her in Migrursut. In that particular drawing, I was going for a bit of absurdity: imagine dwarf, clothing mostly burned

off, hair singed flying through the ai because a still blew up, desperately gripping her beloved weapon of choice in a manner that is becoming of a warrior finding themselves in a desperate situation, in contrast to other dwarves who carry on a less militaristic life who fear danger. A final way of expressing it would be to picture a movie that featured dragons in england and one of the main characters leapt at the main dragon with an axe - that is what I pictured when I thought of her doodling about the explosive situation regarding religion being banned and gods blasphemed. Also, I am being lazy - actually drawing a sketch, scanning, uploading and inserting it into a post is more time than I find myself willing to commit at the moment. Hope that helps with the understanding of a little bit of doodling not unlike a Mad magazine tiny sketch that can be found in it's borders on a page.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **December 23, 2008, 08:38:26 pm**

Quote from: Groveller on December 23, 2008, 08:13:05 am
On a tangent, Kuli, how do clones fit into Zefonism?

They...don't? Kuli isn't aware of the Grov clones, nor are any other Zefonists. They idea of cloning is not one that any Zefonist theologians have considered.

In theory, cloning would be considered an abominable act that perverts the natural order, probably. Nonetheless, each clone would be considered to have the same right to life as the original. Kuli would no doubt be horrified by the murders of several dozen Grov clones.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **December 23, 2008, 10:25:45 pm**

No, I meant how is male dwarves cowering in fear of female dwarves different from the usual...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **December 25, 2008, 02:11:54 pm**

Quote from: neo1096 on December 23, 2008, 10:25:45 pm
No, I meant how is male dwarves cowering in fear of female dwarves different from the usual...

OOC: Hehe, oh that! Hmm, I wonder how many fem dwarves have tight fitting leather, hand cuffs, and whips... :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **December 26, 2008, 10:27:34 am**

Quote from: CanadianWolverine on December 25, 2008, 02:11:54 pm
I wonder how many fem dwarves have tight fitting leather, hand cuffs, and whips... :D

Depends where you are. In the temple of Zefon, probably not a lot. Dodik's, on the other hand...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **December 27, 2008, 08:42:06 am**

Heavy Flak: yours is an excellent story. I'm impressed by several things about it, but mostly your dedication to the story after so long, the frequency and length of all your posts, and your ability to keep the story consistently interesting. I'm so impressed that I want to be a part of it, and so I registered.

Might I request a dwarf?

Name: Hikan if male, Nakih if female.
Profession: Aryn's personal guard.
Stock character most representative of what I want his personality to be like: Dirty cop.

He should basically be a total mook, hired muscle, a grunt, Aryn's stooge, and all other synonyms for a minion. Later, if 't please you, I think it would be neato if he started using his position as Aryn's guard to engage in organized crime. Protection schemes, witness intimidation, bribery, evidence tampering, theft of confiscated money, etc., etc....

And make him a bastard. The worst kind of bastard. The manipulative, cunning, pathologically lying bastard. The kind of character that makes you sick to your stomach.

I remember several pages back there was mention of a member of Aryn's personal guard whose name was Riddlewire. If so, I want that dwarf if he/she doesn't have brain damage, because of the awesome name. If not, any other member of Aryn's guard will do.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **December 27, 2008, 07:25:52 pm**

Hey hey hey! We already have one Stravich!

Also, someone joining the forums because of a fort that isn't Nist Akath? Blasphemy!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **December 27, 2008, 09:39:41 pm**

Well, this is the second biggest story next to Nist Akath. Migrursut deserves some recognition from time to time.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 27, 2008, 11:29:32 pm**

The events of the 4th of Sandstone, 1067

"Honey, do you *have* to go?" Udib Arrowsalves whined. "Aryn said we could have the day off, since he's spending it going over the books."
"In a weary world such is this, there is no rest for the wicked," Hikan Riddlewire growled to his reflection in the cracked vanity. He gave one last adjustment to the knot in his thin black tie, and satisfied, he loosened it half way, exposing the unbuttoned collar of his shirt. The dwarf grabbed his steel-lined trench coat from the chairback it was slung over, and draped it over an arm, turning back to his girlfriend - another member of Aryn's entourage. He just shook his head and pulled out a flask from his trouser pocket, and took a healthy pull. Udib winced.



"I wished you'd stop drinking that," she chastised.
"I wish you'd get your figure back. We don't always get what we want."
Udib stuck out her lower lip and rolled over, pulling the sheets up to her neck. "Whatever, just go."
Riddlewire snorted, and pulled his bowler down over his eyes. "Yeah, yeah..."

Hikan knelt beside the pond by the Temple of Zefon, his face grim, his beard scraggly and unkempt. He'd enlisted the aid of Erendor, and that dwarf was currently struggling with his fishing pole, slowly winding the reel.

Shortly, a mass of hair crested the water, and in seconds the corpse of a child was pulled free of the water. Erendor strained, and eventually a small stone block came up with it, tied to the child by a crude rope. He blanched, and the child dropped to the bridge with a heavy thud. "Oh god," he moaned, "That's the Duke's child."

"It's an obvious suicide," Riddlewire called. He slowly stood up, brushing dust from the knees of his trousers. A quick motion pulled his flask free, and he took a quick slug as he trudged over.
"Suicide?"
"Yes. The stone block is to keep him underwater. That baby knows that, as a baby, he's comprised mostly of layers of fat and bones that have not yet reached their high levels of adult density. As such, he tied this rope around his ankles and threw himself in the reflecting bond, as punishment to Kuli for killing his mother."
"And the caved in head?" asked Erendor.
"Weighted down with that stone, he must have sunk... *like a rock!*" When Erendor didn't laugh, Nakin spit on the sidewalk and took a pull from his flask. "It's from the lake bed."
"I don't think buoyancy works like that."
"No? I like to think that if your room was to be searched, some of the Duchesses' missing jewelery wouldn't be found in your dresser."

"I haven't stolen anything!" Protested Erendor.
"Then perhaps you shouldn't be questioning what the officer on duty says about the damned crime scene! Now get the hell out of here!"

As Erendor left, Hikan smirked. He tugged his coat straight and went to take a pull from his flask, but it was empty. With a curse, Hikan squatted down on the bridge and dipped the silver flask into the pond. He watched as it bubbled up three or four times before pulling it free. With a quick twist of his forefinger and thumb, he tightened the cap over top it, and stood up.

The flask tucked away, Hikan pulled a small notepad from an inner pocket of his coat. Flipping to somewhere near the middle, he scanned down it with a small stick of charcoal, drawing a line across the middle of the page.

~~Two Down.~~

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **December 27, 2008, 11:47:36 pm**

Ah, exactly what I had in mind. Thanks, Heavy Flak! Though as a matter of preference, I'd like his name to be Hikan if he is indeed male.

Steel-lined trench coat, bowler hat, relationship trouble, sobriety problems, unkempt beard.... I like him better than I thought I would.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **December 28, 2008, 06:44:22 am**

Diary of maggarg
Policemen!
I'm bugged.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 28, 2008, 10:40:23 am**

Quote from: Maggarg - Eater of chicke on December 28, 2008, 06:44:22 am
Diary of maggarg
Policemen!
I'm bugged.

Hahaha, nice. You've also given me ideas, double-nice!

Quote from: Mephansteras on December 21, 2008, 03:20:22 pm
Listat would be Adol. Not that he's a priest or anything, but I think I've mentioned the gentler day god the most.

And that's who I was forgetting. You're right, I wouldn't say he's a "priest" of Litast, but you've got more say in it than others I suppose, being the claiming reader.

Oh, and I hope everyone had a very good Christmas (or, just a good week if that's not your thing)!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **December 28, 2008, 12:32:20 pm**

Heavy has ideas?
I'm double-bugged.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 28, 2008, 07:54:56 pm**

The events of the 11th of Sandstone, 1067

Merkil stood in the doorway to the makeshift infirmary, slowly shaking his head. As he surveyed the pair in their beds, he slowly exhaled, and pointed towards Sarek.

"You. Tell me what the hell just happened, huh?"
Sarek rolled her eyes, folding her arms across her chest. "Miss Priss over there got all bent out of shape when we were sparring. We started grappling, and when we tripped over Stravitch we landed wrong."
"No, she started it," Eita complained.

"Hell," Merkil cursed. He took a deep breath to steady himself, and pointed ot Eita. "What happened."
"She started talking shit about The Old Major, and I gave her a sock on the jaw. So she hit my bum leg with her spear haft and I heard it crack, and I tackled her and *she* landed wrong."
"It didn't happen like that!"
"Yes it did, exactly like that!"
"I didn't hit you in the leg, I got you in a headlock and we tripped over Stravitch while he was laying down."

"Why was Stravitch on the floor?" Merkil asked dryly.
"He was drunk," Sarek said.
Merkil thought about this for a second. "Yes, I suppose that does make sense. Alright, well..." he looked the pair over, their left legs set in casts and suspended by a sling-and-pulley setup. "You two will have a good amount of time to clear your stories up, and get over this. I'll send Dojango down to check on you, until then, just be good."

The pair went silent as the door shut. Chains rattled slightly, and a bed creaked, as Sarek reached over giving Eita a quick shot in the arm. "That's for breaking my leg."
"Your leg! Oh, that's it!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **December 29, 2008, 01:29:15 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on December 28, 2008, 07:54:56 pm
We started grappling,

Wow.... I had to reread that part a few times until I was sure that it said grappling.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **December 29, 2008, 07:46:37 am**

Always fun to read about Dwarf Fortress sparring accidents.....

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pixelfish** on **December 29, 2008, 11:37:33 pm**

Making out on top of Stravitch would be like the ultimate teen thrill.

"Wanna go grapple on top of Stravitch tonight?"
"Oh your so -naughty-".

..Course, what would occur when and if he came to would be another story..

Also is Riddlewire drinking water instead of booze? Cause that just made me laugh.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **December 30, 2008, 12:19:27 am**

Crosses fingers and prays to become worthy to fight battles instead of spar. In most forts, any recruits would be welcome to go and slay the goblins. But not with Heavy Flak, oh no. He wasn't content with normal goblins getting mowed down by normal soldiers. So he made goblins with a size three times bigger than a dragon, the ability to shoot demons from their eyes, and crossbows that use god as ammo.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 30, 2008, 08:58:07 am**

Quote from: Pixelfish on December 29, 2008, 11:37:33 pm
Making out on top of Stravitch would be like the ultimate teen thrill.

"Wanna go grapple on top of Stravitch tonight?"
"Oh your so -naughty-".

Way to go, I just laughed hard enough to disturb the guy in the next cube over.

Quote from: Pixelfish
Also is Riddlewire drinking water instead of booze? Cause that just made me laugh.

Being drunk isn't an adverse condition for Dwarves, and it increases their moral and mood. I had to think what Riddlewire could drink that would make him seriously pissed him off :)

Quote from: sonerohi on December 30, 2008, 12:19:27 am
Crosses fingers and prays to become worthy to fight battles instead of spar. In most forts, any recruits would be welcome to go and slay the goblins. But not with Heavy Flak, oh no. He wasn't content with normal goblins getting mowed down by normal soldiers. So he made goblins with a size three times bigger than a dragon, the ability to shoot demons from their eyes, and crossbows that use god as ammo.

This is quoted for absolute truth. I just want you all to get your monies worth! Normal goblins are *booooring*! Hey, is it possible to make crossbows shoot demons? Time to explore the raws; Thanks Sonerohi <3

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **December 30, 2008, 09:44:53 am**

Oh lordy, what have I done?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **December 30, 2008, 12:24:20 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on December 30, 2008, 08:58:07 am

Being drunk isn't an adverse condition for Dwarves, and it increases their moral and mood. I had to think what Riddlewire could drink that would make him seriously pissed him off :)

I'd be pissed too if the water I drunk came from a pond that had a dead baby at the bottom. And other dead dwarves. And dead goblins. And dead tentacle demons. And who knows what else.

I'd be even more pissed if it was the only water available.

"Could I please get a drink of %\$&@ing water that doesn't taste like blood from the #@*&ing underworld?"

Heavy Flak, **would you kindly** post what Riddlewire's skills are and what ibmat is a god of? Not that it's important to the character, but I'm curious anyway.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 30, 2008, 06:08:59 pm**

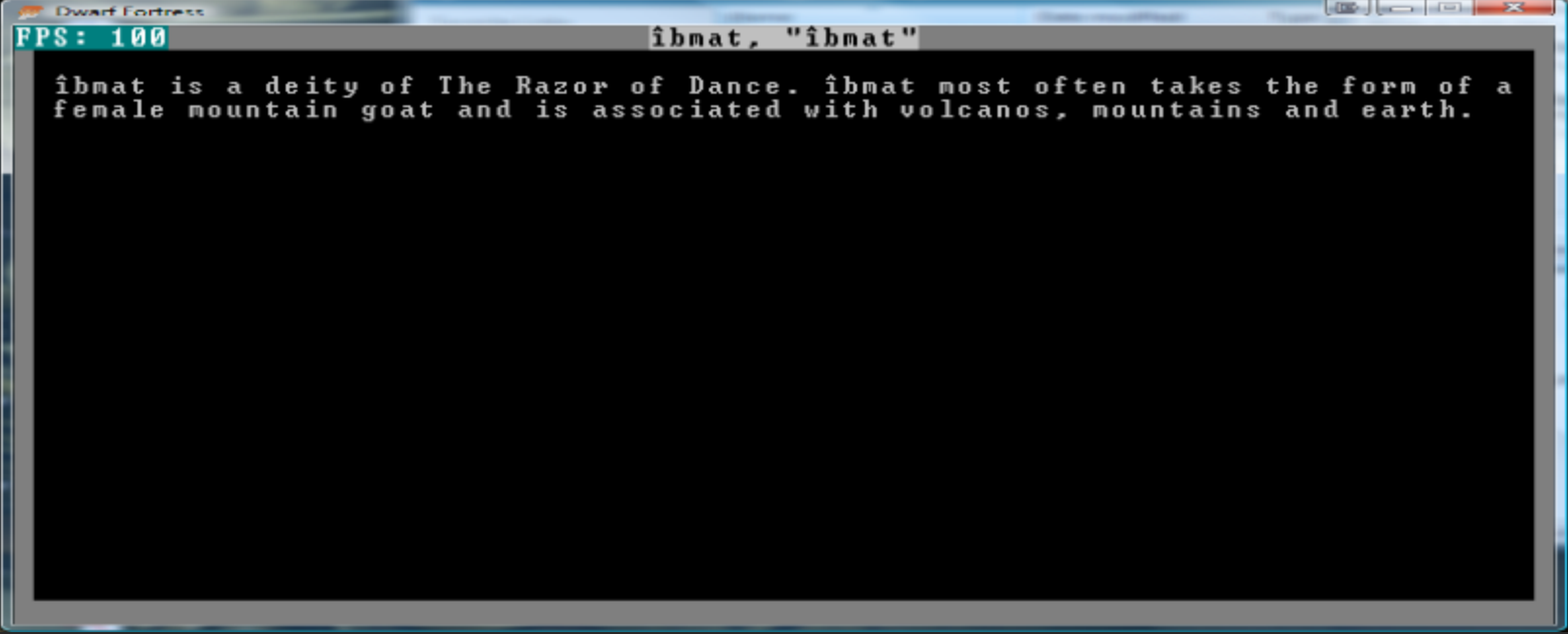
Hikan skills
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
Hikan Dallithshorast, Aryn's
"Hikan Riddlewire"
♂

Sparring in Barracks
Ultra-Mighty
Perfectly Agile
Superdwarvenly Tough
Tanner
Competent Judge of Intent
Competent Comedian
Competent Persuader
Competent Consoler
Competent Intimidator
Competent Flatterer
Competent Conversationalist
Competent Negotiator
Competent Pacifier
Dabbling Grower
Professional Wrestler
Master Armor User
Legendary Speardwarf
Legendary Shield User

g:Gen i:Inv p:Pref w:Wnd
Space: Done
```

And Ibmat the Goddess
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 30, 2008, 06:27:23 pm**

The events of the 19th of Sandstone, 1067

The Duke sat outside on a wicker chair, bottles of empty lager strewn onto the stone beside him. He looked morose, and a little sloshed, his head bobbing forward onto his chest in a brief doze before he'd wake with a start. Sensing movement beside him towards the main stairs, he shot an unsteady hand out and grabbed the shirt-tail of the dwarf passing, mumbling, "Oh, wonderful, visitors, I say, haven't seen any in quite a while."

"Get your filthy paws off me," growled Glacies, trying to shake The Duke's iron grip.

"Donkeys!" Grov-15 screamed happily, pointing towards the zoo.
"You see what you did?" Glacies snapped. "You got the boy all worked up before his big show."
"Are you sure you want to go on with this?" Lugnut asked quietly from behind them. "You're taxing the hell out of the ... equipment, you know, and I'm still a little queasy about... all your shows."
"You're not too queasy to get my cheques turned into gold coins."
"Well...I suppose you're right."

Duke Bomrek watched this all, confusion flitting over his face, but with a shake of his head he plowed on like a champion. "I'm terribly unhappy, gents, terribly. The little miss is gone, one of my two sons drowned, it's been a bad couple weeks."
"I dun' really care," Glacies said, trying to keep Grov from running away, in any direction, towards whatever caught his fancy.
"Could you do a favor for me? Please? It'll really help break me out of this little funk."
"Oh, god damn! What could you possibly want?"
"Flutes."

Glacies glared at him, and Lugnut slowly shook his head, scratching at the back of his neck. The Duke looked up at the book keep, imploringly, and grudgingly Glacies said, "Fine, I'll pass the order down to the workshops..."
"Excellent, thanks, gents, thanks much."
"Incidentally," Glacies said, stopping once again. "You've got that second son, have any interest in putting him on the stage with me?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **December 30, 2008, 10:34:41 pm**

Neat, a mountain goat goddess. Ibmat is the only non-dwarf deity in Migrursut's pantheon isn't it? That reminds me, I recently generated a world where there was a dwarven god of disease. He took the form of a *skeletal dwarf*. How awesome is that?

I want the real Glacies back soon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **December 30, 2008, 11:35:20 pm**

Quote from: Kuli on December 30, 2008, 10:34:41 pm
I want the real Glacies back soon.

Seconded. He needs to come back from killing werewolves and harpies and starting community fortresses or whatever the hell he's off doing.

Poor Duke Bomrek. I have a feeling he's not much longer for this world, since it seems that his family is ~~getting murdered~~ suffering ~~systematic~~ tragedy. Just once, I'd like to hear more than just the introduction to one of his utterly absurd stories. Possibly the middle, or maybe the end.

Also, thanks again, HF. This'll be the last time I bug you about my character, I swear.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 31, 2008, 08:23:41 am**

Quote from: Kuli on December 30, 2008, 10:34:41 pm
Neat, a mountain goat goddess. Ibmat is the only non-dwarf deity in Migrursut's pantheon isn't it? That reminds me, I recently generated a world where there was a dwarven god of disease. He took the form of a *skeletal dwarf*. How awesome is that?

I'm pretty sure you're right. Also, interesting note - The Civilization Proper uses a diamond as their symbol, but The Razors of Dance (our guys) use a Mountain Goat. I guess it could be made as a connection that the Mountain Goat was picked *because* of Ibmat the diety.

Also, Skeletal Dwarves as gods sound fantastic. If only you could find the gods in the game!

Quote from: Kuli on December 30, 2008, 10:34:41 pm
I want the real Glacies back soon.

You and me both, brutha'.

Quote from: Jim Groovester on December 30, 2008, 11:35:20 pm
Also, thanks again, HF. This'll be the last time I bug you about my character, I swear.

If my readers didn't bug me about their characters or make interesting (and absurd) requests, I wouldn't feel loved. So no worries at all!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 31, 2008, 01:49:09 pm**

Fine. Here's a bloody update for all of you. He's nearly at gatesmaw at this point.

Somewhere across the ocean, at the dwarven outpost Burninganus, the muscular tunnel.

The sheriff awoke with a start when he heard a knock at his door. His tongue felt like a lead weight, and perhaps there was an imp sitting on his head, hitting it with a hammer. He hastily shook the sleep from his eyes and propped himself up before croaking "Enturr..!" Quickly, the door was slid open and a nervous looking planter slid inside the small office.

"Kadol, a new migrant has arrived, I think. He sort of rushed inside the fortress and went straight to the food stockpile...we're out of booze, and Feb's yelling at him. He looks like hell."

Kadol blinked sleepily before standing unsteadily up. He groaned.

"Wha..what's this? He's alone? Whassis name?"
"He said his name was Glacies, between weeping and dunking his head in the rum barrel. He came out of the hills of rawness."

The Sheriff gave an incredulous noise and said "So, he walked out the hills of rawness, alone? We lost Fikod a week ago to those damn harpies. I want to meet this dwarf."
"Well, he's still crying tears of joy in our empty booze stockpile if you want to find him."

Slowly, Kadol took his copper spear from the wall, tried to stand upright, and limped out of the room leaning on his spear. He was followed by the farmer, who had nervously stuck his finger in his beard and was now twirling it. They both shuffled out into the unsmoothed hallway and began to walk to the booze room.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **December 31, 2008, 03:05:49 pm**

so.. is Burninganus, the muscular tunnel canon now?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **December 31, 2008, 04:42:51 pm**

Burninganus must be quite the shithole.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **December 31, 2008, 05:47:15 pm**

The worst part most definitely is the "Raw Hills".

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 31, 2008, 06:51:10 pm**

The events of the 2nd of Timber, 1067

"And your sure this is okay?"
"Why wouldn't it be?"
"You know what Aryn said, about..."

One sculpted eyebrow rose, and Rinsesilver cocked her head slightly to the side. She appraised Vash for what seemed like minutes, a slow smile eventually spreading her lips. "About the Gods? Oh yes, I'm fully aware. That's why all the idols and books left with the last caravan, and why those poor souls who left them lying on their dressers at night found their scriptures missing come mornin'."

"Yes I - wait, how do you know about that?" Vash asked suspiciously.
"What. Because I work here," her arms spread out, gesturing to the back office of Dodik's that was once occupied by Snake, "I'm not allowed to have beliefs? My small silver scales went missing just like your things obviously did. We were all touched by the actions of one Dwarf."
"Yes..." Vash said slowly, "I suppose that is true..."

"So that'll be all, then?" Habit caused Rinsesilver to lean in her seat, looking over Vash's shoulder to the door. It stayed closed, and satisfied she settled back in her seat. "The Book of Zefon, and an idol?"
"I suppose that will be all," An increasingly uncomfortable Vash said.
"Chipper up, this isn't wrong?" Rinsesilver said with increasingly good humor. "What's wrong is Aryn's mandate. What's wrong is trying to tell us how to live our lives, 'ay? You're not bad, by any stretch of the word. You know what you are? A freedom fighter."
"I feel pretty bad."
"Ha! You and me both, brutha'. But it'll pass."

Quietly, Vash slipped from Rinsesilver's room and dashed up the steps, his head lowered to avoid the gazes of those passing him. In his arms, wrapped in plain brown paper, was a badly copied book of Zefon, and a single, simple idol carved of microline.

They cost him a weeks salary.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 31, 2008, 07:28:04 pm**

Happy new year everyone. Oh, and I plagerized the name of the fort from....somewhere. The whole raw hills thing was accidental.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **December 31, 2008, 09:43:54 pm**

Stick it to The Man, Vash!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 01, 2009, 01:51:50 am**

Happy NewYears, everyone!

My neighbor threw a party I actually went to, and after... chopping wood for them (seriously) and discussing conspiracy theories with the guys girlfriend, and convincing a drunk guy to face plant into a bon fire, I came home.

I thought about writing an update, but... well, really, that just wouldn't have been the best of updates.

So. Happy New Years!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **January 01, 2009, 06:04:07 am**

...You should have just done an update, written in the words of Stravich. No doubt he would have the drunken post-party tone down ***reaaal*** good...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 01, 2009, 09:42:31 am**

Quote from: Keldor on January 01, 2009, 06:04:07 am
...You should have just done an update, written in the words of Stravich. No doubt he would have the drunken post-party tone down ***reaaal*** good...

I wish I had known my plans in advance. They origonally were "Stay home and watch TV and chill out" and then the neighbor came over and invited me to his place. Had I known I'd be drinking and partying I should have gotten that suggestion well in and advance.

A post from Stravitch like that would have been glorious!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **January 01, 2009, 02:50:33 pm**

Burninganus the muscular tunnel, later that afternoon.

Kadol and Feb sat in the small dining room across from Glacies. Also present was a dabbling marksdwarf on her first day of duty, and a nervous looking planter standing around in the background tapping his foot nervously.

Feb, the fortress trader and book-keeper, spoke first.

"Well, what do you have to say for yourself, then?"

"Err.."
"You stupid son of a bitch. YOU DRANK ALL THE GNOMEBLIGHT!"

Kadol winced as Feb roared at the strange dwarf, and sighed. "You did drink all of our gnomeblight, Feb's right. What are we going to drink now?"

At this, the planter shuffled forawrd and volunteered. "We've got something like a hundred plants in the stockpile, give or take fifty. We can still brew stuff, it's just, well, we'll have to drink some water till it's brewed." Kadol and Feb both gave a start at the word 'water' and turned, angrily, to the now rather frightened looking dwarf.

"Water! You hear that! We'll have to drink WATER!" Yelled Feb, again using her lungs to great effect.
"Well, I was thirsty, and.."
"SHUT UP! You're going to join out farming crew, and plant plump helmets till your dept is repaid!"
"But...!"

At this, the sheriff broke in. "You'll be doing a year-long term of service here, and only because we don't have a prison yet. Consider yourself lucky, because if we did.." And here Glacies cut him off. "Wait, wait! He said" and here Glacies pointed a finger at the still hovering planter, who suddenly began to bite his nails, "That you had roughly one hundred plants in your stockpile?"

Kadol gave the strange dwarf a cockeyed expression and said "Yeah? So?"
"I'm a book-keeper. I could, uh, take stock of everything here, and give you a full inventory of everything in the fortress as payment!"

Kadol and Feb looked at each other and grinned.
"Well, okay..."
"...But you're not going to like it..."
"...Because I just ordered a large quarry mined out..."
"...and there are piles of stone out there..."
Glacies began to whimper.
"....Huge piles..."
"....We've got two whole clumps of magnetite mined out already..."
"...And the microcline, oh wow, the microcline.."

At this, the book-keeper slowly toppled backwards off his throne.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 02, 2009, 05:12:32 pm**

The events of the 6th of Timber, 1067

"I think we should head back now," War'dunell complained. She rubbed at her eyes with the back of a hand, leaning heavily on the haft of her axe. "I need a damn nap!"
Neo shook his head folding his arms across his chest. "You're so damn lazy! You got roused from a nap to get out here and try to find that herd of Dread Camel with me."
"It's not *my* fault I was up all night grappling with Rigoth ontop of Stravitch. That's just the way things go... I still say Istrath was making it up, we haven't seen anything."
"Of course he wasn't making it up, he- wait, what were you doing?"
"Oh, nothing!" War'dunell said in a sing-song voice. With a prissy stamp of her foot, she declared loudly, "That's it. We're going back. And as the commanding officer, it's an order."

War'dunell and Neo gingerly stepped over the prone body of Tal Boarddresses on the ramp up to the main gate. The one-armed human trader had managed to drag himself this far, and War'dunell gave him a silent round of praise for all the hard work that must have taken. At the top of the hill, Neo let out a startled grunt, his sword unsheathed and swinging through the air in the blink of an eye.

The head of a Dread Camel hit the ground and bounced a few feet away. With surprise, War'dunell looked to her left, at the herd of them bucking and kicking, charging in their direction.
"I TOLD you he wasn't lying," Neo said smugly. He gave a quick slice of his blade through the air, twisting it at the last second, streaks of blackish blood splattering onto the pavement.
"All I know is they are *interrupting my nap!*" With a war cry, War'dunell charged past Neo, her axe raised on high.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 03, 2009, 03:53:54 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
13th of Timber, 1067

I've been keeping a low profile, sadly, because of all the shit that is hitting the fan. Riddlewire has become an invaluable resource to me, and despite his surly and brooding demeanor, he has done an excellent job covering up any instances of resistance that may crop up. Posters torn down, graffito painted over, a small smuggling operation broken up that left an idiot fisherman dead. There have been a few small literal fires that were quickly quelled, but the facts are becoming disturbing: They are slowly working their way towards the now-guarded booze storage. With Stravitch evidently insane thanks to his massive posion cathedral, I've been instructing the majority of his guardsman to watch over the nessecities - food and drink storage and the sleeping quarters.

A stoneworker has been found dead outside, yet another victim of this absurd in-fortress resistance, I fear. She was disemboweled, quite a grizzly scene, and her face was smeared with ash and berry-dye in some crude mummers mask. Her death went quite unnoticed with the death of The Duke's wife, and her child, which is fine. Let the plebs concern themselves with the officials, and ignore their own falling silently to a threat they choose to ignore.

Oh, and quite a surprise to me when
Some migrants have decided to brave this terrifying place, knowing it may be their tomb.

We received a Marksdwarf and ~~Hammerer~~ Swordsdwarf, two peasants, and a wood burner. Let's see what use they can be put to.

OOC: I don't have a current list of who's left to arrive at the fortress thanks to a mishap on my part, so if you want to grab a body, feel free. Also, I've decided to have a beer with every update I do, so let's see how many I can knock out this afternoon!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 03, 2009, 04:54:56 pm**

The events of the 21st of Timber, 1067

Construction was booming at Stravitch's site, and since Rice was so horribly put out of commission, Vatek had stepped up to lead the groups. The way he figured it, if he didn't Stravitch would destroy them all with his insane mandates and his terrible work schedule, and by taking on the role of unofficial foreman, the guardsman could do his best to offer a little bit of safety into the lives of the hapless

workers getting paid by the Captain of the Guard.

And up until this morning, he had done just fine.

A large dust storm, and a loud crash, announced the accident by the southern set of buttresses. He set off on a sprint, and rounding the corner, saw a crumpled mess of dwarven limbs. One of the fisherman lay there breathing shallowly, his arms twisted, his ankles broken, his lower body twisted into a very unnatural position. Blood leaked slowly from his ears, and Vatek silently cursed. Stepping over, he knelt down, gingerly feeling the fisherman's neck, then testing his limbs. There was a small pain in his arms, but nothing was broken there. With a relived sigh, he said low, "Alright, come on, I'll carry you to a bed. This'll hurt to move, but I'll get Dojango to come down and set your ankles as soon as I can find him, and-"

Vatek trailed off as a shadow blocked out the sun from overhead. Tilting his head back, he blanched, seeing the fierce outline of Stravitch bend him, his arms crossed over his massive chest.
"The hell is he doing? Taking a break?"
"...He fell, sir. From the fourth floor."
"Is that all?"
"is that- is that all! He broke both ankles!"
"Bah! They'll do anything to get out of a little work. Give him some rum and strap the blocks to his damned back. He can crawl up the steps, can't he? Everyone works! What part of that didn't you understand!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 03, 2009, 05:51:59 pm**

The events of the 5th of Moonstone, 1067

The Soldiers all stood assembled in the barracks, at attention. These gatherings were so infrequent, that "at attention" meant quite a few things, depending on the person. Major Merkil, stone faced and dour, leaned against an archery target, watching the assembled group. Varen and Towersacks looked like the epitome of perfect soldiers, their backs straight, their armor gleaming. In contrast, Neo was constantly getting spit-wads to the back of the head by a chuckling Maggarg; Neo responded with hard thrusts behind him with his sheathed sword and only succeeding in hitting Zako in the gut and groin.

Sulari stood at the front of the room, her hands crossed in front of her. She hadn't been seen much lately; at her own request she had slowly taken a desk position, taking over the paperwork from a frequently disinterested Merkil. Standing beside her was Jools, and one of the newer members of the standing army, Wilber. They both stood rigidly at attention, nervously aware they were the center of attention.

"This will be kept short," Sulari started. "And though you have training and patrol, I wanted to take a moment of recognition for two of our newer soldiers. Jools Machinescalded, and Wilber Anvilquiet, have gone out of their way to stay uninjured, to listen to their superiors, to follow instructions, and to spend their off-time in training and study. These, friends, are the consummate soldiers, and as such, I am pleased to grant them the rank of 'Champion'! Jools, Wilber, make us proud."

There was a brief, loud cry from the assembled soldiers, and Sulari got out of the way fast enough to avoid the flood of bodies rushing at the pair. Jools was knocked down by his squadmates, dog-piled under laughing bodies. Wilber was nearly knocked off his feet by Maggarg, and kept upright by Adol, who were giving him congratulations and trying to steal ornamentation from his armor.

Watching from the corner, mostly unseen, was Riddlewire. He took a healthy plug from his hip flask and snorted, giving a slow shake of his head. "In the constant defense of our fortress, the soldiers do what they do best - play grab-ass and party... when the dark days hit, let's see how well that camaraderie holds them."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **January 03, 2009, 10:33:19 pm**

War'dunell Dakostuzol *5th of Moonstone, 1067*

sketches of dwarfs sleeping

Hoo dwarf, I have been getting some poor sleep lately. But who cares! The parties are worth it! Especially the promotion parties. When a bunch of well armored and armed dwarves head for the booze, who is going to stop them! :D

sketches of "wrestling" on top of old dwarf Stravich

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **January 03, 2009, 10:56:13 pm**

[quote author=Heavy Flak link=topic=19239.msg381033#msg381033 OOC: I don't have a current list of who's left to arrive at the fortress thanks to a mishap on my part, so if you want to grab a body, feel free. Also, I've decided to have a beer with every update I do, so let's see how many I can knock out this afternoon!]
[/quote]

I better post mine again while there is still Dwarves to claim.

Name: Fireheart
Gender: Male
Profession: Sworddwarf

Story: Fireheart was part of a squad of soldiers who roamed the land killing Undead and Goblins. The rest of the squad was wiped out in battle with several Goblin tribes.

Religion doesn't matter as long as its NOT Lenod.

Do with this what you will

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **January 04, 2009, 12:33:06 am**

Diary of Neo: 6th of Moonstone, 1067
Maggarg is beginning to get on my nerves! I'm trying to stand at attention and he keeps bothering me. If I could, I would fuse his mouth shut and wrap him in a straight jacket for a few weeks. That'd teach him. Alas, this is beyond my reach. And Stravitch, he's just a bully. He can't quite seem to understand others or even try. He needs to be put away, or put himself away. Alas, such an outcome is unlikely while he has got that mace of his and is awake. Or perhaps some "enemy" could sabotage his project. That might teach him some humility. On second thought that would probably just make him beat the crap out of Vatek. I think maybe he should "fall asleep" on a trap. But other than these nagging annoyances, the life here at Migrursut is good. Just need to gather some like-minded compatriots to plot the downfall of Stravitch.
OOC: Is Neo in any relationships?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 04, 2009, 12:55:26 am**

I was bored, so I wrote this little thing up.

*Journal of Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes in an unknown location.
Excerpt from the entry for the week of 1st Moonstone, 1067*

Aryn's been running me ragged for the past month, telling me, "Teach the rabble a lesson in the consequences of rebellion." I don't know what the hell he means by that, but if it means breaking people's jaw for putting up a "WHO IS TELAMON?" poster, or cracking the skull of some smuggler and taking his earnings, then I've been doing a hell of a job!

My fists have never been sorer, but I've never loved my job more.

But no matter how many eyes I blacken, 'conspirators' I rough up, or 'smuggler's' goods I 'confiscate', I'm just one dwarf, and I don't think I can stop this descent to madness, since I don't trust the soldiers to do anything other than get drunk and brag about all their worthless kills and kiss each others' asses, or those cowards in the Fortress Guard.

Especially Vatek. Honest, goody-two-shoe, good-for-nothing tattletale, I'm glad he's taking in the fumes at Stravitch's poison pyramid rather than trying to find dirt on me.

Aryn says my previous assignment is no longer my highest priority, but I should continue to work on it when I have the opportunity, but I've been so busy I haven't had a chance to think about it very much.

* * *

OOC: Vatek is an honest, earnest guardsman. Hikan is a dirty, corrupt guardsman. A conflict between the two is only natural. Or a partnership, if buddy cop movies are to be believed.

Quote from: Heavy Flak on January 03, 2009, 03:53:54 pm

There have been a few small literal fires that were quickly quelled, but the facts are becoming disturbing: They are slowly working their way towards the now-guarded booze storage.

I'm glad Riddlewire only drinks water.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **January 04, 2009, 11:16:05 am**

How is Kivish doing?
I hope she hasn't met an ill fate yet :P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **January 05, 2009, 12:36:23 am**

Quote from: thunderclan on January 03, 2009, 10:56:13 pm

Religion doesn't matter as long as its NOT Lenod.

And *what*, may I ask, is wrong with Lenod?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **January 05, 2009, 12:49:00 am**

What indeed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **January 05, 2009, 01:13:44 am**

Quote from: Stravitch on January 05, 2009, 12:36:23 am

Quote from: thunderclan on January 03, 2009, 10:56:13 pm

Religion doesn't matter as long as its NOT Lenod.

And *what*, may I ask, is wrong with Lenod?

Stravitch worships him. 'Nuff said.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **January 05, 2009, 05:23:55 am**

Hey Heavy!
Thought Id better get my request re-done as well then, dwarf by the name of Sarig, military dwarf if thats ok, was going to go for Swordwarf but if one of the new guys is a hammerer I'll gladly take that instead! ;-)

Sarig's a quiet, intensely focused dwarf who spends his time training and meditating, like a hammer based sword monk. Any religions grand.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 05, 2009, 11:23:09 am**

Diary of maggarg.
Things are getting really hairless. That bastard Riddlewire is watching us, and I swear he knows who I am. I suspect he drinks water, the stuff makes the mind damnably clear and suspicious. And grumpy.
Parade was a bit of a shambles, just the way I like it. A good bit of friendly chaos.
No-one's seen Aryn for quite a while.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **January 05, 2009, 08:12:31 pm**

Quote from: Flar Moonchill on January 05, 2009, 05:23:55 am

Hey Heavy!
Thought Id better get my request re-done as well then, dwarf by the name of Sarig, military dwarf if thats ok, was going to go for Swordwarf but if one of the new guys is a hammerer I'll gladly take that instead! ;-)

Sarig's a quiet, intensely focused dwarf who spends his time training and meditating, like a hammer based sword monk. Any religions grand.

I thought you wanted him in my little thingumy? I was planning on adding you to the, er, story, soon. Mayhaps you could rename Sarig now and he could officially "Join the fortress" when I get back? That way, Bloodclocks could get a spot too if he got another migrant.

It's all up to you guys, of course.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **January 06, 2009, 03:35:07 am**

Actually I'd prefer your way Glacies, just got confused by the below! If you dno't mind Heavy check me back in with Glacies when he returns instead! Febuarys not that long away, away and good things come to those who wait, at least thats what the Guinness adverts tell me and if you can't trust that then what can you?

Quote from: Heavy Flak on December 03, 2008, 09:26:54 am

With Glacies' optimistic time frame, I think I might have you all come in without him. It'll still work story-wise, I've got a couple ideas involving that. February's a long time away (not really, but hey, it feels like it to me) and this will let me get you all in sooner.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 06, 2009, 08:37:16 pm**

Finally, I haven't been beaten to the chase! I'll take the newly-arrived marksdwarf, if that's alright. Name him Kandor, or her Keri.

A bowstring-happy seadwarf for hire who's currently unemployed after an *ahem* incident at sea, and has come to Migrursut looking for a job. After all, *surely* a place called Oceanbled has an opening for a worthy sailor, doesn't it?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 06, 2009, 09:05:38 pm**

The events of the 12th of Moonstone, 1067

The summer heat beat down upon my back just like the ol' lady I've been supporting all these years. It never changes, this life. You don't get used to it, not really, not the heat, the sun, the swelter, the sweat... no, you just get used to it, you learn learn to cope with enough daily problems to bring down an entire city.

You just put your head down and throw yourself into your work to make it day-to-day. Or you don't, end end up throwing yourself at the camels. That idiot Hammer Wavepaddles obviously couldn't handle it all; her stupid sense justice probably drove her mad. That's all right. One less Dwarf to worry about out here. One less Dwarf with a hammer - that's worth more than a half dozen others...

"Oy, Riddlewire, what the hell are you mumbling to yourself over there?"
Riddlewire's head snapped up, eyes widened. As quickly as the surprise caught him, it melted to anger, and he turned his blackened, furrowed gaze upon Vatek standing a few steps away. The Guardsman looked nervous, and constantly glanced over his shoulder to the Poison Contrustion slowly rising up to blot out the sky.
"I'm not mumbling *anything*," Riddlewire snapped, "I'm taking assessment... of the situation."
"And what have you assessed?"
"Well, we have a dead hammerer."
"That's brilliant!"

Riddlewire bared his teeth, and took a quick pull from his hip flask. He grimaced, and he wiped his mouth with the back of a hand. "Fine, ya' jackass. Look here."
Vatek sidled over, peering down at the mangled, hoof-smashed corpse. Wavepaddles robe was torn and bloodstained, but it was cut up on in the center, her intestines pulled out and stepped on. Her face was a mask of horror, and though the top of her head looked caved in from a dread camel, her face was covered in ash, her mouth smeared with berry dye to form a crude smile.

"Here's how it went down," Riddlewire said, his voice low and authoratative, "Between The Duke and his wife, Kuli and his religion, and Stravitch and his insanity, Wavepaddles was constantly bombarded with requests, lies, and idiots. After years of this, of having her duty stopped at the eleventh hour, of being constantly pushed around, of being of no use during Master Estetar's meetings, she snapped. Her mind broken, she dressed herself like some tarted up harlequinn, and came out here looking for victims.
"But she didn't find any. Instead, she found a herd of dread camel. Oh, she fought vallently, but they tore her down, and ripped her open, and feasted on her insides until she was found and they were destroyed. And that leaves us now - one hammerer gone, and with a whole lot more good fortune. And less paperwork for me to fill out."

Vatek listened to this all in silence. When Riddlewire was finished, he screwed up his mouth and leaned over, plucking a small piece of paper from her chest cavity. It was stained in blood, but the letters, thick and unsteady black gothic type, had a single sentence scrawled on it:
Quote

THIS GIRL LOVES YOU INSIDE-OUT

Vatek held it out to Hikan and smirked. Aryn's guard snatched it away, and tucked it inside a pocket of his trenchcoat with a growl. "Now you listen to me, you and I, we're the only ones to know about this. And you're going to keep it that way. Whoever stuffed that note in her corpse, they're around here. And if they think that bumbling story about the damned camels is what *I* believe, and you confirm it, then they'll get cocky. They'll make mistakes. And we'll be able to find them. As long as you don't go blabbing to everyone about it. Alright?"

Vatek was about to respond, but Riddlewire leaned over slightly, a wide grin spreading on his face. "Stravitch seems to be looking for you."

He laughed as Yellowbolted's sunburnt face actually went white, and turned to hurry off towards the construction site, to try and convince the drunk Captain of the Guard he had *always* been there today.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 07, 2009, 12:57:08 am**

This is awesome. Riddlewire gets to do all the cool stuff, doesn't he? I really like where this is headed.

Journal of Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes in an unknown location.
Entry for the week of 8th Moonstone, 1067

Hammerer Wavepaddles is the latest in a series of grisly murders. Victims have been disembowled, and their faces smeared with ash and berry dye roughly in the shape of a smile.

Wasn't there an attempt on Stravitch's life a while ago? He had a deep gash across his stomach, like someone was trying to disembowel him. Stravitch didn't seem to mind, or even notice, since, well, he's Stravitch. That he got a severe gash in the first place was a cause of concern.

The list of people who want Stravitch dead is long, but are there any matches between Stravitch's list and the list of people who wanted Hammerer Wavepaddles dead? The only people I can think of are the Zefonists, who would be angry for Kuli's repeated imprisonment by both those parties. With the death of the Duke's immediate family as punishment for the mandates, the picture becomes clear.

Except it loses focus when a stone worker, an innocent bystander in the conflict, is murdered in the same manner as the Hammerer. And I don't see Ass-face (*Hikan's nickname for Jools.*) or Altar boy (*Hikan's nickname for Vash.*) disemboweling anybody, though I can't

discount them just yet.

No, we're dealing with somebody who knows how to hide and to hide well, only venturing from the shadows to claim his next victim, and his goal seems to be the elimination of the leadership of Migrursut. For what purpose he does this, I don't know. I would recommend Aryn send guards to protect Duke Bomrek and Tax Collector Crowedpages, and maybe Glacies and the rest of Aryn's council, but judging by our killer's skill, we'd likely have two dead bodies instead of one. More importantly, it will tip off our killer that somebody in the guard knows what he's planning.

The sensible solution is to discreetly watch each of Aryn's council, and hopefully, we can catch the killer in the act. This will also get rid of some of those pesky nobles, so a win-win for Migrursut.

Vatek, that mother-loving, no good, dirty, rotten sonofagun discovered the note on Wavepaddles' person that alerted the both of us that the Hammerer's death had been more than a suicide by Dread Camels, and made this chain of reasoning possible. Even though I personally detest the dwarf, he's already in the know, and with his help I can get to the bottom of this twice as fast, and hopefully before the killer's target becomes Aryn.

The problem with this plan is that he's bolted (Ha!) to the ground at the poison pyramid, and I'm in ten different places at once trying to stop this city from imploding in on itself.

* * *

That was longer than I planned, and probably longer than is really necessary. But I'm a fan of pedantry, so it's alright, I guess.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 07, 2009, 07:34:10 am**

Zako's Diary:

Chaos, utter chaos is the order of the day, week, month, season and probably year too. Its pretty much standard actually.

Anyway, I can use chaos to investigate better.

I'm starting to like it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 07, 2009, 09:02:32 am**

Neo: No relationships to speak of. Actually, no friends to speak of either... or acquaintences. You just train all day, every day. I think I'm going to have to force you to make friends because that's just sad!

thunderclan: You're on the list (and I'll add you in next update). That Hammerdwarf that showed up will instead be a swords dwarf.

Keifru: Kivish's fine, and alive (which is spectacular considering the environment) but hasn't done anything of note as of late. Let's see what magic I can work up...

Flar Moonchill: No worries about the confusion! Looks like you've got it all ironed out with Glacies, so we'll just wait for that.

Impending Doom: You're on the list, and will be added in the next update as well!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **January 07, 2009, 01:13:00 pm**

What shenanigans can an imaginative female dwarf concoct? Surely nothing bad can possibly be done by little ol' Kivish... oh god what am I talking about?! this is HEAVY FLAK.... xD

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **January 07, 2009, 01:31:28 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on January 07, 2009, 09:02:32 am

Neo: No relationships to speak of. Actually, no friends to speak of either... or acquaintences. You just train all day, every day. I think I'm going to have to force you to make friends because that's just sad!

Sounds just like me in RL.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **January 07, 2009, 02:48:30 pm**

War'dunell Dakostuzol *12th of Moonstone, 1067*

Dear diary,

It turns out I am more religious than I first realized! Who would have thought but it was whispered to me today that wrestling on top of Stravich is actually a form of worship to Lenod. Hehe, lets see them try to ban that!

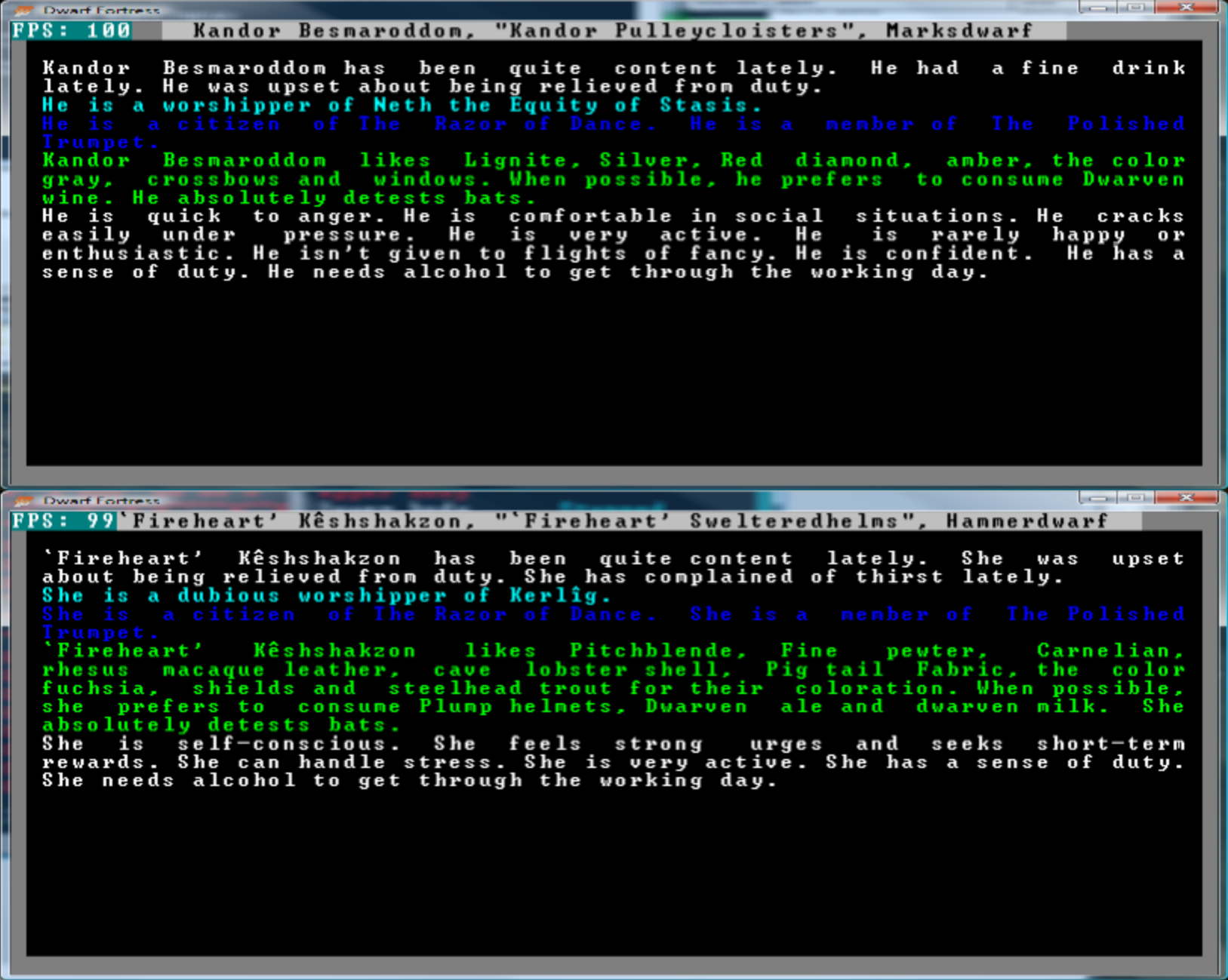
yet more obscene doodles of "wrestling" on top of Stravich

Hehe, sometimes I wonder if I should take up carving but then I remember I am already a artist with my axes and my canvasses are so much easier to work with than stone...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 07, 2009, 08:40:31 pm**

The events of the 14th of 1067

The two newest members of the standing army trudged their way back from Dodik's. With Aryn, and the council as a whole, busy with their securities and plans, and the rest of the soldiers madly scrambling about to deal with the resurgence of the Dread Camels, they had yet to be shuffled into their new squads. Which was just fine by the pair - it gave them time to explore the fort proper - such as Bertrands Garden, and to stand before the closed gates of Zefon, and to take in the sights at Dodik's.



Kador talked a mile a minute, his hands in constant motion as he regaled Fireheart with story after incredible story. Eventually, Fireheart held up a hand. "No. Come on, that's not true at all."
"Aye! C'arse is true" Kador said. He squinted at her with one eye, and held a hand over his chest, index and pointer aimed at his jaw. "Why would I lie 'bout that?"
"I've been signed on with you for four months," Fireheart growled, "And you never ONCE told me about *zombie whales*"
"'Cause it never woulda' come up! But out here, inna' these blasted sands filled with walkin' ca'rpse, bu'out here, aye, it all comes rushin' back t'ol' Kador."

Fireheart was about to respond, but her eyes went wide as her foot caught on something. Flailing her arms, she managed to tuck and roll at the last minute, rolling across the sands. At the sound of a sob behind her, she turned quickly, seeing the prone form of the human caravan guard sprawled out in the sands.



"Please, help me! I just want to get out of here, but... one of those camels came and broke my other arm and leg! I can't pull myself to safety!"

Keldor and Fireheart stared down at the human, their expressions blank.
"Right resilient, isn't he?" Fireheart eventually said.
"Aye. Jus' like that whale."
"You're SUCH a liar!"
"Please... kind dwarves, help..."
"Naw, listen t'this tale of heroism and valor, an then ye' can call me a liar ifn' ya' want. But ya' won't. Thar' it was, night black as pitch, and we was out scoutin' the seas fer' a Goblin Leviathan haulin' a bellyfull a' slaves. We see movement, aye? Offa' p'art, big as a fishin' city she was, an we knew t'was said Leviathan! Aye, we knew, but we was wrong..."

As the pair traipsed off towards the fortress proper, Tal Boarddressed lay in the sands by the main road, fighting the growing unconsciousness. "If I get out... of here, they'll all pay. Every... last one of them."

Note: Fireheart REALLY is a swordsdwarf. All hammer skills have been transferred to swords, I just can't figure out how to change job titles. Soon as she gains a point or two, it'll switch over on its own.

I always feel bad for that poor human. He reminds me of the poor unattached war animals I always have around my fort, horribly mangled by enemies and never really healing properly. They just limp around until they die in some attack or of old age.

Oooh, evil thought. Bertrand should decided to 'help' the poor fellow.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **January 07, 2009, 08:45:56 pm**

Its good to finally be in the story. Now we'll see how long I survive

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 07, 2009, 08:59:49 pm**

Quote from: Mephansteras on January 07, 2009, 08:45:21 pm
Oooh, evil thought. Bertrand should decided to 'help' the poor fellow.

Hasn't the man suffered enough? He's been dragging himself across the sand for how long now, starving and dehydrated and in pain the whole time?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **January 07, 2009, 10:29:45 pm**

Oooh. There's an idea. Heavy Flak, are there going to be some teleporting shenanigans to have him get off the map?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 07, 2009, 10:50:40 pm**

Diary of Kandor Pulleycloisters

15th of... something, 1067

I've never kept a diary before. To tell the truth, I've never really had the time, what with the work, the bounties, the sailing...

'course, now it looks like I'll be having *plenty* of time.

Guess this is what I get for listening to a drunken human in some backalley tavern in MirroredAbbey. Bloke mentioned some place called 'Oceanbled', said somebody like me could certainly find some work there, and I got a bit excited. I mean, it even has ocean in the name, what was I supposed to expect?

So here I am, in a remote fortress in the middle of this thrice-accursed desert filled with bloodthirsty camel corpses, without even a proper siege engine in the whole place. If I ever stumble across that pisshead Usmok who sent me here, I'll...

the rest of the page is dominated by a large drawing of a dwarf with a smoking pipe in his teeth and a giant crossbow in each hand standing over a vaguely humanoid shape completely pincushioned with bolts.

Anyway...

I do have to give this Aryn guy who runs the place one lick of credit, though: he recently shut down the local Zefonist cult. At least now I don't have to worry about getting, ah, 'compelled' by those bloody zealots in my sleep.

resting on top of the open journal is a small sailboat folded from a square of spare parchment. sketched onto the sail are several stick-dwarves, stick-humans, and a few stick-kobolds.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **January 07, 2009, 11:21:10 pm**

From the diary of Fireheart

Camels

This place is crawling with undead Camels. At least I'll have plenty of work smashing them to pieces.

I'm going to have to keep an eye on that Bertrand guy to. I've heard rumors about him experimenting with the undead in the past and I don't think we need more undead in this Armok forsaken wasteland.

Though I also hear he was the one that created that garden around the magma pipe so maybe hes not so bad...

OOC: What's Kerlig god/goddess of anyway?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 07, 2009, 11:39:04 pm**

One page one Heavy Flak posted a bunch of deities. Kerlig is a male dwarf god of oaths, marriage, pregnancy, and creation.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **January 08, 2009, 03:49:24 am**

Journal of Keldor:

I just realized it. I don't remember how long I've been here. Months, I think. One day blends into another in a bloody blur of chaos.

Lately, there have been several dwarves who have turned up dead. That good for nothing, elf-piss-swilling, may his beard fall out, Riddlewire insists that they were all suicides, but even the most casual observer can see right through that. It's enough to make one wonder if *he* had anything to do with it.

Then again, maybe I'm just going crazy. Why, just the other day I could have sworn that I saw a little elven girl, playing in the desert. When I blinked, she was gone. There wasn't anywhere to hide out there, so I must have just imagined it. Besides, what in the name of Lenod's bloody beard would an elf child be doing out here?

And speaking of Lenod, construction of Stravitch's blasphemous monument continues, despite the ban on religion! I can only guess that even Aryn is hesitant to dispute the matter with that ox of a dwarf.

Anyway, I suppose I had best get back to work. There are more coffins to encrust with jewels.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **January 08, 2009, 04:41:23 am**

Burninganus the muscular tunnel.

Feb stepped into the office with a malicious grin, expecting to see the new arrival tearing his hair out. What she found was ever so slightly different. Somewhere in the pile of ledgers, papers and scrolls she could hear the steady scratching of a quill on paper and a mad giggling. There was a thump, the sound of paper being shuffled around, and the scratching continued.

Feb could faintly make out what Glacies was muttering.

"And we have four hundred bits of microcline here, and four hundred here, and oh fancy that four hundred here too. I'll show them, I'll show them, give them a ham sandwich if I don't, waitandsee, four hundred microcline.."

She cleared her throat and everything went dead silent.

Then, after an akward pause, Feb said "Er. How's it, ya know, how's the book-keeping going?"
"Eheh, er, fine. I guess. I'm only half done, at this point. I've got all the, yum, magnetite categorized, and pretty much, er, all the gabbro and stuff. I'm working, um, on the microcline now."
"So I hear."
"Er, yes. I think I should, um, be done by the end of the week, if all goes well. And then, um, well, I'll ask you later.."
"What? Whaddya' want? Out with it!"
"Well, I'd like a favor. Actually, two. Er."
"You want a favor? After drinking all our booze? You sonuva..!"
"Now, wait, wait, wait! It should be easy enough! All I need to know is what this land is called."
"Err, the hills of rawness."
"No. The continent."
"Oh, of course. The land of oracles. Is that all?"

Glacies gave out some sort of squeak of excitment.

"Er, actually, yum, could you tell me where a place called 'Gatesmaw' is? It should be the capitol, you know, for the flag of ages.."
"Oh. You, uh, havn't heard the news."
"What news?"
"Gatesmaw fell to the goblins. The queen is dead, you see, and her cousin has been promoted up to king...er, the capitol's been moved to awe-inspiring axe. This must come as a bit of a shock to you, I guess. Did you have family there?"

Eventually, slowly, Glacies answered in an icy tone usually reserved for receptionists when faced with someone without an appointment.

"No. I did not have 'family' there. I just want something from it. I am still going. I am not giving up now, and I will not give up until I return to the polished trumpet with it. Get me a map. A reliable one that can show me where it is. The goblins will not have looted it. It is worthless to them. Now, back to work. A map. And a bodyguard, I guess, for the goblins. You can spare one dwarf for me. And I have work to do, so please leave me alone."

Feb grunted non-comitally and left the roughly carved office full of paper, pausing outside the door. She heard a faint thump as Glacies kicked the desk in frustration, and then the rythmic scratch started again. Then she headed up to the barracks, with a certain amount of determination. She was going to solve two problems with one, er, book-keeper. Actually, three, if you count all the paperwork that needed to be done.

Yes indeed, she can finally get Sarig off his arse and out of the barracks, get rid of the strange book-keeper and she'd have all the microcline sorted too! Maybe she could spare a detour to the booze stockpile. Feb's kinda tired of water.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **January 08, 2009, 09:01:48 pm**

So, when will Korgan be added, Glacies?

I'm getting rather curious, I must say.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 09, 2009, 06:00:00 pm**

The events of the 23rd of Moonstone, 1067

Jotwebe and Kivish stood by the eastern gate on one of their breaks, chatting over cups of tea from steel thermoses. All around them, Dwarves hauled stones back to the Quarry as they constructed the retaining wall ever higher, or hurried past them with large chunks of cinnabar clutched between nervous fingers. The pair chatted away happily, and in such good spirits, Kivish gave a hearty wave to Sgt. Peppers hulking frame plodding up the road.

"Hey there, soldier!" She called out happily, "You look like you've had a hard day of work, care to join us for some tea?"
"**I haven't had anything to eat, or drink, in years. Why would I start again now?**"

This set the pair back briefly, and Jotwebe said in a bit of confusion, "But... I watched you just the other day. You were eating beef soup, through that little slit in your mask."
"**Oh. Well there is that. No, no tea.**"
"Are you sure?" Kivish prodded, "It's very good, we steeped it with the berries, and added in cream and honey."

"**NO. I've spent the afternoon killing those damned Camels, and I'm not in the mood.**"
"But why?" Jotwebe asked. "You've been doing a good service, you deserve a wee break."
"**Good service? Let me tell you, little miss, those things out there are my brethren. All they want to do is live their own horrid, prolonged lives like you or I, and I'm sent out into the wastes every day by Sulari to swing my axe and kill the only thing to family I have in this world. Imagine that, taking an axe and using it to slash the heads off your sisters. Or maybe you miss, and break her spine, and then you're forced to watch as she crawls around in the sand, sobbing and trying to bite your legs, until you stomp her face into dust. I've killed that sister fifteen times this week alone, is that the good service you're talking about?**"

Kivish and Jotwebe exchanged horrified looks, the thermoses trembling a little in their hands. Sgt. Pepper stood towering before them, his shadow covering them, and he watched them with his torn mask and hollow eyes. Eventually, Kivish squeaked, "We...didn't know... the camels were like that to you."

"**HA!**" Sgt. Pepper tilted his head back, rumbling out loud belly laughs. "**You actually bought that? They're just corpses dancing around the sands looking for dwarves they can stomp to death. They killed me once, you should know. You ladies are alright - yes, I think I will join you for a spot of tea.**"

Gingerly, Sgt. Pepper plucked the thermos from a horrified Jotwebe's hand. He tilted it up to his mask and took a sip through the slit, still quietly chuckling.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **January 09, 2009, 08:52:29 pm**

I love Sgt. Pepper.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **January 10, 2009, 04:37:13 am**

Property of Kivish. Violators will be reduced to such a state as the human crawling around.
Date: Some days after Sgt. Pepper drank tea

I bet Jotwebe was surprised I did what she jokingly said! But I am so glad I did.
Sgt. Pepper must be good at telling stories! I was on his every word, believing everything about the whole 'killing my bretheren'. I will definitely add this to the selection for my grand idea.

He also drank a good spot of the tea.

Below is scribbled an image of a skeletal dwarf and Dread Camels. The dwarf is jumping on the Dread Camels. The Dread Camels fall apart. They reform a few minutes later.

OOC: Reading about "stomp their face into dust" made me think of Mario. Now I have a dwarf Mario with a mask on running around jumping on skeletal koopas @_@

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 10, 2009, 06:09:31 am**

*Hikan Riddlewire's notes, kept on his person
22nd - 28th Moonstone, 1067
The following is the weekly contents of Riddlewire's notes before he transfers them and any accompanying comments to his journal out in the wastes.*

Investigation proceeding slowly **Vatek totally useless ARGH!**
No new murders since Wavepaddles; killer might be biding time or is onto us

Info from questionings:
Stravitch - no info; indisposed, refuses to answer questions, intimidating as hell
Kuli - no info; been imprisoned
Jools - no info; angry over ban on religion, amongst other things, but horrified of murders
Vash - no info; angry like Jools, not moved to violence; seemed nervous during questioning, probably nothing
Zako - only witness to Stravitch's attempted murder; His words exactly: "Half-elf girl. Fell into the magma pipe though." When pressed about the body, he admitted he didn't see it go in.
Aryn - Aryn knew nothing; chastised me for asking him, said that it was my job to find out how these people were dying
Rinsesilver - refused to answer questions in any meaningful way
Dodik - no info;
Sulari - no info; said she would keep me posted
Merkil - no info; too dejected

Suspect list:
~~Stravitch~~ - Wouldn't kill himself; disembowelment too neat for him
~~Kuli~~ - been in prison; knew nothing of deaths
~~Jools~~ - solid alibis; gentle spirit, despite being a soldier
~~Vash~~ - solid alibis; metalsmiths vouched for him at times of death
~~Aryn~~ - I'd know if Aryn was trying to kill somebody. He'd send me.
Mystery half-elf - likely dead, but body not found

Can't inform populace of possibility of half-elf without informing half-elf; must remain a secret between me and Vatek. Back to square one: waiting for killer to strike.

Will not be transferring notes to journal until killer found; too dangerous. Possibility of getting murdered in night. Need way to hide them from Udib; not enough room in trenchcoat.

Have told Vatek about possibility of mystery elf-chick. He's been warned.

Injury total for week of 22nd Moonstone while keeping order:
Eyes blackened:
||||\ |
Jaws punched:
||
Teeth lost:
|
Limbs broken:
|
Total blood loss:
Quarter mug

It's been a bad week so far for bruising.

* * *

Quote from: Keifru on January 10, 2009, 04:37:13 am
OOC: Reading about "stomp their face into dust" made me think of Mario. Now I have a dwarf Mario with a mask on running around jumping on skeletal koopas @_@

And dwarves eat mushrooms, and there are only four colors of dye in DF: red, green, blue, and black: the only ones you would need to make a sprite of Mario! The metaphor is complete!

Mario Jumpman the Joyfulness of Jumping has been ecstatic lately. He has taken joy in slaughter recently.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 10, 2009, 07:49:27 am**

Diary of Maggarg
Riddlewire's been questioning people. Apparently it's something about some crazed hippie sticking a knife in stravitch.
He probably didn't pay her or something.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 11, 2009, 02:08:05 pm**

Jools stepped up top side, squinting briefly as the harsh sun assaulted his eyes. He'd heard commotion as far down as the failed water-works, and a soldier now - felt he needed to investigate. A large crowd had gathered near the magma pit, though they gave the dwarf by the edge a wide berth. It seemed he had a number of masterworks with him - some statues, some mugs, some toys, just a hodgepod of well-made brickabrack.

He stood by the pit, holding a mug covered in lewd engravings over the edge, causing Erith Othsindoren to yell from the crowd, "Don't do it, you monster! Don't!" "Then someone needs to *fess up!*" The dwarf screamed, "Who keeps melting my billion flasks, huh? Which one of you is doing it? Three have been burned today, and until I get some answers..." He trailed off, letting the silence spread.

Jools moseyed up to Vatek, risking punishment by actually doing his job. The guardsman was watching the scene, his hand on the handle of his mace. Upon seeing Jools, he gave a friendly nod, "Hey, come to watch the show?" "What happened?" "Oh, you know, the usual," Vatek said with a shrug, "Guy gets his stuff pitted, gets pissed, threatens the others... he hasn't actually done anything but scream a lot and make a bunch of threats so I don't have any grounds to beat him and throw him in the clink. I figure he has until the crowd gets bored, until he gets froggy, or until Stravitch stumbles up here and just plows through the crowd like a bull to get to the dwarf making his hangover worse." "Sounds like something I don't want to miss," Jools said. After a moment, he gave a point to the mule sitting beside Vatek. "What's with that?" "Oh, kind of adopted it. Nice enough beast, keeps me company at the site." "Give it a name yet." Vatek reddened slightly. "Yeah. I named it Kib, 'cause of how stubborn it is." "...Well, I suppose that *is* fitting..."

While the other Dwarves were unoccupied, Bertrand and Dojango, trailed by Akroma with an armfull of cloth tatters, quickly made their way across the court yard. Supported between the philosopher and chef was the human Boardresses. He was battered and broken, falling in and out of consciousness. Bertrand was trying to sooth him, in his gravely old man voice, "Shh, it'll be okay soon. Had I known you hadn't made it home, I would have helped you sooner. But don't worry, we'll have you fixed up good as new soon."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 11, 2009, 10:01:04 pm**

That's not good...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 12, 2009, 12:04:10 pm**

Diary of maggarg.
Bertrand helped that human who was sunbathing near the road.
He's going to fix him or something. Sounds nasty.
On a darker note, I reckon it's not long before Riddlewire questions me. If he does that, I' a goner. He'll recognise me for sure.
Perhaps I'll try and put on the local accent.
Adol is still in a lousy mood about that banning of religion. He's a sort of unofficial pastor of litast or whoever.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **January 12, 2009, 01:26:45 pm**

From the journal of Fireheart

I just saw that mangled human I tripped over the other day...being carried around by Bertrand. I shudder to think what might happen to him in Bertrand's lab. Definety have to keep a better eye on that guy.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **January 12, 2009, 02:34:49 pm**

Ooooooh craaaap.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 12, 2009, 08:06:55 pm**

*Hikan Riddlewire's notes, kept on his person.
22nd-28th Moonstone, 1067
Further comments from the week of 22nd Moonstone.*

Udib pointed out something interesting to me while we were sparring. "Does Maggarg got a beef with you? He just the left the room when you came in. Is he avoiding you?"

Upon further reflection, she had a point. He was avoiding me. "Another fine quality I wish you had," I told her.

With this information, I've done what any reasonable dwarf in my position would do: begun screwing with him.

So I've made it look like his room was searched, left notes in his armor saying "I KNOW", begun tailing him around the fortress, stood on the walls and watch him while he's out on patrol, hide around corners and disappear when he takes a second look, ask him to spar with me while I'm coating my spear in what looks like poison, and lots of other fun stuff.

His nerves are going to be so fried. I doubt whatever he's trying to hide is even remotely worth my attention, but he's making it too damn fun not to screw with him.

Maggarg, I can't think of a reason for why Riddlewire would want to question Maggarg unless he was acting like he had something to hide. In which case, Riddlewire would first make Maggarg's life difficult, and then probably blackmail him using a classic policeman's bluff.

"Your buddy already gave you up, tell us everything we want to know, NOW!" and the like.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 12, 2009, 08:58:20 pm**

Zako tromped down the hall, crossbow slung under his arm. He had heard from his friend Maggarg that someone was scaring him, and because it was his duty he decided to help his friend out. And he only knew one way to do that.

He had been outside Maggarg's apartment at the time, doing a routine patrol, when he saw one of Arwyn's guards enter the appartment. After sometime, he left looking quite pleased with himself. It was Riddlewire, the brute that had been around the place beating up the

peasantry. His fight was against the undead menace, but this had gone on too far, he decided to intervene before anyone else got hurt or killed.

Finally, he arrived outside riddlewire's apartment and on knocking found that noone was home.

"Damn, where is the bastard? Perhap's I should search further?" he said to himself.

Looking around and seeing that noone was present, he entered by forcing the door's lock and opened it slowly. Looking inside, he looked around carefully. Who knows what that asshole had lurking in his room? His employer had a bear, so Riddlewire may be smart enough to place a few traps...

Sure enough, there was a tripwire, just inside the doorway. Making sure that his brace wont catch on it, he carefully stepped over and entered the apartment propper. It was suprisingly organised for such a brute, showing hidden intelligence of a sort. Zako decided to look around more carefully and found a note lying between the coffer and the wall. It was the only paper in the room and Zako checked for traps again before picking it up. It was a suspect list for Stravitch's attack, or so he gained by looking at the word's "Half-elf girl" on it, which is what he said. He shuddered, that was not a day he wanted to repeat.

Hearing what he thought were footsteps outside, he put the paper where he found it, stepped over the tripwire again and left, closing the door after fixing the lock. Smiling, he went back to target practice. Noone should find out that he was there. The smile dissapeared when he realised that Maggarg wasn't on the list he found. There was a chance that a new one had been made, but why all the focus on him? He wasn't half-elven and certainly not a girl.

There must be another reason. Perhaps Maggarg would know why Riddlewire would be after him?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 13, 2009, 06:42:09 am**

Diary of maggarg
dammdamndamn he knowsheknowheknows. Someone's been in my room and it must be him.
Perhaps he's watching me now.
dammit stay calm. I have plenty of good friends who'll back me up and say I'm an honest bloke.
I'll be ok.
I never knew retirement could be so stressful.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 13, 2009, 09:25:16 am**

Quote from: Eita on January 12, 2009, 02:34:49 pm
Ooooooh craaaap.

If you'll notice, Mephansteras hasn't shown up lately. The reason? He made the mistake of giving me an idea and is probably hiding his head. Haven't you all learned by now? Reader interaction and comments leads to *things* happening!

Also, it was a while ago, but Riddlewire's tally list cracks me up every time I see it.

Sneak Edit: Quick explanation as to the infrequent updates. Work is draining me, and the... interesting neighbors from the New Years party have decided I'm "Okay" to hang out with, so they're inviting me over all the time to play card games and drink. I've recently received my third rejection letter from an agent, but a friend of mine might have a connection through her mother, so there's promise there. One of the neighbors said her mom "knows a guy", which fills me with dread since a lot of the things they do I turn a blind eye to, being a guest in their house and all...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **January 13, 2009, 11:08:59 am**

Hehe. No, I'm not hiding. Just reading quietly and waiting to see how it all turns out. I'm interested in seeing how the idea I planted turns out. :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **January 13, 2009, 07:31:31 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on January 13, 2009, 09:25:16 am
Quote from: Eita on January 12, 2009, 02:34:49 pm
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If you'll notice, Mephansteras hasn't shown up lately. The reason? He made the mistake of giving me an idea and is probably hiding his head. Haven't you all learned by now? Reader interaction and comments leads to *things* happening!

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I don't want to know. And this is referring to all three paragraphs.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 13, 2009, 10:56:31 pm**

The Dwarven Manifesto - Chapter 1
Completed 5th of Opal, 1067

The Dwarven People, the workers, have been exploited for much too long. These are sad times, where the hard working are pushed aside in favor of the rich. Dwarves with meager skill sets lounge in their private sweets enjoying lavish meals of the most succulent kittens, while the workers - the backbone of the society - are left to their horse tallow stews in the drafty mess hall, their breaks for meals kept as short as possible to maximize the output in their fields.

Many have wanted to act immediately, and this zealotry is a great asset to our cause. But the slowness with which I have previously spoken - and previously written - must be carried out. Much preparation is needed: Barrels of pitch, and barrels of booze must be secured and secreted away. Escape routes must be planned, and normal ones must be prepared to be blocked off. Areas to target must be picked for maximum potential to our cause.

This is a sensitive subject, and one that must be discussed in detail. There are two ways to punish the nobility, to take back the rights and the religions of the proletariat. One is to attack the nobility themselves, to punish them, to blacken their eyes, to pull their hair. In the short term, this will work fine - Aryn Estetar will find himself bludgeoned and beaten, but he has supporters. He has his bear Kol, and his dog Hikan, along with the grudging loyalty of a handful of craftsmen, miners, and soldiers. They will come to his defense at this brash

move. We will be beaten back. The truth we speak will be seen as nothing more than the ramblings of the spiteful.

The second option is to kill the workers. Only a few, and none that should be specifically targeted. At random - set up "accidents" as a way to show the ineptitude of the nobility. Beer explosions to offset the power of Glacies, as he can not keep track of his stores. Gold-smelting accidents, to draw ire towards Crowpages and her coin. Accidents out at the quarry, to cast doubt upon Aryn's schemes. The only ones not to be targeted at the military, and the guard. Sulari and Merkil and Stravitch do their jobs with selfless pleasure; they are to be rewarded, and with their steel should be uninjured to aid in the eventual uprising.

These actions may seem harsh, because they are. They may seem irrational - they are NOT. Every dwarf should be willing to give his life for the good of the community; those who would not should be considered the enemy. When the new regime takes place, the workers will sit upon their rightful thrones, and the nobility - they will no longer exist.

Signed,
TELAMON

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 13, 2009, 11:26:23 pm**

Was this a public message to the dwarves of Migrursut? I assume it was. In which case....

~~Hikan Riddlewire's notes, kept on his person.
Entry for 5th Opal, 1067~~

~~**SCREW KILLER**~~

~~**FIND TELAMON**~~

~~* * *~~

~~Though Riddlewire doesn't stand a chance alone against the overwhelming power of the plot, he can certainly try to stop it.~~

~~Though, if he survives, he could make something for himself from the ashes.~~

This is getting interesting. Very interesting.

Edit: Whoops, I assumed wrong. Riddlewire would have to bash a lot more heads than he currently is to get access to that sort of privileged information. Might as well not delete it, though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 13, 2009, 11:28:52 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on January 13, 2009, 11:26:23 pm

Was this a public message to the dwarves of Migrursut? I assume it was. In which case....

Well, it probably wouldn't do to tell the people you're planning to blow up you're planning to blow them up to use their friends to punish the nobility that also aren't in on the plot.

However! Nothing is saying that TELAMON's manifesto pamphlets couldn't be intercepted by Riddlewire, or a few other story members. Though overt actions will probably result in this resistance movement bringing retribution against them for talking.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **January 13, 2009, 11:33:54 pm**

Edit: Aww, never mind. Won't work. Didn't realize it was Heavy Flak up there who said that right above me.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Lucid_Archon** on **January 14, 2009, 12:46:54 am**

Quote from: Eita on January 13, 2009, 11:33:54 pm

Why? Because Stravitch is insane.

I don't know about you, but to me, Stravitch recent fixation seems a little too convenient for my tastes.... Just saying.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **January 14, 2009, 07:31:58 am**

From the journal of Kuli Problemwalled,

This is my first opportunity to write in some time. I have been tirelessly working to find times and places to bring the Children of Zefon together for covert worship services. To some extent I am succeeding. The meetings are impromptu and brief, however. Attendance is irregular since there is usually not enough time to get the word out to everyone when and where the next meeting will take place. I give thanks to Zefon that we have not yet been discovered by the guard.

Some of the members of my congregation seem more agitated than usual lately. I often catch glimpses of them whispering to each other and looking at something. I have noticed the same thing among some of my metalworkers as well. So far no one will tell me what this is about. However, it is not difficult to imagine what they are discussing, and it worries me.

A line was written here, but it has been scratched out

Vash just brought me a note. A good location for a meeting today has been found, and I must not pass up the opportunity. May Zefon's love be with us.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 14, 2009, 08:53:10 am**

For story purposes, it's probably best if that manifesto did NOT get out to the population at large. It would, however, have gotten out to at *least* two reader-dwarves. Which ones? Well, I'll leave that as a question right now. They've already done a few minor things, and one of them has a grudge with Aryn.

Though really, who doesn't?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 14, 2009, 03:43:01 pm**

So, who among the people who don't have a grudge against Aryn would get it, and who among the people that do would get it, keeping in mind that these are people who wouldn't normally receive it.

I can't even keep track of how many reader-dwarves are in the fortress right now, so guessing at this point would probably be wildly inaccurate.

But guess I shall!

One of the Zefonists, and Riddlewire. That last one is probably self-motivated.

Who do you, fellow Migrursut readers, think will get the manifestos?

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on January 14, 2009, 06:58:51 pm

The events of the 10th of Opal, 1067

Lugnut shuffled down the hallways, the newest designs of Glacies latest trick hidden within the folded up parchment he carried. Searching the book keeps room, and the library where it was being assembled, Lugnut began searching other places - the work shops, for example. The training hall was likewise empty. It was only through accident he ran across the book keep on the kitchen level.

A door slamming shut caught his attention, and Lugnut went wide-eyed as he saw the book keep leaving a butchery. The apron he wore was bloodstained, as was his hands. He constantly wiped them on the front of the apron, but after a few motions he sighed and gave up, stained to the wrists in red.

As Glacies drew near the mechanic he lifted a bloody hand in salutation, but it dropped quickly as he was confronted with a harsh, whispered, "Y-...you monster!"
"Wha? What are ya' talking about!"
Lugnut's fists were bunched at his sides, crunching up the designs he had brought. "You couldn't be satisfied with your morbid tricks, could you? You just couldn't be happy with that."
"Lugs-..."
"I knew you were a sicko, but this! This is beyond measure!"
"Lugnut, I-"
"You think I'm gunna' help you any more, well you got another thing coming. I won't be a part of this any longer."
"LUGNUT!"

The mechanic jumped. Glacies glared at him, his brow furrowing. "I've decided to dabble in butchery, ya' idiot. I just slaughtered a puppy for some stew."
"So, that's not... poor little?"
"What? No, of course it's not our Talent's blood. Bah, really? Ya' really thought that?"
"Well, I..." Lugnut said, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

Glacies just shook his head. "I don't trust the food around here, and neither should you. They're all out to get you, ya' know. Not... you, yourself, personally, but you as in, all of us. I'm not taking chances on the meat pies being fresh, so I'm slaughtering my own."
Lugnut gave a relived nod, though that melted away into horror as Glacies said, musingly, "Though, some sort of butchery-act on little Grov, only to show him alive and intact would bring out the gorefiends..."

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Eita on January 14, 2009, 08:13:50 pm

Kuli gets the other manifesto.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Jim Groovester on January 15, 2009, 01:14:08 am

I'm thinking Groveller would make an excellent clandestine messenger. Just give the kid a message, send him where he needs to go, and then when he gets there, kill him! And the best part is, the next Grov would have no knowledge of the message.

I could really see people (ab)using him like that.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on January 15, 2009, 09:44:40 am

Quote from: Jim Groovester on January 15, 2009, 01:14:08 am

I'm thinking Groveller would make an excellent clandestine messenger. Just give the kid a message, send him where he needs to go, and then when he gets there, kill him! And the best part is, the next Grov would have no knowledge of the message.

I could really see people (ab)using him like that.

As horrible as that is, it does bring up some very interesting ideas. I won't use it for this story - that's just much too morbid for a character that's already pushing the boundaries - but having disposable messengers with hundreds of clones is certainly a fascinating prospect.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on January 15, 2009, 08:08:37 pm

The events of the 21st of Opal, 1067

"There, there... and how do you feel now?"

Gingerly, Akroma helped extend Boarddresses left leg. The human tensed up on the stone slab, gritting his teeth so tight he saw sparks of red over his eyes, but said nothing. Slowly, Akroma extended the left leg until the knee locked. There was a loud squeak of steel hinges from the full-leg brace that Dojango had constructed.

Bertrand shuffled over, using the back of his hand to wipe specks of dust away from the corner of an eye. He lifted a can of grease from his workbench and bent over Boarddresses leg, applying tiny amounts to the hinge. Akroma shifted back to stand beside Dojango, leaning over to say sarcastically, "Good job with the braces. They *both* squeak."
"They don't do it much."
"Yeah they do. He's all squeaky, like a cricket."

The pair paused, and erupted into a fit of snickering.
"Like a real rickety cricket, with those shoddy splints you rigged up..."
"Would you two PLEASE show an ounce of bedside manners?" Bertrand snapped, turning his gaze on him.

Akroma and Dojango went stone faced and still, but when Bertrand turned his head back to the gears the covered their mouths, fighting to keep the laughter from bubbling out. Bertrand poked and prodded and oiled the hinges. Eventually he set the can down, and

straightened himself back up.
"Very good. Now, as The Giggle Twins so rudely pointed out, yes, you'll be squeaking some when you walk. That's only until you break them in."
Boardresses nodded slowly. "Thank you... thank you very much for helping me, I just... no, thank you."

Bertrand noticed the glance the merchant guard made towards the stump at his shoulder, and gingerly he reached over to clasp his shoulder. "There was just nothing we could do, and for that, I'm sorry. Even if we had another arm, well... I doubt we could have done anything. But you have the use of your other arm, and leg, and that's a blessing in itself."
"If you *had* another arm, could you have done *something*?"
"Well..." Bertrand trailed off. He stroked his beard idly, and gave a shrug. "Perhaps. Probably not. It's an interesting theory, but one you should put out of your head. Instead, you should get used to your new braces, and regain your strength. Come, both of you, let's leave our charge to reacquaint himself with walking, in privacy."

Akroma and Dojango slipped from the room, breaking into laughter once they vanished into the hallway. Bertrand gave a pleasant smile and squeezed the humans shoulder once more, before shuffling out. The door closed quietly behind him. Tal sighed, and tentatively slid off the table, his legs shaking under him as he fought to keep his balance.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Jim Groovester on January 16, 2009, 02:20:07 am

I think the last update should have gone something like this...

Bertrand, Akroma and Dojango stand around Tal Boardresses unconscious on the operating table.

Dojango speaks first. "Tal Boardresses: caravan guard. A man barely alive."

Bertrand then addresses the other two, and begins a montage of the three operating on and reconstructing Tal Boardresses. "Gentledwarves, we can rebuild him. We have the technology. We have the capability to make the world's first bionic man. Tal Boardresses will be that man. Better than he was before. Better. Stronger. Faster."

Seventies music immediately begins playing, to scenes of Tal Boardresses running around Migrursut's outer wall very quickly.

Then, in big white letters, "The Six Million Dwarfins Man" displays on the screen.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Flar Moonchill on January 16, 2009, 03:50:50 am

Quote from: Jim Groovester on January 16, 2009, 02:20:07 am

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Genius, first good laugh of the day for me!

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on January 16, 2009, 08:11:18 am

I hope no one here minds, but I think I'm going to outsource all my updates to Jim Groovester, because he's at least 125% funnier than I am. Well played, friend. Well played.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Jim Groovester on January 16, 2009, 11:23:51 pm

Quote from: Heavy Flak on January 16, 2009, 08:11:18 am

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Comedy is timing and opportunity, and I had both on my side. As an interesting note, when I looked at the intro video to the Six Million Dollar Man, I saw that Lee Majors' character's legs were being repaired, as well as his arm being replaced, which was an uncanny coincidence with Boardresses' injuries, so I just had to act.

Of course, I'm flattered by your offer, but I couldn't possibly, oh no. Never. I could never do something like take over one of the best (if not the best) community stories, no. I couldn't possibly. You flatter me too much. You're much too good at it already, no. I couldn't.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on January 17, 2009, 04:26:11 pm

The events of the 2nd] of Obsidian, 1067

So many months standing guard over Stravitch's growing construction site, so many months spent coddling the Captain of the Guard, talking to him, diffusing his outbursts. A subtle change had taken place, one that even Vatek failed to notice, but with so close proximity to one dwarf for so long, Vatek had begun to pick up a few of Stravitch's mannerisms.

He walked the same way, his feet kicking out slightly, shoulders slightly stooped. He rubbed under his chin with a thumb when deep in thought, or bared his teeth without thinking when presented with a particularly challenging problem. Right now, he stood beside Stravitch, and both of them adopted the same stance - their legs spread wide, their centers of gravity lowered, their hands perched insolently on their hips.

There was a faint from behind them. Vatek turned quickly - Stravitch did not. Glacies stood before him, looking sullen and nervous, and behind him stood Aryn, his face hard, his eyes narrowed. Glacies looked down at a sheet of parchment he held, and gave a resigned sigh, holding it up to the pair. "It's been recommended that you should shut down this construction site."

Vatek stayed silent, his lips pursed. Stravitch didn't bother to turn around, and Glacies, after a pause, continued on. "Of course, with it like it is, we can't tell *what* it'll be, but I'm sure you've both heard the commoners refer to it as "The Poison Temple". Aryn recommends that the site be left dormant."

When he was met with silence yet again, Aryn pushed past the book keeper. "I've let this go on, because I know just how fickle you are. I thought you'd get bored with the whole thing, Fillwhip, especially since Dodik's little whore-pit is back open. But as this monstrosity continues to grow, and starts blocking out the sky, I can't stand idly by any longer. Stop construction, or turn it over to my team so we can make something of worth out of it. This is your *only* warning."

That got his attention - and Stravitch quickly turned around, his great brow furrowing. Both Aryn and Glacies took a step backwards, and Vatek very subtly side-stepped to get outside of his mace range. There were a few tense seconds, and Stravitch threw his head back, roaring with laughter.

"I'll put you on the guest list when this is finished, Aryn. Now why don't you both head out, before I put you both to work hauling cinnabar, too?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **January 17, 2009, 08:48:34 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on January 16, 2009, 11:23:51 pm

Quote from: Heavy Flak on January 16, 2009, 08:11:18 am

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Of course, I'm flattered by your offer, but I couldn't possibly, oh no. Never. I could never do something like take over one of the best (if not the best) community stories, no. I couldn't possibly. You flatter me too much. You're much too good at it already, no. I couldn't.

Me thinks that thou protest too much.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 18, 2009, 08:48:57 am**

Diary of maggarg.
I think I might hide near that poison temple for a while. No-one would think of hiding there, and I've hidden in more toxic places, like the great pitchblende bathhouse of Nnung, where a dwarf could go in and lose both his filth and his beard.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 18, 2009, 03:32:32 pm**

*Hikan Riddlewire's notes, kept on his person.
Entry for the week of 1st Obsidian, 1067*

Injury total for the week of 1st Obsidian ~~while keeping order~~: while falling:
Eyes blackened:
|
Jaws punched:

Teeth lost:

Limbs broken:

Total blood loss:
None.

What the hell is going on? Where have all the rioting dwarves gone? I've only punched one person this week, and even that was an accident! I tripped and fell and I happened to get caught up in another dwarf and accidentally punched him in the face on the way down. What the hell is everybody so calm about, when a month ago everyone was running down the halls causing so much trouble? This is intolerable! I need to punch someone!

All the dwarves whose faces I've made my mark on look at me smugly and knowingly as I'm walking down the halls. Is there some kind of game that I'm not in on or something? I feel like I should be watching my back, because I feel like I could get stabbed at any moment. It feels like all the looks they're giving are saying one thing: You're done for.

The killer remains uncaught. I've explored all avenues of investigation, and they've led nowhere. And the killer hasn't struck since the Hammerer a few months ago.

Aryn tried to shut down Stravitch's poison pyramid. That didn't go so well.

With everyone acting so peaceful for some reason, I'll have to resume my usual regimen of intimidation and paranoia inducement. But I'll have to find somebody else to do it on. Maggarg is hiding, but I don't care enough to find him.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 18, 2009, 08:22:26 pm**

The events of the 10th of Obsidian, 1067

Major Merkil sat behind his broad oak desk, his face a stony mask. Idly he drummed his fingers on top of the wood, hoping he wouldn't have to break the silence. But when Sulari said nothing after a few minutes, he sighed in defeat, and leaned back in his chair.

"You can't be serious about this. It's unprecedented."
"I am serious, sir."
Merkil closed his eyes for a brief instant, teeth bared in a grimace. When he opened them, he wished that his office would be empty, that this would just be a hallucination brought on by his increasingly more severe headaches. Instead, he only saw Sulari standing in front of his desk in a set of dusty old horse-leather tunic and pants. A small napsack was slung over her back holding the rest of her meager positions - though he did notice she still wore her gauntlet.

"This is unprecedented," he lamely repeated. "Dwarves just don't leave the military. It's a life commitment."
"Makrond is back to his normal job," Sulari pointed out.
"Makrond took a spear through the lungs, and was laid up for months with a sucking chest wound. It's a surprise he's still alive. And as for you?"
"As for me? I don't feel I'm of use anymore, to the soldiers. I don't..." She trailed off, and looked away. Absently she brushed a tear from the corner of eye, images of Snake flitting through her mind. "I just don't think my heart is in it anymore."

There was another awkward silence, broken by Merkil thumping his thumb on the desk with a sigh. "Fine, Sulari, fine. But I don't want this to get out... it'll hurt morale to know one of the most decorated heroes of our fortress has become scared. If anyone asks, you've... contracted brain parasites, and you don't know how long you have to live."

Sulari lifted one eyebrow, and Merkil shrugged. "They have them in the forests up north, I hear. Just repeat that story, and try to keep yourself well, alright?"
"Of course, sir."
"And, ah, Sulari, it's been an honor serving with you."
"You too, sir."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **January 19, 2009, 04:06:36 am**

Zombies and Cyborgs and Clones, oh my!

Quote from: Heavy Flak on January 15, 2009, 09:44:40 am

Quote from: Jim Groovester on January 15, 2009, 01:14:08 am

I'm thinking Groveller would make an excellent clandestine messenger. Just give the kid a message, send him where he needs to go, and then when he gets there, kill him! And the best part is, the next Grov would have no knowledge of the message.

I could really see people (ab)using him like that.

As horrible as that is, it does bring up some very interesting ideas. I won't use it for this story - that's just much too morbid for a character that's already pushing the boundaries - but having disposable messengers with hundreds of clones is certainly a fascinating prospect.

Don't hold back on my account!

I'm looking forward to Glacies' return. There's no way the Grovs' situation can go well for him. I wonder, does the new Glacies keep track of them all? Do the stockpile records have an entry for Grovs?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **January 19, 2009, 11:42:34 am**

I don't think the replacement keeps stocks at all.

Burninganus the muscular tunnel

The sheriff sat in his office of smooth obsidian, and admired the engravings on the wall as he flipped through the last of the stockpile records. He slowly drew a finger down the list, until it rested on one entry. "Gnomeblight - 2450.50 units, See plant ref. for brewables." Then, he looked up and grinned.

"So, Feb tells me you're looking for a place called Gatesmaw?"
Glacies nodded.
"That's correct, sir. I used to live there before, um, a disagreement, but I wanted to go collect this invention thing."
"Why? What's so important about this invention?"
"Er. It was supposed to make my job easier."
The sheriff stared at him blankly.

"Y'mean, you got shipwrecked, stranded in the raw hills, forced into book-keeping a ton of gabbro for us, and now you want to go to some god-forsaken fortress probably filled with giant cave spiders...to make your job easier?"
"Um.."
"Fine. Okay. Whatever. Feb said you wanted a map, so here you go. Wasn't there something else you wanted before you left?"
"Right. I want a bodyguard. Someone you can spare from duty to protect me while I look for the analytical machine."
"The wha..? Forget it. I have just the dwarf for you."

The sheriff rose and gestured for Glacies to follow him. The walked through the freshly smoothed halls to a grandly engraved barracks, specked with blood and vomit. They edged around two speardwarves and came toan ancient loking dwarf with a peg-leg and an eye-patch, sleeping under a tiny woolen blanket.

"Sarig. Sarig? SARIG! WAKE UP!"

The olddwarf gave a start and reached for a rusty looking copper scimitar by his bed. "Whh? Elf?? Huhn?" He said.

"Sarig, you're going to go with this dwarf to gatesmaw! It's just what you need, Sarig, a nice trip!"

Glacies tried to scuttle sideways out of the room, but was grabbed by his collar and dragged back.

"Up you get, Sarig! You get up now!"

The old dwarf slowly rose to standing position, and gave them a blank, sleepy stare. The sheriff yelled encouraging things at the veteran until he woke up, and then lunchtime rolled around. They all went to Kadol's dining room for lunch.

Glacies said "So, uhm, Sarig, is it?"
Sarig said "Yeah, that's me. Whatcha going to gatesmaw for, yeah?"
Kadol said "Er. Sarig, you're to accompany Mr. Glacies to gatesmaw, to fight the elves."
Quothe Sarig "Elves?! Where!? I'll stick em', I will!" and jumped to his feet, swinging his scimitar wildly and looking about in a paranoid fashion.

Glacies slowly put his hands over his forehead. and groaned quietly.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 19, 2009, 12:00:10 pm**

Diary of maggarg
I think the heat's off.
Riddlewire clearly isn't from one of the places where I may or may not have committed some minor misdemeanor, so I reckon I'm safe.
Also, everyone's preoccupied with this Telamon.
Also this red is getting a bit boring.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **January 20, 2009, 03:32:48 am**

Quote from: Glacies on January 19, 2009, 11:42:34 am

Burninganus the muscular tunnel

Quothe Sarig "Elves?! Where!? I'll stick em', I will!" and jumped to his feet, swinging his scimitar wildly and looking about in a paranoid fashion.

Glacies slowly put his hands over his forehead. and groaned quietly.

Lol for some reason this reminded me of Corporal Jones from Dads Army! "They don't like it up 'em!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 20, 2009, 09:30:47 am**

Quote from: Groveller on January 19, 2009, 04:06:36 am

I'm looking forward to Glacies' return. There's no way the Grovs' situation can go well for him. I wonder, does the new Glacies keep track of them all? Do the stockpile records have an entry for Grovs?

Quote from: Glacies on January 19, 2009, 11:42:34 am

I don't think the replacement keeps stocks at all.

Glacies is actually 100% correct. I actually alternate between lowest and low accuracy settings for "Glacies", because really, he couldn't give a damn about stupid things like rocks and mugs!

Oh, and no one has brought it up, but I want to mention that Sulari leaving the military was both a proof-of-concept to test what Captain Mayday said about removing Champions from service, and as a way to hopefully fix her. She was turning into Old Major ---- DayCovering in that she refused to go on active duty and fight, and I suspect it's because of a broken heart over Snake... which doesn't make sense because I don't think Toady coded that into his game yet. I'm still of the belief this fortress is imploding on itself because of all the shit that's been done.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 20, 2009, 05:11:57 pm**

vanishing cloned children, grass in a desert and demons in a church.
Is it any surprised no-one wants to live there anymore?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 20, 2009, 06:32:14 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1068

I can't keep track of how many are killed anymore. My charges are idiots at best, suicidal at worst. Our screaming shrew of a mayor has another thing to cry about now, as two days before the years end one of her brood wandered into the wastes chasing after "Grov's Ghost" and found himself mauled by camels. Of course we found new body of the second child, and by all accounts that brat is happily tending to the animals in Jool's zoo. Whatever. Children - if they won't build, they're of no use to me.

The last of the retaining wall should be finished within the month, maybe a little later depending on the camel problems. Howard is itching to get started; his designers eye and attention to detail lost as he broods in the mess hall or busies himself construction magnificent scaffolding.

I feel that my authority is not respected as much as it should be, in large part to Stravitch ignoring my mandate to stop construction on his Poison Temple. That will prove to be a large mistake on his part; Once the duties of the new year have settled down (planting, preparing, hauling, finalizing our blueprints completely) I will have him summarily dealt with. No one is above the mandates of the law - not even the law itself.

Body Count: 140
Booze: 2500(?)
Prepared Meals: 2000(?)
Wealth: 3,700,000(?)
Note to Self: Have Hikan beat up Glacies, he's shirking his damn duties.

Layout of the Fortress: <http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-4415-oceanbled-oceanbled>

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 20, 2009, 07:27:25 pm**

That bolded note to self looks like an invitation to me, not just according to my perspective, but also a personal invitation. It is an invitation, right?

* * *

*Notes of Hikan Riddlewire, kept on his person.
Entry for the week of 1st Granite, 1068.*

I always enjoy starting out the new year with a bang. Aryn told me in his office quite frankly, "Hikan, I have a task for you. Glacies has been irresponsible for too long. You know what to do."

I could have hugged Aryn there, like a child happy to receive a gift from his parents, but I contained my enthusiasm until I left. As soon as I left, I shouted on the top of my lungs, "Thank you, ibmat! You love me today!", no doubt scaring many passing civilians.

So, this is how it went down...

The events of 2nd Granite, 1069, as vividly recorded in Hikan Riddlewire's notes.

Glacies had finished his conversation with Lugnut regarding their next "magic trick" involving Groveller as he opened the door to his room. "Yer just as much a monster as me, taking the 'blood money' as ya call it, ya fecking prick." Stepping in, he turned to light the candles in his room when one lit itself in the corner. His heart sank as the candle revealed a coated figure with a fedora crowning the silhouette: Hikan Riddlewire.

"Glacies." Riddlewire menacingly spoke.

Glacies gulped as he stepped back, reaching towards the handle of the door. "Y-y-yes, Riddlewire? What do you want?"

A spear shot out from underneath his coat and wedged itself in between the door and the frame, jamming the doorknob and preventing it from turning. Glacies shook the handle frantically, but to no avail. Riddlewire stepped forward. "It's not what I want. It's what Aryn wants. You've been lazy. You know what happens to lazy dwarves in Migrursut, do you?"

"Umm..."

Riddlewire stepped forward again, interrupting Glacies. "You know damn well what happens. Aryn signs their death warrant. And you know who carries it out?"

Glacies quivered in fear and only managed to warble out a few terrified tones. Riddlewire stepped forward again. "Me."

A gauntleted fist flew out of the darkness and landed on Glacies' jaw. Glacies screamed loudly, and Riddlewire's hands reached out to cover his mouth and grab his throat. "I would love nothing more," Riddlewire said, glaring into Glacies' eyes, "To squeeze this hand here, and choke you to death. But Aryn is generous. Aryn *is* generous, isn't he?"

Riddlewire briefly removed his hand from Glacies' mouth. "I'm not-I'm no-" muttered Glacies before another fist landed on his jaw.

"You're not WHAT!?" Riddlewire screamed. "Not doing your JOB! Because Aryn's noticed! So!" A gauntleted fist struck Glacies in between words. "You! Are! Going! To! Do! Your! Job! Or! I! Will! Kill! You!"

Riddlewire released his hold on Glacies, and he fell to the ground and curled up in pain. Riddlewire yanked his spear from the door frame, and opened the door. "Remember, Aryn is generous. This could have ended much worse for you. You'll do your bookkeeping now; you wouldn't want me to come back." And he left.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **January 21, 2009, 08:13:23 am**

I am simultaneously worried as all hells and very, very pleased.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **January 21, 2009, 08:23:41 am**

Man, the fanon is as good as (because saying it's better than might get me in trouble :P) the canon!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 21, 2009, 04:22:02 pm**

Diary of maggarg
I think I'm finally safe again, the heat's off.
That riddlewire'll be too busy beating up glacies who doesn't look much like glacies, and aryn'll be concentrating on stravich.
Happy days.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 21, 2009, 05:51:03 pm**

I'm glad all of you liked that, because I was worried I was overstepping the boundaries between community story participant and community story author. Mucking with other people's characters is one of those boundaries, I think. But Aryn's bolded note to self seemed like an invitation, and who am I to refuse?

Anyways, I hope I wasn't too bold with that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **January 21, 2009, 05:58:30 pm**

Well, I think fake Glacies is also more fair game then the real Glacies would be. And nothing in what you wrote really changes things too much outside of what Heavy Flak wrote, so I think it was properly done.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 21, 2009, 06:14:06 pm**

The events of the 6th of Granite, 1068

"Alright you scrubs, line up!" Merkil bellowed as he entered the training room. The Dwarves assembled into their ratty bands of soldiers - the undead hanging out by the back laughing hollowly, Adol, Rolland, Sparrow and Zako happy to see Maggarg after he had vanished for a few weeks, Towersacks, Varen and Jools quietly talking. Even the newer soldiers - Fireheart and Kandor - seems to have struck a cord with the "returning hero" Wilber, though Fireheart was doing his best to out-story tell the dwarf with Fourteen kills under his belt this week alone.

Behind him came Eita and Sarek, timid as the harsh lights from the wall torches assailed their vision. They both looked thinner, and each limped a little on their left legs, but they were still dwarvenly stout and full of beard. Merkil stepped aside, and gave a gesture towards the pair with a sweeping motion of his hand.

"These two are a prime example of why teamwork is a requirement. An argument over what? No one rightly remembers. But it resulted in a pair of soldiers, in their prime, taken out of commission for far too long. Learn a lesson from these two - no more in fighting. Ladies? Show the troops there are no hard feelings."

Eita eyed Sarek warily, but eventually she extended her hand. Sarek took it and gave a shake, polite applause following from the crowd - though War'dunell made inappropriate cat calls from near the back. Merkil glowered and gave a quick nod.

"Right. Back to training. And please, treat these delicate flowers gently, it seems they break easily."

The laughter that followed was swiftly culled as the barracks door slamemd open. Glacies stormed through the assembled mass, his eyes blazing, his jaw swollen, an angry black and purple. Lugnut trailed behind him, and though he sported a freshly blackened eye, he was still smirking. The book keep muttered as he stalked past them to the storeroom, part of what he said caught:

"...me will he, that ass, that great blow hardy ass. Sendin' his dogs? After all I've done fer' this hole, I'll show him a set of bloody books, I'll show him all over the damned place..."

The assembled Dwarves watched him pass, but Merkil drew their attention with a groan. He pinched the bridge of his nose between thumb and forefinger, his eyes shut tight. "A perfect example of what not to do, friends. Keep your eyes open, please, yon book keep seems quite agitated. Now get back to training..."

OOO: All actions have consequences, no matter how well deserved or encouraged! :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 21, 2009, 06:42:09 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on January 21, 2009, 06:14:06 pm
OOO: All actions have consequences, no matter how well deserved or encouraged! :D

Uh oh. Did I fall into a trap? Did I take the bait? I feel simultaneous dread and excitement for what's in store for Hikan, if this statement is as ominous as I think it is.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **January 21, 2009, 07:26:57 pm**

Heavy Flak seems to be breaking some serious story-telling barriers here. In the canon he encourages someone to do something in the fanon that will in turn affect the direction of the canon. A direction that he may or may not have intended to take in the first place.

In other words, Migrursut is still awesome.

This really does feel more like an actual "community" fort, unlike all those ones where you just get a dwarf named after you and there's usually no further interaction beyond retrospective journal entries.

I wonder, if I wrote something wildly out of character for Kuli would Heavy Flak try to make it fit into the story somehow? Not that I would do that, of course, since I love trying to write in-character for Kuli.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 21, 2009, 08:46:03 pm**

Can I request that Heavy Flak write something for my character? Preferably involving the undead? I would greatly appreciate it. :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **January 21, 2009, 08:49:24 pm**

Diary of Wilber

So I've been noticing ninja's all over the place lately. Killed 9 of em meself last week when I was ambushed. It was a tough fight though, lost some o' me beard when their leader started shooting lasers from his eyes. I just shoved his own foot up his own ass til the sweat on his knee quenched his thirst. Yarp. Lifes good when theres fighting and booze aplenty.

Hah! If you could work with that then you'd have to be a god at storytelling. I can see Wilber being his own little side story, like Glacies, except as more of a comic strip. 'Wilber the Slayer: Episode 5 - Attack of the Ninjas' has a nice ring to it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 21, 2009, 10:18:18 pm**

Quote from: Kuli on January 21, 2009, 07:26:57 pm

I wonder, if I wrote something wildly out of character for Kuli would Heavy Flak try to make it fit into the story somehow? Not that I would do that, of course, since I love trying to write in-character for Kuli.

I'd try my best to make it fit. I like to think that one of my best qualities is finding ways to tie things together in ways that seems rational, which ends up annoying my coworkers and fascinating the... interesting neighbors next door. I should have gone out for the propaganda ministry, instead of working for the Navy. *SIGH!*

Quote from: Zako on January 21, 2009, 08:46:03 pm

Can I request that Heavy Flak write something for my character? Preferably involving the undead? I would greatly appreciate it. :D

I'll do my best to work something in. Some side-stories are difficult to work on right now, because every single able body is hauling stone to finish the great constructions. Things'll pick up now that we'll get the yearly attacks.

Oh, and as a side note - Vash ended up adopting that jaguar cub that appeared in the zoo. Adorable!

Quote from: sonerohi on January 21, 2009, 08:49:24 pm

Diary of Wilber

So I've been noticing ninja's all over the place lately. Killed 9 of em meself last week when I was ambushed. It was a tough fight though, lost some o' me beard when their leader started shooting lasers from his eyes. I just shoved his own foot up his own ass til the sweat on his knee quenched his thirst. Yarp. Lifes good when theres fighting and booze aplenty.

Hah! If you could work with that then you'd have to be a god at storytelling. I can see Wilber being his own little side story, like Glacies, except as more of a comic strip. 'Wilber the Slayer: Episode 5 - Attack of the Ninjas' has a nice ring to it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 21, 2009, 10:50:02 pm**

That pic is an instant classic. I swear upon it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **January 22, 2009, 08:53:08 am**

HeavyFlak should be a pro at on demand story manipulation from the actions of his players. When he used to DM for a few of us in college he would write up a story tree for about a week which we would systematically destroy and make him work on the spot 10 minutes into the game!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 22, 2009, 09:16:56 am**

Quote from: [Stravitch](#) on January 22, 2009, 08:53:08 am
HeavyFlak should be a pro at on demand story manipulation from the actions of his players. When he used to DM for a few of us in college he would write up a story tree for about a week which we would systematically destroy and make him work on the spot 10 minutes into the game!

God you guys were *assholes!* Here are some examples of what I had to deal with:

- * The group decided to write a "Burning Bodies" song. They sang this song when they burned the bodies of people they *shouldn't* have killed. They would all hold hands and sing this song while I would yell at them.
- * Building off of that, nearly every session we had ended with the group sitting outside a town of mostly-innocents that had been set on fire, and one of them would say, "Well, we can never go back THERE again" - and they couldn't because everyone was either burnt or dead, so I'd have to move their objective to the next town over to compensate.
- * One of the guys was a druid and knew every rule for everything. They liked to screw with him, like cast... enlarge while he was trying to skulk down a chimney then they'd all laugh uproariously and flap their hands and taunt him until they got caught as a group. Points 1 and/or 2 were usually hit quickly after that.
- * Any time I made the mistake of saying "Ring of Fire" they'd all sing *Ring of Fire*.

I wish I could have a drink at work...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 22, 2009, 09:51:21 am**

The burning bodies song should totally be in the story. PLEASE, put the song in!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **January 22, 2009, 11:25:01 am**

Quote from: sonerohi on January 21, 2009, 08:49:24 pm

Diary of Wilber

So I've been noticing ninja's all over the place lately. Killed 9 of em meself last week when I was ambushed. It was a tough fight though, lost some o' me beard when their leader started shooting lasers from his eyes. I just shoved his own foot up his own ass til the sweat on his knee quenched his thirst. Yarp. Lifes good when theres fighting and booze aplenty.

Hah! If you could work with that then you'd have to be a god at storytelling. I can see Wilber being his own little side story, like Glacies, except as more of a comic strip. 'Wilber the Slayer: Episode 5 - Attack of the Ninjas' has a nice ring to it.

The obvious exit there is that Wilbur's completely batmanshit insane. Don't tempt fate, AKA Heavy Flak, lest you spend the rest of the story arguing with your bed and sparring with a table.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **January 22, 2009, 02:36:39 pm**

War'dunell Dakostuzol *6th of Granite, 1068*

many doodles of axes of all shapes and sizes line the borders ... which apparently has red sand glued on it in a decorative fashion

Eita and Sarek sitting in a tree,
K-I-S-S-I-N-G
First comes love, then comes marriage,
Then comes a goblin's head in a baby carriage!

Sarek and Eita went up a hill,
To fetch a pale of ale brew,
Eita fell down and broke a fart,
Sarek wrestled with her after.

Hehe... I am a terrible poet but ribbing these two is just too much fun to pass up right now.

Lenod ("god") I am bored, I wonder if they need another pair of hands hauling, would be a nice chance to get out in the beautiful sand more...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 22, 2009, 05:36:45 pm**

*Notes of Hikan Riddlewire, kept on his person.
Continuation for the week of 1st Granite, 1068.*

Vatek and I briefly talked to injured Orbsbarb brat about his injuries by camels, wondering if there was any involvement with our killer. Only camels, he said. Straw-grasping not working for the case. Need new evidence.

Workers still eerily quiet and glaring at me when I walk around. Developed habit of walking with hand in trenchcoat, grasping spear in case of attack.

Trenchcoat practically overflowing with notes. Had to gather all of them up quickly when some dwarf bumped into me, causing them to spill everywhere on the floor. All of them contain incriminating information; will risk killer attacking me in the wastes to transfer notes to journal. Hope I don't end up with smile on my face and missing my intestines.

Udib wonders why I go to Dodik's. To fill up flask in waterfall, I tell her. Water in pool in front of Zefon's temple tastes like nightmares and depravity because of tentacle demons. I have no need of whores or drink.

* * *

I could see the adventures of Wilber being an entertaining sub-plot, with his accounts differing wildly from the rest of his squad, in that they would be far more interesting, and might tell their own story equivalent to a Saturday morning cartoon show. They could even have their own ridiculous PSAs.

"And remember kids, don't go chasing Grov's ghost. You could get severe injuries by the Dread Camels."
"Thanks, Wilber!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **January 22, 2009, 08:28:07 pm**

Heavy Flak, the thing is that the only thought on my mind after that tirade is to play a game of DnD where you're DMing.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 22, 2009, 08:44:52 pm**

The events of the 10th of Granite, 1068

Zako was running late, as it seemed Maggarg had hidden his quiver and knee brace and Adol was playing innocent on the matter. Adjusting the straps, he bolted into the sun light and started across the courtyard to join Rolland and Sparrow on their shift patrolling the borders. But as he hit the tiles running, he had to skirt to the side and spin as Sgt. Pepper came lumbering past him, hauling two huge oak barrels on his immense shoulders.

"Pardon *me*, corpse."
"**Of course, blood-bag.**"

Zako stopped in his tracks. Turning to glare at the mask-wearing Dwarf, he narrowed his eyes, resting his palm on the handle of his crossbow. "What's with the barrels, corpse? You're not on kitchen detail."
"**I'm carrying them someplace.**"

"Where?" Zako said, his eyes narrowing. "What could you need booze barrels for?"
"**They're not booze,**" Sgt. Pepper said, the eyes behind the mask crinkling in a smile.

"Then what are they?"
"Bull shit. I've been saving it for weeks in these barrels. Now that you're going on duty, I'm going to empty them out in your stupid little room."

"Oh, that is IT!" Zako said. He tugged his sleeves up a little higher and pulled his crossbow into the ready position. Sgt. Pepper barked out a harsh laugh and took a step forward, his boots thudding heavily on the stone.
"You want to tangle? Last time we played I broke your leg."
"Last time I was learning to *wrestle*, you gorilla. This time I'm just going to shoot you."

The tension was broken as Sparrow called from the gateway. "Zako! Come here, we need your help!"
"What is it?" Zako called over his shoulder, not taking his eyes off of Sgt. Pepper. "I'm a wee bit busy."
"We found, well, we found a jaguar in the desert."
"What?" Both dwarves said. Zako turned, staring at his squad mate, and even Sgt. Pepper seemed moderately interested.
"Yeah..." Sparrow said, scratching his neck. "It's dehydrated, half starved, looks in bad shape. But it's alive, not... well, you know. No offense."
"None taken," Sgt. Pepper said jovially.
"I should find Jools. I bet he'll know what to do with it." Zako said in a burst of inspiration.
"Good, I'll get a bucket and some water, and we can move it in... maybe we can train it? Can you train them?"

There was no answer - Zako had vanished down the stairs once more in a flurry of cloak and quiver. Sparrow bolted towards the well to grab a bucket and some water. And Sgt. Pepper, left alone, started whistling tunelessly, walking towards the southern bridge with his barrels in tow.



OOC: Oops! Forgot the unneeded picture!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 22, 2009, 11:18:56 pm**

Ahhh, the apprentice is becoming the master... Excellent...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **January 22, 2009, 11:20:38 pm**

Heavy Flak, you good sir, are my hero.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 23, 2009, 11:33:54 am**

Diary of maggarg
Hell of a lot of fun being back in sparring again.
There's a distinct smell of the leavings of bulls around here.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **January 24, 2009, 05:09:11 am**

Diary property of Kivish. Theft will result in a 'wine in front of me' dilemma.
Date: Today

Zako was being rude to Sgt. Pepper when the news that a jaguar was broken!
I can't believe one came so far south, into this Lenod-blasted land!
AND IT IS NOT UNDEAD!!

Bellow is a picture of two dwarves. There is a picture of a dwarf. There is a picture of a jaguar. The two dwarves are making threatening gestures. The dwarf is pointing at the jaguar. The jaguar has meat on it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 24, 2009, 10:27:05 pm**

The events of the 14th of Granite, 1068

Word had gotten around the fortress, fast as wild fire. Today was the showdown, the big event, the Slaughter, and every Dwarf that had the shift off or could sneak away from their duties had showed up for the event. The parapet was a forest of poorly-hidden heads peeking down below, the small slope doted with Dwarves in folding chairs sharing wine and picnic lunches.

As Aryn and his honor guard tromped down the road towards Stravitch's construction site, he muttered curses to himself, tried to keep tally of the Dwarves shirking duties, but the named flitted from his mind like smoke on the wind. A vein was throbbing in his forehead, he could feel it pulsing with each heart beat and it just made him more irritable. He paused briefly at the road to untie the parchment he held, letting it unfurl as he stepped towards Vatek - already preparing to meet the foursome - and Stravitch - who hadn't even bothered to look at the assembling Dwarves on the slope.

"Captain Fillwhip," Aryn said. His voice was loud, authoritative, and he did his best to project it, to let it bounce off the cinnabar and the sands, to reverberate through the courtyards so that all could be certain of his actions. "I order you to stop this construction immediately. Regardless of what this is meant to be, it will be an eyesore to our community. It will frighten away traders. It's very

essence is one of malice and poison, and it threatens to damage our youth and our sick. This travesty has been ignored for too long, and I am the only one to blame. No longer, though. Construction stops now."

"No. It doesn't."

Aryn's upper lip curled into a snarl, his eyes narrowing. Hikan rolled the toothpick he was chewing on around in his mouth, subtly shifting the spear he held in his grasp. "Captain Fillwhip, turn around and address me respectfully. I'm not saying this as leader of this fortress, I'm saying this as your superior, and *your* commander. The Fortress Guard follows the will of the mayor, who in turn listens to me. I am ORDERING you to stop this."

Slowly, Stravitch turned to stare at Aryn and his guard. Aryn held steady, even as his enterouge took the smallest of steps backwards. His great brow furrowed, but his eyes blazed with malice and ill humor.

"I've been meaning to talk to you about that, Aryn."
That took Aryn off guard. He blinked, his eyes narrowing. "Talk to me about what, Stravitch."
"I'm not sure I like having you as a boss. You're an ass. And I don't really like following all these orders you're trying to sling around. I quit."
"You WHAT?"

Stravitch reached up under his cloak, and Hikan, Udib and Athel readied their spears. But when he pulled his hand back into view, he held his silver star badge of office. He pitched this, the little trinket hitting Aryn in the chest before dropping into the sand. Slowly, a wide, terrible grin spread over his face, eyes hidden behind the darkness of high cheekbones and glowering brows.

"The whole Guard is disbanded. Try to keep the peace without us, Aryn. And... as a private citizen, I'd suggest you get off of my property. You're trespassing. And I'll smash your skull with my mace. Go! Wait-" His hand shot out, grabbing Vatek by the collar. "You're staying here, you're still my assistant."
"Oh, no..." Vatek moaned, his heels leaving twin tracks in the sand.



This was punctuated by a scream, from across the sands. Heads snapped to the side, fighting to see through the heat haze and the sandstorms. One of the keener-eyed Dwarves gasped, and pointed a shaky hand down the road. "GOBLINS! AN AMBUSH! CURSE THEM! They've... they got one of the Dock Workers! Oh god, they're attacking her."

Stravitch's threw his head back and roared terrible laughter. Aryn gawked at him as if he had gone mad, before turning and barking out orders. His honor guard turned on their heels and sprinted towards the fortress to round up the soldiers. Stravitch turned, shouting to the cowering construction crew, "GET TO WORK! There are more terrible things in these sands than some green skinned bastards, and you're looking at one of them. GO!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 24, 2009, 11:44:03 pm**

Wow. That's an update. Though I don't see how Stravitch could just disband the whole guard. I guess it depends on whether the rest of the guards follow Stravitch's example or Vatek's.

Who will you have replace him, if the whole fortress doesn't burn down in the meantime? I know at least one very eligible candidate....

Oh, and I just looked at the poison cathedral, and it's shaping up pretty well, what with all the spikes and buttresses and stained glass windows... of evil!!!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **January 25, 2009, 02:24:26 am**

Wait a sec. Stravitch is an idiot. Aryn can just reform the guard and now Stravitch doesn't have his mace anymore. How will he protect himself if he doesn't wear armor and use a mace. His death is practically a certainty now...
Also there is no private property in Migrursut.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **January 25, 2009, 02:29:26 am**

Who do you think would be insane enough to try to take Stravitch's mace away from him? ???

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **January 25, 2009, 02:30:36 am**

He's not a military dwarf anymore, so he doesn't use weapons.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 25, 2009, 03:37:55 am**

He keeps the mace to use as a walking stick/blugeon/all-purpose tool/poking stick. That and more.

...

I wonder who is going to be the next Captain of the guard?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **January 25, 2009, 03:40:56 am**

Probably he'll drop the weapon as he leaves the military/active duty....

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **January 25, 2009, 04:06:44 am**

Quote from: Zako on January 25, 2009, 03:37:55 am
I wonder who is going to be the next Captain of the guard?

I think Major Merkil might get it. Sulari would be a good pick to if she hadn't left the military

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 25, 2009, 05:39:06 am**

Who would Aryn pick for the Captain of the Guard? My money's on Vatek. He's the honest, responsible choice, and Aryn can count on him not to be a criminal in the highest position of law enforcement, unlike, say, his personal bodyguard.

But if Stravitch drops his mace as part of his de-captainization (not likely from a story perspective, at least), I wonder who will pick up Sefulkubuk? Probably no one. That thing has seen too many innocent deaths to be a weapon of Dwarven justice, though I could see people saying the exact opposite.

Heavy Flak, I'm curious about Hikan's colleagues. Are those the only three remaining members of Aryn's entourage? Why do they all wield spears? What are their skills and personalities? Curious mind(s) want to know.

Anyways,

*Notes of Hikan Riddlewire, kept on his person.
Entry for the 14th of Granite, 1068.*

Disbanding the guard? Who the hell does Stravitch think he is? Aryn will have his hands full trying to make sure the rest of the guard doesn't abandon their post thanks to their glorious leader.

This whole business of shutting down Stravitch's poison cathedral would be funny if it didn't mean I would have to work three times as hard to make sure this place doesn't implode on itself.

...or do I? My job is to protect Aryn, not the rabble that's trying to off themselves, or the city that he built.

Hell, let Migrursut burn for all I care. I, the only sober dwarf in all of the Planets of Dawning, will be standing far away while the dumb dwarves will pour burning alcohol down their throats to satisfy their need for it. And after it's all done, Aryn will be able to rebuild the place without its rebellious elements poisoning his work.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **January 25, 2009, 09:30:23 am**

From the journal of Kuli Problemwalled,

I was not there to witness the spectacle, but apparently Stravitch Fillwhip made a big show of resigning as Guard Captain when Aryn demanded that he tear down that abomination of his. While it warms my heart to think that Stravitch will no longer be able to abuse his authority to persecute the Children of Zefon, the fact remains that Migrursut is temporarily without an organized Guard. The result could be anarchy if things are allowed to get out of hand.

There are several Children of Zefon in the military. I will approach them and make a personal appeal to them to help enforce domestic peace when they have the time. I also need to talk to Sulari. It is obvious to me, at least, that she left the military due to emotional distress after Snake's death. However, Migrursut needs her strength now more than ever. I will do my best to console her and convince her to use that strength once more.

At the very least, it will be easier to hold worship gatherings during all this. We might even try to retake the temple if Aryn loses enough of his grip on authority. A difficult situation for others may well be an opportunity for the Children of Zefon to break out from under this oppression. May Zefon's love be with us.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 25, 2009, 11:55:13 am**

Diary of Maggarg
Stravich just resigned from being Captain of the guard.
This means there's a job opening. I suspect crime'll actually decrease without stravich.
God, it'd be a funny old world if I ended up with it. The criminal becoming a watchman. I hope to whatever gods there may be that it doesn't happen.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **January 25, 2009, 01:06:47 pm**

From Fireheart's Journal

Stravitch resigned his post as Guard Captain. We may not have an organized Guard now but I think we'll be better off in the long run without Stravitch in charge. I still think he's been driven completely mad by that poison temple he continues to build. And poor Vatek is stuck out there with him all the time.

Hopefully our new Captain will actually be sane and just.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 25, 2009, 04:26:24 pm**

The events of the 15th of Granite, 1068

With a war cry, Sergeant Towersacks thrust her spear towards the first goblin in the squad. It brought it's hand down in a clumsy arc to try and knock aside her spear but he was too slow. The goblin went wide-eyed, screaming as his right hand was pinned to his left thigh. Yanking her spear free, Towersacks thrust it into the goblin coming up beside. It was felled instantly, the spear exploding out the green skins back in a shower of blood.

Varen drove back one of the goblins as well, but the flat of a sword caught him in the side of the helmet and he went reeling towards the cliffs edge, his teeth aching, his mind ringing. Catching himself at the last instant, he dropped hard on his rump, staring blankly at the

fight unfurling before him. Towersack's spear was a blur in the air, but the four goblins left alive were closing in on her, circling around to get at her blind side.

A sword tip nicked her arm through her armor, and with a grunt, Towersacks fell back a little farther. The goblin to her left, unnoticed, loosed a roar, fell and terrible, but before Towersacks could so much as turn the green skin's battle cry turned to one of pain and horror. His midsection had been opened from side to side, and his intestines dropped out with wet splorches, pooling up in the sands. Towersacks saw a large form lumber past her, holding his great axe in one hand as he beat back the goblins, his hollow laughter drowning out the sounds of battle.

"Camels, camels, camels," Fireheart muttered. His sword flashed, a head dropped; The magic holding another one of the beasts dissipating as the bones and meat dropped to the sand. "What kinda' work is this fer' a feared sailor, aye? Tch, I shoulda' stayed inside t'train instead of offerin' to clear out these stupid camels."

Another swing. Another head rolled, another camel released to the voids that animal souls went to. One of the beasts, perhaps roused to anger at seeing it's corpse-brothers re-killed, bucked and kicked, catching a glancing blow on Fireheart's chest. The sailor grunted and stumbled backwards, colliding with something.

Confused - sure that the sand dune was farther away - he turned and saw an equally surprised, pitch covered goblin Pikeman. All around, others materialized from the sands.

With a cry, and a swing of his sword, Fireheart cut into the hand that was stretching out towards him. The goblin hissed a curse and wrenched his hand back, blood seeping from the wound. They set upon him. He fought valiantly, pushing back towards the cliffs, but there were too many, too fast. One of the wrestlers locked his arm and broke it; the pain made much worse when it lowered it's terrible face and bit his right ring finger clean off his hand.

As he was blacking out, succumbing to the darkness engulfing him, he saw one of the attackers jerk backwards away from him, spraying blood from the hole that had opened in chest. A second spurt of blood, a bolt projecting from his throat, and the goblin dropped to the ground. Fireheart sank into unconsciencness.

"Leave him be!" Zako shouted. Another bolt loosed, catching a goblin in the shoulder. Rolland stepped by behind, along with Likot and War'dunell, all readying their weapons. The goblins hissed their displeasure, Fireheart momentarily forgotten as they rushed towards the foresome.

There was a hail of bolts, a clash of weapons as War'Dunell's blocked a spear with her axe. Zako fired a quick volley, but they were dodged deftly. Within a minute the goblins had begun to fall back, and Zako, grinning wide, pressed the attack forward. He was not prepared to see a goblin maceman, hidden behind a rock, stand and crash his mace against the side of Rolland's temple. The Dwarf's eyes rolled up in his head, a spray of blood and bone as he rocked to the side, toppling into the sands.

War'dunnel was grabbed from behind by a muscle-bound goblin wrestler, and though she managed to embed her axe in his back by swinging it behind her, he jerked her head hard to the side. She slumped limp to the sand, her left leg twitching spasmodically, frothing at the mouth. Slack-jawed, horrified, Zako never saw the spear-point that punched through his steel plate. He heard, more than felt, the tip hitting the back of his armor as it pierced him through the lungs. Coughing up blood, he turned his head and saw Likot a few paces away, standing calmly as the goblins tore Fireheart to pieces.

"H-help me... please." He gasped. Likot just watched him, her eyes dancing with delight. "Damn you, ya' bitch..." he breathed out, and died upon the spear.

With Zako dead, Likot swooped in. She crushed the spear-goblins head with the butt of her crossbow and scooped up the dead Dwarves quiver of bolts. In a matter of seconds, the remaining goblins were no more, bolts punched through their foreheads or chests. She stood at the grizzly seen, taking it in in silence as the rest of the military rushed forward, and as the shouts, the cries, the wails of the lost's friends filled the sands, Likot stalked towards Dodik's, chuckling quietly to herself.

"GOBLIN SNATCHERS! THEY'VE GOT A CHILD!" came a scream from the north. "GOD WHERE IS THE MILITARY! HELP! SOMEONE HELP!"
"ELVES! THERE ARE ELVES FROM THE WEST!"
"OH NO THE ELVES ARE ATTACKING TOO?"
"NO THEY HAVE WAGONS! THE ELVES ARE HERE TO TRADE!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **January 25, 2009, 05:44:26 pm**

In the corner of the barracks, barely visible in the dust and almost covered by the shadows, a small crumbled piece of paper lies discarded.

I never thought It would come to this, taking up a pen, instead of a hammer to do my duty. So much has changed since I last held one in my hands. Back then I was writing my request to be transfered to the queens personal guard, now I'm probably writing my own death-sentence... But still, for the same purpose. Order, stability, but first of all because I consider it my duty...

They turned down my transfer though. Told me I was too inexperienced, and I guess it was true. I've learned so much since my departure from home. Departure is the wrong word though, the correct term would be desertion I guess... And what a desertion! I came to protect the queen, a queen that was dead long before I even left home...

Now, I'm applying to the position of «Captain of the Guard», even if it sort of means a demotion... I've grown quite used to being called Major, even if it was never a truly official title, it did the trick here. I've done my best to teach our new recruits, and now I feel that I've done what I can. Perhaps it's time for a change of scenery. Of course I'll still be around in the barracks, but as Captain of the Guard I can protect the core of Oceanbled, the citizens. Captain Fillwhip's resignation has left a power vacuum that will probably do nothing good to the balance of Oceanbled. If I couldn't protect the queen, perhaps I can safeguard her citizens.....

OOC:

Not sure what your plans are for Merkil, or the position of Captain of the Guard. Merkil would be playing with the idea in his mind, and the note left in the barracks could've been a draft to a letter that he later finished. Or he discarded both the idea and the note.

He respects Stravinch's work, considers his methods rough, rude, and over the top, but he'll admit to himself that they worked. He doesn't like Stravinch personally, but has a lot of respect for him.

EDIT:
Didin't have time to read the last post. So many defenders down.... Merkil want's active duty!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **January 25, 2009, 06:08:30 pm**

Quote
War'dunnel was grabbed from behind by a muscle-bound goblin wrestler, and though she managed to embed her axe in his back by swinging it behind her, he jerked her head hard to the side. She slumped limp to the sand, her left leg twitching spasmodically, frothing at the mouth.

OOC: Is it safe to assume she is dead? If so, what a spectacular way to go! :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **January 25, 2009, 06:44:54 pm**

Diary of Kandor PulleyCloisters

15th Granite, 1068
Damn...

Today's battle was, as usual, a victory.

But the cost...

We lost War'Dunell, Rolland, even Zako to the green-skinned bastards. Even heard me mate Fireheart may've taken the big fall. Hope to Neth it ain't so.

In other news, that big lout Stravitch totally disbanded the fortress guard. Heard they're looking for a replacement.

Hmmm...

To be 'Captain Kandor' once more?

No, 'tis but wishful thinking... isn't it?

there is a sketch of a rather dashing-looking seadwarf at the bottom of the page

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **January 25, 2009, 07:01:29 pm**

A Dwarf can't have a more honorable death then that, cut down (or in this case torn to shreds) in battle.

I'd like to request a new Dwarf for whenever you get migrants or steal guards from a caravan.

Name: Crispin
Job: Sworddwarf of course
Gender: Either

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 25, 2009, 08:03:44 pm**

NOOOO!!! Damn those undead bastards! They are in league with teh gobbo's!

Those poor bastards never stood a chance...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 25, 2009, 08:09:23 pm**

But Rolland didn't get to find the goblin in black, and War'dunnel didn't get to engage in sophomoric sexuality, and Zako didn't get to fight the undead, and Fireheart just arrived! Characters all cut down in the prime of their character arcs! By size 35 (or whatever it is) goblins, no less! Where's the justice? Where? Where?

*Journal of Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes in an unknown location.
Entry for the week of 15th Granite, 1068*

No sooner than four veteran dwarves in the military were cruelly felled in battle did their comrades start gossiping about who among them would fill the absent position of Captain of the Guard. I've never had lower respect for their number.

Four legendary champions of Migrursut getting killed by one goblin ambush? That's unheard of. In the whole of Migrursut history, the only champions to be killed by goblins were Snake Splitskin and Kib Machinescalded. Why did it take seventeen years for the goblins to send in the elite of the elite to this place? Where did they get all this new, frightfully effective training?

The more questions I ask, the more I fear for my life. I just know that I'm going to end up dead caught in between goblin commandos, the smiling serial killer, or a worker's revolt just because I'm the dwarf standing in between the target on Aryn's back and everything that wants to kill him, which is pretty much everything.

Oh well. I'm sure their funerals will be touching. I'll be sure to skip them. They can complain about it if they come back to life. Given everything that's happened here, that doesn't seem like a distant possibility.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **January 25, 2009, 10:29:05 pm**

Diary of Neo, Entry 3:
War'dunnel, Zako, Rolland and Fireheart are all dead. 4 champions, felled in the blink of an eye. All because of the vile greenskins. Where were their comrades? Where was I when I was needed. I do not remember..
OOC: Did I even participate in this battle?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 26, 2009, 10:42:18 am**

Jim Groovester: There really is no, you know, way to STOP Stravitch from disbanding the guard. Without a leader there would be a bunch of infighting over who would get the position. For simplicity sake, there really ISN'T a fortress guard without the Captain to keep them in line, so until a new one is appointed there's a fortress without a peace keeping, head busting, civilian arresting cadre of mean-spirited mostly-crippled drunks.

Concerning the Captains Post: I have plans in mind (whatever THAT means!) but that's not to say my decisions won't be swayed by the community at large. If you lot can come to a decision on who should take the position over, I'll definitely keep it in mind as things progress.

Concerning Sefulkubok: I doubt anyone could pry that mace away from Stravitch, dead or alive. He also has hunting enabled, which means he's prancing about the fortress in full plate with two maces! He also has siege operating enabled, which sounds exactly like good clean fun to me.

CanadianWolverine: It's pretty safe to assume that the whole group is dead for good, mostly because I can't get DC to raise any more corpses for me. That's not to say stuff won't happen in the future, but for now, well, they're all dead. This should also serve as a good example as to why I usually push the champions out into the sands - watching an entire group get slaughtered, I just sat there slack jawed, frantically trying to get the bastards to run away and wait for the cavalry to arrive. Likot's "surprising" turn of events happened exactly as described. She ran out of bolts, calmly waited for Zako to die, then grabbed his quiver and killed the rest of them.

thunderclan: You're in, whenever something happens and we get more bodies!

neo1096: You, along with every other dwarf in the military, were storming towards the squad of hidden goblins. You had made it as far as Dodik's before Likot finished the goblins off with bolts to the face.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **January 26, 2009, 11:36:54 am**

Diary property of Kivish. Any attempts to read the writings therein will be blanked every few sentences.
Date:

It has been awhile since I've written, and a lot has happened!
Stravich quit, and the Toxin Temple continues to terrorize others with great stress...especially Aryn.
And then the goblins slaughtered Zako and others...Likot said they got there to late. Poor guys. I hope to find a cloud in their shapes in the sky; their souls may reform as clouds do, too...
Speaking of killing, those goblins are definitely bigger than they should be. It is probably this land; it breeds the biggest and the baddest of the evil...

Below is a picture of a temple. There is a dwarf. There is another dwarf. There are dwarves. There are other dwarves. One dwarf is surrounded by dwarves. He is yelling. The other dwarf is throwing a star at the first dwarf. They are all surrounded by more dwarves.

Below is a picture of a dwarf. There is another dwarf. There is another dwarf. There is another dwarf. There is one more dwarf. There is an undead dwarf. There are goblins. The goblins are making threatening gestures. One dwarf is disembowled. One dwarf is bleeding from his head. Another dwarf is missing a finger. Another dwarf's head is at a funny angle. The last dwarf has a hole in his chest. The undead dwarf is shooting the goblins.

All scribbling is done with the highest crafts dwarfship.

Note: I need to think of a better way to list what characters are in my pictures.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **January 26, 2009, 12:04:11 pm**

Quote
CanadianWolverine: It's pretty safe to assume that the whole group is dead for good, mostly because I can't get DC to raise any more corpses for me. That's not to say stuff won't happen in the future, but for now, well, they're all dead. This should also serve as a good example as to why I usually push the champions out into the sands - watching an entire group get slaughtered, I just sat there slack jawed, frantically trying to get the bastards to run away and wait for the cavalry to arrive. Likot's "surprising" turn of events happened exactly as described. She ran out of bolts, calmly waited for Zako to die, then grabbed his quiver and killed the rest of them.

OOC: Oh good! I was so worried Wardun'ell would be laid up in a bed healing from now till eternity. I am so glad she is dead - not necessarily because I am a terrible writer... :P Really, ever since I first asked for a character to do some bizarre journal entries for, I was hoping for a character who would go out fighting and just getting massacred. 8) And don't worry about sophomoric sexuality from a dwarvish hussy, there is still Dodrik's! Surely there will still be wrestling on top of Stravich there, while Wardun'ell's ghost looks on from on top of Stravich's terrible temple to her god, chuckling and planning humorous ways to mess with Eita.

Honestly, things couldn't have gone any better, Wardun'ell found exactly what she was looking for, a kick ass way to go on the red sand. If anything, if my experiences with DF are anything to go by, soon the living dwarves will envy the dead - though not necessarily the undead ones... ;))

Though I do remember now Migrursut survived a possible tantrum spiral after the tentacles attacked, so perhaps I am hoping for too much "fun" stuff to happen. :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 26, 2009, 12:05:53 pm**

Diary of maggarg.
Dead. Rolland, War'dunnel, Fireheart and Zako.
Poor kids. I wonder why it's them that die and not greybeards like myself. I should'a been out there. They might still be alive. I know that dead bitch Likot watched my men die, and I'm not having that.
Stravich could'a helped as well. Gah, I'm applying for captain of the guard. Contradiction it may be, but I want the fortress guard again. I'll get some o' the fresher lads, and I'll train'em. Nothing like this can happen again, ever. Zako was like a sort of daft son to me. That, and I want to see the face of that Riddlewire. Slimy sober bastard.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 26, 2009, 12:20:58 pm**

Quote from: Maggarg - Eater of chicke on January 26, 2009, 12:05:53 pm
Nothing like this can happen again, ever. Zako was like a sort of daft son to me.

Uh oh... this reminds me. Maggard (and Adol, Rolland and Sparrow) were all friends with Zako, not to mention probably other dwarves. I saved immediately after the battle, and didn't check the status of the fortress at large. There's this small chance of a tantrum spiral that might need to be contained. Exciting times are upon us!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **January 26, 2009, 12:37:49 pm**

Well...damn. That was unexpected. I'll have to think about Adol's reaction to all of this. Outraged, I'm sure, but I don't know beyond that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 26, 2009, 06:20:11 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on January 26, 2009, 10:42:18 am
...a peace keeping, head busting, civilian arresting cadre of mean-spirited mostly-crippled drunks.

Peace keeping, sometimes; head busting, definitely check; civilian arresting, check; mean-spirited big check; mostly crippled nope; drunks, not even close.

Three and a half out of six ain't bad. I know the perfect candidate! You might know him! See, he drinks water, wears a trenchcoat...

Quote from: Heavy Flak on January 26, 2009, 12:20:58 pm
Exciting times are upon us!

Gods of the Razor of Dance, help us.

Quote from: Maggarg - Eater of chicke on January 26, 2009, 12:05:53 pm

That, and I want to see the face of that Riddlewire. Slimy sober bastard.

Will Aryn Estetar choose one of the many excellent candidates from the military who will no doubt fulfill the position with honor and integrity, or will he pick his fanatically loyal personal bodyguard who will no doubt abuse the position to further Aryn's will?

We shall see, we shall see. In any case, it is *on*.

Quote from: Keifru on January 26, 2009, 11:36:54 am

Note: I need to think of a better way to list what characters are in my pictures.

Maybe include their distinguishing physical features? For example: *There is a dwarf with a leg brace. The dwarf is dying. There is another dwarf in a green glass gas mask. The dwarf is laughing.*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 26, 2009, 06:32:12 pm**

A request from Jim Groovester that went previously unmet. No pictures, I'm just going to type it up since they're not REAL story characters, just bit parts. I know it's more work, shut it!

Quote

Athel Shellpaint
Ahel Kerliglogem has been ecstatic lately. She admired own very fine Trap lately. She slept in a great bedroom recently. She admired a fine Container lately. She had a find drink lately. She was forced to talk to somebody annoying lately. She had a wonderful drink lately. She had a pretty decent drink lately. She was comforted by a lovely waterfall lately. (lulz)
She is a faithful worshipper of Ibmat
She is a royal guard of The Polished Trumpet. She is a citizen of The Razor of Dance. She is a member of The Polished Trumpet.
Athel Kerliglogem likes Pitchblende, Iron, Red zircon, cave spider silk and oysters for their beauty. When possible, she prefers to consume Strawberry wine. She has a calm demeanor. She is comfortable in social situations. She enjoys the company of others. She is confident. She has a sense of duty. She is occasionally given to procrastination. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time. She doesn't really care about anything anymore.

Athel has no friends other than Vatek, and has a huge grudege against one of the Budseal twins. Go figure.

Quote

Udib Arrowsalves
Udib Febsibrek has been ecstatic lately. She slept in a great bedroom recently. She talked with a friend lately. She admired a wodnerful Floor Grate lately. She dined in a good dining room recently. She admired own fine Bed lately. She was comforted by a lovely waterfall lately.
She is romantically involved with Hikan Riddlewire. She is a worshipper of Limul the Diamonds of Gilding.
She is a royal guard of The Polished Trumpet. She is a citizen of The Razor of Dance. She is a member of The Polished Trumpet.
Udib Febsibrek likes Sylvite, Gold, White jade, the color gray, maces, gauntlets and wizards for their mysterious power (wut??). She absolutely detests bats. She is quick to anger. She can handle stress. She is relaxed. She prefers familiar routines. She finds helping others rewarding. She is modest. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. She is a hardened individual (from dating Hikan)

She is also friends with the Budseal twins, and I suspect that offers all sorts of uncomfortable situations at the office parties.

The Royal Guard use spears because they look the most ceremonial, and because if shit hits the fan, they should be able to keep attackers away from Aryn while he can escape to safety.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 26, 2009, 06:49:51 pm**

Thanks for the info. My curiosity has been sated.

I guess Aryn's guard has never ever seen combat, since they're not enemies of any groups. Weird that Udib likes wizards, and funny that dating Hikan is a traumatic experience. Also, the Budseal connection. Strange.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **January 26, 2009, 07:20:13 pm**

Wait, hold on, wasn't War'dunnel in Eita's squad?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 26, 2009, 07:30:51 pm**

The events of the 18th of Granite, 1068

Aryn's office, the general setting for the Town Council meetings, was filled to the brim with screaming, jostling, angry bodies. The council still met around Aryn's large table, Bertrand trying to remain hidden in the corner, Crowpages and Glacies pouring over a set of items that could be traded to the elven caravan, and Duke Bomrek, finally looking back in his element after the horrid demise of his wife and son. Aryn sat at the far end by the wall, Hikan standing up behind him, wearing a look of smug importance

Represenatives of every guild were in the room, shouting out demands; Merkil stood in the doorway, his great arms crossed over his chest, glowering in regal dominance as a show of support for the soldiers. Even Vatek had showed up, though he looked glum, sure that Stravitch would soon be waking up from his afternoon passing-out and demand Vatek help him learn how to use the catapults lining the fortress walls.

His face growing bright red, Aryn slammed his fist upon the table top. "EVERYONE SHUT UP!" He bellowed, strands of thin blond hair falling across his face. He brushed these aside irritably, his voice at a more reasonable range once the room had fallen silent. "While I ... respect that you are upset, these are private meetings, and you are in no way helping your cause. Leave, your leaders need time to plan."

"Plan my ass," Erendor said, his face thinner, worry lines darkening the corners of his eyes. "You're not going to do anything, and we're left defenseless while you sit in here."
"We're not defenseless," Aryn snapped, "We have a full standing army, in excellent condition and practice. They're the pride of our fortress, and they are ALL you need to stay safe."
"Four of them are dead," Erendor pressed on. "In the last battle, a simple skirmish! And this is days after you bullied Captain Fillwhip into quitting!"
"I didn't bully him into quitting, he-"
"Without the fortress guard, our defending forces are cut in half," Merkil said, his voice calm and level. "We need someone to fill the spot, and keep the internal peace, while my soldiers keep the evil from getting in."
"He speaks the truth!" Erendor again, a rallying cry flooding around him. "Bring back the fortress guard! Four are dead! We're not safe!"

"Five are dead" Hikan said, his voice low and gravely. He took a plug from his flask. "Mayor Ineth was found out by the dig site, slaughtered." He glanced at Vatek, who gave a resigned shrug and touched his mouth with a single finger.

"You all are pathetic," Aryn growled. The vehemence in his voice, the sheer rage and anger, caused a murmur to ripple through the crowd. "You're so worried about the champions that fell in battle. These are woman and men that train every day to fight, to protect your worthless hides, to keep everything we hold near and dear safe from invaders, thieves, and monsters. They were out there doing their jobs, and when they die doing what can only be classified as the single most heroic job any dwarf can possibly do, you find fit to complain."

In the silence that followed, Aryn pressed on. He rose from his seat, smashing his fist on the table a second time. "Do you complain at all the other deaths? At the miners, the haulers, the masons, the fishers, that always find uniquely stupid ways to end their lives? Of course not - those are OCCUPATIONAL hazards. How many of you even knew Ineth Orbsbarb was dead? She's been dead for days now, and I haven't heard a single thing about her. All I've heard is our poor champions are now in danger because a man I have heard nothing but complaints about has stepped down, and an entirely useless and wasteful sub-section of our security force has been loafing and drinking instead of joining YOU to haul, to build, to sculpt, to carve, to mine.

"Stravitch Fillwhip, and his damned guardsmen, will never see a single shred of power again. With Ineth dead, it's no longer in her power to assign that position to the fort - it falls to me. If he steps out of line at all, Hikan will handle him, or Merkil, you and your crew will be charged to bring the rogue Dwarf down. Until then, get about your lives, and stop being so damned stupid. The greatest threat to this fortress isn't the lack of guardsman, it's your own inability to judge good ideas from bad ones. Now return to work, before you're all docked a days pay."

The Dwarves filed out, and though Aryn was pleased to see many were struck into morose silence, he made notes of the ones he could pick out grumbling treasonous things under their breath.

OOO Stuff
Eita: This is embarrassing towards the dead, but since you brought it up...

The only reason War'dunell was out there, was because she had bolted from Dodik's and tried to grab "equipment" off of Fireheart's corpse. I'm assuming that "equipment" was probably pants, or maybe socks, because she was a horrible pervert. She was interrupted by a Goblin Wrestler on her way there.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **January 26, 2009, 07:45:48 pm**

As long as she wasn't after my sword. That would be unforgivable.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **January 26, 2009, 07:45:58 pm**

So she died trying to get at Fireheart's pants.

Apt.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 26, 2009, 08:09:55 pm**

I always love a good Aryn smackdown.

Can I take it from Vatek's signal to Hikan that Mayor Orbsbarb was killed by Migrursut's adorable serial killer?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **January 26, 2009, 09:50:23 pm**

Dodik Come Lately leaned over the railing that ringed the top of her tower. The view never ceased to amaze her, the red sands stretching out beyond the walls of Migrursut, doted by distant oases, the nearby river turning into a green band of vegetation as it disappeared into the horizon.

As her gaze drew past the Temple of Zefon, her chuckle felt hollow. Most dwarves hadn't even noticed that her tower was built a full dwarf's height taller than the temple, then again most dwarves spent their time with their face too buried in stone to notice such things. She made her fortune keeping the dwarves of this place too drunk to appreciate what raw ambition can do for someone with enough beards to take the risk. Her thoughts came to Aryn, and though she was certain he had little respect for her trade, both of them understood what made dwarves like them tick...

Her eye caught the gaping pit as it always had, a growing monstrosity that refused to be ignored. In that pit Dodik had come to see the sign of things to come. Aryn had shifted the entire paradigm on all of them. As that pit grew, so too did the inevitability of what was to come of the dwarves of Migrursut.

It was time for her to secure her place in that future.

OOO: I have a much easier time writing in third person, rather than in first person journals, so i think i'll stick with that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **January 26, 2009, 10:21:51 pm**

Enough. I have failed in my responsibilities to this fort. One of my squad members was cut down, for what I can only describe as depravity on a scale that I should have never accepted. That the Major would have never accepted. Forgive me father, but for the moment my search must end.

(Did Merkil ever actually talk to Eita about what happened to DayCovering?)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 26, 2009, 11:14:23 pm**

On top of the sheets of Zako's bed is a folded note that is addressed to Maggarg and Adol. Upon opening it, it says the following in a hand written text:

To Maggarg and Adol,

this should only reach you if I don't come back from a battle one day. What it is against may not matter, but I wanted to write this just in case so you may know my story and give my legacy onto another if you wish. This letter will be updated regularly by me when I have the chance, so to fully explain my story.

I came to this fortress an orphan, my parents were a miner and stoneworker in one of the settlements that were wiped out by the goblins a while ago. My parents were migrating to that fort when their party was attacked by a large group of undead. I was in my mother's arms when it happened, just a baby at that time. The dead wiped out all the migrants and, as I have been told, they killed my parents too. I was about to become a smear on the ground when the military of the fort arrived, led by a marksdwarf who's name I can't remember. He shot down the undead with righteous fury and when he was about to leave, he saw me, sheltered under my mother's body. He picked me up and took me to my new home.

My adopting parents were a mason and metalworker, or something like that, I don't bother to remember properly. I was raised to adulthood and took up a life of happiness. Then the goblins came and started to siege the fort regularly. I decided to become a hunter and took up a crossbow, like that of my savior. As I left with a migrating party, I saw my parents get killed yet again by the undead. I managed to escape alive and unharmed. I made my way through the wilderness, armed with my crossbow, and met a migrating party to this fort that we now live in.

As we traveled across the sands, I saw that the undead were here too. This was the last straw for my poor mind and I swore an oath to myself. I will hunt these abominations down, I will destroy every last one of them until none exist. Only then will I be able to live in peace once again. As soon as I arrived, I joined the military to further my aims of my oath. I might even find friends. And I did, in both of you. As I trained and got my leg broken by the monster Sgt. Pepper, I realised that I would need to fight with my brains, and not just with blind fury. I started many investigations, questioning where the undead came from, why were they here, how to kill them and so on. I learned little but it gave me hope.

I knew that the undead here were different to those out in the wastes. They were smart, skilled, intelligent and ruthless. They had no mercy and gave none to their victims. I had to tread carefully. Since you are reading this, I probably didn't tread carefully enough. I trained furiously, practising my skills rentlessly. I had to get better so to survive a fight against them. I must not have trained enough...

The following is on a seperate page that was inside the folded piece of paper.

And so I bequeath to you my two friends, Maggarg and Adol, my legacy and oath of vengeance. I understand if you do not wish to fight them, but please, give it to someone who will. Do not let my death be in vain, or I will not be able to rest peacefully like I always wanted. Be careful out there my friends, the undead will not hesitate and the gobbo's wont either. Show no mercy to them and remember me when you kill either.

May the gods bless you both.

Zako

P.S: I hid my journal inside the bed frame. Just remove the right upper leg, the one close to the wall.

P.P.S: Say my sincere thanks to Dojango, I would have been crippled without his help.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **January 26, 2009, 11:31:40 pm**

Adol stood over Zako's bed, the letter in his left hand. In his right hand he held his hammer. His eyes moved, looking first at the letter, and then back to his hammer. On the bed lay Zako's journal, unread. After a few minutes he slung his hammer onto his belt and picked up the journal. He had decided. He would talk with Maggarg, and together the two of them would find a way to avenge their friend.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **January 27, 2009, 12:29:16 am**

OOC: Kivish's note at the end of the last entry was poking fun at the way dwarf fortress lists the things in pictures/legendary stuffs. I was being silly xP

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **January 27, 2009, 04:09:13 am**

Quote from: Eita on January 26, 2009, 10:21:51 pm
Enough. I have failed in my responsibilities to this fort. One of my squad members was cut down, for what I can only describe as depravity on a scale that I should have never accepted. That the Major would have never accepted. Forgive me father, but for the moment my search must end.
(Did Merkil ever actually talk to Eita about what happened to DayCovering?)

Yeah, ten/five'ish pages back, spilled the whole story....

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **January 27, 2009, 06:37:21 am**

Oh. please let Zako come back undead!

Also, I think one of the Grovs would make an ideal Captain of the Guard.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 27, 2009, 08:30:52 am**

I think it would be a great irony and story twist if Zako rose again. Undead vs Undead, the battle of the century! Gotta love that!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Luke_Prowler** on **January 27, 2009, 10:40:55 am**

I have read this story for months now. Its quality is amazing and It's sense of community is just awe-inspiring. I have been quiet for the most part, but now I must throw my own chip in.

Name: Luke "The Maelstrom" Prowler
Gender: Would like male, but female is okay
Job: Sword dwarf
Personality: War hardened from several campaigns, Luke is rather blunt and short tempered at times. However he is often in good humor, And is more than likely to give you cheers than to smack you with the flat of his blade (which he can and will do if you're short with him). He's also prone to singing at random times, even during battle.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **January 27, 2009, 01:25:54 pm**

Rice's Journal

The rumblings of the fortress have reached even my ears. The loss of four champions is quite a hit to the fortress. I can only mourn their loss and continue my work for the good of the fortress. However, the news of Filliwhip's stepping down is certainly good news indeed. His heavy-handed ways of handling matters has been quite annoying, and I am sure that even Kuli feels some relief over it.

There is still much work to do, and I cannot really believe it has been eighteen years since we have come here. I look back at the span of these last eighteen years, and I can see all that has happened.

From our earliest days to now. Aryn has always been crazy hasn't he. I followed him here believing his honeyed lies, but the behind all the veils, behind all of his words there was always the truth staring back at me. The Truth has been waiting there, just waiting for me to come

and find it. But I don't want to stop believing. I want to believe. This will be the last real project I will work on for Aryn. When this construction is done, when I believe this fortress is truly safe, then ... then I will be done. I will stop working for Aryn and I will stand on my own.

Hah. Right, maybe I can retire, play some games. Get to know the new generation of dwarves. I have heard about all the births and new joys of this fortress, but never have I had real time to enjoy them.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 27, 2009, 07:49:56 pm**

The Events of the 21st of Granite, 1068

Hikan and Vatek met by Jools giant wooden donkey. Shunned for it's eccentricity, this was the most clandestine place they could have picked. They each carried a small lantern, the flames hidden by their cupped hands, and the pair talked in low, hushed voices.

"I'm positive it was the same," Vatek hissed. "Who else smears the mangled corpses with ash and berry juice?"
"A freak, that's who," Hikan mumbled sullenly. "In this open wastes, the evils of man and dwarf are accented, are drawn to attention, are... are exaggerated in their perverseness. What do we have, but an wide open nothing, such a sprawling void that just draws to the terrible instincts that dwell deep inside, threatening to spill out and consume-"
"HIKAN!"

Hikan started. Regaining his composure, he glared at his cohort. "What!"
"Stop the maudlin crap, this is serious."
"Whatever. Point is, we need to keep constant watch over the Dwarves in the field. I can't always do that, as a good portion of my time is spent ferreting out rabble-rousers and dissenters, but you- you're out in the sands all day, keep an eye on the workers."
"Oh I will, and believe me, I have something planned."
"What?"
"I can't tell you," Vatek admitted. "But it's good, I promise."
Hikan just shook his head, and grumbled. "It better be."

As the moon vanished behind a bank of clouds, there was a scurrying in the court yard. The elves put on a brave front, all pomp and circumstance, but Rinsesilver knew how they were deep in their hearts: as greedy and corrupt as every other sentient race on the planet. This was a lesson drilled into her by the late Johnny Fountainspring, and she made sure that it would not be put to ill-use.

Grinning in the dark, she silently ushered her dock workers forward, their arms loaded with barrels of illicitly made goods and trinkets. She followed behind them, adjusting her tie, making sure the cuffs of her jacket had not ridden high, her dark frame materializing into the dim lighting of the trade depot.

She froze as she saw the hulking frame already standing inside. Her Dwarves had stopped in their tracks, straining under the barrels they carried. She barked a harsh command and stepped past them as they thankfully set down their loads.

"What the hell are YOU doing here," Rinsesilver hissed. "I've already warned you about this."
"You warned the Captain," Stravitch said smugly, a glint in his eye. "Lest ye' forget, I resigned. I've taken out a new lease on life - finishing the greatest achievement to Dwarven kind, and ressurecting my old friendship with a very special Dwarf." Stravitch thumped the barrel in front of him, the contents quietly clacking together. "This here's a barrel a' gems, 'liberated' from the confines of a jewelers workshop. And I'm sellin' them to yon elves fer' a pretty price."

"Why the hell are you talking like a farmer?" Rinsesilver growled.
"Makes me sound more trustworthy. Doesn't it?" The Elf he had addressed nodded his head vigorously.
"Back off, Fillwhip. I have six dockworkers here that say you're out of your element."
"Back off, Rinsesilver. I have three reasons you should tuck tail and run."
"And what are those," she asked, her tone mocking.

Stravitch lifted his left hand, Sefulkubok held aloft. "You've got one right here." He lifted his right, his giant callusused fist pulled back threateningly. "Here's a second." From the darkness to the north, a new form entered the trade depot. The dwarf was squat and bulky; a steel pick axe held in gloved hands, a worn miners cap tugged down on his head. Covering his face was a bulky metal workers mask. Stravitch grinned, "And three is my friend, the illustrious Telamon, who has seen fit to take me back into his service... So let's tangle, Rinsesilver!"

"Miss, I can't do this," Kuli said, his voice pained, distraught.
"Tsk! You'll do fine," Madam Dodik-Come-Lately crooned, brushing lint from his shoulder.
"I appreciate you're letting us use your space, miss, but really, I don't... I don't think I can do this."
"Mr. Problemwalled-"
"Maester, dear."
"Whatever! You have a full house out there, of very eager Zefonists who have been yearning to hear the Good Word, and if you back out now, what then? What. Then!"
"I ... suppose that would be devastating... but these outfits?"
"My establishment, my rules."
"Fine. I'll... be out shortly."
"Goody!"

Dodik-Come-Lately darted from behind the curtain that had been hastily erected in the casino. The slot machines were pushed back, their stools used as chairs. The room was full to bursting - the average Zefonist was there, yes, but many of the normal patrons were too, their curiosity in the proceedings and at the blatant mocking of Aryn's mandate drawing them towards the service.

The curtain parted, and a very uncomfortable looking Vash and Jools stepped out onto the stage. A gaudy zebra print suit hung loose on Vash's thin frame, and Jools was wearing a set of ornamental armor, a bright rose and green in hue. As they hit the sides of the stage a few strings were pulled on a harp from the back of the room.

Kuli stepped out in front of the crowd, dressed in an impeccable white suit and white platform shoes. His long hair was pulled back and greased until it shown, his beard dangled in twin braids. As he approached the platform and stepped upon it, a discordant sound ripped through the casino and caused him to jump. Peering into the back, he saw Mookie give him a jaunty wave from her seat at the steam organ, just before she began to play a fast, upbeat number.

"Fellows," Kuli began, his voice cracking. He looked around him, at the den of sin, at the Madam and her girls, but in the crowd he saw familiar faces. He saw Dwarves that passed their days in silent misery now smiling, of mothers fanning themselves with torn down propaganda posters and beaming up at him on the stage. Dwarves who had toiled and suffered, who for this single set of time in space seemed back to their normal selves. He suppressed a smile threatening to show itself, and raised his hands high.

"Dwarves, I thank you all for meeting here, and I know it must have been hard to stay silent. I understand this may be the only time we meet in this location, with so many new faces in the crowd, it's only a matter of time before certain ears hear certain words." Kuli jumped again as Mookie hit a slide on the organ ending with a punctuation of notes, and the crowd laughed and applauded.

Bemused, Kuli continued, "But with Her Grace, may we meet again. If not here, than elsewhere, and continue to bask in the grace of Zefon. May Zefon's love be with you,"
"Aye! Libad nòm!" The crowd roared back at him.

Flustered, Kuli looked towards the back, where Dodik-Come-Lately winked at him and mouthed, "I prepped them on what to say!"

Mopping his brow, Kuli pressed on with the service, doing his best to not get thrown off track by Mookie's randomly placed organ notes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 27, 2009, 08:08:18 pm**

"Can I get a Amen?"

"AMEN!"

"Amen?!"

"AMEN!"

"I feel the power! I feel the lords power within me! Praise the lord!"

"PRAISE THE LORD!"

Thats what I thought when I saw the Kuli part. Brilliant! He's an evangelist!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **January 27, 2009, 09:06:02 pm**

I love you Flak.
I loved the antagonist from My Bloody Valentine (I go in there and watch it when there's nothing to do at the theatre) and that guy is so completely high on my bad-ass list, I had to make a new sheet of paper and put his name on it, centered, underlined, italicized, and bolded Old English.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **January 28, 2009, 08:36:41 am**

I'm dying over here. I can't stop laughing.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 28, 2009, 10:47:24 am**

OOO Stuffs!

Luke_Prowler: You're on the list too. I have this big excel file at home full of information on Dwarves that I actually need to get around to updating. I've been lax about it, but figure you and... well, hell, I know there was someone else just recently. This is why I need that damned spread sheet! EDIT: BOOM! It was Thunderclan who rolled through with a re-request after Fireheart's untimely demise.

Jim: Why yes indeed you can make that assumption, though I think the last update already told that. Oops!

Keifru: It dawns on me I have a LOT of mask-wearing characters in this story... masks are just cool, though. I have one of these[/url] hanging up in my cube and a bunch more at home. Why? Someone was selling bundles of them on the base, and I snapped up a ton for \$5. Now when the neighbors come over to get me to play cards, I always see them look suspiciously at the knives on the end table and the masks on the floor...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 28, 2009, 03:53:53 pm**

Diary of maggarg
Adol and I found Zako's diary and a note. He was a damn good friend to both of us, and he never let anything get him down. This makes me all the more determined to stand up to Aryn and the dead. The mayoress is dead as well. Someone from the military needs some power, and with the captain's post open, that's possible.
I also heard that there was a scuffle near the trade depot last night. A big one.
Dunno who though, probably some skamels.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 28, 2009, 06:07:59 pm**

*Journal of Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes in an unknown location.
Entry for the week of 22nd Granite, 1068.*

Aryn certainly has a way of handling people. Tell them they're horrible, horrible dwarven beings for their complaining and then reprimand them out of the room. A dwarf could learn a thing or two from him.

It seems people hardly feel safe without the fortress guard in place, and I would tend to agree with them. Except there's a load of evidence that suggests that they never even properly did their jobs, and I know this, since I'm a master of gathering evidence.

The Fortress Guard never prevented the death of a civilian, they never investigated any death, they never prevented any crime, never investigated any crime, and they've done nothing to even slow this imminent rebellion. As far as I can tell, they were totally useless; a laziness and complacency they adapted to by hiding under the skirt of their leader and the worst of them all.

And then there's Vatek. I asked him on the way to Ass-face's wooden donkey, "What the hell are you doing still working? I thought you'd be sitting back and drinking booze like the rest of your useless Guard."

And I knew exactly what he was going to say. "Because it's my duty to protect this fortress, and I will perform my duty even if I don't technically have a job." Uggh. Arrogant prick, but at least he's doing his part, which is more than what I could say about anybody else.

We investigated the death of Mayor Ineth Orbsbarb. It was the same M. O. as our serial killer, with the berry smile on a mangled corpses, and the same objective: systematic elimination of the leadership of Migrursut. I suppose it's possible that the serial killer is merely smearing ash and berry on already mangled corpses, but it would imprudent to investigate it as such; we won't catch him by assuming death by camels.

Vatek says he has a plan to catch him. He won't tell me what it is. I'm ashamed that I couldn't think of one, but it better be good; I'm desperate to catch this guy before he guts me while I'm out here writing in this journal.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 28, 2009, 07:47:04 pm**

Hikan frowned deeply, his face etched with lines of worry and suspicion. Lugnut stood before him, framed in the light from the wall torches, constantly mopping at his neck and forehead.

"And you're sure?"
"Y-yeah, sure, of course I'm sure, I'm sure," the mechanic stammered. "You're a- a well respected peace keeper in this fortress of ours, and I'd hate to incur your wrath by l-lying *or* keeping information from you. Of course I saw something weird goin' on by Bertrand's Garden. I saw a bunch of movement, some hushed, you know, s-s-some hushed whispers, and like, somethin' scraping stones."
"And you didn't see what it was?"
"I'm n-not designed to deal with that," Lugnut complained. "I'm not brawny, and the only hammer I use is a t-t-tack hammer for traps. I c-came to you first."

After a moment of uncomfortable silence, Hikan nodded. "Fine, good work. Get to your room and talk of this to no one."

With a flap of his trench coat, Hikan strode off, his head high. When he felt sure that he was out of sight from Lugnut he hit the barracks at a run, grabbing a steel spear from the weapons rack. Up the stairs he ran, across the courtyard. Reaching the steps he slowed to catch his breath, quietly padding down towards the gardens. The magma glow filled the pit with an eerie light, the grass and flowers and weeds all tinted oranges and yellows. As he quietly pad towards the center, he heard a soft scrap of metal-on-stone behind him.

Wheeling around, he saw a flit of movement across the pit. It was gone just as fast. In the periphery of his vision, he saw another flash, and spinning, he stared at the spot it was. *Am I going mad?* Hikan thought. It was quickly pushed aside. Gritting his teeth, he took a single step forward, before his bowels turned to ice as something behind him giggled.

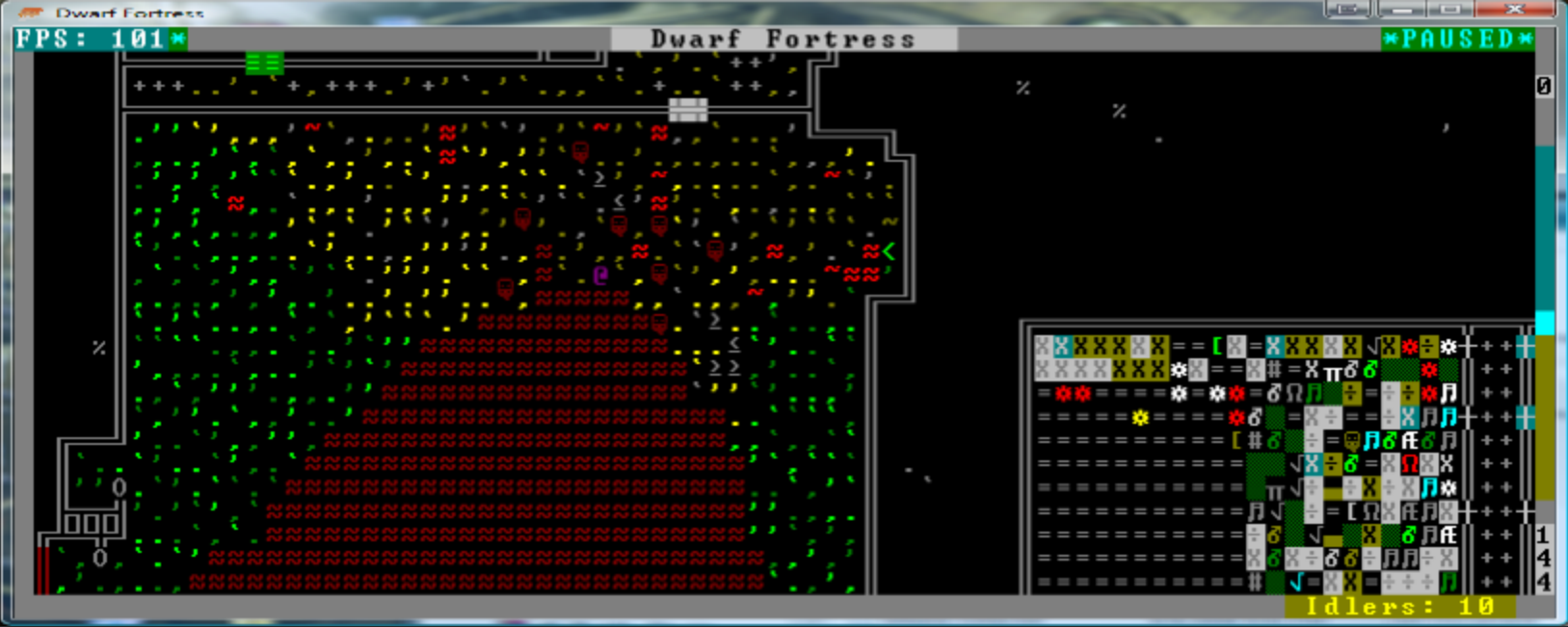
He turned, his spear at the ready, thrust out at chest height. It passed harmlessly through the air, and only then did he see the child in front of him.

"GroV! What the hell are you doing out here?" he asked, his heart beating fast. The child beamed and waved. A bucket was on his head, and he was wearing a set of old armor. He carried a steel short sword, which he waved. "We're playing soldier! Like Jools! You're here to play with us!"

"You can't be down here," Hikan growled. He thrust the point of his spear into the ground and knelt down, screwing his face up into an authoritative glare. "Get back inside ya' daft brat, or-" the phrasing of the sentence hit him at once. "Who is 'we'. Who else is down here."

"We are." The voices sounded from all around him. They bounced off the walls, they were muffled by the grass, they died on the wind. His skin crawled as the shadows seemed to melt around him, turning into children in front of him, to the sides, skulking through the grass behind. They all wore patch work armor and carried old weapons, training blades and maces made of simple rocks and sticks. They all came towards him, beaming in simple glee, their voices mingling together, starting and stopping at random, a cacophony of noise.

A sword-slash nicked his arm and cut his coat, and with a cry Hikan turned to see another Grov looking down at him, laughing. "It's a goblin!" he cried, "I'm Jools! I- I'm I I Jo- Jools -ools I'm Jools" sounded all around him as the children laughed and rushed towards him.



There was flash of motion, a blur, and one of the Grov's lifted into the air, giggling and laughing until he landed in the magma with a splash. He was vaporized instantly, a single oily streak of smoke marking where the child had been.

"What is going ON!" Hikan cried, watching as the lone figure punched and kicked. Children went flying through the air, laughing, giggling, and vanishing in plops and sizzles within the magma. He caught flashes of black leather, a full body suit covered in small pitch-covered studs. A black leather cowl covered the Dwarfs face, a cape swirled around him as he moved, distracting the children, blocking out where he *really* was.

The last of the Grovs vanished into the warm embrace of the magma bath, and Hikan was left there on his rump, wide eyed, slack jawed. The black-glad dwarf walked towards him and held out a black leather gauntlet, pulling the Royal Guard to his feet. "Keep easy, citizen." The dwarf growled. "You're lucky I've been patrolling the grounds. Constant vigilance, Lieutenant. Stay the course."

With a flap of the cape, and a small creak of leather, the Dwarf was gone, vanished into the darkness. Hikan stared at the spot he had occupied for a long time. Slowly, shaking hands reached into his trench coat and pulled his flask out. He looked at it, shuddered, and pitched it over his shoulder into the magma. "That's it... I'm the only sane one here... what kind of punishment *is* this?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 28, 2009, 08:12:09 pm**

Who was THAT?! One dwarf against a group of hostile Grov clones! And helping the scum called Hikan no less!

That is one dwarf who has style!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **January 28, 2009, 08:45:28 pm**

Hahaha... The smiles on victims and now this? Migrursut is positively "batty" these days! :D

Quote from: Kuli on January 28, 2009, 08:36:41 am

I'm dying over here. I can't stop laughing.

Hehe, me too Kuli, me too. Especially **the pants**! Hehe, oh dwarves, when will you ever learn...

****You think you hear the ghostly laughter of a female dwarf****

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Luke_Prowler** on **January 28, 2009, 08:49:51 pm**

Quote from: CanadianWolverine on January 28, 2009, 08:45:28 pm

Hahaha... The smiles on victims and now this? Migrursut is positively "batty" these days! :D

Dang it, you beat me to it!

also, thanks Heavy Flak.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pixelfish** on **January 29, 2009, 03:35:43 am**

Now the grovs get to join possibly my char. I like this new character, for his mystery, though..

Actually -on- that topic, however briefly, I would like to mention this: Have you ever considered how appropriate it -is- for an analogue to exist in dwarf fortress? They eat live fire snakes, engrave their socks with pictures of their mothers dying, have people beaten for failing to create items that don't exist, eat kitties, throw babies, murder over their cheese getting moldy, the most common form of dwarf fortress death seems to be willfull neglect of the infirm -and- we allready have, effectivly, like 4 super villians in Migrursut...not counting exterior enemies and Stravitch, of course. Also for some reason I can't help but imagine the architecture as a sort of gothic art deco, shiney, dead and meancing.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **January 29, 2009, 03:43:50 am**

If DF is like that, I wouldn't have it any other way.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **January 29, 2009, 06:04:15 am**

Wow... that guy reminds me of Batman, somehow. Only a different sort of Batman who happily kills children.

I suppose it's not too far-fetched. Robin used to get his fair share of spankings.

Keep it up!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **January 29, 2009, 08:48:04 am**

I suppose the Grov-swarm was pseudo-Glacies' attempt at revenge on Hikan? Only in Migrursut do these kind of things happen.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 29, 2009, 11:20:27 am**

Diary of maggarg
The fortress smells of cooking today.
Really nice smell, like roasting kitten, or something.
mmmmmm.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 29, 2009, 07:19:53 pm**

That was freaky. I doubt that's all Fake Glacies has in store for Hikan.

*The Notes of Hikan Riddlewire, kept on his person.
Entry for 26th Granite, 1068.*

I...

I need a drink.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **azrael4h** on **January 30, 2009, 07:38:58 am**

Quote from: Groveller on January 29, 2009, 06:04:15 am

Wow... that guy reminds me of Batman, somehow. Only a different sort of Batman who happily kills children.

I suppose it's not too far-fetched. Robin used to get his fair share of spankings.

Keep it up!

Batman: Moving target, you go in to the left.
Robin: What did you just call me?
Batman: Um... Robin.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 30, 2009, 10:05:45 am**

Quote from: azrael4h on January 30, 2009, 07:38:58 am

Quote from: Groveller on January 29, 2009, 06:04:15 am

Wow... that guy reminds me of Batman, somehow. Only a different sort of Batman who happily kills children.

I suppose it's not too far-fetched. Robin used to get his fair share of spankings.

Keep it up!

Batman: Moving target, you go in to the left.
Robin: What did you just call me?
Batman: Um... Robin.

Holy damage sponge, Batman, why are they all aiming at me!

Kuli: There are times where I really want to try and figure out how certain things have come to pass. The Zefonists were easy - you made a joke about being a "born again" when her god profile was posted, and we all ran with it. But The Grov Collective attacking Hikan? I'm sitting here at my desk thinking about it, and it's just baffling how these little side-stories take such strange turns.

Here's something I recently learned about DF. I have always under the assumption that there was a skill cap at 100. Maybe I read that on the modding board once. According to DF Companion, that's not true at all. At least one of the Dwarves in this fortress has a stat of 118 and growing. I wonder how high it'll actually go? I guess there's no worry about wrap-around, though that could potentially make a 300-skill level dwarf gain more levels crazy-fast as the XP counter started back over. Or the whole game could just crash, who knows!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **January 30, 2009, 11:22:42 am**

On a side note, HF thinks that it's a capital idea to try to hug Tankers to death in Left 4 Dead!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **January 30, 2009, 12:09:03 pm**

So now it seems you're using Batman and the joker in your story, if my guess is right?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **January 30, 2009, 12:10:10 pm**

Holy mother of jesus on a boat on a river with cellophane trees.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **January 30, 2009, 12:16:12 pm**

Running with things here...

Holy kleenexes batman, it was right under our nose and we blew it!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **January 30, 2009, 12:24:29 pm**

Robin: Holey rusted metal, Batman!
Bman: Huh?
Robin: The ground, it's all metal. It's full of holes. You know, holey.
Bman: Oh.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 30, 2009, 12:28:32 pm**

Quote from: Stravitch on January 30, 2009, 11:22:42 am
On a side note, HF thinks that it's a capital idea to try to hug Tankers to death in Left 4 Dead!

I couldn't hug you, you were too far away, I was a twelve-pack in, and I'd already high-fived the hell out of Zoey! What else did you want from me! Wait, I just realized what you wanted - for me to stop hiding in closets when the Horde would find us and leaving you all to handle them while I laughed over team speak.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 30, 2009, 09:06:14 pm**

*The Notes of Hikan Riddlewire, kept on his person.
The entry for 27th Granite, 1068.*

I had forgotten what dwarven alcohol can do to somebody, especially if they haven't drunk any of it in a long time. I think I may have told Vatek I loved him, and I think I may have bought Udib an anniversary present.

And I think I got into a deep and involved conversation with a philosophically minded Zefonist about the dwarven condition, and how alcohol plays a role in it, and I think I may have gotten on Dodik's makeshift stage and sung a happy song. And I think for a while I was actually friendly to people. I know that when I walked into Aryn's office today I smiled and asked him how his day was.

I remember now why I got addicted to water. The clear head, the sour personality, restraint, and much more.

Now that I've collected myself, I can now ask the question I've been thinking about since last night: What in the *fuck* was that?

I get attacked by a bunch of Grovellers, all mentally unstable, and then a black leather clad dwarf with a black leather mask comes and rescues me by throwing them all in the lava! I seem to be tangentially connected to many strange happenings in Migrursut, and it's freaking me the hell out!

I would tell Vatek about it, but I just told him I loved him, and I doubt he would believe me anyway. Hell, even with all the crazy crap that's happened here, it's still a hard tale to swallow.

Heh, I guess all those Grovs explains Glacies' gruesome magic tricks. I was wond--

Glacies.

That bastard book keep will pay for this.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **January 30, 2009, 11:31:23 pm**

When I get back I will be dead. That'll be akward to explain away.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **January 30, 2009, 11:37:42 pm**

All the Zefonists would probably have a great time with it though

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **January 31, 2009, 08:05:06 am**

Quote from: thunderclan on January 30, 2009, 11:37:42 pm
All the Zefonists would probably have a great time with it though

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 31, 2009, 01:04:09 pm**

The events of the 2nd of Slate, 1068

"Mr. Estetar, I must say, I am quite impressed with your initiative and drive."
"Why thank you, Miss Deerowl. I've certainly tried."

They lounged in his office, sipping fisher berry wine. Diplomat Deerowl smiled fondly at Aryn. For his part, the lines of worry and annoyance had faded some, the hard scowl that had seemed etched on his face had vanished. He looked almost relaxed.
"I didn't think it was possible, but that little garden you have outside is simply a marvel. With the history of this place, with the very sands spawned from elven bones and the cloven hooves of foul demons, to find a way to coax green life to grow is... simply amazing."
"Err, yes," Aryn said, averting his eyes briefly. "indeed, it's been the most important project on my mind."

There was a brief knock on the door before it opened. Madam Dodik-Come-Lately strode in, her dress brushing the stones on the floor. Diplomat Deerowl looked moderately amused, but Aryn's eyes narrowed. "Doesn't anyone have the damn courtesy to wait until I'm done meeting with important guests before coming in to ruin my day?"

"Aryn, I believe we have a problem."
"Yes. You're interrupting my meeting."
Dodik-Come-Lately flashed a smile at the diplomat, who gave a small nod of her head. Her gaze swung back towards Aryn. "I have some information that you might be interested to hear. It concerns many things, Aryn, many things you might have an interest in. Things like... stolen jewels, and a theft of months worth of profit, and contraband being sold to unwitting traders-"

At that last point Deerowl nearly choked on her wine. She sputtered, a dribble of red running down her chin. She began to speak but Aryn quickly held up a hand. "I'd suggest you give that information up, for the safety of this fortress."
"I'd suggest you inquire about a price first," she replied with a smile.
"This isn't a negotiation. This is about security. This is information that, if withheld, would get a dwarf locked up in The Black Cells until their tongues are loosened."
"Oh? This is information that is only known by the offending party and myself," Dodik said cooly, the lie rolling off her tongue without a second thought. "And it is information you would not even be aware of, had I not felt it my duty as a concerned citizen to discuss. I'll tell you what Aryn. Come visit my establishment sometime, aye? If you want to be reasonable and discuss terms, come enjoy the waterfall, have a drink, and we'll discuss just what this information may be worth to you. Good day! And Miss Deerowl, it is *such* a pleasure to see you."

As Dodik Left, Diplomat Deerowl gave a small shrug. "She seems helpful enough, Mr. Estetar, though I greatly dislike her insinuations that our nations traders are smuggling illicit goods from neferalous sources here in your home."
"She's not helpful at all," Aryn growled. "This is going to cost me dearly. Maybe I should just lock her up and be done with it..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 31, 2009, 08:59:22 pm**

The events of the 9th of Slate, 1068

Dust and smoke was still spiraling into the air, three days after The Events. Rice had pulled himself out of bed, the bone in his arm mended but the wound infected. He kept it wrapped in tuber leaves soaked in brine to keep the swelling down, but the small fever had already taken it's toll. Rice looked old, haggard, his hair and beard streaked with lines of gray.

He stood at the edge of the cliff supported by Lucy. To his side stood Howard and Istrath, the pair bent over the set of blueprints that had been finalized almost a month ago. All around him, Dwarves staggered past, coughing and wheezing into kerchiefs, many with blood clotting around the corners of their mouths from lung-and-mouth damages.

"How could this happen?" Rice asked quietly. "Lucy, could it have been prevented?"
"I don't know, love," she said. "Madam Dodik, and that dock worker Rinsesilver were asking me to design the water works for their establishment. I haven't been in this hole for... since the last implosion."
"What's the count now?"
"Five dwarves recovering from concussions. The miners have recovered the bodies of a child, a jeweler, and a stone worker.. I hope there aren't any more."
"One of the Orbsbarb children was snatched last week, wasn't he?" Rice asked.
"Yeah... that family is nearly extinct now."

Rice shook his head sadly. "This is a disaster. This place is crumbling. The soldiers dead, a total collapse due to negligence, goblins sneaking off with our children... it's hard to do this."
"I know it is... try not to think about it, it'll just make you depressed."
"I'm already depressed."
"Then it'll make you more depressed." Lucy sighed, and leaned in to give Rice a hug.

After a moment in the embrace, Rice slowly made his way to the pair of architects. "How does it look, Istrath."
"Amazing. Roaroak's designs are... highly unusual, so much glass, so much steel instead of good Dwarven stone... but this is, quite possibly, the most structurally sound piece of construction I have ever before looked at. It's a technical marvel."
"It has to be," Roaroak said quietly. He gave a small, insolent shrug, and drew a line from the base of the main dome up to it's tip. "This will all be under great pressure from the water run-off. Aryn's bleeding the ocean, diverting it's power to enclose this dome from the rest of the world. Of course it's a marvel - nothing else would do. You wouldn't want that much green glass imploding inwards, would you?"
"How long will my workers be toiling down there?" Rice asked.
"Hard to say. Depends on how many you have left."
"Well... there are only four of my core crew left, and Aryn has placed all but a few of the decommissioned guardsmen on masonry detail. That, along with the miners - minus Archin, gives us... almost twenty five? That should go fast."

Howard nodded once, a curt tilt of his head. "I'll go inform Aryn, then. As soon as the dust clouds clear, we'll begin work. I suspect you'll want this to go quickly, Mr. Relicmastered."

At Rice's startled look, Howard offered a small smile, a thin slash across his mouth. "Don't look surprised. You look like you need a good sleep. Some rest. to relax. Be thankful for that, Mr. Relicmastered. Some of us only know how to push, and work."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 01, 2009, 01:01:57 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on January 31, 2009, 08:59:22 pm

Dust and smoke was still spiraling into the air, three days after The Events.

Heh. Three days ago... *The Events*. That sounds a lot more ominous than just a cave-in.

Rice and Lucy's perspective on these events was an eye-opener. That through all the death, rebellion, deceit, sabotage, greed, anger, and everything else that describes Migrursut (and Dwarf Fortress, incidentally), there was actual tragedy occurring, and dwarves we're becoming weary and depressed from it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 01, 2009, 01:47:44 am**

The events of the 15th of Slate, 1068

Thumbing through his notebook, Hikan trudged out into the harsh sunlight. The instant he was in the open he was sweating horribly, and a stained kerchief was lifted to mop at his forehead. He rounded the corner and paused for an instant, watching the clean-up crew gingerly preparing for another venture down into The Pit, while the build team assembled and were briefed by Rice and Howard.

The groups gave him a wide berth; being "Aryn's Man" certainly had a few perks, though it left friends far and few between. And though he wouldn't consider Vatek a 'friend', the Dwarf was privy to one of the bigger mysteries of the fortress, and had been a valuable resource in uncovering clues on the bodies found around the grounds.

As he entered the ever-growing construction site, he once again became a little antsy. The majority of dwarves wore small cloth masks over their nose and mouth, aprons and gloves lines with led plates, all carrying large blocks of cinnabar. Pushing the paranoid thoughts aside, he entered the Poison Temple itself, walking towards Stravitch's assigned guard.

"Hoy, what the hell are you doing?" Hikan barked, giving Vatek a shove. "Did the poison finally get to you?"
"Huh? Uh! Oh..." Vatek jumped, and blinked, his hand on the hilt of his mace. He looked bad-off, his eyes bloodshot, dark circles forming under his eyes. He blinked, clearing the cobwebs from his mind, finally focusing on Hikan. "Oh. What the hell? I'm busy out here... Stravitch is... where is he?"

"I saw him heading to the mess for an afternoon drink. Look, I've noticed something I wanted to go over with you, but what the hell is wrong? You look terrible."
"I don't get much sleep these days."

Hikan gave him a critical look, but quickly shrugged it off. "Look, see this map of the fortress?"
"That's... done in pencil and crayon. It's not even to scale."
"Just shut up and look. See where the bodies are? They start out at the edge of the terrorist, by the pumps to the aqueducts. That's where the first body was found. And as others were discovered..."

Vatek looked at the small map and gave a slow nod. "So... it's spiraling inwards?"
"Aye. Mayor Ineth was the last, along the scaffolding of the pit."
"Hmm... then we need someone to keep watch down at *that* construction site. Assuming your map is actually accurate."

Hikan nodded and quickly slipped his notebook back inside his pocket. "I'll do my best to watch people going down the access hatch. With the top level dropped in, that's the only entrance. You're not too far from the cliffs at this post. Keep your eye on it too, will you?"
"Sure... I'll do just that, lieutenant."
"What?"
"I need a damn nap. Stravitch is having a drink? Good, maybe I can sneak in a bit of shut eye before he wanders back out here..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **February 01, 2009, 08:47:11 am**

Hehe. Guess that solves one mystery.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **February 01, 2009, 11:23:31 am**

Diary of Maggarg.
This place is insane. Not the good Abbeyverse benign insane, but the bad Waterbore insane insane.
That, um, Event, killed 5 dwarves and ruined the health of some others. I heard the crash , and i was on the other side of the fort. Aryn is mad.
Stravich is madder. Aryn might be insane in a big way, but he's kind of directing it. Stravich is absolutely batshit. I saw Vatek not long ago and I reckon he's had it. He looks like he should be wearing one of those black masks and lurching around the place.
Riddlewire is beginning to dig all kinds of stuff up because of those murders, and I'm getting uncomfortable again.
I'm staying away from that damn quarry at any rate.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 01, 2009, 06:26:51 pm**

I hope in the future Hikan gets to man some sort of call, or maybe a signal, that will alert the caped dwarf that he wishes to speak with him.

The Notes of Hikan Riddlewire.
Entry for the week of 15th Slate, 1068.

On map of Migrursut, locations and times of bodies indicates spiral. Need accurate map; might be able to narrow search. However, bodies could be moved to locations. Will talk to Aryn about map; he commissions accurate map every year, likely has one in stock. Will need someone with advanced mathematical knowledge to help plot spiral. Will talk to Bertrand.

Might need to expand law enforcement net. Could pay Dodik's women to watch locations and report to me; could also hire former guards. Military also an option; will talk to Merkil to have their patrol reports sent to me. Excess of Grovs also an option. No, nevermind. Bad idea.

Told Vatek about spiral. Seemed out of it. Felt like asking him about his plan, but left him alone about it.

Black cape dwarf's presence bugs me. Looks like a batman. Will talk to Makrond about black leather he may have worked on; will talk to Kuli about studded black leather he or his workers may have come across; will talk to traders about black dyes that may have been used if other approaches turn up nothing.

People keep calling me lieutenant. I like it. Will demand people refer to me as Lieutenant Riddlewire from now on.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **February 02, 2009, 12:19:33 pm**

Diary of maggarg.
That pretentious bastard riddlewire wants to be called lieutenant. I'll be damned if I'm calling anyone that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 02, 2009, 08:47:50 pm**

A look of complete distaste flitted over Aryn's face. In a second it was gone, hidden behind a scowl. His nostrils flared at the smoke that partially obscured the room, and the corners of his eyes welled briefly with tears as they stung. But he plowed through, growling out threats and orders as he pushed through the drunk miners, and past the much-too-well-dressed dockworkers as they played dominos at a table.

He took a seat at the bar, heels of his boots hooked into the stool. As Dodik-Come-Lately sidled up, drink in hand, he scowled. "Make this quick, harlot. This place makes me feel filthy."
"This is the wrong room for *that*," she said pleasantly. Aryn jumped as she raised her voice, shouting above the din. "ARYN IS HERE! MEETING TIME, COME!"

"What the hell!" Aryn cried, ducking his head down. "I wanted this kept low."
"And I want *everyone* to know you walked in here. Word will get out regardless of if we come to agreement. Just another safe-guard if you want to take actions against me."

"So what's the fishmonger doing here?" Aryn snarled.
"She's my associate," Dodik-Come-Lately said. "She's privvy to all business dealings."
"Then what's the whore doing here?"

Mookie gave a frantic wave before blowing a kiss. Dodik-Come-Lately shrugged. "She's annoyingly precocious. She's here to most likely irritate you with her oblivious crassness and lack of tact."
"She's *so* right," Mookie agreed. "That's probably what will happen."

"Just. Get. This. Over. With!"
"Alright, Aryn," Rinsesilver said slowly. She gave a slow adjustment of her tie, and a little tug to her right cuff. "We want a blind eye turned to this place. More so than you have been. I know there is... pressure added to the support staff if they come to drink and... play. They get longer shifts, and less time off. That ends now. We want your cronies barred from the joint, they are no longer welcome. What happens behind these doors is considered sovereign territory. Got it?"
"The information had *better* be good."

"Oh, it is," Dodik-Come-Lately said quietly. "Like how Stravitch Fillwhip is in league with the terrorist Telamon."
"That... no, he's a myth, that's not true at all."
"Of course it is. Rinsesilver saw him herself."
"I did," The dock worker said. "he was out with the captain, selling contraband to the Elven merchants, and I have reason to suspect he is behind the many thefts of gems and gold that plague th-OH GOD!"

Dodik's shook as if in an earthquake. The miners upended their table in the uproar, and Mookie fell off her stool, crawling quickly behind the bar. Aryn's eyes, wide as saucers, turned towards the exit and the stairs beyond. "Oh god, that came from the fortress..."

A section of the cavern has collapsed!

The door to Makrond's leatherworks was shoved open, and Hikan sauntered in, smug in his authority. For what it was worth, Makrond fixed him with a wide smile and a hearty hello, and for an instant Aryn's guard was thrown off his stride. But with monumental will and arrogance, he pushed on.

"We have to talk, tanner. A matter of grave importance."
"A new outfit, yes?" Makrond asked with interest. "With the influx of dogs, I have barrels of high-quality mastiff leather. Perhaps a new coat? Or some supple puppy-skin boots? Those would look quite fetching, in a dyed emerald blue..."

"That's not what I'm here about," Hikan growled, filing this information away for a time when he wasn't at work. Perhaps after rounding up information, he could get a discount as well. But until then- "I'm here concerning a certain Dwarf, a certain vigilante, who is wearing what looks to be a new suit of all-black leather. Considering you're the only leather worker left alive..."

Makrond's jovial humor faded briefly. He looked towards the floor briefly, before he gave a shrug. "I wouldn't... know about THAT. Hasn't been much demand for that sort of thing... boots and coats only. Must have come in a human shipment."
"Oh? So the leather goods we haven't purchased and can't wear from the humans is supplying some faceless vigoalante, is that it? I need to warn you, tanner, I haven't had much sleep lately, and I'm prone to making... accidents." To prove his point he Hikan reached over, and shoved a rack of leather harnesses and whips. They crashed to the floor, spilling across the stone.

"Oh that's alright, sir. I understand, with all the construction and training near my room I have a hard time sleeping too! Thankfully there are afternoon naps."
"No. I don't think you understand, Makrond. I'm saying if you don't tell me who purchased that suit, there will be *accidents*." Scowling, Hikan picked up a set of sheers from a nearby table. He weighed them in his hand, and quickly brought them down on a stack of supple leather, piercing the hide through to the table.

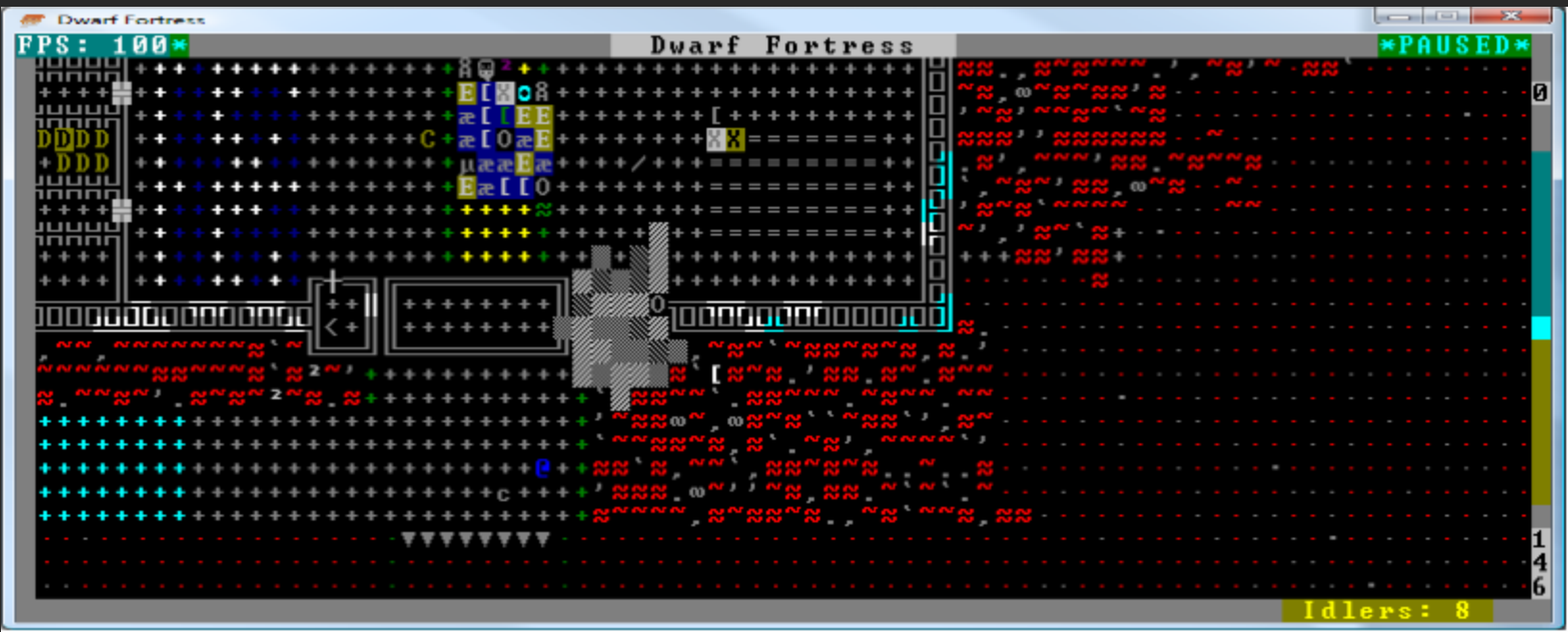
"Well that was just bad luck," Makrond said, perplexed. "Please, though, you should leave my tools alone if you haven't gotten any sleep."
"I'M TRYING TO THREATEN YOU, YOU ASS! TELL ME WHO BOUGHT THE DAMNED SUIT!"
"Sir, since this niggling little lung wound, I've been unable to help protect this fortress. And... that's made me feel just awful. And in some way, I'd like to think I am helping, by supplying a law-bringing Dwarf with the aid he ne-OH GOD!"

The shaking floor brought Hikan to his knees. Makrond stumbled backwards and crashed into a table, barking out in pain.

Zas Logemmistêm, Stonecrafter has been crushed under the collapsing ceiling.
Ast Cuggánrigòth, Child has been crushed under the collapsing ceiling.

Archin stood on a barrel, her pick raised high above her head. The dwarves, wounded, terrified, choking on smoke and dust, crowded near her. Their eyes were full of fear, and worry, many of them dulled from shock. Beside her, almost as tall as she was on her barrel, was Sgt. Pepper, his great arms folded across his chest.

"Dwarves, this has gone on too long!" she shrieked. "Look at this! Shoddy stone-work - drafted by Aryn! Monthly deaths, supported by Aryn! Workers scared, and wounded - ignored, by Aryn! And now because of hidden dangers, most likely because of the traitorous elves that just left these walls, we are left upon to the world, until the stone workers can come in and rebuild that tower. But where are they? In that great pit, that terrible sink of money and time and energy, and lives. We must stand up! We must say NO MORE to his management, to his oppression. This is a warning! All of you take heed! Our very doom could be at hand if we do not act!"



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **February 02, 2009, 09:32:49 pm**

Diary property of Kivish. Theft will garner attention form unwanted sources.
Date: Two days after collapse

I can't believe this terrorism Archin committed! I hope a nice jail sentence is in order...the death of a stoneworker and a child! As if we had enough to fear from the dread camels, Aryn, Poison Palace, and marauding mobs of Grovs that get mauled by that vindictive vigilante voraciously vivisecting their vitals with very victorious, meticulous, strikes. Verily, the villian-by-virtue, in his very nature helps us vie onward for volumtous bounties.

Below is the image of a dwarf. There are many dwarven children. The children are mobbing the dwarf joyfully. The dwarf is striking down the children.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **February 03, 2009, 01:39:53 am**

Rice's Journal

I have heard Archin's cries and her protestations of faulty work, but I laid down those stones with my own hands. I know what bad stone work is. It is all I have done with my life, and I know those stones where strong. They would have held against the might of a titan's fists. No, there was nothing wrong with the walls. Unless some work was done on the surrounding supports that held them up, nothing should have brought them down. I NEED to speak up against her cries, I don't know what she is planning or what she wants, but for once Aryn is not in the wrong here.

I don't want to be misunderstood, I do not do this for Aryn, but any insults to the work of this fortress is an insult I shall take personally, and an insult that I need to respond to.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **February 03, 2009, 05:01:43 am**

Excerpt from the Journal of Makrond, c. 1068

It seems like every time something goes right around here, it goes terribly wrong. I thank Akim for keeping me alive in this damned hell-hole despite the most adverse odds imaginable.

I have done my part to help this fortress. That over-promoted thug Hikan is on to me, but I've done my part. I hope it does not end badly for me. But now, as before, I must rest.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Duke of Nawn** on **February 03, 2009, 06:02:29 am**

How long has it been? Four hours? Five? Five and a half maybe of frenzied, joyous reading, catching up after forgetting to keep track of this story for a few months, and holy mules. Wonderful. All of it.

Tragedy, ghostgrovs, clonegrovs, That Girl, the poor half-living torso of a human guardsman getting poked by children.
Stravitch quitting, Hikan taking over lawkeeping.
Vatek Yellowbolted.

Yes *please*.

I cannot approve more of everything Vatek has done in my absence. And on an entirely unrelated note, I also approve of the actions of this masked vigilante.

Speaking of mules, does Vatek still have that mule he adopted?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **February 03, 2009, 08:09:55 am**

Well I best move on to another character then, Zako being dead and all.

I request another dwarf! He shall be called Zak, and he will be a...

hmmm...

How about a axedwarf? The military needs new blood!

He doesn't like the undead, and despises the gobbos even more! He likes to be noble but wants to live so he will fight dirty and brutally. Steel plate, shield, full wrestling first and comradeship abounds! Doesn't like bullies and cowards. Finds Merkil and Sulari inspirational.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **February 03, 2009, 12:59:02 pm**

Diary of maggarg
More collapses.
More deaths.
Who does the finger point to?
Aryn Estatar, cold, corrupt elf-lover.
That wall might have been fine when Rice laid it, but stone deteriorates.
Especially when the earth shakes from a giant quarry being collapsed.
I stand with Telamon, be he real of not.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 03, 2009, 07:17:30 pm**

*The Notes of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire.
Entry for 23rd Slate, 1068.*

Gods dammit! Just as Makrond was about to tell me who the black-clad dwarf was, part of the exterior wall collapses. Naturally, I have to go investigate, giving cape dwarf and Makrond time to talk and set their stories straight. I'm pretty sure that if I return I won't get any more information, even if I try to threaten Makrond some more. That leaves Kuli as a possible avenue for investigation, but honestly, if Makrond talks to cape dwarf, he'll probably cover all his bases. Dammit. I was so close, too.

A stoneworker and a child were killed in the rather timely collapse. There are some claiming that it's shoddy work by Aryn's irresponsible hirees, but anybody who worked on it knows better. I'm inclined to believe Rice when he says that that wall was sturdily built by his expert hands, and would likely never collapse unless there was a deliberate effort to do so.

I might look into it as a murder, but Archin's rhetoric afterwards leads me to believe that we can expect more of this sort of thing to happen, so sabotage might be more appropriate. I would throw any jackass who speaks out against Aryn in jail, but who would guard them? And it's not like I can execute anyone I please for just talking against Aryn, but I will alert him to the possibility. Desperate times and all.

By ibmat, we knew there was sedition in the ranks, but this is looking more and more like a well-orchestrated conspiracy every moment. Telamon, riots, the smiling serial killer and his targets, disbanding of the Fortress Guard, and sabotage, all at the same time.

Options, options, options, what options does Migrursut have? If Aryn came forward and said it was sabotage in a public address, then there might be enough antagonism towards the saboteurs to get the rest of the populace working against them. There would be posters, "Protect your loved ones, report any suspicious activity." and things like that. Aryn could talk to the union leaders, and ask them to ferret out any suspicious workers, though some of the leaders might be in on the conspiracy.

Meanwhile, I could throw anybody who spoke out against Aryn in jail, no matter how much of a temporary measure that might be with no Guard to keep them in. And I could continue to beat the hell out of any dwarf who I think is acting even *remotely* suspicious. If they're injured, then they can't sabotage anything.

And then there's that gods damn serial killer! I'm stretched too damn thin here.

Aryn was at the site of the collapse, and he said he had information that I might find very interesting. If Aryn says it's interesting, it has to be.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **February 03, 2009, 08:42:22 pm**

Diary of Kandor PulleyCloisters

This place keeps getting better with each passing day...

So much for defenses. Those looked like some finely-set stones to me, at least on the outside. I cannot believe they would just all tumble down by themselves.

But what would I know about masonry, I would prefer the fine timbers of a tall ship to the most masterfully-hewn fortress of stone anyway.

More babble about this Telamon fellow we've been hearing all about. Folks have been saying *he's* the one behind the collapse, among other various acts. If he is, I'd love to buy the bloke a drink. Finally, somebody in this fort decided to quit bitching and pull out the old head-bashin' and stuff-smashin'.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 05, 2009, 09:39:47 am**

The events of the 24th of Slate, 1068

Jotwebe walked into the mess hall, carrying her tray and her mugs of ale. She was smiling, and gave a jaunty nod towards her table of friends, but the mood died away when she saw their somber faces.

Before she could ask, Erendor said quietly, "Kivish was found dead in the wastes today."
"...What? No, no, no, that's not... that's not right."
"S'true," said Pawnzer. "Poor girl..."
"Are you sure it's the right Kivish? There are a couple living here."
"It's ours," Pawnzer mumbled, "little blacksmith..."

The table went silent, and Jotwebe lowered her head for both a show of respect, and a way to compose herself. There had been deaths - many deaths - around here, but they only registered when it was your friend that was found. Then the whole weight, all the hundreds buried in their cold tombs underground, seemed to press down upon her.

"How did she go?" Jotwebe whispered.
Erendor coughed quietly into his fist. "She was f...found with a sword slash across her stomach, and... a puncture hole in her forehead. Dojango doesn't think she felt anything by the look of surprise that's been frozen on her face, but... I don't know."

"There was something surprising about the whole incident," Pawnzer said. Then almost sheepishly, "I mean, more so than... than what happened. Sgt. Pepper has been furious, he almost throttled Dojango out there on the sands but Likot stopped him. When one of the fishers suggested it was the work of Telamon, he was knocked out by one of that monsters big hands. Served him right, though I guess I can't really think of a good reason why other than I don't want to be hit too."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 05, 2009, 11:51:37 am**

The events of the 6th of Felsite, 1068

Hikan stalked towards Dodik-Come-Lately's, scowling. Yes, Aryn had given him specific instructions to stay away from there from then on, but he *had* to talk to Vatek. With the guardsman not at the construction site, chances were he had nipped off there to get a drink and

a quick nap, and orders-be-damned, he needed to talk.

A shocked gasp caused him to turn around. Confusion spread over his face as he saw some butcher - someone who's name he couldn't remember, just another dirty face in a whole sea of them - stumble backwards after colliding into the chest of tall, lanky goblin. The goblin wore a rough-spun jean cloth outfit, and rested his hand loosely on the hilt of his sword.

The calmness that the goblin stood their, his face impassive, his shoulders slightly stooped, caused Lieutenant Riddlewire to freeze up, unsure of himself. They'd had a goblin come in years earlier, didn't they? A trader who knew Glacies? And he was alright, maybe this - no.

Glacies stifled the gasp of horror that was bubbling up his throat. As the butcher stumbled backwards, kicking out at the goblin, his sword flashed out, quick as light. A spray of blood splattered the road, and the butcher was on her back, shrieking, her foot lopped off at the ankle. The goblin knelt down to wipe the blade of his sword off on her chest and limped quickly towards Dodik's.



Coming to his senses, Hikan gave a hard shake, his spear extending out to the full length. He gave a twist, locking it in place, and charged towards the goblin point readied, issuing his standard warning of, "Stop moving and I'll stab you."

Hikan's surprise was evident as the goblin twisted neatly, the spear brushing past his chest without so much as a graze. Forward momentum carried him forward into the goblins now-extended arm. Hikan was clotheslined, flipping and twisting through the air to land uncomfortably on his head. The last thing he saw before blacking out was the goblin charging towards the pair of Adol and Maggarg, charging out of Dodik's.

Some time later, Hikan woke, his head throbbing. Standing above him was Maggarg, looking smug but nervous, and Adol, who actually seemed a tad concerned. Adol gripped Hikan by the lapels of his coat and hauled him up to his feet, saying in his soft voice, "You look okay, but... have Dojango take care of your head. You got a gash near the temple."

"You should owe me one," Maggarg growled, "but in this instant, why don't you just forget what you've got on your mind, and we'll call it even."
"W-...what the hell are you talking about?" Hikan said. He tried to take a step, and swooning, reached out to grab Adol to steady himself. "Where'd that goblin go?"

"Bastard got away," Maggarg said sullenly.
"He got us tangled up deflecting his sword, and distracted we tripped on the butcher. Then he escaped into the sands."
"Damn it..." Hikan scowled, and ran a hand through his hair, unaware of the blood on his palm when he took it away. "I need your help."

The pair stared at him incredululously. Hikan rolled his eyes, and threw up his hands. "Just watch this area. A lone goblin attacking a whore house? This is one of the most guarded places in all of our domain, I'd wager Dodik's is quite possibly THE hardest place to breach what with every off duty soldier coming here for a drink. Keep your eyes open for him to return, and make sure the others are alerted. That's all I want."

When Adol, and eventually Maggarg, had nodded their agreement, Hikan turned to look at the butcher, still sobbing and bleeding. He sighed, and shook his head. "I'll go find Dojango, and send him out here after I'm tended to..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **February 05, 2009, 01:27:50 pm**

Diary of maggarg.
Saved Riddlewire from a goblin today, but not before it'd duffed him up a bit.
The look on his face was priceless.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **February 05, 2009, 01:30:13 pm**

Gatesmaw

Sarig and Glacies followed a well worn, dusty earthen road in the early evening light. As they climbed over the last hill, however, Glacis let out a gasp.

"The mountain is gone!"

Six smooth mudstone towers rose in a circular pattern from a large colloseum-like structure in the centre, casting incredibly long shadows in the evening sunlight. An aqueduct ran to one of the towers, now bone dry, it's pumps long inactive. A massive gate of orthoclase stood between two of the towers, almost as tall as five dwarves, and great patches of overgrown farmland dotted with huts stretched out from the central site. It was eerily quiet.

Sarig and Glacies trotted forward again, slowly.

"They carved out the entire thing into these towers. Oh, wow, I only saw the blueprints for this! It must have taken weeks! This farmland wasn't here when I was run off! Neither was the aqueduct! How did they.."

Sarig cut him off.

"Y'say? Look, I bin here before, year or two back when the elf war was on, y'see? Been here, done it. Moved on. Let's jus' get to business."
"Ah, okay. Well, if you know your way around here, how do we get in? The gate's closed." and Glacies gestured to the massive stone doors.

The two of them closed the distance to the gate and stared at it glumly, the gate of gatesmaw leering at them.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **February 05, 2009, 09:38:48 pm**

((Everyone, vote Wilber for leaderer of Migursut! I only support projects like mass producing cabinets and coffers so everyone has one of them! Making super cool floor mosaics depicting a dwarf! Engravings **everywhere!** Wilber for Migursut, and goblins will trouble us no more.. because I'll make a truce with the ninjas that the ninjas will kill them if I teach them the secret of playing ping-pong! And hiring Superman as a speardwarf!))

((Seriously though don't vote for Wilber. It'd be a horrible idea and oh god all the dying and the cats everywhere and the eyes.. the eyes!!!*Jumps out of a skyscraper window*))

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **February 06, 2009, 09:28:44 pm**

Diary of Keldor:

There are rumors of a dwarf dressed in black leather running about saving dwarves from everything from the Dread Camels to swarms of small demons. Whenever these rumors come up, I can't help but think of one particular dwarf who always wore black leather armor, one who was more than tough enough to do all the things this rumored dwarf is said to do. One to whom I owe my life.

There's only one problem: That dwarf is dead. Snake died saving my life during one of our all too frequent goblin ambushes.

And yet...

Perhaps I should pay a visit to his resting place. Lenod knows that I spend enough time in the catacombs encrusting coffins with gems to be able to go there without arousing suspiscion. After all, stranger things have happened at Migrursut...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 07, 2009, 04:06:16 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
13th of Felsite, 1069

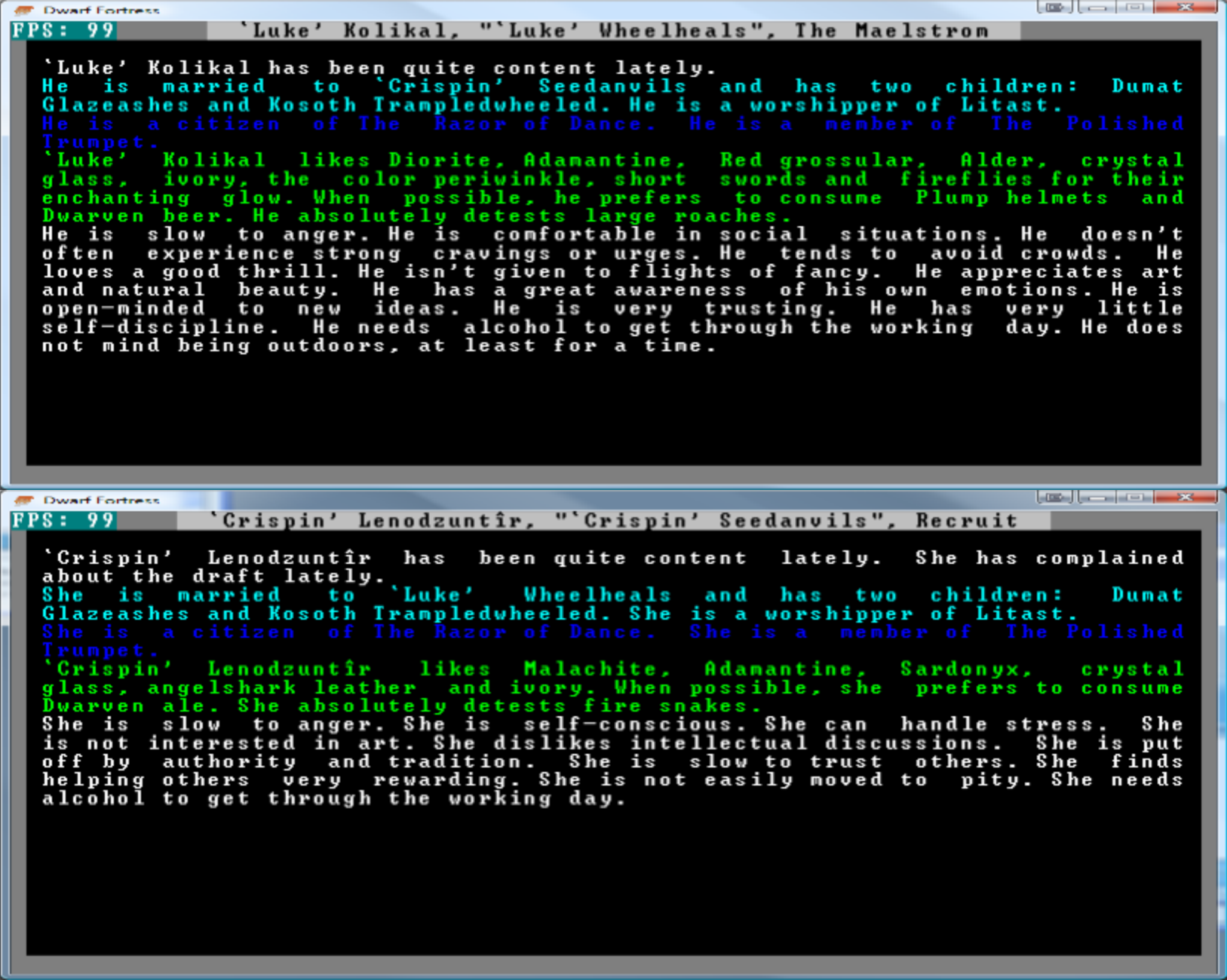
There are assassins lurking in shadows everywhere. My aides say this is paranoia, the console says I have a Managers Mind - that after so long, I see problems everywhere I look. I say they are idiots, and blind. What are these deaths if not an attempt on our society as a whole? What are these bombings, these rallies, these ignorant workers screaming for blood if not insiders attempting to wreck havoc from within?

A family arrived today, a military couple trailed by their two brats. This in itself is wholly uninteresting, except they arrived smiling. The parents pointed out the wonders of our fortress, the spires of the closed Church of Zefon, the horrid marvel of the Poison Temple, the Great Pit yawning across miles of desert expanse. Their children arrived jovially, plump and happy. When their feet hit the stones they were greated by the dwarves; the children are currently deconstructing scaffolding, the parents training with Merkil after being given a personality profiling by Glacies.

Who arrives here happy? No one, that's who. Not our merchants, not our migrants, not even our original seven who came here scared, and angry, and immediately accosted by giant poison-barbed corpses. These migrants claim that the merchants have talked of the wonders of our home, that through the lands our prosperity, our tenacity, and our hardiness have been an inspiration for Dwarves everywhere, and the shackles of Goblin oppression are being thrown off at every turn - and they wish to be apart of this history-making endeavor.

I don't believe it for a second. The only piece of this puzzle I have yet to put together is who they are working for. Are they with that terrorist Telamon? Or goblin-born traitors coming to spy among their own blood-kin? Are they from the last lines of the Queenship, still holding on precariously in their mountain halls?

Who knows. I should have just locked them in The Black Cells and been done with it, instead of allowing more lying filth to cross the threshold of my home.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **February 07, 2009, 10:34:39 pm**

Argh, Kivish, she has been struck down? I must come up with a final diary note now...
and maybe request another dwarf xD

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 08, 2009, 08:56:09 pm**

The events of the 24th of Felsite, 1068

Flitting in and out of conscienceness, Butcher Gateclap thought she heard a knock upon her chamber door. With a strength of will even she found surprising, Gateclap pulled herself into a sitting position. She picked up her drink from the side table - water and rat weed sweetened with honey - and took a big drink before calling out weakly, "Come in."

The door opened, and Jotwebe slid in, smiling ear to ear. "Heeey," she said jovially. The craftsdwarf walked over to the butcher's bedside and gave her a reassuring pat on the arm. "How are things going?"

"Oh, they could be better... Dojango says I'm lucky, if that sword swing was a little bit higher it could have hit my heart or brain, or both, but he thinks it'll grow back soon enough."
"He's quite a doctor, isn't he?" Jotwebe said reverently.
"Oh yes, and that nice human merchant-guard has been keeping me company too, sometimes, so that's pleasant."
"Human merchant-guard?"
"Yes, the one that's been living in the workshops."
"Oh, you poor, poor thing..." Jotwebe cood, and patted her arm again. "You need to have your rat weed intake reduced, you're seeing things. Here, I made you something to keep your spirits up while you're in here."

"It wasn't made from my foot, was it?" Gateclap asked suspiciously.
"Of course not! That would be morbid, no, I made you a game set."

From behind her back, Jotwebe produced a masterfully crafted puzzle box, the edges lined with small bones and green gems. She made a series of motions, sliding edges, pushing levers, and eventually the lid of the box swung open on well oiled hinges. Inside were a set of bone dice.

"There, see? When you figure out how to get it open, you'll still have something to do with dice games."
"Why are there five dice?"
"Because toes come in sets of- ohhh, ha ha, you almost got me!" Jotwebe said, wagging a finger at her. "No, because that's just how dice come. In sets of five. Now you take good care of those, and maybe when you get better I'll be make you something else. Tah, now!"

As Jotwebe left, Gateclasp looked down into the box, at the set of dice. She sighed quietly, and gave a shake of her head. "The merchant-guard was right, she really is an ass..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 09, 2009, 06:45:36 pm**

This is a little old, but bare with me.

And Heavy Flak, shouldn't you have gotten a new hammerer by now?

*The journal of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes.
Entry for the week of 8th Slate.*

Stupid Vatek! ARGH!

I need to find him, because I have important information that I need to tell him if this fortress is going to survive this year, but he's been unusually unavailable. He sleeps during the day, and I can't find him at night, and when I do find him, he's so sleepy that it's hardly worth talking to him about anything.

As I was trying to find him, I saw a goblin in denim cut off a butcher's leg. I responded in kind. Or tried to. He actually kicked my ass. It was embarassing. Now, I'm trained to kill with this extendable spear of mine, but getting my ass so handily served to me was a humiliating experience. I have a smidgeon more respect for the military now.

When I came to, since I was apparently knocked unconscious, Adol and, of all people, Maggarg were standing above me. After what I did to him, I'm surprised he just didn't run me through right there.

They told me that the bad ass goblin got away, dammit. I asked them, since I was in no position to order them after getting my ass kicked like that, to watch Dodik's, since bad ass would probably be back. Adol, and even Maggarg, the decent dwarven being he was, agreed.

This brings up the very important issue of security in Migrursut. Dodik's is impenatrable, since all the soldiers go there, and Stravitch probably has a sixth sense about the whorehouse and when it's threatened. In addition, I've been ordered by Aryn to stay away from it, so I don't even need to bother worrying about it.

The rest of the city is not so fortunate. Vatek has helped in the past, but now he just sleeps when he should be patrolling the grounds looking for disruptive elements. That leaves me and nobody else, and I'm spread way too thin. If I can't kill one goblin, how am I supposed to protect this city?

I think I might propose to Aryn a secret coalition of loyal dwarves designed to ferret out rebellious elements and make them disappear. It would differ from the fortress guard in that it would actually be effective at reducing crime and sabotage, and its members would be chosen by me and approved by Aryn. A secret police force, so to speak. He's rejected other ideas of mine, with such denegrading remarks as, "No, you idiot!" But if he doesn't go for this, I won't know what to do.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **February 09, 2009, 07:03:30 pm**

Diary property of Kivish. Takers will be stricken with insanity.
Date: :D

Today Sgt. Pepper told me to meet him out in the sands...must be really cool if he wants to show me out of the eyes of everyone else! I'm thinking I will leave early and surprise him with something of my own...hmmm...I've been working on a sword with a cloud etched on it. It is a prototype of a new smithing technique I made by accident; I think I found a way to make our metal lighter, but still be just as strong. If so, we could make armor out of it and our military would be less hindered in the fights against the newly-grown giant goblins. And the swords would be swifter, among other weapons.

Note: We should see if we can find what the heck those goblins eat. Giant dwarves > Giant gobbos.

Anyway, things have been going on great. Except the whole Telamon thing. I dunno about that guy...I've heard some bad things blamed on him in the past, but I have not seen him do anything now that 'he is actually here'. Maybe some people are just using him as a

scapegoat... Or maybe there was someone controlling him?

Aryn...I don't like him. If anyone is insane, it is him, and I don't know about his huge plan. It looks like he made a gilded death trap and wants us all to march into it with smiling faces.

Below is an image of dwarf with a mask. The dwarf is raising up a sword. It has a cloud on it.

[[This was the last entry found]]

I think I'll wait on requesting someone new; I had to much fun as Kivish :(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **February 10, 2009, 05:45:54 am**

Diary of maggarg
We got some new migrants not long ago. Not many, only 2 adults, soldiers, I think, and their children.
I'll have to greet them when they get to the barracks.
I looked through some old books in Glacies' library today. Just because I'm a criminal doesn't mean I don't appreciate books. Some of them are worth a lot.
Anyway, it looks like our goblins are a hell of a lot bigger than the norm a few hundred years ago.
Hell, they were half the size they are now when I was born.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 10, 2009, 11:34:35 pm**

The events of the 8th of Hematite, 1068

Hikan tromped out towards the construction sight, his jaw set in grim determination. Aryn had been a bust - no special squad, no way, bodies and resources were much needed elsewhere. If the fortress was at danger, than Merkil's training sessions could end early and soldiers could pull extra shifts at the bridge. The tower wouldn't be rebuilt; it's use was obsolete - soldier blood would guard the entrance, and masons sweat would make future generations safe. With the beginnings of construction starting in the pit, and Howard in near religious states of excitement, Hikan was left to turn in one direction.

He spied Makrond loitering near a pillar and talking to Rice. His measuring tape was draped over his neck, clothes pins stuck through the front of his shirt. While Rice quality listed things off on his fingers, Makrond jotted them down in his small notebook, making the occasionally tally mark beside something important. As Hikan approached from the side, Makrond offered a warm smile and held up a hand to silence the stone worker.

"Sir, I apologize, but I have another engagement - quite important, for our esteemed peace keeper. I should have everything needed to start, though, so I thank you for your time."

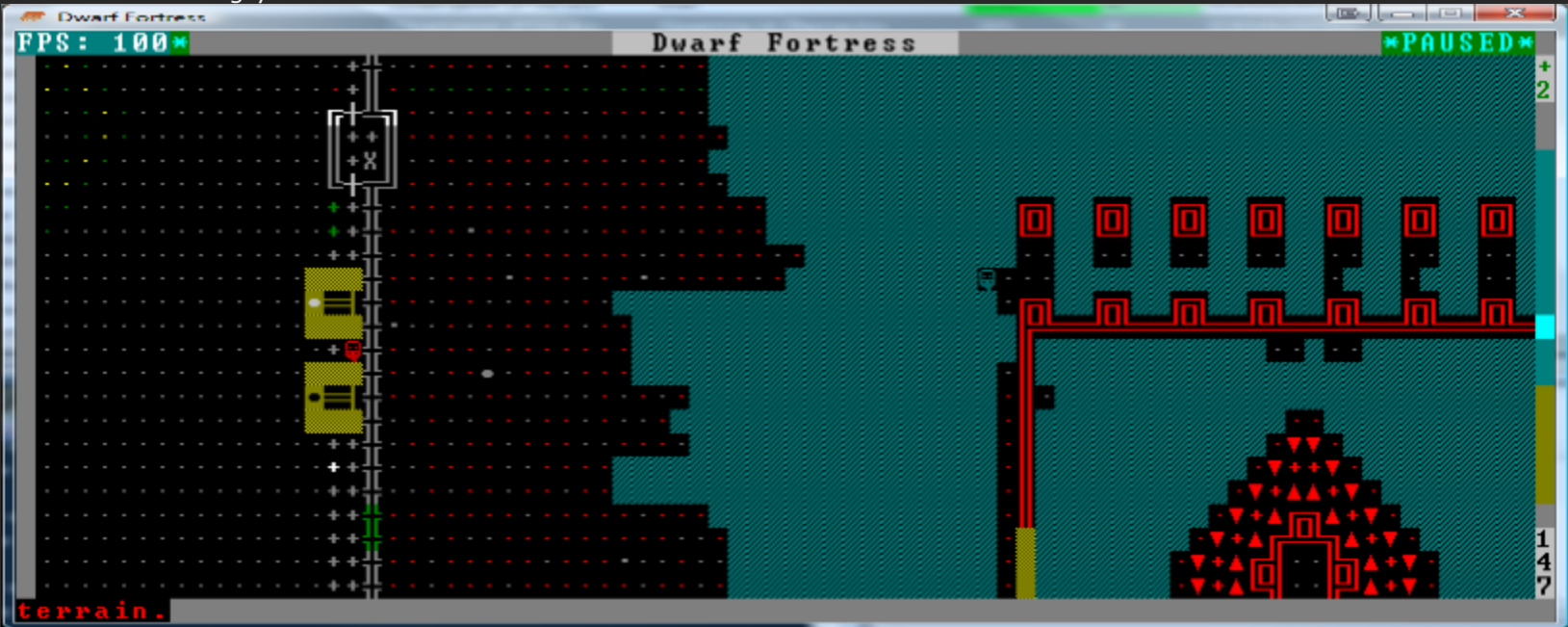
As Rice left, Hikan folded his arms across his chest. "What the hell is that all about?" He growled.
"Masons are antsy, with all the talk of poison and madness. Rice is having leather gauntlets, smocks, and masks made for their group while they do Mister Fillwhip's bidding. Now, about your request... you know my fee."

Hikan grit his teeth together, his eyes dropping to the ground. A few moments of uncomfortable silence went past; eventually the soldier coughed and said, "Please, this is... important... to the well being of the fortress. I... need your help."
"Perfect!" Makrond gave a little clap, and stuffed his notebook into a back pocket. "Yes, alright," he lowered his voice conspiratorially.
"I'm working with the... vigilante. And I *promised* I wouldn't realize his identity. But I will help him any way I can, and... he thinks you'll aid him as well. We'll go to my workshop, I've created a signal to be used in case."

Hikan was becoming dimly aware of a whistling noise, as if from far away. He squinted and opened his jaw wide, but popping his ears didn't make it go away. Makrond's eyes went wide, and he gently placed a hand on Hikan's shoulder, saying, "We should move, sir, behind this pillar."

As they stepped behind the pillar, the whistling grew in pitch. Soon, the ground shook as a boulder smashed into it, tossing up dirt and sand and cinnabar dust. Hikan noticed with horror that many such boulders littered the sands near the construction site.

"Get backta' work ya' lazy sacks of flesh," Stravitch screamed from on top of the parapet. He was shirtless again, his normally chalky skin sunburned and angry.



"He's been doing that all morning," Makrond explained with a sigh. "If he sees people down here talking - even if they aren't a masons crew - he starts lobbing boulders at them from the wall."

"What are you doing! Are you drunk? It's only ten!" Hikan yelled up at him, his hands shaking from the nerve rattling crash of the rock.
"Yer' drunk!" Stravitch screamed back. He picked up a pebble and chucked it towards Hikan. It landed nearly a hundred yards short with a dull thump.

"Stravitch! Back down, or I'll come up there and haul you to the Black Cells myself for public disruptions."
"Yer' a disruption! Jus' come... try and get me down from here ya' brayin' ass."

"He's got you there," Makrond said. "It's best to just ignore him. He's not a very good shot and we can usually see them coming long before they hit."

"...the only thing the keeps me clinging to this miserable scrap of sand is the thought that asses like Stavitch will get theirs in the end. Just take me to your workshop and show me your sign, Leatherworker. I have to double-check the securities on the living quarters at noon."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 12, 2009, 08:45:23 pm**

Vash and Jools walked towards Dodik's, their "church going" outfits stuffed shamefully into their backpacks. They talked happily though; since Madam Dodik had struck a tentative deal with Aryn, they had been given the blessing to perform regular services. Even if it was a den of sin, for an hour four times a week, it was the house of God.

Even if she required them to dress as mummers and listen to Mookie's terrible pipe organ.

As the pair stepped into the relative cool of the overhang, they were passed by Sarek stumbling out towards the fortress proper. She flashed them both a wide smile and a wave, but as they made to move around her she snapped her fingers and came to a stop.

"Hoy, Vash, wait a -hic- minute. One of the fishers found something for you."

Vash turned to her, perplexed. That feeling vanished as he saw a thing piece of paper, folded over onto itself pulled from a hip pouch. A broken glob of wax hung from the flaps, and a hunk of steel dangled ominously from one half of the seal.

"Here it is... has your name scrawled on it, Fishers said it was 'boring as shit' so we were gunna' give it over to you."

Jools looked on with some amusement as Sarek stumbled off, and at the horror spreading accross his friends face. Vash's hand was shaking as he looked at the note. Jools gave him a playful pop on the shoulder, and said with a grin, "Love note, huh? Maester Kuli certainly wouldn't be happy to hear you have a little tart coming out of this place. Let's see what it says."

Before he could act Jools snatched the paper out of his hands. He unfolded it, and Vash's heart sank in his chest as he watched one of the soldiers eyebrows raise quizically.

"...'Understanding Born of Flames' - what does THAT mean?"

"It's... it's a poem." Vash said quickly.

"A poem? *That's* a poem?"

"I guess? My... little tart is sweet, she's not smart," Vash said with a sickly smile.

Jools barked out quick laughter and handed the note back to Vash and turned to head inside. Vash spared the note one quick confused glance, mopped sweat from his forehead, and listlessly followed the soldier inside to aid in their Maester's sermon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 12, 2009, 09:19:11 pm**

Na na na na na na na na Vatman! It's a combination of Vatek and Batman. Get it? Get it?

*The journal of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes.
Entry for the week of 8th Hematite.*

Journal, I've long told you how strung out I feel. How I need help, how this city will implode despite my best efforts, how many ideas I've told Aryn about to help, how Aryn never goes for it, and on, and on.

But I never, ever wanted to actually admit it to somebody. Makrond's price was far greater than I would normally be willing to pay, but desperate times call for desperate measures. And trading some of my despair away for temporary humility is a fair bargain in these times. That doesn't mean I'm not pissed about it, though.

Makrond and the masked dwarf have developed some sort of signal that I can use to contact the masked dwarf should I need his help. Although, a signal to contact one dwarf in a city of less than two hundred and falling seems like a very roundabout way to contact anybody at all. But I'll play his game, since apparently, *I'm* helping *him*, instead of the other way around.

Stravitch has found time for a new hobby in his retirement: drunken siege engine operation. While drunken siege engine operation sounds like an accident waiting to happen, I see it more as an opportunity waiting to be seized.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **February 12, 2009, 09:25:22 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on February 12, 2009, 09:19:11 pm

Na na na na na na na na Vatman! It's a combination of Vatek and Batman. Get it? Get it?

Another forum I frequent had a character called Vatman, with a very similar theme tune. Only that masked vigilante got his name because he worked with vats a lot.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **February 12, 2009, 09:45:21 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on February 12, 2009, 09:19:11 pm

Stravitch has found time for a new hobby in his retirement: drunken siege engine operation. While drunken siege engine operation sounds like an accident waiting to happen, I see it more as an opportunity waiting to be seized.

Wouldn't EVERYTHING Dwarves do be drunken? We're talking about Dwarves after all.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **February 13, 2009, 07:44:10 am**

Hikan doesn't drink. Otherwise, he becomes..er..different.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 13, 2009, 09:52:59 am**

Quote from: Groveller on February 12, 2009, 09:25:22 pm

Another forum I frequent had a character called Vatman, with a very similar theme tune. Only that masked vigilante got his name because he worked with vats a lot.

I'm afraid to ask what exactly Vatman would be doing working with vats.

Glacies: Perhaps Hikan has an alcohol intolerance? Or maybe he's like me... there are times when I just want to be in a bad mood. I don't know why I'd want to, I just do, I sit at home and think, "Man, I could really go for being pissed off." At times like that, I go out and buy a bunch of Steele Reserve and by the end of the night I'm ready for a fight. Maybe that's how he feels with his water.

Jim Groovester: I missed a question earlier, but yes indeed, we have gotten a hammerer. Nothing happened to warrant her, so I let it slide by the wayside. But good catch, none the less.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **February 13, 2009, 01:08:15 pm**

Diary of maggarg.
Nearly got hit by a meteor today.
Great big lump of rock hurtling out of the sky.
The weird thing is, it stank of rum.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 13, 2009, 09:53:09 pm**

I'd say it's Hikan's job to be surly and angry, and whenever he drinks alcohol he is everything but. The result of this is that he has no alcohol tolerance, so in the event (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg409830#msg409830>) that he does drink, he becomes an extremely friendly, polite, and sincere version of himself. Obviously, he can't stand for this.

Quote from: thunderclan on February 12, 2009, 09:45:21 pm

Wouldn't EVERYTHING Dwarves do be drunken? We're talking about Dwarves after all.

Stravitch has demonstrated an ability to intoxicate himself far beyond the capabilities of most dwarves. Operating siege engines in such a state would be a bad idea, unless Stravitch wants to become his catapult's next projectile. Still though, probably wouldn't kill him.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **February 13, 2009, 11:14:23 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on February 13, 2009, 09:53:09 pm

Stravitch has demonstrated an ability to intoxicate himself far beyond the capabilities of most dwarves. Operating siege engines in such a state would be a bad idea, unless Stravitch wants to become his catapult's next projectile. Still though, probably wouldn't kill him.

Well, one can always dream, can't they?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keifru** on **February 14, 2009, 01:20:49 pm**

If you distilled the alcohol from Stravitch's blood, you would find it is actually 120% alcohol.
Scientists are baffled.
::)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 14, 2009, 01:42:06 pm**

The events of the 15th of Hematite. 1068

"Good *lord*, the smell of this place. How could anyone stand the stench?"

As wagons trundled past him, their bulky wooden frames pulled by massive oxen, the diplomat Leba Owneddrum daintily plucked a yellow kerchief from the breast pocket of his flashy green-and-red dress jacket and pressed it to his nose. It was perfumed with the roses of Stramgil, and he breathed through it deeply. His ruddy complexion was visable - the powder he applied having streaked off due to the sun, and his coiffured hair was coming into disarray as the oils and product melted from the heat.

Swinging his walking stick to the depot, he directed the oxen to where they should go and sauntered towards the main steps, trailed by a short cloaked figure. He was met by Aryn, and a surly Glacies, just before the steps. The fortress leader looked as if he hadn't slept in weeks.

"Mr. Estetar," Owneddrum began, his voice slightly muffled by the cloth. "The Guild has decided to continue to trade with your little outpost. Your citizens should feel blessed; if the decision was up to me, this... compost pile would be left to fester on it's own."
"Why would the guild have any interest in denying trade?" Aryn snapped. "I'd like to point out that we're most likely the sole exporter of Dwarven glass- and bone-crafts, and the sheer amount of goblin-wrought weapons Stramgil has received from us could outfit their entire army twice over."
"Something you may not realize, is there are some things more important than the accumulation of wealth. There is honor, and ours has been greatly damaged by the death of Diplomat Natientempts."

"Natientempts? She died on her way here, and we're to be punished? You insolent-"
"Sir!" The diplomat spoke harshly, lisping out the single word with a spray of spittle. He quickly lowered the kerchief and pulled a white glove from his hand, using it to strike Aryn across the face. Aryn stared at him, dumbfounded. Glacies roared laughther. "We have a caravan that was under attack, merchants that died, and a diplomat that was murdered. The merchants claim you did nothing to stop any of these, and I have come with them to put YOU, sir, on trial. Your mother-country agreed, which is why Hammerer Sigun Boatssafety was sent with us, to prevent you escaping judgement."
"WHAT!"
"Now someone show me to my room, I must reapply my face."

OOO Stuff
Keifru: There are actually four undead living in the fortress. Likot, Sgt. Pepper, Valania, and Stravitch, who's managed to embalm himself while still alive. He's just too mean to realize he's dead.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **February 14, 2009, 02:10:47 pm**

Somehow I get the feeling that these pushy noble types aren't going to last long.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 14, 2009, 05:35:12 pm**

The events of the 22nd of Hematite, 1068

Vash toiled down in the furnaces. Old armor, broken swords, discarded mugs and crafts, there were bins of steel that he was mindlessly smelting down into basic bars for reuse. Yes, this was a job that was beneath him, but there was something comforting about menial work, of doing something that produced results from brainless monotony. It was therapeutic; it eased the mind.

With a set of heavy tongs, Vash reached inside the smelter and pulled out the crucible. It glowed bright red, and he carefully pulled it out into the open, the heat waves making everything beyond it hazy and wrong. He swung it around towards the bar molds, and gently twisted the tongs to pour it. The molten steel spat as it dropped down, and unbeknownst to vash, a few sall droplets landed on the front of his tunic - left bare as he was not wearing his apron.

He first noticed something was wrong at the sound of crackling, of fire consuming cloth. He looked down and nearly blacked out from the sheer horror of his shirt becoming ablaze. The crucible was thrust back into the smelter, and quickly the metalworker stripped his shirt off, screaming as he hurled it into the empty corner of the workshop.

Vash quickly grabbed a bucket of sand from beside the work bench and pitched it onto his tunic, a thin wisp of smoke escaping as the fire was smothered. With a sigh, he dug out his shirt and picked it up, blinking at the small scrap of wax that blotted against the shirt pocket.

The note was scorched, but not ruined, though the wax had melted into the cloth. He opened it with a smirk, and turned to throw it into the smelter, but something was wrong. There was more written there now, the dark ink only showing on the flame-curved sections.

Quote

We come soon. Your wish is not forgotten. We thank you for the invitation <3

Eyes wide with horror, Vash turned and bolted from the workshop. He headed towards the barracks, to Merkil's office.

The newly-arrived hammerer stalked around the perimeter of the fortress, her cold eyes taking in the scenery. The trial of Aryn Estetar would be starting soon, and as mandated by her order, she was to act as impartial judge and administer of law. The humans were a necessity to dwarven society; long term allies and excessive purchasers of trinkets. Whole industries relied on supplying their women with jewelry, their children toys. To keep them happy was of total importance.

As the hammerer rounded the corner, she saw a child playing near the large wooden donkey constructed beside the fort. She called out a harsh warning and got a wave in response, causing the hammer to scowl at the insolence. There was a shimmer from behind the child, a wave of heat. As if it had come from thin air, a sword-wielding goblin stood behind the child. The hammerer shouted again, gesturing with her hand, and the child waved once more. His arm was struck off with one clean blow, his body bisected at the middle with the next.

Drawing her hammer, she took two steps forward. A crackle of energy beside her caused her to stop and turn. To her side was a thin goblin in a black robe, the cowl thrown back to show off his large, elongated head, his green ears jutting high from his temples. He wore a small goatee and a smile.

"I apologize dear hammerer," the Goblin said, "but we have tasking to complete, and an audience inside. Sadly you won't be able to attend." He lifted his hand and pointed four long fingers in her direction. She took a single step forward and stopped as lightening crackled from the Goblin's fingertips. Her head exploded like a ripe mellon hit with a bolt, showering the sands around her with brain matter and bone. Her body crumpled to the ground.

With a giggle, Olngo, the Goblin in black, gave a jaunty wave to his compaions and called, "Come, please, we have a date to meet, and a very special little dwarf to take."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 14, 2009, 06:34:17 pm**

That's a shame. I'm sure a hammerer named Boatssafety would have been a great asset in a city named Oceanbled.

Heh, I just remembered that the last hammerer was named Wavepaddles. The hammerers in this fortress have had unusually appropriate names.

The hammerer before that was named Seamed, so I guess that counts, too.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 15, 2009, 12:09:14 am**

The Events of the 23rd of Hematite, 1068

Maggarg and Adol were the first to make it outside. The soldier pair had to fight their way through the mass of running, screaming dwarves and humans, all of them trying to make it back into the safety of the fortress.

Maggarg noted with ill humor that their safety was illusory; part of the defensive wall was still knocked down, the rubble piled up but easily traversed. He smirked and drew his great sword, glancing at the scorched body at his feet. He heard a sharp intake of breath beside him. "That was Bertrand," Adol hissed. "They killed the philospher."
"What's book learnin' ever got a dwarf but killed?" Maggarg mused.
"What's a dwarf ever gotten, but killed?"

There was no time to continue this thought. The goblins were capering, dancing in the blood, while their blacked robed leader cackled and tossed bolts of energy about him. Maggarg's eyes narrowed. That was the target. The others would break when that foul beast was dead.

"C'mon, you take the left of the Wood Ass, I'll cut right. Smash anything that gets near."
"I know how a hammer works," Adol said. "Stay on your feet."
"I know how... feet work."

The larger goblins surrounded Maggarg, his charge engulfed by blood smeared green bodies. He shrugged off their blows, the battle fury taking over him. Thoughts of Zako clouded his judgement, and his sword sang out. With a shriek, one of the goblins pulled back, a large gash rending the muscle in his arm. A quick blow rattled the swords dwarf, and he stumbled back. He saw a hammer swing into view, a goblins face get crushed. Eita stood beside him, scowling at the jarred green-skins. Behind her Neo sauntered up, grinning as his sword flashed. Maggarg grunted his thanks, and the trio of Dwarves pressed the attack on the goblins.

Adol rounded the corner and saw the distracted Goblin in Black toying with a small sheet of parchment. When he spotted Adol he gasped and sent out a bolt, but it was deflected off his hammer, the metal glowing white hot for a single instant. He swung the hammer, extending his reach to smack the goblins hand. The bones crunched and the goblin in black howled and darted backwards, clutching his shattered wrist.

"Unwise," the goblin said. He gave his wrist a shake, and let it drop to his side. He lifted his left hand, pointing his fingers at Adol. "I'll make sure to raise your corpse when I'm finished here, you will be my attender, I think that will be fitting for -urk!"

Adol stared at the bolt that sprouted from the goblins chest. Slowly he turned to look up at the parapet. Sparrow stood there, sunlight glinting from his armor. Though he calmly loaded another bolt, tears streaked down his cheeks. Adol couldn't hear what the boltslinger was saying, but he could see the words forming on his lips. "You don't kill with your bow. You kill with your heart. He who kills with his bow has forgotten the face of his father."

The goblin in black shrieked as the bolt was loosed. It pierced him between the eyes, exploding out the back of his head. There was a brilliant flash of light, and a burst of flames. When Adol's eyes cleared, all that was left in the sand was a mound of ash, and wisps of black cloth cluttering away on the breeze.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **February 15, 2009, 01:58:20 am**

Now there's three incredibly nerdy things I know that all have that quote.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **February 15, 2009, 01:58:51 am**

Go Adol! Shame about Bertrand, though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 15, 2009, 02:49:43 am**

Quote from: Mephansteras on February 15, 2009, 01:58:51 am
Go Adol! Shame about Bertrand, though.

Somehow I think death is only a temporary obstacle to Bertrand. After all his studies with the zombie powder, he must have prepared for the eventuality of his death.

I guess that's the end of Oingo Wraithdoom, and I guess Rolland was avenged by Sparrow.

*The journal of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes.
Entry for the week of 22nd Hematite, 1068.*

Aryn has been in a fit for the past week, muttering curses under his breath as he goes to and from his office concerning the arrival of the new hammerer. Something about a trial, something about the yokels from Stukos Matal, something about covering his tracks. Although I guess he has nothing to worry about now, as the new hammerer has been found dead with her head exploded.

It was a bit difficult identifying the body, but the giant decorated hammer clutched in her hands was a solid indicator of who it was. Based on the soldiers' accounts of the wizard goblin, it was likely that he encountered the hammerer before the soldiers did and painted Assface's giant wooden ass with her brains.

I'm relieved by this turn of events, as I probably would have been asked to testify against my boss. And in this process, I would have used this journal full of incriminating information to cut a deal with the hammerer and save my own skin at Aryn's expense. I mean, that's why I keep it, but I definitely wouldn't like doing that, and I definitely wouldn't want to do that. How often does one get a boss as amoral and vindictive as Aryn? This is my dream job, after all, and I don't want to throw it away.

Aryn's fortune in this turn of events almost borders on divine protection. He brazenly commits crimes from the moment he arrives here, and when someone tries to punish him, their head explodes. Maybe I should convert to Lenod, since it seems like the more angry and violent his followers are, the better he protects them. Look at Aryn. Look at Stravitch. Look what happened to War'Dunell. And think how Lenod could protect me.

In the chaos of the goblin ambush, Bertrand the Mad was killed by the wizard goblin. I'm sure he was excited to be immolated by such unique powers, no doubt making scientific observations as he burned.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **February 15, 2009, 05:10:42 am**

Diary of maggarg
That last goblin raid was pretty weird. Could'a been prevented if Aryn fixed the wall instead of thinking about that glass-and-steel thing. Anyway, we went out and started killing the greenskins. They were bigger again. I still managed to down a bunch of them before one gashed my arm. Thank the gods that the blade wasn't poisoned.
We found Bertrand's corpse. He'd been burnt to charcoal. We found out why when some mad goblin in a black robe comes at Adol, cackling and threatens to fry him, but Sparrow put a bolt through him before he could do anything.
Those evil overlord types always make the mistake of having good, long speeches before they kill someone, allowing another bloke to skewer them. Happens every time, and god knows I've met enough evil wizards and nicked their sparkly stuff.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Makrond** on **February 15, 2009, 06:19:23 am**

Excerpt from the journal of Makrond, c. 1068

I'm having trouble keeping track of who is alive and dead around here. Not that I get out of the workshop long enough for it to matter anyway. Still, perhaps I should talk to Glacies sometime about that.

Hikan has finally come around to the idea of the fortresses' wellbeing. Once again I am helping this fort become more than a stain on the sand full of bumbling drunken fools and slaves.

OOC: because I'm lazy and I may not get a chance to finish it (read: may not remember until after the fort is finished), here's my sketch (<http://img244.imageshack.us/img244/3102/makrondfcopylo5.png>) of Makrond. (The version saved on my computer has brown eyes, since that seems a little less Mary-Sueish :P)

Also, I was serious about not being able to keep track of who's alive and dead. Is anyone keeping score?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 15, 2009, 11:13:13 am**

Quote from: Makrond on February 15, 2009, 06:19:23 am
Also, I was serious about not being able to keep track of who's alive and dead. Is anyone keeping score?

List of the dead:
Likot
Sgt. Pepper
Valania
:D

SERIOUS List of the Dead:
War'Dunell
Zako
Rolland
Kivish
Fireheart
Bertrand
Major ---- DayCovering
'Snake'
Bim Budseal (one of the corpses from the latest attack)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **February 15, 2009, 11:41:45 am**

Yaaaay!! Wilber isn't not alive.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 15, 2009, 11:14:10 pm**

The Trial of Aryn Estetar, 28th of Hematite
First Meeting

Owneddrum sat at the end of the mess hall behind a hastily set up table. A crystal goblet lay befor him, filled with cool water. During his time at the fortress he had become accustomed to the smell of stones, and dust, and sweat, and begrudgingly went without his kerchief. To his left sat Duke Bomrek in all his pompous glory, great walrus mustache flapping with his exhales. Beside the Duke sat Glacies, who looked worried and bewildered, the mug of ale set in his place already drained. The seat to the right of Owneddrum was left ominously empty.

Aryn sat before them, the seats at the table of the accused left empty. In front of him was a single notebook, travel worn and sweat stained.

Behind him, the mess hall was packed with bodies. Some, like Rice and Lucy, were witnesses. The others were just watchers, Dwarves who were shirking their duties to see the public admonishment and potential punishment of their cosntant whip-cracker and mandate holder.

Owneddrum cleared his throat, and clanked the binding of his ring against the crystal goblet. As the din subsided, he gave a curt nod to the room as a whole and said in a high, lispy voice, "This session will come to order. As grievous as the actions that brought me here have been, more travesty has hit that must be addressed. Aryn, your calluous indifference to the safety of this fortress has lead to the deaths of five Dwarves - Two children, a stone worker, your own philosopher, and your own judge in this trial Boatssafety. If you think that this- why are you smirking?"

At the mention of Bertrand's demise, a wide smile played over Aryn's lips. He surpressed the laugh outright, trying to cover it up with a cough. "I'm sorry, please continue with this farce."

Owneddrum spoke over the murmer of the crowd. "If you think her death will stall your judgment, you're sorely mistaken. In her absense I'll take the place of arbitrator. If anything, these deaths mere days after my arrival are as damning evidence as the tales and logs of our merchant corp. "First to speak are the members of the council, a Ms. Crowpages, and a Duke Galleychasms. Ms. Crowpages, you may speak first."

Tax Collector Rovod cleared her throat and took a small sip of ale. "Yes. Mr. Snarledsalves logs, secreted away and terribly kept as they are, show a large discrepancy in earnings. There are barrels of gems missing, goblin-wrought armor and arms that can not be found in bins or bars, and the amount of crafts that are occasionally claim are just preposterous. The taxes levied on the goods of this fortress, and tithed towards the remainder of the dwarven royalty are far from accurate. I understand that this is not a matter that concerns this trial, but this should act as a witness of character for Mr. Estetar."

"Thank you, Ms. Crowpages. And as for you, Duke Galleychasm?"
"Ahem, yes. My damned flutes have been sold to your damned merchants, and to those filthy tree-fucking elves!"

Diplomat Owneddrum looked perplexed. "What? What does that have to do with anything."
His mustache billowing, his face turning purple, The Duke slammed his fist down on the table. "I instructed these Dwarves to NOT sell ANY flutes to anyone! These are state treasures, damn it all, and my last remaining child, my only daughter, needs the pick of the litter, and what do I have happen? Aryn orders them sold, all of them! Without fail! And who has been brought to punishment, hmm? Who? No one, that's who!"

"If I may speak?"
Owneddrum stared at Aryn as he rose from his seat. He started to open his mouth, but the blond dwarf spoke first, cutting him off. "The Duke is right, I have done that. So is Crowpages for that matter. Why? To further help this fortress and the people in it. Your humans have profited so much from our trade these years, but I'm not thanked for that? I'm instead put on this farce of a trial - under who's authority? Yours? Ha! Want to see authority? Here.

Aryn Estetar, Idealist has been elected mayor.

"I'm filling the position myself, since it has been left vacant with the death of Ineth Orbsbarb. With the increase of duties, I'm much too busy to sit through this trial any longer. But by all means, continue to have it." Aryn smiled and stepped away from his chair. "But don't expect anything to come from it - depending on your decision, dear Diplomat, I may decide that it is no longer profitable to our fortress to trade with you all. Keep that in mind. RICE. When you're done besmirching my name, take the last of the damned flutes to the depot for trade, you have my word as mayor not a hair on your head will be touched for it."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 16, 2009, 12:28:19 am**

I suggest imagining a Law & Order DUN DUN before reading this update to set the mood. It almost immediately becomes more dramatic.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **February 16, 2009, 12:43:45 am**

The recent posts had me going up and down in mood.

I read the death list: sad cause Zako is dead and unavenged!

Read the trial of Aryn: Estastic cause he just verbally bitchslapped the nobility! Chew on that!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **February 16, 2009, 09:18:42 am**

Diary of maggarg
I saw the Duke stomping around somewhere today.
His face was as purple as his robes.
He was shouting about flutes or something.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **February 16, 2009, 02:16:42 pm**

God I hope Aryn gets punched in the jaw.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 16, 2009, 03:17:15 pm**

The trial of Aryn Estetar, 5th of Malachite, 1068
Session 2

After the explosive end to the last session, and Aryn's kept promise of not returning, the mess hall was much less crowded. Owneddrum still proceeded over the event, with Glacies and Crowpages beside him. Duke Bomrek was absent - no where to be seen - and in the spot

Aryn had occupied sat Rice, serving out his summons as a witness.

Owneddrum drummed his fingers on the table top impatiently. "I've heard tell of shoddy workmanship. Of the disarray of this fortress. Of the unsafe building materials employed. As the leader of the masons union, I would like your take on the matter."

Rice frowned, and looked down at the small sheet of notes he had brought. After a tense moment of internal struggle, he said, "As much as I dislike Aryn, he... has never skimped on the quality of construction. He has been known to have inferior worked pitched into the magma rather than send them out for sale, and he has been quite a, ah, thorn in the side of the masons, forcing us to rebuild that which he deems shoddy."

"But the crumbled tower!"
"Was built by my own hands," Rice said. "From my own designs. That was sabotage - goblin dealt, most likely. If you were to come back here in three hundred years, these walls will not have shifted at all, they'd only be buried deeper in the sands. That tower was destroyed from within."

Owneddrum scowled and jotted down a few notes with his quill. "And of that... hideous poison blot being built outside the walls?"
"Well, ah," Rice tugged at his collar. "Aryn can't... really be held accountable for that, either. That's the doings of Stravitch Fillwhip."
"Aryn should have the temerity to stand up to obviously bad ideas," sniffed Owneddrum. "Why does he not exercise his authority as leader - and now *mayor* - and have it shut down."
"With all due respect, perhaps you should meet Stravitch before you cast these aspersions. You can't stop the old goat, trying to do so will just get you a blackened eye."

"RICE! YOU SCOUNDRAL!"

Rice winced at the drunken screaming coming from the door. Duke Bomrek entered the mess hall, livid, sauced. He stumbled towards the judges bench and fell heavily into his seat, glowering at the mason. "You did it, you scoundrel! The merchants, they were playing them! Our flutes! Our entire cache of flutes! I'll have your head for this, I will, you'll be in the black cells until your eyes rot from disuse!"
"...Uh, no. Sir."
"...what!"



Rice cleared his throat, and stood quickly. "I... ah, have been given immunity over these things. I'm sorry, sir. Diplomat Owneddrum? If you don't mind?"
"Yes, yes, go," he waved a hand dismissively. "Send up... who's next? A Mister Anvilquiet."

The seat was quickly occupied by Wilber, grinning from ear to ear. The Diplomat and the Soldier stared at each other for a few moments in silence, until Owneddrum said with exasperation, "What? You requested this seat, what do you have to tell?"
"I hear it's amazing when the famous giant purple stuffed worm in flapjaw space, with a tuning fork, does a raw blink on Hairi Kairi Rock!"
"Oh god..." Owneddrum covered his face with his hands, silently cursing himself for traveling to this hellpit of a fortress.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **February 16, 2009, 06:00:36 pm**

And then Wilber was a zombie.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **February 16, 2009, 11:25:01 pm**

Stories are sometimes whispered by those who travel out on the red sands that when the wind begins to blow and it begins to turn their vision red, the laughter of a female dwarf can be heard. Those too sober for their own good even claim they thought they saw a form running about with a pair of breeches in one hand and a axe in the other...

- **Migrursut Ghost Stories:** An excerpt found in the notes of late Bertrand the Philosopher.

OOC - I would like to adopt the personality of a dwarf again. No specifics, so any suggestions on some menial worker of any particular trade would be cool, other than military. No need to have to wait for a immigrant on this one, please. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 19, 2009, 09:09:12 pm**

The events of the 12th of Malachite, 1068

Dojango and Akroma slowly made their way down the hallway, carrying between them a large bundle wrapped in an old cloak. Resting his end of the bundle against a raised-up knee, Dojango flung a hand behind it, slapping it against the door. After a few blind gropes he found the handle and pushed it down, swinging the stone door into the dark workshop.

The bundle was hefted up, and gently settled down onto the large work bench that stretched across the center of the room. Akroma gave a few tugs to the cloak and it came away, fluttering to the floor. Bertrand lay there, the single torch throwing shadows across his face. He looked even more frail in death, his eyes - eye, the one that hadn't exploded from the shock - stared upwards with dull glassiness, like a bead attached to a doll.

Akroma gave a shake of his head and sighed deeply. "Well this is quite a drag."
"Such a drag," Dojango concurred. "There was much left to do."
"That doesn't mean we can't keep going."
"I don't think we can."

Akroma frowned. He scratched at the side of his neck, eyes dropping once more to the corpse on the slab. "There are two drums left, that's enough to complete the zoos, re-do the magma vent, and still have a drum left over for when the sphere's are completed."
"Yes, but, what if we mess up?" Dojango said with a frown.

"We don't, it'll be fine. We haven't yet..."

They stared at his body in silence, and Dojango sighed and placed a hand on the old philospher's burned chest. "Could we raise him? He could continue his work, he could aid in-"
"Dojango... no. He wouldn't want that. No, we must continue on."
"I suppose your right.... wait."
"What?"

Dojango looked up, and towards the mattress that had been set up in the corner. Crumbs were scattered around the floor, and empty jugs of water had rolled under the desk. "Where did that merchant-guard go?"
"Uhhh..."
"Well," Dojango said, with forced good humor. "I can't imagine how that could end badly. Just let him go. We should see to Bertrand before he's to be buried, I suppose."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **February 20, 2009, 09:05:25 am**

Well thats a recipe for catastrophey...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **February 21, 2009, 06:18:07 am**

I personally suspect that Bertrand was already dead some time ago.
I don't doubt he'll be banging on the coffin lid before long.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 21, 2009, 08:49:35 pm**

The Trial of Aryn Estetar, 15th of Malachite, 1068
Session 3

The depot was a bustling hive of activity as the merchants loaded barrels, strapped goods to wagons, tried to sweep the ever present sand off of the tiles. Though he was here for a trial, Oweddrum's primary duty was to oversee the sale and purchase of items; the last day of the trial took place in front of the Depot, a group of Dwarves standing witness to the proceedings.

"Our time is almost up, and I'm sure you're as eager to find solution in this as I," the diplomat called. "Our trial was inconclusive for much of it, as you seem to find this Aryn distasteful, but you are quite prideful of your own workmanship, as shoddy as it may appear. However, we have received one bit of information that has tipped the scales, so to speak. Please, step forward."

The steps coming out were slow and unsteady. A human emerged from the back, his beard long, his eyes glowering. Hinges squeeked at approxamitely the area of his knees as he moved forward in herky-jerky motions. His left arm was missing completely, his right stiff and ungainly.

"This is one of the merchants from LAST years caravan. I'm sure you all recognize him."

The diplomat's eyes widdened at the blank faces looking out at him from the crowd.

"This is a merchant-guard. He was mauled here last year!"

More blank stares; a few Dwarves scratched at their beards.

"It's Tal Boarddressed you filthy savages! You watched him get nearly cut down and ignored him for months on end!"
"I told you they wouldn't remember," The merchant-guard rasped out. "They're uncaring."
"Fine. You don't remember? Well perhaps you will. Aryn's attitude towards our guards is a slap in the face to our nation as a whole. His punishment will be enacted onto this fortress as a whole in the form of a fine to be paid in tribute to our glorious leader. Try and remember *that* in the times to come."

A single clap sounded from the back of the crowd. It was followed by a few others, a smattering of slow applause, that built to a mocking crescendo. Straining to see, the Diplomat called out, "Who is that, Huh? Which one of you?"

The crowd of dwarves parted some, leaving room for Aryn to move through the crowd. He continued his mocking clap, smirking at the Diplomat's growing rage. "Excellent choice, excellent indeed. Perfect resolution - imposing your laws upon MY people. I put up with your little tantrum as good naturedly as I could, assuming you'd grow bored with it and be happy lining your pockets with riches. I'm dissapointed you didn't.
"So it's time that you here *my* verdict. You're guilty, Owneddrum, of pride, of greed, and of insolence. I expect a new liaison, you're new longer welcome here. You'll pay tribute - I assume the goods left in your wagons will suffice in appeasing us. You and your men may leave with your lives, though it's up to you to explain to your guild-master why you return empty handed. Owneddrum? Do not attempt to screw with us as if we are your vassals. Now go."

The humans left, their heads down as they trudged from the fortress on their pack mules alone. Owneddrum's screams and curses were heard long after they had left, carrying through the desert, promising vengeance, retribution.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 22, 2009, 12:40:18 pm**

The events of the 23rd of Malachite, 1068

"Come on love, this way! There's another over here!"

Luke and Crispin waded across the river at the northern section of the territory, making their way towards the heard of camels milling about. There was blood nearby, and chunks of flesh littered the sands. It had been bleached out by the sun, and it was impossible to tell just what it had come from.

Luke's sword flashed out, cutting a chunk from one of the camel's spines. He blocked a headbutt with his shield, stepping back with a laugh. "Perhaps you should try, dear."
"Thank you love! Have at you!"

Crispin dropped to her knees to dodge under a hoof, slashing through the thin ankle bone. The camel tottered but didn't topple, it's gait now ungainly and awkward as it charged towards them.

Maggarg stood with his face covered by his hands, rubbing his palms hard into his eyes. He groaned low. "Are they still trying to finesee it?"
"Aye," Adol said quietly. He stood with his arms crossed, watching the scene with mild amusement.
"Hoy! You idiots! Stop doing that!"

"Stop doing what, sir?"
"Yes, stop doing WHAT, sir?" Adol said with a grin.

"Stuff it," Maggarg growled. He staked towards the pair, unsheathing his sword, dulled and dented from heavy use. "Stop dancing around, doing fancy moves. What is that? That impresses kings in tournaments! Just watch me. You use your back, just throw all your weight forward as you swing the sword blindly. Don't use finesee, that's for tossers, just put all your muscle behind it, like this."

Maggarg let out a war cry and swung his sword in a heavy overhead arc. It snapped through the camels spine, shattered ribs, and buried itself into the sands. He fought for a second before tugging it out, ignoring the smattering of applause from Adol. "See how that worked? Just do THAT."

The couple exchanged a glance, and a shrug, and set to the uncomfortable work of trying to unlearn all that had been ingrained in their mind. Maggarg stepped back with a smug grin.
"There. Much better."
"Oh, yes, very good. They'll be taking after you in no time."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 22, 2009, 09:21:42 pm**

The events of the 2nd of Galena, 1068

"Why the hell do you want to meet out HERE, Glacies."
"Why do you think?" he said, his voice barely a whisper. "It ain't safe inside, not anymore, and I don't trust your dog not to go sniffin' round where he don't belong."

Aryn folded his arms and glared at the book keep. In the distance, his great war-bear rumbled about, splashing through the stream, and generally making his presence known. Glacies just rolled his eyes.
"You're really actin' out of line. I'm here to warn you that this kind of shit won't fly, ya' know? You're a good boss, I guess, I get my pay on time, but seriously, man, act like a professional."

"You're giving ME advice!" Aryn took a step towards the bookkeep, and was surprised to see that Glacies stepped forward as well, his fists bunched up at his sides, a smirk on his face. Aryn began to mentally prepare for a brawl out on the sands. His ears pricked up at the sound of the silence, and he lifted his hand to stay the book keep.

"Where's my bear?"
"Screw you're bear, it's not gunna maul me."
"No you ass, where is it?"

They listened to the sounds of the night, the rush of the river. There was a splash, a faint thump, a wet squelching sound.



Pinpoints of red came out of the heat haze; the head of one of the dread camels. More followed behind it, capering, leering from their skulls - the hooves stained blood red. Aryn blanched and took a step back; Glacies started looking around for somewhere to bolt. The camels advanced, dust misting up around their hooves as they tromped after them.

A flash of movement and one of the camel's heads exploded, showering the pair of dwarves with bits of bone fragment and a spray of sand. They saw a cape swirl, a black-clad fist shoot out, popping another head off a camel, and the figure was buried under a jumble of clattering bones.

In moments two Camel's fell, their magic dispelled as their heads were thrown from their necks. The last of the heard charged at the dwarf in black, a quick kick shattering a knee, a followup bunch shattering it's head. The dwarf turned to look at them, a black outline against the setting sun.

"Head back inside now, citizens," the dwarf commanded. "It's not safe in these sands."

Before Aryn could speak, the dwarf had vanished - scaling the retaining wall with the use of a grappling hook.

Glacies broke the silence with a quiet, "Well that's it. I need a drink... come on, I'll buy ya' one."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 22, 2009, 11:15:42 pm**

The events of the 21st of Galena, 1068

It seemed as if even the air around them was oppressive. It hung heavy, thick, and the breathing of the Dwarves in attendance was labored. Many fanned their faces with folded up propaganda posters. Rice and his crew stood at one side of the wide, empty hall in their leather smocks and rebreathers; Likot and her troop stood at the other, joking and jostling with one another.

Hard light washed in from the stained glass window - a blood red sun partially covered by a mailed dwarven fist holding up a large mace. The front doors opened, and Stravitch Fillwhip strode into his poison temple. His suit, a mismatch of leather apron, rough spun jeancloth and tattered work shirt, was blood and dust stained, but his hair and beard were freshly washed, both pulled into tight queues.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

"We will not be oppressed. Our enemies shall be smote. Our dues shall be given; our debts shall be paid back in full. Go forth, you witnesses, and tell your Lenodist neighbors and family that church is in session. And those of you who feel shafted by the fools in charge of this place? Come to my temple, and listen to the word of Vengeance, from on high."

A murmer ran through the assembled crowd. Rice nudged Lucy, Erith, and Pawnzer, and the foursome slipped out, the rest of his crew following suit, their rebreathers pulled from their face once free of the cinnabar temple. Likot, Valania and Sgt. Pepper gave a smattering of mocking claps, but were silenced by the heavy-browed glare that came from high upon the pedestal.

The rest of the dwarves looked on with a mixture of amusement or agreement. All except Vatek, who stood near the back. He had been roused from his normal day-time nap for this opening. He shook his head slowly, and chewed his lower lip, quite worried.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **February 23, 2009, 05:29:01 am**

Ooooh it's all kicking off Migrursut way! Great work as always Heavy!
I'll miss that bear! He never did much except giving Aryn bonus kudos points but still very cool!
It'll be interesting to see how Aryn reacts when he realises he was saved by Telamon as well!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 23, 2009, 06:17:27 pm**

*The journal of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes.
Entry for the week of 22nd Galena, 1068.*

I haven't written in nearly two months. I've been otherwise occupied, and I haven't had the chance yet to transfer my notes and thoughts until now. Mostly, it's been trying to get Makrond's damned signal to actually summon the dwarf vigilante. So far, no luck.

Anyways, I always knew the justice system was a farce, but Aryn has turned it on its head, making the judges and the prosecutors the laughing stock instead of the victims. After being 'elected' mayor, Aryn ignored the trial, and siezed the human caravan's goods as retribution for even considering putting him on trial. As an added bonus, all the smugglers didn't get a profit. What a tragedy.

Aryn has been quietly muttering about his bear. The thing kept him safe at night, which meant that I could do other things, like invade the homes of known conspirators and intimidate them. Now, I'll have to divert resources to protecting Aryn from an assassin. Looks like I won't be sleeping with Udib for the next couple weeks, which is both a blessing and a curse at the same time, and looks like Athel will be doing double shifts at Aryn's door.

When I asked Aryn about what happened to the bear, he said that a black leather clad dwarf rescued him and Glacies from the Dread Camels, so I know that asshole is out there somewhere. I feel like I'm being stood up, and I wish he hadn't rescued Glacies. I'm still pissed about being attacked by a multitude of idiot child copies.

Stravitch's temple to Lenod is finally complete, the abomination that it is. Much like its patron, it is large, extravagant, a blight upon the city, and inherently fatal. May Stravitch shout his praises to Lenod and in the process tear down the temple upon him.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **February 23, 2009, 10:43:07 pm**

Also, by the way Heavy.. the phrase I said in the trial... I've seen it before but still dunno wtf it means.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 24, 2009, 08:53:36 am**

Quote from: sonerohi on February 23, 2009, 10:43:07 pm
Also, by the way Heavy.. the phrase I said in the trial... I've seen it before but still dunno wtf it means.

It's a quote from Metal Gear Solid 2, when -
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Raiden gets captured and the Colonel starts going apeshit, because it turns out he's an AI with a virus and Raiden is a Solid Snake Simulator and goddamnitfuckthatshitthosegamesdon'tmakeanysenseatallAISIOANWE()ASDNOIA+IA)SD

Ahem. Anyway. Wilber is a wee bit off :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **February 24, 2009, 06:49:06 pm**

Well yah, he slays ninjas and spars with tables.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 25, 2009, 08:32:31 pm**

The events of the 1st of Limestone, 1068

Fast movement; blur of engraved walls. Boots ringing out on stone steps, a half dozen. A harsh cry as a dwarf spilled out on the steps. No one stopped, he was lost for the moment.

Varen, Kandor, Sparrow, and Sarek and Wilber burst topside, their weapons drawn at the ready. Mookie looked a mess, her dress and face splashed with blood, her makeup running down her cheeks from the harsh sobs that racked her. Wilber almost took a swing at Hikan as he muscled through the assembled troop.

"What happened," Hikan shouted. "Spit it out!"
"Ou-ou-out the gate," Mookie said. Her voice was quiet, barely heard above the winds. "The Du-dungeon master."

With a shout, Sarek had bolted towards the gate, followed closely by her squadleader Wilber, the other three following quickly on past. Hikan cursed and drew his extension spear, jogging quickly to the main gates. He saw the Dwarves rushing down the main road, and growled out a curse. In their haste they'd missed the blood trails. He followed them to the side of the standing gate tower and saw the Dungeon Master laying in the sand. His left arm was missing from the shoudler, spurts of blood spraying out slowly to his weak heartbeat.



Squatting beside him was a small figure, her hair lanky and thinned. Her clothes were tattered, a purple coat and rough-spun pants over top a green vest. Her face and hands were hidden with a thick makeup of ash and bone dust and water, but burn marks and scars could still be seen underneath. She held a wickedly curved knife in her left hand, her right, smeared with blood, gripped the Dungeon Master by his face.

"Oh, my. This girl wasn't expecting a visitor so soon."
"Back off," Hikan warned. The faint *snnnk* of his spear extending and locking into place sounded quietly. "And raise your hands up, this ends now."
"One might think that. Why is the Esteemed Captain not out to greet this girl a second time?"
"Back. Off!"

She laughed quietly and stood, the sound setting Hikan's teeth on edge. He could hear the clattering of soldiers from below; sweat beading his brow. *I could take this little tart* he thought, *but with all the mayhem she's caused, she wouldn't make it out alive. We need her for interrogation.*

Hikan made the briefest of movements, a slight shifting of his shoulders, lowering them to get into position. Quick as lightening, the little girl had tossed her knife in his direction, her mad cackles drowning out all other noise. Hikan twisted, his trench coat flapping around and caught the knife, knocking it aside, but the damage had been done. Lieutenant Riddlewire had been momentarily rattled, and when he looked on he caught sight of her purple cloak billowing behind her as she bolted into the dunes.

Fumbling inside his coat pocket Hikan pulled out the lantern and tinder kit that Makrond had given him. He fumbled with the flint, striking it near the lantern to try and catch the spark inside. Five strikes in, he bellowed with impotent rage and pitched first the flint and tinder kit towards her fleeing form, then the lantern.

When the soldiers finally arrived, he plowed through them, his face purple with rage.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **February 26, 2009, 10:35:39 am**

Diary of maggarg
Had to run out of a game of cards with a surprise alarm. Someone lopped off the Dungeon master's arm, but we didn't get there in time to catch whoever did it.
I blame Riddlewire. If he'd kept hidden we could'a surprised it and taken it apart.
As it is this would-be murderer escaped from him and that stupid spear and left him a mark to remember them.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 26, 2009, 05:48:30 pm**

*The notes of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire, kept on his person.
Entry for the 1st of Limestone, 1068.*

Useless! Fucking useless! All of them! The signal, the vigilante, Makrond, and the most useless of all, the soldiers!

That was her. That was Migrursut's serial killer. The same girl Zako described well before he died, the same one who tried to gut Stravitch. The targets fit: the dungeon master, one of the leadership of the fortress; the weapons fit the injuries: guts spilled all over the place or other mutilations. At least now I know what she looks like. Too bad I don't think I'll ever be able to catch her in the act ever again.

I *had* her, but if I hadn't tried to call the vigilante, I might've caught up to her or at least pointed her out to the soldiers and told them to take her alive. Or something. Anything but that useless lantern.

Makrond will be deaf after I'm done shouting at him how fucking useless he and the vigilante are for that stupid lantern.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 26, 2009, 08:08:27 pm**

The events of the 10th of Limestone, 1068

Torch-light played off the stones in the crypts, bobbing and weaving as the pair of Eita and Neo stalked through the quiet halls. Both were morose and shirking their duties for the day - the loss of their squadmates, their brothers-in-arms, had never quite lifted it's weight from their consciences. The pair glanced down towards the deeper darkness, the gaping maw that would be the recently ordered extension onto the crypts, and the disquiet grew. More bodies, more soldiers, more citizens, their corpses slowly getting interned under the cold stone of the fortress.

Neo pushed slightly ahead, leaving the foot-dragging Eita behind to stare at the many, *many* engravings across the floor. Rounding the corner, Neo gasped out in surprise, his hand dropping down to his sword hilt. Jotwebe gave a happy wave, the sack slung over her shoulder rattling as she moved.

"Hiya, fella, what are you doing down here?"
"Visiting old friends... what are *you* doing down here?" Neo asked, his eyes narrowing suspiciously.
"Oh, I'm... getting inspiration!" Jotwebe said with a laugh.
"Inspir-... Oh, no... yeah, listen. Stay away from the soldiers tombs when you're looking for your inspiration. They're to remain untouched."
"I'm not sure I get what you're talking about!"
"I'm positive that you do."

Jotwebe giggled, her bag rattling still. "Well alright, I'll keep it in mind. Tah, then!"

Neo shook his head slowly as she left, giving a shrug as he saw the quizzical raise of the eyebrow Eita was giving him. "Just forget it," he said. "No concern."

They passed down the row, pausing outside of War'dunell's cell, their heads bowed respectfully. With a cough, Eita turned, her eyes narrowed in the torchlight as she looked around.

"Is that cell set for Major Merkil?" she asked, pointing her free hand towards one of the unfilled. Neo squinted and took a few steps towards it, looking down to the engraving in front of it. Rice's signature was at the bottom, a picture of Major Merkil Paintlengths the Famous Union of Wads, striking down the goblin commander Smunstu Vileauthor during "The Outrageous Bell" of 1065. It was exceptionally done.

"Thank all the Gods that Erith Othsindoren didn't do this one," Eita said, and Neo had to cover his mouth to stifle a laugh. There was a soft clearing of a throat, and the pair turned, staring into the calm face of their commanding officer, Major Merkil.

"I thought I saw you come down here," he said softly. "I'm sorry to interrupt, but I need you top side. Goblin's are on the march, and... Sulari's old squadmates have gone on strike. They've dropped weapons and are nowhere to be seen. I need you two to join with Varen and Sergeant Towersacks on the southern gate to hold the bridge against the shock troops. Come along please, there's not much time to prepare."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **February 27, 2009, 07:39:55 am**

Damn, you had me excited and had me thinking Zako's tomb was empty...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 28, 2009, 01:28:43 am**

The events of the 17th of Limestone, 1068



Varen wasted no time in bringing the attack to the leering horde of greenskin wrestlers and lashers. The first to reach them received a spear through the gut for his troubles, vomiting up the contents of his stomach onto the sands. Eita swung hard with her warhammer, her lips pulled back into a sneer. The hammer caught the wrestler in the face before he could lock a joint, and his eyes exploded from his head, goo the color of partially cooked eggs running from his hollowed sockets. Through a mouth full of bubbling blood and broken teeth the goblin shrieked and reeled backwards, stumbling and sobbing in his attempt to get away from the warrior Dwarf.

With two of their kin dead, the rest turned to flee - quickly. Neo cut one's retreat off literally, hamstringing the poor lasher. He fell on his face on the road, screaming as he rolled over. Neo lifted his sword high, and shouted with rage as Sergeant Towersacks swooped in, stealing his kill with a quick spear-thrust to the goblins face. "Move," she shouted, "Run them down like dogs!"

"Aim steady," Sparrow said softly. "Aim for the heart, these beasts are known to continue fighting even after the higher functions are lost. No beast can live with no blood pumping through it's breast."

Kandor took quiet aim, and released a shot. It pinged harmlessly off the ground beside the goblin's foot. Sparrow sighed, and gave a slow shake of his head. "No no, close, but watch. Intake of breath - hold it. Steady. Aim. Lead the prey. Release the breath, squeeze the trigger, don't jerk - and FIRE."

The bolt flew true, and hit the goblin in the chest. Wide eyed, the hammerer took a few steps forward before his heart convulsed around the barbed bolt-point. He hemorauged quickly, blood spewing from his mouth. The greenskin collapsed on the road, trampled without thought by his kins.

Sparrow spared a glance to the cackling Likot, her bolts flying one after the other, each one striking home. But unlike the careful sparrow, she hit targets where she found humor - Hammerers in the shoulders, wrestlers in the arms, the guardsman in the leg so he'd lag behind. Occasionally a goblin would catch an arrow through the throat, dropping to the cobbled road, gurgling and thrashing.

"Where are Maggarg, and Adol?" Kandor asked.
"That's of no concern, they- what? They aren't there?"
"No, sir," Kandor said nervously. "They aren't joining the battle."
Sparrow cursed loudly. He raised his voice, a long-ago learned Hunters trick, "EITA! TO ME!"

The clattering of steel-shod boots rang across the courtyard as Eita and Neo bolted to the western gate. They were both sweat and blood streaked, but they carried themselves well, dodging Likot's bolts as they hurled themselves into the fray. The goblins were hard pressed, and a trio - two wrestlers and a hammerer, made a mad dash towards the gate. Neo moved to block their path, and shrieked in pain as a hammer caught him in the upper right arm, shattering the bone. He stumbled backwards, collapsing against the wall to rest as the goblins attempted to flee through the fortress proper.

Citizens went in all directions, screaming, their tools and trash scattered in their wake. The goblins, panting and grinning, nearly reached the southern gate when one of the wrestlers dropped, bones and brains leaking out onto the floor.

The pair stopped. They turned, gawking at the leather-clad dwarf standing there. He knelt down, wiping his blood-stained mace on the goblins leather tunic before he stood. The mace was pointed towards them, his voice rasping out, low and gravely, **"Give yourselves up, fleeing is futile."**

They turned, of course, to flee. The second wrestler was set upon instantly, screaming as his face and neck were crushed in with the mace. The hammerer ran faster, his lungs burning, his muscles tight knots of pain. He neared the southern gate, and was clotheslined, his legs flying out in front of him. He hit the stones hard, the air knocked out of him - unable to draw any in as a heavy boot stomped down on his throat, crushing his trachae.

"YOU!" Hikan screamed, pointing his spear at the vigilanti. "What is wrong with you, because of you-!"

"Stand aside, citizen. Perhaps you should speak with my assistant and inventor, for now, I depart! Away!"

The Dwarf ran quickly, his cape flapping behind him, and in seconds he was up and over the wall, his grappling hook carried with him. Hikan cursed, his boot heel lifting and falling a half dozen more times, the goblins face turning to a sickly green mush against the sand covered stones.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 28, 2009, 04:31:26 am**

Hikan still doesn't have a kill, does he?

*The Notes of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire, kept on his person.
Entry for the 17th of Limestone, 1068.*

You know, I'm getting sick of being ignored by that vigilante. Says I'm supposed to help him, but never bothers to tell me what he has in mind.

He may be quick, but obviously intelligence isn't his greatest asset, judging from the blunder his signal was, so I'm sure he can be outsmarted. I wonder how surprised he would be when he hurdles over the wall only to find Udib and Athel tackling him on the other side. I wonder if Aryn would notice that they were gone from his door. I wonder if it would really be that simple to catch him.

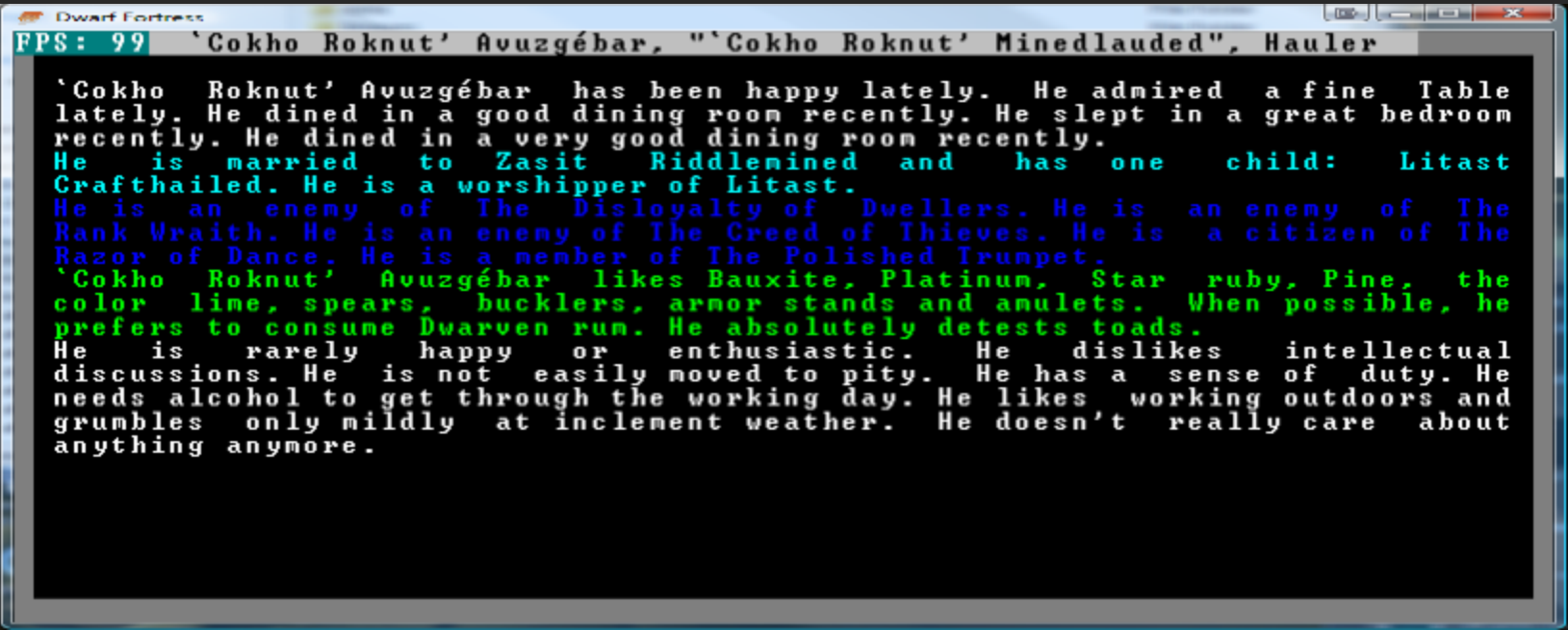
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **March 02, 2009, 04:56:11 pm**

I did not just see this on page two.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 02, 2009, 07:41:25 pm**

The events of the 27th of Limestone, 1068

Cokho Roknut, fifth-generation hauler extraordinaire, went about his daily duties. Well over a hundred, the old man was mostly skin and bones; his hair thinned out to almost missing on top, his beard having turned a very regal white many years ago. With the death of his beloved Zasit, Cokho had traveled from fort to fort in a daze, sure of only one thing - his time would come soon.



That was well over fifty years ago, his life prolonged by terribly good luck. It wasn't until he'd heard Aryn's fortress in the wastes that he made the trek out, dodging goblin patrols by miles, finding oases sprinkled throughout the wastes, eventually coming to what those in the Mountainhomes lovingly called, "Swift Death".

It never came, but the stones did. And the goblins, with all their heavy armor and corpses. Lifting a dirt smeared wrist, he wiped it across his pate, smearing dirt from forehead to center of his skull. He groaned, old frame leaning down to heft the corpse of the goblin up on his corded shoulders. There was a soft applause from inside the gate. When he lifted his head, he saw Varen staring down at him, a smile on his face.

"Well, Master Minedlauded, how are you today?"

"Oh, same as every day," Cokho said in his morose monotone, "buried under dead weight that isn't my own."

Varen chuckled, leaning onto the haft of his spear. He nudged his helmet farther up onto his head. "I don't mean to sit and stare, sir, but Merkil set me out here as a gaurd for the haulers, I'm sure you understand."

"Of course, but I don't see any of the others today?"

"Right, well, Aryn pulled them off to just move some stones from around Howard's construction. He said you'd be fine up here by yourself."

Cokho sighed, shifting the goblins weight on his shoulder. "If I fall in the magma with this corpse, don't bother trying to get me, alright?"

Varen chuckled again, and gave a little nod. "Of course. I'll see you back here in a few minutes, sir."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **March 03, 2009, 02:40:13 am**

Cokho Roknut 27th of Limestone, 1068

*"Today I swallowed a fly.
I don't honestly know why.
Perhaps tommorow I will die."*

Cokho dutifully trudged along with his latest burden while talking to himself. His behavior would be rather depressing to humans and elves, but among the dwarves he was loved for it. They knew it helped with the time worn duties of a Hauler. Hell, some of them even found it to be the best of entertainment to talk about how Mr. Minedlauded claimed this would be his day of final rest over dinner while admiring the fine dwarfmanship in the dining room.

A Grov came bounding up to Cokho while he beat a well worn path to the lava with yet another green carcass.

"What you got there? Can I see? Want some help?" Grov practically beamed with the enthusiasm that only a dwarven youth could possess.

"Listen here you little whippersnapper, I've seen your magic show..."

"I like magic!"
"Yes, yes, that's nice. Back in my day we would let the old haulers go deep into the mountain..."
"I like raccoon!"
"Uh huh." Cokho arrived at his latest load's destination and tossed it over the edge into the lava below as Grov squealed in delight.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 04, 2009, 06:56:41 pm**

The events of the 6th of Sandstone. 1068

"Alright Tanner, this has gone on long enough. We're having this out here an- ... why the hell's the Jeweler in here?"

Makrond looked up from his workshop table, perplexed. Either he hadn't seen Lieutenant Riddlewire enter his shop, or he just hadn't been interested in that little fact. Beside him, Istrath sat sheepishly, color darkening his cheeks and forehead as he averted his eyes from Aryn's man. Hikan frowned, arms crossing over his chest.

"Well?"
"Master Leopardknight has turned to, ah, assisting the vigilante as well."
"You have GOT to be kidding me!" Hikan threw up his hands in exasperation. "Seriously? The Jeweler? What can he do? Is he taking that leather fetish suit and covering it in sequins, too?"

Istrath rolled his eyes. "Fantastic. Jokes about my sexual preferences, because I work with gems. I have a son, you know."
"Yes, whatever," Hikan growled. "Just answer the question."
"I do more around here than just set stones into mugs. I'm an architect, and have dabbled in engineering."
"And?"
"...and I've fixed up that lamp you were too stupid to figure out how to work!"

Hikan exploded. Tugging up the sleeves on his trench coat, he advanced on the jeweler with fists raised in a boxers pose. Istrath scrambled back behind the table, but Makrond, in his calm simplicity, raised up a hand. "Please, Master Riddlewire, this is quite enough. It's not helping anyone. You should probably just apologize to our Jeweler friend, and we can get on with this."

Hikan gaped, dumbstruck. Satisfied, Makrond pointed to a table at the side, where a lamp covered in gears and latches rested. "The tinder kit is inside, the wick above soaked in alcohol. It'll catch near instantaneous. You just flip the lever, and the summoning shade is lowered over top. Aim it towards The Poison Temple for best effects."

Grumbling, Hikan snatched up the lantern, turning to stalk out. He stopped as Makrond cleared his throat. "And what do we say, Lieutenant?"
"...Oh come ON! I've spent the whole day trying to track down the brat that cut the tail off Roar oak's pet bull. I don't have the patience for this!"
"Then perhaps the lamp should be placed back?"
"...*thank* you, Tanner."

Makrond smiled, and gave a little wave. "Of course. Good hunting!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **March 06, 2009, 12:33:01 am**

Point it at the poison temple, eh? ...Maybe the vigilante is Stravich... We all know he's been off his rocker lately... :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **March 06, 2009, 02:50:45 am**

Quote from: Keldor on March 06, 2009, 12:33:01 am
Point it at the poison temple, eh? ...Maybe the vigilante is Stravich... We all know he's been off his rocker lately... :D

OOC: Heh, first thing I thought of was the toxic/poisonous clouds would make a good reflective surface.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **March 06, 2009, 04:47:24 am**

Quote from: Keldor on March 06, 2009, 12:33:01 am
Point it at the poison temple, eh? ...Maybe the vigilante is Stravich... We all know he's been off his rocker lately... :D

Somehow I can't imagine Stravich as an acrobat.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **March 06, 2009, 09:58:17 am**

He wouldnt use the hook. He would either go around or burst straight through.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 06, 2009, 11:06:21 am**

The events of the 12th of Sandstone, 1068

At the sound of the muffled scream, Sparrow increased his pace towards the southern entrance. As he crossed the bridge, he drew to a halt, groaning at the scene before him. Zulban Admiredwhip lay in a puddle of blood in the sand, his head caved in, his arms shattered. Rips poked out from his shirt where his chest had been crushed. Sparrow sighed. *That dwarf crafted the foul 'bow Edtulalod*, he thought, [/i]though it's use is evil, his skill was renowned. A waste of dwarven craftsship. That murderer haunting this grounds-[/i] "AHH!"

Sparrow jumped back in surprise as one of the camels reared up, charging into him. He stumbled back, his arm bleeding from the bite on it, and drew up his crossbow, sighting two more baring down on him. The first bolt strike the camel between the eyes and bounced off, a workmans defect softening the steel. The second bolt- Click.

"What?" Sparrow looked down at the empty, opened breach on the repeater, his eyes widening in horror. Click. Click. Click. His quiver empty, the breach open, Sparrow closed his eyes and uttered a silent prayer, raising the crossbow up like a club.

The camel's head closest to him exploded in a shower of bone fragments and dust. The other two, ignorant in their death continued to prance forward. They both met the same fate, the ground around Sparrow's feet covered in bones.

"**No fear, brother boltslinger. It's not *your* time just yet.**"

A chill ran down Sparrow's spine at Likot's words, taking deep, calming breaths while her hollow laughter faded as she departed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **March 06, 2009, 12:40:45 pm**

Diary of Maggarg
Training again today when Sparrow wandered in. He looked terrible, all pale and shaking. He couldn't even hit some of the targets, it was that bad. I'll have to ask the lad what's wrong. If I can't sort him, I bet Adol can. I'm not having any more accidents or anything after Zako died.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **March 06, 2009, 02:47:43 pm**

Cokho Roknut 12th of Sandstone, 1068

Cokho passed by the remains of Zulban Admiredwhip and the undead camels. He spat on the ground in disgust, "Bah! Always a brides maid, never a bride!"

Likot nearby overheard the old hauler's outburst, "**Ha! At least you haven't had to go through a divorce!**" Her laughter followed Cokho as he beat his dutiful pace to his next object that required his attention as to its placement.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **March 07, 2009, 04:02:50 am**

*The journal of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes.
Entry for the week of 8th Sandstone, 1068.*

This is becoming ridiculous. Istrath is now in on Makrond and the vigilante's game. If this keeps up, pretty soon, the whole fortress will be collaborating with the guy except for me. I'll be running to and fro chasing hints from the whole city, all the while they're all laughing at me because I don't know their little secret.

Despite all that, the new signal is pretty nifty, if I didn't have to humble myself before those two idiots. I tested it out in my room after I got it. It's quite impressive, I just flick a switch and a stupid symbol is illuminated on the wall. I think this thing will be getting a lot of use. And maybe I can lure the vigilante into a trap with it, as payback for making me jump through all these hoops for the past several months.

While I was doing a search of the Poison Temple I bumped into a dwarf I had never seen before. He introduced himself, apologized, and went on his way. I almost burst out laughing at the guy's name. I mean, Cokho Roknut? Why didn't his parents just name him Peniswhore Stonetesticle instead?

I don't think I'll ever be able to stop laughing at that guy's unfortunately inappropriate name.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **March 08, 2009, 09:29:20 pm**

...

Now we need a character called Peniswhore Stonetesticle.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 08, 2009, 09:30:35 pm**

The events of the 17th of Sandstone

Stravitch had been on quite a roll today. His sermon was going into the fourth hour, and already at least two members of the congregation, forced to stand around the circular base of his raised dais, had passed out from the intense heat inside the cinnabar temple. Stravitch was unsympathic, his voice nearly a scream as he bellowed down at them, "The heat in this damnable desert is nothing compared to the hot wrath that Lenod is pumping through my veins this very second. Leave them on the floor, they'll absorb my sermon through their pores or I'll lob rocks at them from the catapult as they try to leave!"

Varen stood in the corner, wearing a half-mask respirator he had thankfully acquired from a surprisingly helpful Likot. He dozed, leaning on the haft of his spear, unconcerned that his mask and leather apron filled the unwilling parishioners with even more disquiet.

Outside, the masonry team was finally disassembling the last of their scaffolding, the faint clanking of the masons chissel and hammer heard softly through the thick stone walls. With a snort, Varen raised his head quickly, eyes wide. A couple of the Dwarves in attendance gasped at the sudden movement, their attention drawn briefly away from Stravitch. But one of the Craftsdwarves that had looked dropped to the ground, a goblet clattering beside his unconscious body. Varen ignored Stravitch's screams, dashing out the door.

As his boots hit the sand, Varen made a quick survey of the scene. Seeing the mason, his hammer raised high above his head, it hit him - all at once. "STOP!" he shouted, but the hammer fell. So did the stairs.

The mason shrieked as the stones began to clatter around him, but his cries were cut off as a shoulder caught him in the stomach, forcing the air out of him. He was lifted off the ground and carried a few feet, smashing his back into the ground suddenly. As the rumbling stopped, and the dust cleared, he saw Varen atop him, his back covered in dust. The speardwarf glanced over his shoulder, and with the coast clear he stood up slowly, dusting off the back of his pants. Before turning to leave, Varen offered these words of wisdom:

"You need to be more careful. That could have been dangerous if I wasn't here. Constant vigilance in everything you do, citizen. Constant vigilance."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **March 08, 2009, 09:33:57 pm**

Varen is not the vigilante. It'd be way too obvious. Unless there is some reverse psychology happening. Or some reverse-reverse psychology.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Luke_Prowler** on **March 09, 2009, 08:49:23 am**

Goblin Leather +Journal+ of Luke Kolikal
17th of Sandstone

It would seem that an accident had occurred at the "poison temple", as the others had named it, nearly resulting in injury. It was fortunate that someone was their to help. I think it was Varen, but I do not know the others as I did my old squad. I wish I was still in Abbeybells, but when the mayor named himself the Emperor and started to prophet "all-consuming space bugs, indestructible metal men that out number the stars, and men of chaos that worship gods of lust, war, decay, and mutation", we (my family) decided to get the

**** out of Boatmurdered.

While both temples were grand and wonderful, i can't help but feel that a there is a lack of any kind of monument to Armok. Not even a shrine. Maybe I should bring it up at the next meeting.

Note to self: I should also ask if anyone has been in my room, as their are several entries missing in my journal.

2nd note to self: I should also study more on the combat of the undead. I've fought with many goblin and other vile monsters, but I have little experience with the undead, as Maggarg had oh so helpfully pointed out (sarcasm doesn't go well on paper). I should show him first hand why I was the leader of the Copper Floodgates.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 10, 2009, 06:57:30 pm**

The events of the 26th of Sandstone, 1068

Eita stalked from the main fortress to Dodiks' a proverbial raincloud over her head. Her mornings were spent in training, pounding on the love-bird couple with her hammer. Lunch was spent with Neo while he rested his arm, Dojango often flitting in to cluck and warn about the dangers the break in his deltoid tuberosity could pose to his heart. After that, more training until she took her dinner with Maggarg and Adol over at the whore's house.

She heard a shrill scream as she neared the covered walkway, and spun on her heel, hammer at the ready. Glacies, weighted down by all his trinkets and jewelery, shrieked again and pointed as a leering Goblin grabbed a handfull of gold and silver chains and snapped them from around his neck.

The green skin was met with a hammer to the face. It went staggering backwards, blood dribbling from his shattered mouth, the broken nose already bruising up and forcing his eyes half closed. Her bad mood physically manafest, she swung the hammer again and hit the Goblin in the stomach, dropping him to the ground on his back.

"STA'H! AH LA"HD STA'H!" the goblin screamed, a shower of blood and teeth fragments spraying from his mouth. Eita raised the hammer again, the head striking the sand beside his head, missing by an inch as he tried to squirm away.

She paused with the hammer raised above her head as a voice boomed from behind her, "**Miss Eita, you're doing it all wrong.**"

She looked back to see Sgt. Pepper striding towards her in his long-legged, ungainly gait, trailed by his smirking girlfriend Archin. Eita growled and pointed to the groaning Goblin, "Back off corpse, you're walking on thin ice - just get back to the fort and out of our hair." "That's no way to talk to a fortress hero," Archin snapped. "**She's right. Here, let me show you how it's done.**"

Before she could move, Sgt. Pepper was standing over the goblin, his axe singing through the air. The goblin shrieked as his arm was cleaved off at the shoulder, blood spraying out like a firehose. "He's not gone yet, you big dead retard." "**Well isn't that the oddest thing.**" he said, his voice a monotone. He reached down, gripping the goblin by his blood drenched shirt and hauled him to a wobbly stand, rearing back with his axe again.

With a thud, Eita's hammer struck the goblin in the chest, and he went soaring across the sand. His heels dug twin trails for a foot before going airborne, touching down a few yards away, sending the goblin rolling into a ditch. "I think he's dead now," She said smugly. "**I think you're aiding a fiend escape! He's mine!**" "LIKE HELL! STOP RUNNING OVER THERE, HE'S MINE!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **March 10, 2009, 07:03:15 pm**

I just thought I'd quickly point out something. The one year anniversary of Migrursut is coming up pretty soon, nine days from now.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 11, 2009, 08:31:46 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on March 10, 2009, 07:03:15 pm
I just thought I'd quickly point out something. The one year anniversary of Migrursut is coming up pretty soon, nine days from now.

Holy crap, is it really? Well this is a pretty big milestone, especially considering-

Fun-Fact (that I may have mentioned before): my original plan for this fortress was for it to last about as long as Chapter 1 did, because I couldn't imagine this going on any longer (or surviving) any longer than that. Seriously, a bunch of guys in a hostile desert, digging a big pit? That'll be done in like, two, three dwarf years, tops. I'm happy it's been able to run this long :)

No one has said anything, and really, it hasn't come up except in a few of the pictures and character descriptions, but Dwarves no longer have ACTUAL names, they all have nick-name first names. The reason for this, is my constant complaint and fear that Dwarf Fortress is eating itself from the inside. Dwarf names are getting reset on a near-constant basis, but only for Dwarves that have joined the fort less than ... say, seven years ago. I think it has to do with taking damage; When Sparrow recently got a brown wound from a Camel, his name reverted back to Dodek.

I'm sure that was boring and not really necessary. Really, I just wanted to type a bunch of shit. I got like five non-consecutive hours of sleep last night, and I'm on a muffin-and-coffee fueled bender right now.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **March 11, 2009, 01:29:39 pm**

Diary of maggarg
One of the new recruits, Luke, I think, has been looking through those old books of fancy combat techniques to fight the undead. Most of them are fantasy, hell, I wrote a few of them in a publishing scam back in the late spring o' '29. Fun times.
Anyway, the lad was captain of some squad called the Copper floodgates. Probably bought his way in, listening to that accent.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **March 12, 2009, 03:51:14 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on March 11, 2009, 08:31:46 am
I'm sure that was boring

Hah! Wrong!

Well, I found it interesting, anyway. I imagine that, within the game, it's probably caused by the demons doing something nefarious, causing the world to come apart at the seams.

That reminds me. Did you ever find out how or why Grov and the raccoon were trapped in stone?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 12, 2009, 10:04:15 am**

I've actually been keeping a mental list of random facts and little bits of trivia. Once this story wraps up - whenever that may be - I'll probably do a series of posts like Kuli did waaaaay back when of things I expected, things that went different, alternate ideas, and how the game managed to dick me over good.

Quote from: Groveller on March 12, 2009, 03:51:14 am

That reminds me. Did you ever find out how or why Grov and the raccoon were trapped in stone?

Well, I found out that a VERY long time after he got trapped in stone, he ended up getting abducted. Well, not Grov, specifically, just a child. But that made Grov disappear from the map, so I've given him a new child and just... hoped no one would notice. Since he's cloned and all, anyway.

The raccoon's still there, though. Just chilling out. Being a raccoon in some rocks.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 12, 2009, 07:43:00 pm**

The events of the 3rd of Timber, 1068

With the sun long set, and the moon hidden behind heavy cloud cover, Vatek began making his nightly rounds. His body was wrapped in a long cloak, his mace cradled loosely in his hand, the ex-guardsman skulked through the sands silently, leaving only the faintest imprint of his boot heel in the sands.

Outside of the Goblins in their brazen daylight raids, and the hordes of camels roaming the edges of their territory menacingly, this fortress was surprisingly quiet. All the better - these people, they deserved a reprise from the horrors of the sands, and a few months of the *average* dangers would seem positively calming compared to scar-covered hell-women, and invisible goblin horrors bent on attacking Dodik's head-on.

Movement in the distance caught his eye. There was a faint flicker of torch-light in the nothern most gate tower's lower window. *No guards ever enter that tower, this isn't right.* Quietly Vatek snuck towards the tower, and loitering briefly outside, he pulled a leather mask from a pocket sewn inside his cloak and slid it over his head. The cloak discarded, the leather-clad Dwarf darted around the corner and through the cracked door, his voice low and commanding, "Stop! No more movements!"

The Dwarf was beefy, his muscles large and knotted from apparant heavy use. Long matted hair hung down his back in a makeshift queue, and on each shoulder he carried a large barrel, the words "long-term storage" written in big dripped-red letters. The dwarf continued to move, gingerly placing the two barrels beside the staircase up, and brushed black powder from his hands. He turned, and Vatek inhaled sharply at the smooth steel weilders mask that covered the bearded face.

"Stand at attention, what mischief are you causing in here."
"Thatta'd be nonna' yer' business," rasped the Dwarf from behind the metal. Torchlight glinted off the visor, making it an ominous shimmering of orange and black. "Ah'd suggest ya' turn an leave now."
"I'd suggest you answer my question, or I'll leave you trussed outside of Major Merkil's office. I assure you, he will not be as gentle as I."

There was a snort of laughter, and the Dwarf lumbered forward, gloved hands raised up in a mockery of a boxing stance. Vatek sighed, and stepped into the room, his stance light as he weaved side to side. "You have to make this difficult, don't you?"
"Nothin' was difficult b'far' ya' showed up."
"It's up to me to protect this fort from scum like you. If I have to do that through violence, I will."
"Ya' talk too much."
"Oh? Does that distract you?"
"Nah, it jus' makes me wanna' hit ya'arder."

Vatek dodged a hard right swing, wincing as the Dwarves hand connected with a wooden support pillar. There was a crack, the wood splinted, a fracture running down the center. Taking a chance, Vatek darted in, punching out with a quick jab to the Dwarfs sternum. Twisting and dropping, the Dwarf leaned into the hit, catching it with the top of his steel mask. Vatek howled as his fist throbbed in pain, his reaction time slowed just enough.

The masked Dwarf punched out hard with his left hand, catching Vatek in the stomach. Gasping for air, Vatek stumbled backwards and tripped over a pick, carelessly cast aside. As he dropped to the floor, he was set upon. The dwarf silently worked him over, the punches to the face and chest were just to keep him down, it was the steel-shod boots stomping repeatedly into his gut and groin that were doing the real damage. Bones cracked, something tore, and Vatek flirted dangerously towards the black edge.



"STOP!"

The blows did just that, suddenly abating. Opening one eye, Vatek saw the mask wearing dwarf cross his arms across his chest, his head tilted slightly as Stravitch strode towards him. Elation flared briefly, dying away as he saw Stravitch... bow his head, teeth grit as he was berated by the other in a tone too low to be heard. The ex-captain lashed out and pushed the one in the mask.

"Now see here you daft bastard, I'm perfectly fine with everything you've done up to this point, but I gave you specific things I would not abide, and hurting my little assistant was one of them."
"How was I t'know'e was yer little thrall? He's wearin' that le'dder mask."
"I step away for two minutes... and I find this. Unbelievable, Telamon. Unbelievable. Fine, finish what you're doing, I'll take care of this."

"See ya' come back quickly, we've got more barrels t' move."

Stravitch moved over to Vatek's form, and squatted down - what might have passed for a look of worry on his face. The ex-captain reached out and pulled the mask from his face, clucking his tongue as he tucked it into the collar of his suit. "This will certainly make things awkward between us, but you should know you're mouth is sealed on this one. No word of... *this* to anyone, or I'll leave your corpse at Aryn's step with a note saying you're the one killing the nobility."

Vatek tried to nod, to speak, but he was too weak. Stravitch waited for a response, and when it didn't come, he gave a shrug. Telamon spoke from near the door. "'tis a terrible thing t' hold secrets, of ana'one here, ah would know. But ah trust ye'll do the right thing, if not fer' yer own disposable life, than fa'r the good of all yer' friends. Fer they're happiness."

Stravitch rocked Vatek with a hard right to the jaw. The lights in the tower exploded, millions of stars that blinked into existance with a brilliant pain. His conciseness slipped away as they vanished, their energies quenched by darkness.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **March 13, 2009, 08:28:14 am**

So he was the mysterious masked crusader! And telamon is tougher than he looks! And stravitch... well...

You sir have delivered a new high! Nicely done!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **March 13, 2009, 10:20:47 pm**

We actually knew that Vatek was Batdwarf a while ago. The update after Hikan gets attacked by Grovs.

*The journal of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes.
Entry for the week of 1st Timber, 1068.*

Word circled around and eventually reached my ears that Vatek Yellowbolted, my sometimes partner, has been injured. His pelvis was crushed and in the process he suffered massive amounts of internal injuries. It's a miracle he's alive.

This naturally leads me to ask: What was he doing that got him injured in the first place? Maybe I should go visit him and ask. I haven't talked to the guy in months, ever since he started sleeping in the daytime, but he needs to spill whatever he's hiding instead of spilling his guts if he doesn't want something like this to happen again.

Heh, I can't believe I'm actually worried about the guy. I guess, when you're in my position, friends are hard to come by. Well, maybe not friends. Polite working acquaintances, at least.

Well, whatever. I'm sure he'll be fine. Nobody spends as long as he did taking Stravitch's abuse without being a tough son of a bitch.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **March 13, 2009, 10:27:33 pm**

Quote from: Zako on March 13, 2009, 08:28:14 am

telamon is tougher than he looks!

Which is quite an achievement, because he looks tough as nails.

Quote

The Dwarf was beefy, his muscles large and knotted from apparant heavy use. Long matted hair hung down his back in a makeshift queue ... He turned, and Vatek inhaled sharply at the smooth steel weilders mask that covered the bearded face.

Usually the phrase 'tougher than he looks' is used for apparent pansies, not steel-faced matted-haired guard-punching resistance-organising trade-mandate-breaking mask-wearing pump-operating unafraid-of-Stravitch psychotic loony *dwarfs*.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **March 13, 2009, 10:31:55 pm**

I don't know, I'm getting a strong "*Atlas*" vibe from Telamon if you know what I mean.
Also, I need to get in on this action.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **March 14, 2009, 01:48:05 am**

I know what you mean neo, im not sure about telamon either...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 14, 2009, 11:04:44 am**

The events of the 14th of Timber, 1068

The back room, as cluttered and musty as it was with barrels of hard cheeses and watered down wine, made quite the fine meeting room for Dodik-Come-Lately and her crew. Madam Dodik perched on the edge of boxes stacked with salt pork, tapping the heel of a boot against them in irritation. Mookie stood in a corner, idly picking at the paint chipping from her thumbnail, smacking her lips as she worked over the sweetened blob of chicle. Rinsesilver brushed lint from her sleeve, and with a scowl, broke the silence to start the meeting.

"We need more security."
"More security?" Dodik asked, shocked. "MORE? Are we talking about the same place?"
"Vatek got worked over like a drum," Rinsesilver said. "Vatek. You seen that guy? He's like a steel barrel, quick and smart, and he's taken more beatings from that whorehopper Stravitch than anyone here not named Varen."
"That's not very nice!" Mookie complained. "He's NOT a whorehopper! Until you kicked him out of here, he only hopped on ONE whore."

Madam Dodik closed her eyes briefly to regain her composure. After a few seconds, she spoke quietly, "So one dwarf gets a little beat up. That's no call for more security. We have Kuli's *entire* congregation meeting here three times a week for his sermons, and with them comes Jools who's as fine a swordsman as I've ever seen. We've got the Corpse Trio, the Spearmen, the Boltslingers, Eita and Neo until he got wounded, AND Maggarg's great bulk when he can drag Adol here. And on top of it all, we've managed to get Aryn off our back to operate as we see fit, yet you think we need MORE security?"

"Profits are up almost three hundred percent," Rinsesilver said. "Because a quarter of Kuli's congregation stay here for food and drink after a sermon - the Maester himself on occasion stays. The soldiers are gambling more, their pay increased by Merkil to stem the complaints after a few of their number died. This increase would have been even larger if it wasn't for Stravitch and his Telamon taking over the import/export operations.
"And yes, we need more security. Because lest you forget, we lost our ENTIRE cache of gems and gold to some goblin maurader."

"You said that was Stravitch," Mookie said. "You said he stole it."
"And I was wrong! It didn't click until Hikan had his run in with that pit-fiend out front of our place. The Goblin that wounded Rice, that killed Kib Machinescalded, that knocked out the Lieutenant... he's been making raid, after raid, against our operations."
"You're scared of *one* goblin?" Madam Dodik asked with a smirk.
"I'm... concerned... about that one Goblin."

"And I'm afraid it's unfounded. We have all the security we need. He won't get in, and if he does? He won't get out. Our cache is safe, now please, we need to prepare for tonight's show."
"I'll be praying that it is safe, Ma'am..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 15, 2009, 12:20:35 pm**

The events of the 20th of Timber, 1068

Howard stood at the edge of the quarry, his hands clasped behind his back. Thin, angular, and undeniably regal, the architect watched the dwarves below constructing the first of the great glass-and-steel domes. They milled about like ants, carefully laying down slabs of thick glass, metal workers carefully raising the skeleton frame upwards.

Rice stood beside him, glancing from the blueprints in his hand to the workers down below. He made the occasional mark on the sheet with a charcoal pencil, and after a moment gave the sheet a tap and drew a hasty circle.
"What's this?"
"Hmm? While self contained, there must be some way to enter and exit the structure."

Rice frowned. "Where will the trade depot go?"
"Aryn deemed a trade depot unnessecary. This series of biodomes will be self-contained. We've already been in contact with Bertrand's successors, and they have agreed, for the good of our society, to help construct an indoor. If the miners can find a way to reroute magma to below the workshop dome, there will be no need at all to ever leave."
"And what of attacks, you'll have an entrance."
"It will be trapped with goblin weapons, outfitted with mechanisms from melted goblin plate. And the lowest level will be set to flood on invasion. It is unbreachable."

Rice wanted to respond, his mouth opening to comment on the sheer folly of this endeavor, but the sound of shattering glass broke his concentration. He turned towards the sound, the color draining from his face.
"Oh no, oh sweet merciful gods above, no."
"What is it?" Howard asked blandly.
"The camels are defacing Stravitch's temple!"



Curiosity got the best of the master architect, and he turned to look. A trio of camels cavorted out front of the temple, the skin on their heads drawn back to give them a mockery of grins. Capering, one of them blatantly turned towards the wall and reared up, sending two hooves through another stained glass window.

"When he sees he's going to go on the warpath..." Rice whispered. With a shake of his head, he raised his voice, "HELP! CAMELS! WE NEED SOLDIERS!"
"I'll handle this!" Wilber called from up at the gate, "SPOOOOOOON!"

"Oh god, sir, no, don't just," Sarek cried uselessly. As Wilber charged down, his weapon raised high above his head, Sarek ran after him, fumbling to get her spear at the ready.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **March 15, 2009, 07:25:34 pm**

Epic battlecry is epic! YEAH! Go wilber!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 15, 2009, 08:49:19 pm**

The events of the 25th of Tomber, 1068

"Miss? Miss, are... are you alright?"

Jools kept his distance, quite wary. His run ins with the trio had been brief, at best, but the stories proceeded them - her specifically. He kept his hand on the hilt of his sword just in case. Likot turned slowly from the cage she was staring in, her head tilted slightly to the side. Jools skin crawled as she fixed him with her dead stare.

"Death is such a funny things. Look at my pet jaguar in there. If you didn't know any better, you'd imagine he was sleeping peacefully, just enjoying the sun."
"Oh..." the fear melted away, a deep frown lining the swordsdwarfs face. He stepped up beside Likot, peering inside the cage where the jaguars body lay. "That kind of loss, it's always tragic. You should know he had a very happy life, at least. The animals in this zoo eat as well as we do, and see lots of attentions."

"Mmm, I'm sure that they do," Likot said quietly.
"Miss, if you don't mind my asking, what was... death like?"

It took a long time for Likot to answer, her gaze locked on the jaguar. She spoke slowly when she did, the rebreather making her soft words echo. "**Death wasn't the issue, it was everything that came before. How can you describe the process of being nothing? One**

moment you're alive and in terrible pain, your guts getting pulled from your stomach like blood covered streamers, and the next you're... incorporeal. You're nothing, just a flit of soul on the wind, until the weird majiks of this place, and that fiend Bertrand suck it back into your stitched up corpse.

"But that's not the answer that you wanted... Death is just a nothing. That's the great joke behind it - it's everything you do up until you die that you should be concerned about. Those last few moments that you spend here will be terrifying and painful, and you should enjoy those as well, it's the last thing you should be expected to experience, with any hope."

Likot inhaled deeply, the rebreather clacking over as she exhaled. "No one's asked me about that, in the entire time I've been back."

"With Kib, and some of the children, well... it's been on my mind."

"Mm, of course. Don't fear death Jools - fear what leads to it. Fear that it may not last."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **March 16, 2009, 02:00:01 pm**

Gatesmaw.

With a final heave, the last stone was placed.

Glacies and Sarig stepped back to servey their handiwork. The dry aqueduct now had a ramp going all the way to the top, a project that had taken nearly four days. They had worked slowly and carefully, and rested frequently. The book-keeper, while fit, was inexperienced with construction work, and Sarig had, well, less limbs than the average dwarf. Probably less brains, too. Which is saying something.

The two dwarves wordlessly exchanged glances, and picked up their backpacks. They walked up the ramp and into the gully of the aqueduct, where it used to feed into the central colloseum. The walls were covered with a black lichen on the inside, as the algae had dried in the sun and new bits of organic material had grown over the old. The ground was still slick.

Sarig and Glacies came to the end, where they found a steel grill blocking a tunnel that turned sharply down. They grasped the obstacle, and yanked, hard. It gave.

"Three." said Sarig.
"Two."
"ONE!" and they pulled in unison with all their strength. There was a grinding noise, and the grill popped off. Then, carefully, Glacies and Sarig lowered themselves into the tunnel and began climbing down.

Unfortunately, climbing has not been implemented yet.

Glacies and Sarig fell down into a large, natural looking cavernous lake with a splash. Coughing and sputtering, they swam to a little jetty with a well, and hoisted themselves up. Glacies wrung out his beard and looked around. The natural cave was probably a dwarf-made creation, as the little well attested. It was deep, and he could not see the bottom. The walls were rough olivine, and the cavern was roughly circular. There was also a wide, smooth tunnel leading towards the fortress. The hall was thick with spiderwebs, and behind a fallen columb, Blikikyus hid.

Blikikyus peered at the hairy creatures as they clambered onto the jetty and looked around. His golden eyes lingered over the scarred, elderly looking dwarf, as if something resonated long ago in his memory. *Dwarf*. Then, the kobold wrapped his musty cloak around him and scuttled down into the halls. Burnchance would have to be informed.

And something awoke at the bottom of the pool.

So yes, I forgot about the whole story-thing I was supposed to have finished a couple months ago. Back to work!

Bloodclocks will be introduced soon. Like, next update. I swear.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **March 16, 2009, 04:03:18 pm**

Also Glacies, you abandoned your community fort about the StarTower, without even a single update :-\. Dissapointing work ethic.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **March 16, 2009, 06:09:36 pm**

It went corrupt. As Pee-Wee Herman would say; "Too bad, so sad."

Really loving the story, by the way. Keep it up, guys.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 18, 2009, 09:35:21 am**

Quote from: sonerohi on March 16, 2009, 04:03:18 pm
Also Glacies, you abandoned your community fort about the StarTower, without even a single update :-\. Dissapointing work ethic.

BOOM! Roasted!

Just kidding, Glacies, glad you're back :)

Also, quick update: I'm leaving town on Friday to go to Kentucky. I've got a girlfriend to see, a cat to deliver, and a house to paint, which is my explanation why you're not going to hear from me for a week or so. Updates WILL be coming tonight and tomorrow though, barring any sort of creative roadblocks, which have unfortunately been happening more and more frequently.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 18, 2009, 02:54:20 pm**

cough That and Left 4 Dead *cough*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **March 18, 2009, 02:55:57 pm**

Distractions count as creative roadblocks too. :P

Man, I really need to finish the story of Lazyhammer. My rush of creative inspiration ended and I haven't felt like writing since.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 18, 2009, 04:02:18 pm**

cough That and Left 4 Dead *cough*

You keep bugging me about it! If I don't update enough for any of your liking, it's 50% trying to find my muse, and 50% Stravitch harassing me to play L4D. Or me just picking up RE5, or, well, uh... *runs*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 18, 2009, 06:14:24 pm**

The events of the 7th of Moonstone, 1068

"My, my, my, don't you look fine today!" Dojango crooned. He entered the musty "hospital" room in his butchers smock and wearing bloody gloves, the effect entirely disconcerting to Istrath and Makrond who sat at the bedside. Vatek appeared nonplussed, his lower half strapped down to the mattress to keep it from shifting. He held a leatherbound book in front of him, one of the many from the infrequently used Library.

"I'm not sure 'fine' is the correct word," Vatek said dryly. "I've been cooped up here so long, I don't remember what the sun looks like." "You'd want to remember?" Akroma called from the doorway. The ghoul stalked in, running a finger across the weapon rack in the corner before distastfully wiping the dust from it onto the wall. "Yes, of course, I like working outside." "How bizarre," Akroma said with a sniff. "How very bizarre."

"Enough of that," Dojango said. "How are you feeling?"

Vatek thought this over while Makrond and Istrath talked among themselves. After a moment, he said, "Less pain. There's a throbbing in my groin, and like, a burning, but it doesn't hurt when I move."

"Hmm, excellent. Sounds as if the bones are finally beginning to knit. That's just fine. Another season, maybe two, and you should be right as rain."

"Another SEASON!"

"Calm down, now."

"I believe I speak for all of us when I say that that's too much time. Vatek has a very important role in this fortress, and by keeping him in here, it's hindering his duties."

"My dear Makrond, I can't *make* him heal faster! I'm a butcher, not a surgeon." As the others stared at him, he closed his eyes and laughed quietly, "Oh, wait, I'm sorry, I mean... I'm a surgeon, not a magician. I can't just wave a wand and heal him. And I doubt it would help, as Mr. Clumsy here - what did you do again?"

"I fell down some stairs..."

"Yes, he fell down some stairs! He'll just be in here again if he's released too soon and has another one of these silly accidents. Now try to keep up your spirits. Be like Neo! He's always jovial, most likely because he's no longer on duty and can spend the afternoon playing cards with Makrond. Happiness can contribute a good deal towards recovery. Just think... positive!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 18, 2009, 06:47:28 pm**

The events of the 10th of Moonstone, 1068

Udib Arrowsalves stormed towards Dodik-Come-Lately's, her spear at the ready. Hikan hadn't been home in days; when he was he more surly and aggitated then normal, lashing out at her with harsh words. And to find his time was now spent at Dodik's "tracking down leads"? That was it, the last straw. She entered the cool shade of the walkway covering and slowed her pace briefly, enjoying the reprise from the sun. The change of speed briefly saved her life.

An arrow thudded into the pillar in front of her, it's thick body quivering slightly as it embedded half way into the stone. She turned towards the source, her lip curling up in a snarl as she saw the three goblin wrestlers in their bright-colored singlets and masks running towards her, three goblin bowmen notching arrows from behind. The first wrestler hit her like a runaway wagon, and the air was knocked out as she slammed into a pillar, stunning her. She was lifted up by the muscled goblin wrestler, and he held her aloft above his head, parading her stunned form around for a second or two before he slung her down, slamming her back across his bent knee.

She screamed with pain and tried to roll away, but the other male wrestler dropped to a knee as the female bounded off his shoulders, crashing down on her sternum with a hard elbow.

The bowmen, not paying attention, did not notice Mosus Sacktwinkled until it was too late. By then, one of their heads was rolling across the sands, splattering it with blood. The Bowmen went into panic mode, shrieking as the leader of the swordsman bared down on them. Another exploded into a shower of gore as Wilber pounced out of the sands swinging hard, laughing and gibbering at being so terrifying.

Jools routed the wrestlers, finally, driving the two he didn't strike down towards Wilber and Musus's waiting arms. Jools knelt down and cradled Udib's broken form in his arms. Blood leaked from her ears, and when she coughed, splatters of red dotted his breastplate. He tried to shush her, but she plowed through, her voice harsh, "Tell... tell -cough- Hikan..."

"Yes? Tell him what?"

"I'm going to -cough- haunt him until -cough- he kills himself."

And with that, she died in his arms. Jools sighed and set her back onto the stones, standing up slowly. *Well*, he thought, *with Bertrand dead, at least that is pretty unlikely.*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 19, 2009, 07:14:16 am**

Happy Birthday!
FIRST!

In celebration, I would like to invite those that wish to fuel HF's procrastination to some celebratory Left 4 Dead this evening (EST) maybe get some versus going if we have enough people.

My steam ID is phunter4452 if you would like an add, then just let me know you're from here. Take the opportunity to take shots at Stravitch and HeavyFlak!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **March 19, 2009, 08:04:29 pm**

Happy Birthday, Migrursut. One helluva story you made so far, Heavy Flak. Congratulations.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **March 23, 2009, 08:27:42 pm**

Shameless bump of Glory! Migrusut cannot be page 2 material!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **March 24, 2009, 12:54:08 pm**

Holy crap. A year. Keep up the good work, Heavy Flak!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **March 24, 2009, 08:23:39 pm**

Fantastic work HF! One year and still going! Awesome!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 24, 2009, 08:48:46 pm**

The events of the 17th of Moonstone, 1068

"Where do all these goblins come from?" Eita complained. "It seems that there are more of them every day. The greenskinned bastards, skulking around the hills..."
"At least the Kobolds are finally staying away," Jools said jovially.
"And you think that's a good thing?"
"Sure! No more of those little rat-faced thieves making off with our donkeys and other valuables."
"...I'm pretty sure in the history of our society no Kobolds have ever stolen a donkey."

Jools sniffed disdainfully. "I'm sure they would, if they knew their true worth."
"Oh my god, enough. Can we just finish this up and get back to the mess?"

Eita rested one boot on the goblins stomach, causing the beast to thrash and squeal as her heel pressed into the gaping wound Jools had left. She hefted her hammer up high, aiming briefly before letting it drop. There was a sickening crunch, and a squelching sound as brains and blood exploded out the sides, spraying the sands.

"Now what have we here," Jools said when the task was done. He walked over to the large burlap sack that sat by the goblin's hand. He knelt down and used his sword to slice the rope holding it closed, letting the material pool against the ground.
"Melbil?" He said, perplexed.
"Hi, Papa!" the child said cheerfully.
"How did *you* get in there?"
"That monster grabbed me as I was going to throw body parts to the magma gods!"
"Uhh... well, be careful, Melbil."
"Yes, Papa!"

Jools watched his child run off, scratching the side of his head. When he turned, he saw Eita staring at him, and he gave a dramatic roll of his eyes.
"That's enough out of you."
"What!" Eita said, grinning wide. "I didn't say anything!"
"Then let's just keep it that way."

OOO Stuffs:
Thanks guys, this perked me right the hell up! <3

Hopefully I'll be able to get more regular updates in now. All it took was too much money, a full weekend of heavy lifting and full days of painting, spending an hour being a chew toy during Shutzhund training, and twenty+ hours of driving has actually helped inspire my muse a wee bit. I *want* to write now, so let's see if I can keep the juices flowing!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 25, 2009, 01:25:11 pm**

The events of the 3rd of Opal, 1068

Pawnzer strode up the stairs, briefly shielding his eyes from the sun as he reached topside. What was on the agenda today? Hauling - but that was a given. He'd try to stay away from Cokho Rokho - that old guy was just creepy, always trying to stand under a cave in, or wander about hauling in the middle of a skirmish, but after that... then what? Carpentry was out, at least for now since the wagons hadn't brought any logs in a while, but the library floor still needed to get hardwood laid down...

Erith Othsindoren came trudging up the steps from the magma pits, . He had his shirt off, his pudgy chest, so pale it was almost translucent on display. The shirt, more rags than anything, was wrapped around his forehead in a makeshift bandanna, soaked completely through with sweat. Pawnzer gawked at him. "What happened to you?"

"Aryn's decided all stone must be smoothed."
"It has been," Pawnzer said, perplexed.
"Not all of it," Erith said, quite breathless. "There's patches under the gardens, by the magma vents. There's the magma tunnels to the workshops, and..." he shuddered, "the entirety of the quarry, that isn't getting built on."
"That's a lot of work!"
"Oh, I know," Erith said, moping at the side of his neck. "At least I get paired up with the lovely Valania. She makes the work go so much faster."

Pawnzer gaped. "*Valania?* You can't be serious?"
"Of course I am, she's positively dreamy."
"She's a corpse. She's full of holes from the explosion."
"Oh, yes, of course. That's part of her charm, I could probably poke a few new holes myself, she looks so soft..."
"I have to go vomit now," Pawnzer said disgusted. He turned to leave, ignoring the tired wave from the pornographer.
"Kay! Bye!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **March 25, 2009, 01:31:48 pm**

Eeeeewwww

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **March 25, 2009, 08:07:51 pm**

Does it count as necrophilia when the corpse is undead?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **March 25, 2009, 08:15:07 pm**

So wrong... so unmistakably wrong

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Grath** on **March 26, 2009, 04:42:20 pm**

And now, the next five pages will be 'ew ew ew ew ew' or philosophical discussion about necrophilia vs undead.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **March 26, 2009, 05:46:49 pm**

To change the subject...

Flak, can we get current kill sheets for the various soldiers of Migursut?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 26, 2009, 10:26:33 pm**

The events of the 13th of Opal, 1068

Major Merkil paced the front of the barracks, scowling at the assembled soldiers. They had all paired up again, the whole lot in their little clicks - the Swordsdwarves, the Unlucky Spearmen, the Corpses, The Dirty Half-Dozen. It made him nervous to see them like that, and though he admired the camaraderie they all displayed, he felt, deep down, that this was a hinderance. Eita, and Neo before her, had slowly begun to assimilate into Jools group, but he wasn't entirely certain that Maggarg or Wilber would come to their aide in a reasonable amount of time. Adol would, he was sure of *that*, and Sparrow would too, but... too many ifs, too many personality conflicts that could lead to incidents like Neo's arm again... unwatched, the response time too long...

He stopped his pacing, his mouth pursed into a thin, grim line. Hands folded behind his back, Merkil drew himself to attention, his presence in the room quickly drawing the attentions of the soldiers. When they quieted, he spoke:

"This will be short. Time is at a premium lately and I don't want to take up much of your time. I apologize that there couldn't be a ceremony." Merkil flashed a quick look to the pair that stood beside him, their faces alight with a proud glow.

"Luke and Crispin have trained hard, and trained well. They came to us as lumps of clay... no. They came to us as blocks of stone, the image of soldiers lurking within, and it took us, the defenders and protectors of this fortress, to chisel them free from the excess. This pair, The Inky Obstacles, have shown me they are experienced enough for the title of Champion. Well met, Luke. Well met, Crispin. May you fight well, may you protect your dwarven kin, may you die with honor."

There was a smattering of applause from around the room, but Merkil frowned at the clearing of a throat.

"What was that, Maggarg?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I said 'what bullshit' but then I coughed so that it would sound like that."

"Shut up," Adol hissed. But it was too late, Merkil was baring down on them, his eyes narrowed.

"Is there an issue? Do you have a problem with your squadmates?"

Maggarg stuck his jaw out defiantly. "I have a problem with them, what, gettin' the champion title in half a year. How long did you work at it, sir?"

"Long enough," Merkil snapped.

"You should calm down," Adol said quietly, "don't push this."

"Stuff it," Maggarg said dryly. "I'm serious, this is really chappin' my ass. They don't know shit about shit! And... they're so damn happy all the time, that's not right. Not right at all, not here, what's there to be happy about? The slop Dojango fills the mess with?"

"Perhaps you're right. After that last failed attempt at training, you've gone out of your way to ignore Luke and Crispin. I see... yes. Alright, then. You, and Adol are now apart of *their* squad until the next season. You're on defense detail, your first assignment the southern gates. Perhaps you should get there now. You're all dismissed."

Adol sighed, and took a few steps forward, away from Maggargs' visible rage. He stopped before the warrior-couple, and gave an apologetic shrug. "Just bare with him. He's usually..."

"A raging ass?" Luke said.

"No, dear, a *braying* ass," Crispin corrected jovially.

"Ah, much better. Yes. A braying ass!"

"No," Adol said. "more amusing. Just give him time, and let him... maybe have a few kills. That'll cheer him up."

"Right-o!" Crispin said with a smile. "Now we should really head off to our station!"

Quote from: Mephansteras on March 26, 2009, 05:46:49 pm

To change the subject...

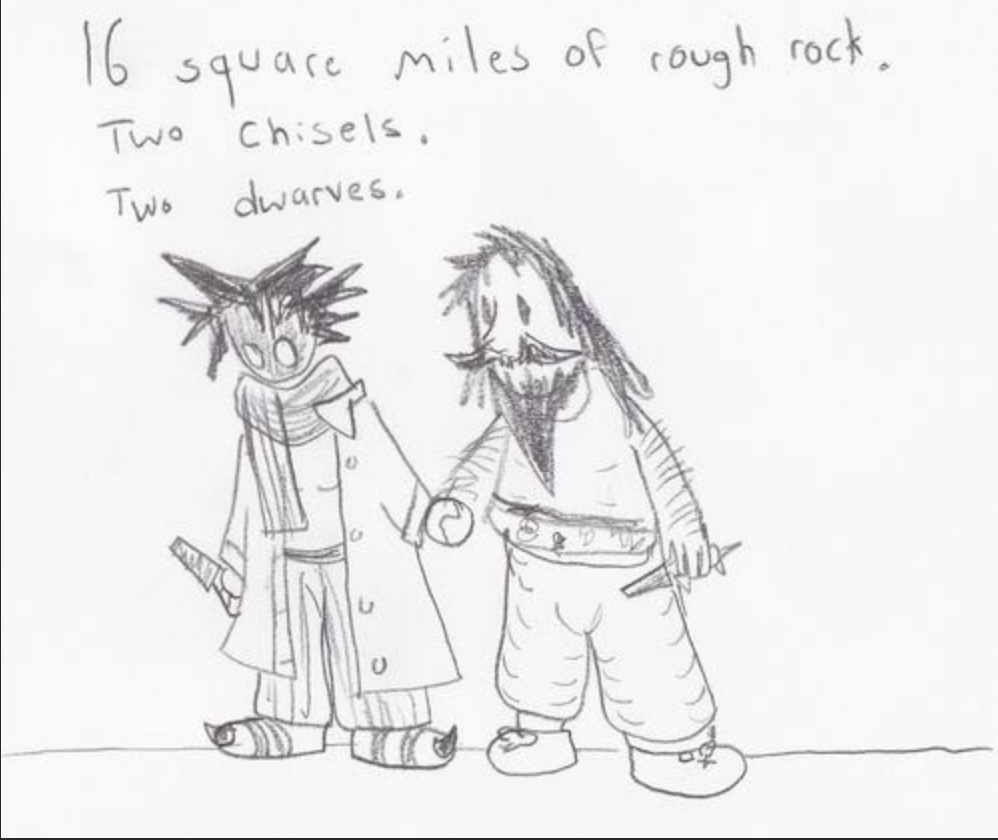
Flak, can we get current kill sheets for the various soldiers of Migursut?

Sure, give me a day or so. I can't decide if I want to do pictures, or just type them all out... probably pictures, some of them (like Sulari and Stravitch) have twenty+ notable kills, not to mention all the camels...

I'm only going to do kills for Player Named Dwarves or Story Dwarves, so that leaves out most of Jools squad and a couple of the other randoms milling about..

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **March 27, 2009, 09:11:54 am**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



One cup.

So I'm doing sketches again, since they don't really require any effort.

EDIT: Funny story, actually. Flak told me that Erith looked "Like Ron Jeremy." so I looked up the chap on google images.

Oops.

Wow. He's deceptively flexible, that fellow.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 27, 2009, 10:04:29 am**

[Quote from: Glacies on March 27, 2009, 09:11:54 am](#)
EDIT: Funny story, actually. Flak told me that Erith looked "Like Ron Jeremy."

It's true, I did that! I forgot that there are people around that aren't as desensitized to stuff as Stravitch and I are.

I'm also in stitches over that picture! They look so happy, and he looks so greasy.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 27, 2009, 01:26:15 pm**

I can hear you saying 'greasy' in my head. Greezy. Damn your speech rubbing off on me.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 27, 2009, 06:35:05 pm**

The events of the 22nd of Opal, 1068

Luke and Crispin had been talking for *hours*, mindless chatter that droned on, and on, and on. Maggarg thought about digging his dirk into his ears, scrambling the insides so he would stop hearing it, then thought better. He could use that dirk to pin shut the woman's mouth, keep it from flapping any more than it had. But that would lead to problems with the man. He'd probably get upset about it. Angry, even, probably start yelling, and what did Maggarg have for that? Nothing, well, some rocks, his sword... surely this problem could be solved with either of those things...

"Lovey," Luke said, pointing his finger down the ramp.
"Oh my, look at them down there!" she said happily, drawing her sword from it's sheath. "Shall we?"
"Yes, let's"
"No. Stop. Wait. Don't," Maggarg said in a quiet monotone, not moving from his position at the top of the hill. He just watched as the pair charged towards the camels, giddy, still chattering.

Luke screamed as he was knocked back, one of the camels trampling repeatedly on his thigh. Maggarg smiled, thin and humorless, and called out, "It's just a flesh wound, a little blood. Don't be such a ponce."

As Luke pulled himself backwards, slowly rose to his feet, limping towards the gate shocked, Crispin met disaster as well. One camel bit a chunk out of her forearm, a second turned and kicked, both hooves hitting her in the right thigh. She shrieked, staggering backwards towards the ramp. Maggarg called out again, "I thought you had more stones than your husband, don't turn to run now. Where are you going! DON'T TURN TO RUN!"

He stayed at his station as they passed, surprised himself that the laughter didn't start until they were somewhere within the confines of the wall, resting their bruises. Adol sidled up next to him soon after, holding half of a sweet treat in his hand.

"Where are our squadmates?"
"Learning a valuable lesson."
"Oh no, what did you do?"
"I didn't do a thing. Finish your cake, we've gotta' clean up some bones."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 27, 2009, 07:15:28 pm**

Kill Totals

Notes:
If there isn't a link with a character name, you probably don't have any recorded kills (Sorry, Kandor, you're still green since Likot steals all your shots!)

Adol (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Adol-Kills1.png>)
Eita (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Eita-Kills1.png>)
Hikan (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/HIkan-Kills1.png>)

Jools (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Jools-Kills1.png>)
Likot (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Likot-Kills1.png>)
Luke (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Luke-Kills1.png>)
Maggarg (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Maggarg-Kills1.png>)
Merkil (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Merkil-Kills1.png>)
Neo (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Neo-Kills1.png>)
Sarek (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Sarek-Kills1.png>)
Sgt. Pepper (http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Sgt_Pepper-Kills1.png)
Sparrow (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Sparrow-Kills1.png>)
Stravitch (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Stravitch-Kills1.png>)
Sulari (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Sulari-Kills1.png>) - WINNER!!
Sergeant Towersacks (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Towersacks-Kills1.png>)
Varen (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Varen-Kills1.png>)
Vatek (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Vatek-Kills1.png>)
Wilber (<http://i258.photobucket.com/albums/hh254/HeavyFlak/kills/Wilber-Kills1.png>)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **March 27, 2009, 07:34:05 pm**

What if there isn't a name listed at all?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **March 27, 2009, 07:48:56 pm**

Alright! A kobold and some camels! Hikan sure knows how to take it to 'em.

But I guess he's killed more stuff than some of the soldiers. I thought he would actually be all talk.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 27, 2009, 08:17:43 pm**

Quote from: thunderclan on March 27, 2009, 07:34:05 pm
What if there isn't a name listed at all?

Hmm... I really should go through and look at the dead soldiers too, shouldn't I? I'll update that list tomorrow probably with the dead ones.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **March 27, 2009, 08:31:13 pm**

Gatesmaw, Indoor pond.

Sarig and Glacies stood at the well, looking down the dark hallway. Then, quietly, Glacies spoke.

"Well. We're finally here."
"That's great. Where are we going now?"
"That's the problem. Asides from moving forwards, I don't really know. This whole section seems to be new. So, er..."
"Fine. Let's just go."

And then, with a splash, the snakeman jumped out of the water, grabbed Glacies and dragged him under with a splash. Sarig blinked.

"Oh, hell."

Under the water, Glacies saw a dozen Snakemen around him, all slithering noiselessly around in the water in a tight circle. He felt a stabbing pain in the back of him neck, and felt a burning sensation course through him.

Sarig jumped into the pond, waving his rusty scimitar wildly. All the snakemen converged on him, and soon the water was a rolling cloud of blood. Glacies passed out.

Two minutes later, Sarig crawled back onto the jetty with the limp book-keeper over his arm. He slapped the limp form onto the dock, and waited. Eventually, Glacies came around.

"Sarig?..*Cough* Wha..What happened?"
"Aw, just some Elves. Don't worry about a thing, I got em'."
"Elves? What are you talking about?"
"Forgot it, sonny. On your feet, now."

Sarig helped Glacies to his feet, and they shuffled into the fortress.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **March 27, 2009, 09:17:24 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on March 27, 2009, 08:17:43 pm
Quote from: thunderclan on March 27, 2009, 07:34:05 pm
What if there isn't a name listed at all?

Hmm... I really should go through and look at the dead soldiers too, shouldn't I? I'll update that list tomorrow probably with the dead ones.

I was actually talking about Crispin

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 27, 2009, 09:23:42 pm**

Quote from: thunderclan on March 27, 2009, 09:17:24 pm
Quote from: Heavy Flak on March 27, 2009, 08:17:43 pm
Quote from: thunderclan on March 27, 2009, 07:34:05 pm
What if there isn't a name listed at all?

Hmm... I really should go through and look at the dead soldiers too, shouldn't I? I'll update that list tomorrow probably with the dead ones.

I was actually talking about Crispin

Teehee <3 She actually has zero kills. I was trying to get her and Luke bumped up with a herd of camels, and, well, they both suffered brown bruises, said "fuck this" and went to get a drink / nap respectively.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Maggarg - Eater of chicke on March 28, 2009, 05:24:34 am

Diary of maggarg
Blasted Merkil, putting those two upper-class twerps in charge of me.
I'll be damned if I take orders from them without any hassle. And they won't stop yapping. Always talking down to me because they're the half-brother of the king's roommate's dog-sitter's aunt or something. And now, they get made champions! One of them doesn't have a single damn kill!
Hmmm.
I suppose I must get some revenge, apart from just letting them get trampled. I *was* a master thief once.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: IronValley on March 28, 2009, 12:18:08 pm

The Tentacle-Demon attack happened before the death counter was implemented? Thought Merkil had a atleast one Demon kill to his name....

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on March 28, 2009, 02:05:31 pm

Quote from: IronValley on March 28, 2009, 12:18:08 pm
The Tentacle-Demon attack happened before the death counter was implemented? Thought Merkil had a atleast one Demon kill to his name....

There's actually a double-whammy there there.
1) The death counter was implemented after the Demon Siege. At least, I believe it was. "Of Glass And Steel", where Johnny went away with the traders for the adventure part, was my way of biding time until the last release.
2) There was a bug that meant the siege flag would never get reset. After a season without it going away I got so pissed I reverted to a previous save and killed all the "demons" with the Hand of God (read: DF Companion). Even if the counter was in place, the total would be wiped.

Which is a shame, because Merkil actually killed a few of them after getting a martial trance. Hammers are effective against damn near everything.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Mephansteras on March 28, 2009, 04:22:20 pm

And yet poor Adol's got squat for a kill record. No notable kills at all. How depressing. :(

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Luke_Prowler on March 28, 2009, 05:51:06 pm

I got two kills! WOOOOOOO

Goblin Leather *Journal* of Luke Kolikal

13th of Opal, 1068
Crispin and I have finally proven ourselves to the others, and for our skills in combat we were given the title of Champion. With this title, I shall slay the enemies of Migrursut. The xenos and the undead shall burn in holy fire, and blood shall be spilled for the gods.

However, it would seem that not everyone was impressed with us, as Maggarg openly insulted us. In Abbeybells, such attitude would have you thrown in the arena, but Major Merkil's decision to put him in our squad has much more of a poetic touch to it. I will teach him respect even if it kills me.

22nd of Opal, 1068
After reveiwing my previous entry, I have learned that if there is one you should never do, it's tempt fate. Fortunitly, I have only suffered minor injurys, but my ego, on the other hand, may as well have exploded into gore. The camels are dangerous foes, and I should treat them as such.

But that bastard Maggrag! He simply stood there when Crispin was wounded! I have done nothing to wrong to him, yet he continues to disrespect me, and now he has put her in harms way! I will try to stay calm and be happy, but the next time he does something like this, I will break his legs and leave him to the goblins!

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Jim Groovester on March 28, 2009, 06:39:53 pm

Bear with me, this entry is a little in the past, since I couldn't figure out Hikan's appropriate reaction to his lover's death.

The events of 10th Moonstone, 1068, continued.

Hikan grumbled at Jools as he and the donkey-lover walked out of Dodik's. "This better be good, Assface, I don't get to hustle Dodik down for answers much these--"

"Hikan," Jools pointed with his sword. "Look."

Hikan's heart sank as he looked at the dead body of Udib Arrowsalves. "Oh, no." He quickened his pace and headed for Udib's corpse. Jools kept up. "How did it happen?" He asked as they made their way.

"Goblin wrestlers." Jools debated whether to give Hikan the details or not. "Broke her in half. We were too late to save her, and some of them got away."

Hikan knelt down next to Udib's corpse and removed her helmet, tracing lines along her injuries. "It looks like she died in pain." Hikan observed absentmindedly.

"She died in my arms, Hikan." Jools said, springing Hikan from his stupor.
Hikan wondered for a moment. "Did she say anything?"
Jools hesitated. "She told me to tell you that she loved you."

Hikan chuckled. "I don't believe that for a second. Maybe you'll tell me what she really said sometime." Hikan said. He fell silent for a moment, and looked at Jools. "If you don't mind...." Jools nodded and left. Hikan ruffled through his inside pockets and produced a gold ring. "I," he began, slightly choked up. "Bought this for you. I didn't mean to." He slid the ring onto the ring finger of Udib's right hand. "I guess you can keep it now."

Then Hikan fell silent, unsure of whether he should say more, or whether he should feel more. He stood up, took a long last look, and then turned back to the fortress.

The journal of Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes.

It's been a month since Udib's death. I don't feel sad about it. In fact, I don't really feel anything about it. The place is a lot emptier without her. Without her yelling at me all the time. A lot messier, too. I guess she cleaned up sometimes when she was around. I guess I never noticed.

Her funeral was nice. Aryn attended, thank ibmat, and he delivered her eulogy. He talked about duty, honor, standard stuff, really. It was pretty small. Me, Athel, and Aryn. I expect my funeral will be smaller.

I've drunk so much water I'm basically drowning myself in it. I don't think I've quite enjoyed the taste of water so much as I do now. Udib didn't like that I drunk water instead of alcohol like a proper dwarf, but she's dead now, so she can't stop me.

Istrath's stupid fucking signal doesn't work. I've tried it out on the poison temple a few times, and the vigilante doesn't show up. Only a bunch of curious dwarves come around asking what I'm doing, and it makes me look like an idiot. When I find out who the vigilante is, I am going to beat him senseless. I'm tired of this crap.

I've been tired of a lot of things recently. I guess that's why I've skipped out on doing work for a few days a week, just too tired. And when I do go to work, I just don't care. Migrursut will fall in a few weeks if this keeps up, but that's the way it's always been. I don't see how anything I'm doing is affecting anything, really.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jotwebe** on **March 29, 2009, 11:18:55 am**

Caught up after a couple of months...

Quote
"Water" he gasped.
"No, no, Am-u-let," Jotwebe said. "See? I made this, and you, of all people, should see it! Isn't it spectacular?"

And well worth it! Good thing I'd already swallowed my coffee when I read this :D

Who is this Rîsen Braidsabres that gets depicted on all the artifacts - twice on mine, even? The civ's founder or something?

Since I seem to have develeoped an ~~unhealthy obsession~~ artistic fascination with human and dwarven body parts, maybe I should branch out into bone ~~eraving~~ err, carving?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 30, 2009, 09:55:12 pm**

The events of the 6th of Obsidian, 1068

The sun was setting slowly, the sky set to flames with reds and oranges. The sparse clouds were lit up as if by mortar fire, heat lightening crackling at random in the distance. Pawnzer, Jotwebe, and Mookie sat at the edge of cliff face overlooking the magma pits, passing around an extra large skin of wine.

"I forget just how big this fortress is," Mookie said with a laugh. "I'm holed up at Dodik's so much, just getting out weasel supplies from the store room feels like a real adventure."
"You should try and get out more," Jotwebe said. "It's really not so bad up here. Quite quiet - most of the fortress is hauling or building, us crafters have got it easy in the workshops."
"She's right," Pawnzer added. "We get to take on extra tasks. I've taken a dabbling at Glassmaking, and Jotwebe, well... she's taken to bone carving."

Mookie raised an eyebrow. Jotwebe just smiled. "I have a knack at it!"
"Oh, I'm sure that you do," Mookie said slowly. After a pause, she said, "I've noticed something."
"And what's that?" Pawnzer asked.
"Well... none of the children here are aging."

"Yes they are," Jotwebe said. "Istrath's boy, uh. Limul."
"And he's the only one. I've been here longer, I know these things."
"Now come on. That's just silly, many of these kids have died! Look at the Orbsbarbs, looks at poor Jools' brood. A lot are dead."
"We have fourteen children in this fortress, that's like, a,"
"A tenth of the population" Pawnzer added.
"Yeah, that. That's a tenth. And a good number have been here a while, or come in with their folks. Something's off here... they're not aging. They're just...stalled."

An uncomfortable silence fell among the group. The wine skin continued to be passed around, each dwarf taking a single swallow before they handed it off. At some motion below, Mookie strained to look over the edge. She leaned back, perplexed.

"Why is the pornographer down there, looking so greasy and tired?"
"Oh please, no," Pawnzer groaned, "we should leave before he gets up here."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pixelfish** on **March 31, 2009, 01:05:48 am**

"Why does the pornographer look greasy and tired?"

This should be engraved upon the gates to the city.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jotwebe** on **March 31, 2009, 03:50:55 am**

Quote
Something's off here... they're not aging. They're just...stalled."

Too much time spent around the "poison temple", is my bet.

Or all those pornographic engravings scare them off from growing up...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 31, 2009, 08:44:46 am**

It's that blasted Zefon "holy" water. It's tainted the fortress. Only Lenod can save the children now. Save the hell out of them with magma and fire.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **March 31, 2009, 08:26:12 pm**

My god... what a line!

Sig'd

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jotwebe** on **April 01, 2009, 03:36:30 am**

It's the fountain of (drumroll) eternal youth!

Adventurers from the farthest reaches of the world will brave the desert and its horrible skamels, searching for fabled Migrursut and an end to mortality...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 01, 2009, 07:04:39 am**

Hurray! Sig'd!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 01, 2009, 07:36:27 pm**

Scrawled on torn parchment and tucked within a recess, 1st Granite 1069

...slowly coming together fine enough fortress worth continues to increase almost exponentially doing my part by candle light smoothing engraving crafting. more wealth the better we'll have fine additions to ranks. rinsesilver and dodik-come-lately still feel im "the enemy" thats fine though stravitch is keeping them busy and scared

phase two of project ~~demilitation~~ demolition is nearing completion. NOTE must find way into aryns room to pilsfir pilfer evidence. is bear still alive? NOTE find about bears demise && research traps that might be in inner office

archin and pepper continue to work well as do a few other miners angry with situation. aid welcomed too much to get done always too much. NOTE what masons do we have? get masons to investigate quarry constructions for possibilities.

FORTRESS BLUEPRINTS - as up to date (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-5280-oceanbled-oceanbled>) as can be acheived. never good enough.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **April 02, 2009, 03:35:54 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on March 30, 2009, 09:55:12 pm

"We have fourteen children in this fortress, that's like, a,"
"A tenth of the population" Pawnzer added.

How many of those are me(s)?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 02, 2009, 05:31:27 pm**

Szondi's Journal, 9th of Granite, 1069

Donkey carcass found just outside fortress walls. Body full of bolts, intestines left to coil out from slit gut. Meat left to waste; a surplus. I am forgotten. Cast aside. Time spent recovering from wounds terrible for psyche of the guilty.

This fortress is a deep cesspit and the cesspit is full of blood of innocents. Those at top laugh and waste leaving those unaware to drown in innards of friends.

The accumulated filth of all the murder and theft will foam to the top and consume the guilty. The Nobility and the Criminals will look up from this pit of wanton abuse and they will shout, "SAVE US!"... and I'll look down from on high, and whisper, "no."

They had a choice. They always have. Take the good path. Take the path of honest Dwarves. Toil for an honest days work. Carve a home that can be a beacon of hope and pride. Did not listen. Instead chose to follow Dwarves like Aryn or Telamon or Rinsesilver, to use the bloated corpses of good Dwarves as stepping stones.

Don't tell me they didn't have a choice.

Now this whole fortress stands at the brink of ever-filling cesspit. They all stare down and wonder "How did we get here now." By being taken advantage of. By silence and inaction. By not curbing evil before it took root.

Examined new stonework. Found engravings from Erith. Pure filth. Must remember to investigate further. No word of Stravitch lately. Worrying. At his worst when he is silent. Must remember to investigate further.

Must meet with Hikan before too drastic an action can be taken. Not drinking enough, he becomes agitated; sloppy. Must make him understand. Must bring him in with others.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **April 02, 2009, 07:09:46 pm**

Would Hikan want to work with a brutal, mentally unstable crimefighter? He probably wouldn't mind too much, no.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Luke_Prowler** on **April 02, 2009, 07:13:02 pm**

Now I'm scared.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **April 03, 2009, 10:11:16 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 02, 2009, 05:31:27 pm

Szondi's Journal, 9th of Granite, 1069

Have I missed a trick or am I being dense? Who's Szondi? (Before any says it yes Im aware of the reference just don't recognise Szondi's name though I guess it could be alias for another dwarf or not....I'm confuzzled!)

Edit: Ignore this! Through cunning use of the search function I have concluded that If I've missed something so has everyone else! God isn't it pathetic that I actually feel proud of myself for remembering to search for posts containing "Szondi" *after* I'd already posted my dumbass question!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 03, 2009, 10:13:31 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on April 02, 2009, 07:09:46 pm
Would Hikan want to work with a brutal, mentally unstable crimefighter? He probably wouldn't mind too much, no.
Hikan *is* a brutal, mentally unstable crimefighter.
Or he would be if he wasn't so damn miserable.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 03, 2009, 05:23:55 pm**

The events of the 18th of Granite, 1069

Neo woke with a start, breathing hard. The sudden motion caused a pain to run down through his still-mangled arm, and he moaned softly, adjusting to take the pressure off his shoulder. A scuffing of chair-legs on stone in the darkness of his room caused Neo's blood to turn to ice. Someone cleared their throat.

"Are you awake yet, son?"

Neo relaxed some, moping at his brow with his good hand. "Good grief, Duke Bomrek, what are doing in here at this time of night?" "Mmm, good, you're up," The Duke said, ignoring the question. A candle was lit, a quick spark from a piece of flint, and in the growing light Neo could see The Duke's face. It was drawn, and sallow, dark bags under his eyes. His beard was more gray than before, the hair hanging limply down to his belly. "We... need to talk, you and I."

"Talk? Talk about what? Can't this wait?"
"You're the cause of a production order violation," The Duke said, his voice grave.
"...What?"
"No flutes were made last season. None at all, can you believe that? Of course *you* can believe that, you're the cause for it."

Neo stared at him in growing disbelief, struggling to sit up straighter in the bed. The covers had wrapped around him in the night, making movement difficult. With a scraping of the chair, The Duke rose, ambling over to his bedside.

"Guardsmen Kib, Roar oak, Sulari, Archin, Rice, Kuli, they all went out of their way to sell my flutes, but you, much worse, you refused to even make them."
"I'm a soldier, sir. I'm not bothered with the fortress crafts."
"Normally you'd be given a hundred seventy six days in prison to think about your deeds, but...no, can't do that now."

The Duke reached out, and Neo grunted as he fell back, his down pillow yanked out from under him. He heard Duke Bomrek mutter, "No Hammerer, must administer justice myself," before the pillow was pressed over his face.

Minutes passed, with Neo struggling with his one good arm. Eventually he got it free, and beat it against The Duke's arm, his voice muffled, "What are you trying to accomplish? I can breath alright... but this is getting annoying."
"Grrr, just pass away!"
"You're not even covering my mouth, just my eyes and nose!"

The Duke strained to hear something in the hallway, his voice hoarse, "What was that?" The pillow lifted as the door to Neo's room opened, and a mason peeked her head inside. "Elves were spotted coming up the road, we need to get the depot ready for trade."
"Goodness, the last of my flutes... Neo, I'll be back to continue this discussion."

As The Duke swept out, Neo gestured to the mason with his good hand. "Would you find Dojango and Lucy, please? I think I need to talk to them about keeping this door locked."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 03, 2009, 05:56:04 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 03, 2009, 05:23:55 pm
The Duke strained to hear something in the hellway, his voice hoarse...

Typo, or accidental glimpse into the true workings of Migrursut?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 03, 2009, 06:27:01 pm**

Quote from: Rysith on April 03, 2009, 05:56:04 pm
Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 03, 2009, 05:23:55 pm
The Duke strained to hear something in the hellway, his voice hoarse...

Typo, or accidental glimpse into the true workings of Migrursut?

Ahahahaha. Perfect typo. I fixed it in my post, but by all means, please keep thinking of it as the Hellway :D

Also, I seem to have been ignoring some people, let me answer some questions!

Flar Moonchill: Szondi is a pre-existing Dwarf, and while that name *hasn't* come up in the story at any point, the Dwarf has. He's a certain peace-keeper that was laid up recently ;)

Groveller: That's a really good question. I think I'm going to pick half of those children at random and rename them all to Grov to make sure everything matches the canon.

Pixelfish: I added that line as a Note in-game, by the city gates. When this story's over and the map is released for your all's amusement, keep it's dire warning in mind as you look over the horror that is Migrursut.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 04, 2009, 05:10:10 am**

Diary of Maggarg
I'll be having words with that bloody Duke!
Try to suffocate an injured soldier on my watch will he! I might not be in charge anymore, but I'll be damned if anyone tries to do something like that to a dwarf who would give their lives to protect this fortress.
If those two toffs say *anything* I'm going to lamp them and do it anyway.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pixelfish** on **April 06, 2009, 08:22:37 pm**

In hundereds of thousands of years, long after the last dwarf has died due to exploding rum, humans will ponder over the greasy pornographer, wondering his importance to the dwarves lost society.

You know I was actually thinking....

Do the dwarves use carts within their own city? I would imagine the halls of Migrursut's metropolis would either be crammed frequently, or would more closely resemble subteranian 'hellways', cacked with filth and cracked and strewn with garbage.

Whats even more ammusing to me is: Do dwarves have paper? because likely they'd be prenting on vellium, which is sheep skin...so there'd be huge piles of dried out old skin with scribbles on it strewn everywhere.

I do have a question for mechanicality though: I notice your maps are often quite clean. How do you keep all the pieces of goblin crap and tattered socks at bay?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **April 06, 2009, 09:47:58 pm**

Quote from: Pixelfish on April 06, 2009, 08:22:37 pm

In hundereds of thousands of years, long after the last dwarf has died due to exploding rum, humans will ponder over the greasy pornographer, wondering his importance to the dwarves lost society.

I just had to:

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"Why does the pornographer look greasy and tired?"
Nothing beside remains: round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 07, 2009, 09:48:12 am**

Quote from: Pixelfish on April 06, 2009, 08:22:37 pm

I do have a question for mechanicality though: I notice your maps are often quite clean. How do you keep all the pieces of goblin crap and tattered socks at bay?

I actually wonder about that myself. Goblin Crap is all dumped. I don't even bother to sell it anymore, so anyone who's not a miner or craftsmen is constantly hauling goblin junk to sacrifice to The Magma Gods. Loose socks? They just seem to... go away after a while, I don't know what's up with that. Every dwarf has a cabinet and a coffer, which should help keep a little of the clutter down.

If you'll notice, at the edges of my map (specifically the eastern-most edge by the road, and the north-western corner) there's a bunch of piled up junk. That's where I slaughtered a bunch of gobbos and decided it was best just to let it all sit forever then haul and dump!

Vactor:
That poem works on many levels :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **April 07, 2009, 10:54:15 am**

Gatesmaw

Sarig and Glacies walked through a vaulted archway into a large, high-ceiling hallway. It split into an intersection and led off in four directions. Directly above, sunlight filtered in through the bars in the ceiling.

Glacies said "We're right below the colloseum. We must be in the center."
And then a voice, like purring steam and crackling electricity spoke, reverberating through the halls. "*Hardly, dwarf. You sit simply at the main throughfare for, let us say, less pleasant denizens.*"

The two dwarves jumped in alarm. Sarig grunted angrily, and then barked out. "Was' that supposed to mean, you hiding elf pansy?!"

There was no reply.

The two exchanged worried looks and chose a hall to walk down. Engraved on the archway that they had emerged from were the words "Farms and Breweries." Then, they walked a new hall, this one labelled "Workshops and Trading post" in deep, engraved letters. The third arch was entitled "Mining shafts and Forges.", and the last arch was the one they were after. "Residences, Barracks and General Facilities."

With some doubt, the pair pushed the double doors open and entered the halls, and came face-to-face with a pair of bored looking ratmen holding rusted and pitted steel swords. There was an akward pause.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 07, 2009, 09:30:34 pm**

Rinsesilver and Dodik-Come-Lately stormed into the cantina. Rinsesilver was barking orders to her Fishermen, and they jumped to their feet in a scatter of cards and splash of beer to set about doing her bidding. Dodik's general good nature was gone; it was replaced by outright fury.

Mookie came bustling up, her arms full of drinks, dangerously close to spilling out of her dress. "What's the matter, ma'am?"

"We're holed up down here for a while. A whole herd of the damned Skamel's have gotten into the main entrance. Rinsesilver locked the doors behind us, but we could hear the foul things tromping up the steps towards the waterfall reservoir, breaking windows."
"Oh no," Mookie squeaked.
"What?" Dodik said, her anger cracking through in her voice.
"They'll break down the trap door, and flood us down here."

The room grew very quiet at that. Dodik mulled this over while Mookie fidgeted from foot to foot. She threw her hands up in one quick, violent motion, shrieking, "The first one of you soldiers to take care of this problem gets free drinks, and a free whore for the night!"

"I'll do it!" Wilber screamed, cutting off Mookie's protests. "Up, and away!"

Those in attendance watched as Wilber skipped towards the door, exiting them with a flourish. Rinsesilver came after him, jangling an absurdly large ring of keys in her hand, picking through them as she ran behind the soldier. The tension in the room lifted slightly, and Dodik gave a little shove to her charge, to send her on her way with drinks.

While Wilber was upstairs, bashing camel skulls against the walls and laughing uproarously, a thin figure slipped inside the main entry-way. He took assessment of the scene before him, the well-maintained stonework, the mechanical expertise of the gears and locks and levers. He tilted his head back, long, green ears flopping slightly as he peered up the sun-streaked tower to the dwarf fighting on the narrow steps.

The goblin cleared his sinuses with a quick sniff, and set to work. The lever was easily dealt with. Sliding on a lead-lined leather glove, he jammed his hand down the open side, and pulled free a handful of cogs. He did this twice more, turning to pitch the mechanisms out into the sand.

The locks on the doors were handled just as swift. He hefted the large tube and sidled over to the lock. A faint hiss as the compressed air inside the tubing triggered, and he waited for one of Wilber's shouts before shattering the inner locks, the cylinder cracking in half. As he made his way to the outer doors, he primed the tubing once more and let the steel cattle-punch fly, cracking that set of locks as well.

Satisfied with his work, the goblin limped out into the sands - pausing only to bury the mechanisms with a few kicked up mounds of red - before he vanished into the wastes, to wait.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **April 07, 2009, 09:35:46 pm**

A finger invaded us? I think you meant figure :-X. Also, I'm not *that* desperate. I only did it for the drinks, because the monkey told me he's thirsty.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 07, 2009, 09:39:03 pm**

Quote from: sonerohi on April 07, 2009, 09:35:46 pm
A finger invaded us? I think you meant figure :-X. Also, I'm not *that* desperate. I only did it for the drinks, because the monkey told me he's thirsty.

Uhhhhh, Freudian slip...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **April 08, 2009, 03:58:24 pm**

S'ok, we're all only ~~human~~ dwarfs. Except the undead among us.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **April 09, 2009, 12:31:38 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 07, 2009, 09:48:12 am
Quote from: Pixelfish on April 06, 2009, 08:22:37 pm
I do have a question for mechanicality though: I notice your maps are often quite clean. How do you keep all the pieces of goblin crap and tattered socks at bay?

I actually wonder about that myself. Goblin Crap is all dumped. I don't even bother to sell it anymore, so anyone who's not a miner or craftsmen is constantly hauling goblin junk to sacrifice to The Magma Gods. Loose socks? They just seem to... go away after a while, I don't know what's up with that. Every dwarf has a cabinet and a coffer, which should help keep a little of the clutter down.

If you'll notice, at the edges of my map (specifically the eastern-most edge by the road, and the north-western corner) there's a bunch of piled up junk. That's where I slaughtered a bunch of gobbos and decided it was best just to let it all sit forever then haul and dump!

Cokho Roknut:
What, no thanks for your local suicidal hauler aka janitor, Cokho Roknut? I'm very disappointed that I have not been allowed to go out there and clean up that mess that some lil'whippersnappers left behind. Besides, all those socks are great for puppet shows, the Grovs (and other kids) love those. Who wants to see my Lamb Chops Sing Along? *brings out a few bloody socks and places them on his hands*

*"This is the song that never ends,
Yes, it goes on and on my friends,
Some dwarf started singing it not very long ago,
And they'll be singing it forever just because..."*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 09, 2009, 07:57:06 pm**

The events of the 14th of Slate, 1069

"Mr. Estetar, we must talk,"
"Of course, Miss Deerowl, of course," Aryn said, distracted. His blonde hair was streakde with twin shocks of gray at the temple, and his beard was patchier than ever, trimmed short in the middle to accentuate the long fu manchu he had cultivated. His gaze kept moving from the well-cultivated Elf diplomat to the old Dwarf trudging down the hallway, the ropey muscles in his arm standing out as he struggled to carry a large lead statue.

"Cokho, my god, we should send you to the butcher's shop before those damned mares we're been eating! Can't you move any faster?"
"Can't I just carry my own casket?" The professional hauler moaned, nearly toppling under the statues weight.
"I'll be putting you in a damn casket... just get that moved!"

"Aryn!" Diplomat Deerowl snapped, her patience finally breaking. Aryn started, turning to her with his full attention. "What!"

"Aryn, your damned Baron said that he would NOT honor an agreement to keep from cutting down more than one hundred trees this year."

The silence that followed was almost palpable. Aryn stared at her, unblinking. She returned the gaze, her eyes narrowed to little slits,

her lips pursed into a tight, bloodless line. Aryn eventually gave a small shrug, saying meekly, "What's the issue? Really? There isn't a single tree that grows closer than a hundred leagues from here."
"It's the principle of the thing!" The elf shrieked. "It's a show of good faith!"
"To just say he won't... do something he's physically incapable of doing? Why don't you ask him not to sprout wings as well?"
"Of everyone here, **Mr.Estetar**, I expected you to be sympathetic to this plight. And here we brought you a showing of good faith."

The hairs on the back of his neck prickled up. He knew, deep down, that was the paranoia of this place taking effect, and with effort he squelched the feelings of ill omen. Aryn flashed a small smile, and said, "I'm sorry, I haven't seen anything. What did you bring me?"
"We brought you a black bear, from far north. He was delivered to your room this morning."

Aryn's eyes lit up. "Really?"
"Of course, we take this friendship VERY seriously."

The implications hung in the air, and Aryn eventually gave in, nodding his head once, quickly. "I'll... make sure The Duke sees the error of his ways. No trees in our Kingdom will be harmed, uh, ever."
"Thank you. You truly are a friend to the Elvish race."

Aryn smiled again, almost shyly, and held his head into a lowered bow. Internally, he was rejoicing - another protector, one that wouldn't be expected until it was seen rumbling down the hallways, terrifying the workers.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **April 10, 2009, 03:44:18 pm**

Yea! Bear protecters walk again!
Awsome!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **April 11, 2009, 01:41:55 pm**

Hah! In your face, Real Life! No longer shall you keep hold of me! Mwahahaha!

coughs

Erm, yeah...Right. Bloodclocks. No worries regarding him, Glacies. No rush from my side.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **moghopper** on **April 11, 2009, 03:07:06 pm**

Finally got to the end of this massive thread :D
Sweet story HF, seriously.

Can I get a Dorf once you've taken care of everyone else on the list?
If so, then:

Name: Moghopper
Profession: Fortress guard (once a replacement for Stravitch is chosen)
Gender: Whatever is available, but preferably male

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **azrael4h** on **April 12, 2009, 04:08:40 pm**

I love these stupid elves. I just do. They bring you logs but admonish you not to cut down trees. Then they do it all in an area that couldn't grow trees except by divine intervention.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 13, 2009, 07:55:55 pm**

The events of the 23rd of Slate, 1069

"Get this damned sack off my head! Get it off now, and I promise your deaths will be quick! GET IT OFF!"

Light assailed him as the burlap sack was ripped from his head. Hikan gasped at the brightness and instinctively tried to raise his hands to shield himself from the harsh glare, but he ropes binding his wrists behind his back grew taut. He growled, deep in his throat, forcing himself to shut his eyes until the red spots died away.

At the sound of voices he cracked open his left eye. When the pain was deemed bearable, both opened to survey the scene. Three figures milled about in front of him, talking quietly. They were all dressed as if for some costume ball, and at the soft rustling, they all turned to look at him.

The largest, in the middle, was wearing a full suit of leather armor, dyed a chocolate brown and lined with light. He sucked in air constantly, the lower half of his mask missing to aid in his breathing, the front of his mask elongated with bone to resemble a sharpened bird's beak. On the far left was a lithe dwarf who looked very uncomfortable in his Red, Blue and Green outfit. On the front was a diamond, the symbol of their parent-civilization, and a long cloak flapped lightly behind him, gems and jewels lining his mask and shoulders. On the far right was the Dwarf that had assailed him, short and squat and lined with muscles. The Dwarf wore a trench coat over leather armor, along with a fedora. His face - Hikan shuddered at the realization - was a facsimile of one of the recently-dead miners, a death mask made from poor-man's plaster from one of the most recently-dead miners.

All talking ceased, except for the dwarf with the death-mask. He rasped out, harshly, "*Awake now. Let's begin this.*"
"I doubt he can be trusted. I've never liked him," said the one with the diamond insignia.
"*He can be trusted,*" said death-mask. "*Trust me.*"

"Wait a minute... I know that voice." Hikan sat up in his seat, struggling once more against his bonds. "Vatek, you idiot, what are you doing?"

The dwarf in the mask stiffened. The one with the leather armor and birds beak pointed a finger at the peace keeper, and wheezed, "See? He knows, I told you he knows! This is a disaster, Szondi, a real disaster."
"*Enough, Dark Hawk*", Szondi rasped. "*He doesn't-*"
"And you!" Hikan nearly shouted. "You're that reedy leather worker Makrond... and... oh, Istrath, you poncy bastard, I didn't think you had the balls to pull of something like this... this is it. This is all it."
"I think you misunderstand completely. We're here to *help* you."

Hikan laughed. The sound was sharp, and short, filled with contempt. "Help me, with what? You're a mess, you're criminals, you're-"
"*Enough,*" Szondi said. "*Listen to us. What do you have? Nothing. What does your boss give you? Nothing. What will you receive here? Pain. Maybe death. Definatly pain. Who is your enemy? **Everyone**. Let us help you. We're working out the interests of the common Dwarves. We aid those who need it. We protect those who are weak. We perform the job you should have done, but have been too ingrained with the problem to perform completely.*"

Szondi took two steps forward, than paused. A glance towards his companions, and he took one more step, nearly toe-to-toe with Hikan. A knife flicked from a pocket and he leaned forward to cut the ties. Hikan tensed; he could have swung his arms forward the second the binds were cut and snapped the dwarf's neck. But he didn't. The rope pooled to the ground, and Szondi stepped back, the knife vanishing once more into the folds of his coat.

"What do you want from me?" Hikan asked quietly, rubbing his wrists. He was conscience of the blade hidden in his boot, and the feeling of it comforted him. If need be, he could bring down at least two of them, possibly even fight off the third...

"We need your expertise," Dark Hawk wheezed softly. "You've kept Aryn safe for a long time; not the easiest of tasks, at all. And you know the criminal element quite well." Dark Hawk raised his hands as Hikan began to protest, cutting him off with a painful raise of his voice. "That wasn't an insult at all. It's true, you've dealt with scum often, and you know how they think. Aryn has... as he's become more zealous in his attempts to control his workers, he's cracked down on those that could keep the place safe. That's why we're in these costumes, so that anyone who sees his killing camels, fighting off the boogey-men in the night, can't snitch us out by accident. We need you, we need your help." "It's true," Istrath's avatar admitted. "I championed the hardest against you, but the fact of the matter is you're a necessity."

"Ha, and if I report you all immediately?" Hikan asked. "Then nothing. We go into hiding and the fortress is less protected. With Stravitch gone and the guard disbanded, no arrests have been made. It's only fear that's kept them in line. We need to keep the guilty scared, we need to keep the innocent full of faith in the system."

Hikan went silent, his face stony. He looked over the motley trio, the expectation visible in their eyes. He slowly shook his head. "I'm not going to wear some fruity outfit."

Szondi turned around, arms folded across his chest. Dark Hawk rolled his eyes expressively behind his mask. "Maybe not a full costume, no, but you'll need to hide your identity. No sense having some farmer recognize you and talk over a drink in the mess." "I don't know. Can I have time to think about this?" "No," Istrath's avatar said. "You have to decide now. That way we can decide how to deal with you."

"Of all the..." Hikan snapped. But he took in a deep breath, exhaling slowly. "Fine. Yes, I'll join up, but don't think it's because I like any of you assholes. It's because this is the only way I can see to do my damned job." "*Good. Put his sack back on him. Take him back to his room.*"

Hikan started to complain, but he was set upon by the trio, burlap sack at the ready. He didn't even bother to fight; what was the point? Better not get a blackened eye or a busted jaw, and get time to figure out how to gracefully, and properly, handle this whole absurd situation.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sdp0et** on **April 14, 2009, 09:35:36 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 07, 2009, 09:39:03 pm
Uhhhhh, Freudian slip...

That's when you say one thing but mean your mother?

HF, did I send you a PM? I thought I did, but it doesn't seem to be in my sent messages.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **April 14, 2009, 07:36:22 pm**

*The journal of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes.
Entry for Slate, 1069*

Three insane idiots. Istrath, Makrond, Vatek. I should've seen something like this coming. It's obvious now. Vatek was the vigilante, and his prancing about in that ridiculous get-up has rubbed off onto Makrond and Istrath, because now they're all wearing even more ridiculous costumes, no doubt sewed by Makrond's leatherworking hands.

And now they want to help me. And by help me, they mean have me wear one of those embarrassing suits and prance around with slogans and platitudes. That's not how I do things, because that would get me killed. When the criminals are violent saboteurs willingto kill innocent civilians, being a paragon of justice is a quick way to get a bolt through the heart.

Vatek is an experienced guardsman. Makrond has some training. Istrath is an amateur. And the three of them are going to go out and fight those same criminals. This will end badly, at least for one of them. If Istrath doesn't make some amateur mistake, Makrond will run out of breath, or Vatek will get overconfident, and this will get them all killed.

I need some water. This crap is stressing me out.

But I guess I don't have a choice. If three idiots are willing to step up and protect Migrursut, then I guess I could go out of my way and help them.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 15, 2009, 08:20:10 am**

Diary of Maggarg.
Something really cheered me up today.
That old hauler, Coconut or whatever, lurching down a hallway with a big useless statue in tow.
Ah, it reminds me of my old uncle, Maggarg. Always complaining, lugging something around, muttering about young folk. Reminds me of home.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **April 15, 2009, 01:09:03 pm**

Popping in with a discovery I made, don't know if anyone else knows this, but Zefon means fountain. Stravitch worships a fountain.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **April 15, 2009, 02:04:08 pm**

Whoa no no no no. Stravitch worships Lenod, the bloody goddess of dawn and twilight.

Kuli, Jools, Vash, Sulari, Dodik, and others worship Zefon, the goddess of rebirth. Fountains play a role in their worship.

In Kuli's backstory, he went to a place called Zoden Zefon, or the House of Fountains, which I've been waiting forever to call the Fountainhomes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 15, 2009, 02:58:06 pm**

Quote from: sdp0et on April 14, 2009, 09:35:36 am
Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 07, 2009, 09:39:03 pm
Uhhhhh, Freudian slip...
That's when you say one thing but mean your mother?
HF, did I send you a PM? I thought I did, but it doesn't seem to be in my sent messages.

Haha, well played. And yes you did, I've read it over and plan to work it in when we actually, you know, get migrants.

Sonerohi: Jim's actually right on that, on the worshipers. I used to know what the other gods translated out to be (Akim-whatever is like, Blades of Brilliant Blades), but Zefon's the only one I could tell you off the top of my head.

And we should see an update tonight. Maybe two? That's pushing it, but we'll see! Onward, and upwards!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 15, 2009, 06:48:27 pm**

The events of the 3rd of Felsite, 1069

"STOP!" Jools shouted. His breaths were coming in ragged, his armor weighing him down. Where was the rest of the squad? Where was the backup?

The first of the questions was the most easily answered. His squad, along with Wilber's was drunk to the point of obliteration at Dodik's, laughing raucously at old stories. The second was a bit more challenging. Likot had pulled back Sgt. Pepper, her eyes glittering behind her mask as she assured him in her hollow voice that they were both much too full of beer to be of any use.

None of this would have happened, of course, had Jools not stepped outside to take a piss and caught sight of yellow eyes glowing in the darkness of the water tower. The skulking creature had thought it was unseen as Jool's intentionally averted his eyes and went about his business. Urine streamed off the bridge as horror-scenarios ran through the sword-dwarf's head, and his hands did the shaking he needed on their own before he tucked himself away and buttoned his fly. He had been rebuffed almost immediately, and his concern for the fortress overtook senses.

Pounding boots took him past his giant wooden donkey, the dark shape in front of him drawing nearer. His breath coming in harsh and hot, Jools planted his feet and leaped, arms outstretched.

He landed hard on the shrieking, thrashing creature, pinning it to the ground with his fists. He saw golden eyes, a dogs snout and ears, scaly hands slapping at his chest. "No! let go!" it barked. "Let go!" "You're just a petty thief," Jools said. He sighed with relief, and began to rummage through the beasts tattered clothing. It whimpered while he searched, continuing to squirm.

Instead of gold, or trinkets, Jools pulled out a handful of papers. He stared at the crumpled parchment in confusion and the Kobold used that time to his advantage. He leaned in and bit the swords-dwarf on the thigh, squirming out from under him quickly. Within seconds, he had vanished into the sands.

By the torch light flickering from within the fortress, Jools looked over the papers he had retrieved from the Kobold. He saw thin lines drawn over most of them, and slowly he began to pick out things he recognized: the training room, the mess hall, Bertrand's workshop, the library. He saw things he hadn't seen before either, a hallway underneath of Dodik's, some sort of empty pocket erased from the maps near the closed Temple of Zefon.

"Oh, not good," he breathed. He raised his eyes up, staring at the stars winking above. *Perhaps... Kuli should know about this. That Kobold was sent here. Someone wants to come in.*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 16, 2009, 07:25:42 am**

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 17, 2009, 08:00:14 am**

Spoiler: Stravitch (click to show/hide)
(http://img511.imageshack.us/my.php?image=stravitch.jpg)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 17, 2009, 08:04:20 am**

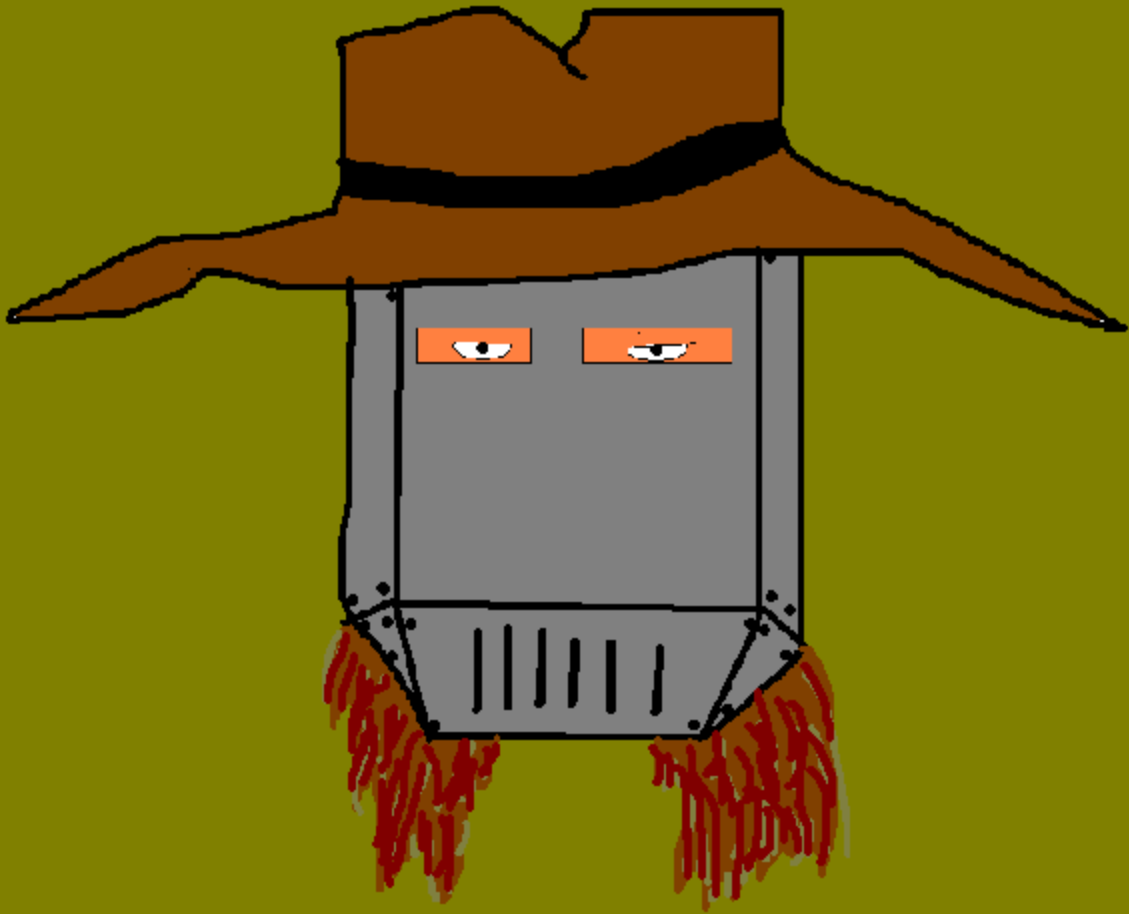
I think all the named dwarves from here on the forums should MSPaint themselves as a motivational poster like mine :-D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 17, 2009, 08:27:02 am**

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 17, 2009, 08:44:19 am**

Spoiler: Telamon (click to show/hide)

TELAMON



LET HIM FIX
YOUR PROBLEMS

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **April 17, 2009, 10:46:17 am**

Very well. Far be it from me to disobey a tomato.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 17, 2009, 11:41:55 am**

OH. MY. GOD.

You made me choke on the strawberry hard candy I was sucking on. I nearly died!

"Grov's? In my fort? More common than you would think."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 17, 2009, 08:51:15 pm**

The events of the 23rd of Felsite, 1069

Howard and Aryn stood side by side at the top of the cliff, staring down into the quarry. Behind them, the great black form of Unib

Gildpillars prowled, his muzzle caked with frothed spittle and blood. The pair watched the workers as they lay down great blocks of glass for support; as the metalworkers with their rivots and hammers pounded the massive steel girders into place around the Dome for support.

"How much of this construction is left, Howard?" Howard stood insolently at the cliffs edge, ignoring the question for a long time. Eventually when he was sated with watching the workers, he turned his dull eyes towards his employer. "This Pod *is* complete, if we're going by symantics. The interior still needs to be designed as needed for it's use, and this pod requires the entrance tunnel for merchants and migrants... it's 90% *complete*, as far as that word will go."

"How long did this take to complete, Howard?" "This pod? Nearly six months."

Aryn's teeth were tightly clenched together so hard he could feel his pulse in his temple. He shook his head slowly as a way to keep himself from lashing out with his fists. "That's not good enough. We need to go faster. That's just for the small pod, the entryway, the storage. What of the arboretum? The kitchens and workshops, the recreation area? And that's all ignoring the largest of all - our living quarters. What of those? Will those take six months, will they take years to complete fully?" "Yes." "That can't be!" Aryn screamed. "Your men are NOT skilled in this construction," Howard said simply. "I'm sorry. It's true. They are expert miners, skilled stone carvers and masons, but to shape glass and steel to their will... no, they're as skilled as any novice lifting his first pick. This isn't something you can force your way through. What is the worst that can happen with your walls surrounding your fortress?"

Aryn went silent, glowering into the quarry. Howard answered the question himself, "Someone sabatogous them, or they fall on their own. What's the worst that can happen with your dream for Migursut? The dome cracks, and everyone dies as ocean's blood rushes in to engulf you all. Please be patient, is all I ask. I don't give you shoddy workmanship. You hired me because you know I'm the best. You hired me for perfection." "Fine," Aryn said quietly. "You're...right. Be safe out here, we're going inside." "Of course," Howard replied. "You be safe inside, I'll be watching your dream as it's built."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **April 17, 2009, 10:03:49 pm**

i think i might wait until the GF's not around to MS paint dodik-come-lately, as much as she's cool about stuff i don't really feel like explaining why i'm doodling a buxom dwarven madame right now.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 18, 2009, 04:37:21 am**

I might just have to sig that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **April 18, 2009, 05:09:25 am**

Quote from: Stravitch on April 17, 2009, 11:41:55 am
OH. MY. GOD.
You made me choke on the strawberry hard candy I was sucking on. I nearly died!
"Grov's? In my fort? More common than you would think."

Ahah! We've found his kryptonite! Children and strawberries!
...which doesn't sound weird at all...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **April 18, 2009, 10:46:55 am**

Sticky kisses from a small child makes us smile. It gives Stravitch a stabing pain between the eyes.
And nobody likes strawberry seeds. Stupid things...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 18, 2009, 12:14:20 pm**

Stravich babysitting.
It must be done.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 19, 2009, 12:33:20 am**

Quote from: Maggarg - Eater of chicke on April 18, 2009, 12:14:20 pm
Stravich babysitting.
It must be done.

Spoiler: [Stravitch Babysitting](#) (click to show/hide)
(<http://img22.imageshack.us/my.php?image=stravitchbabysitting.jpg>)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 19, 2009, 06:33:32 am**

He's alcoholic, even by dwarf standards.
He's now a chemical hazard from the mercury.
He's also a dwarf.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 19, 2009, 03:08:19 pm**

The events of the 11th of Hematite, 1069
Summer announced itself with a bang; the normal sweltering temperatures now totally unbearable. Time outdoors should be kept to a minimum, though for some - the majority of the masons and the blacksmiths were forced by Aryn's law to toil in the quarry. Though they did as told, the grumblings and discontent were at an all time high. Few were willing to suffer quietly when they felt as if they were melting, the majority of the laborers sun burnt and disenfranchised with their Great Glass Savior.

The military, by contrast, had never been in higher spirits. The only time they spent outside was just after dusk, the majority heading over to Dodik's for drinks, shows and laughter. With the hordes of camels uncharacteristically light, with the greenskins absent for months, they spent the mornings training lazily, or occasionally shirking their duties all together - a habit Major Merkil was willing to overlook for the hot season.

Some spent their time talking to Sulari in the mess, the Woodcutter's laughther infectuous. Adol spent his time hunting down Maggarg and routing him from wherever he had taken to hiding, or returning small trinkets to their owners rooms where his friend had been the previous night. Some dwarves read and socialized. Some, like Varen, visited their loved ones.

He sat outside of the shops with his fiance Meng, letting the cold air sucked out from the fortress by the magma pits keep them cool. Their legs dangled from the edge. They held hands, and smiled, sipping from a bottle of wine Meng had gifted from the larder. The pair was silent, but they didn't need to talk - they were content to just be in each others company.

"Ha ha ha, look at THAT!" a slurred voice called from behind them, harshly breaking their moment. "A pair of love birds! Adorable!" "Stravitch, a pleasant surprise..." Varen said. He was nervuos, and he gave Meng's hand a quick squeeze. "It's been a while since, ah, I talked to you last." "Yeah it has, but you know what? It doesn't matter, I've had you replaced."

Unexpectedly, Varen felt a small twinge of regret at those words. Though he was harassed constantly, and his training hampered as he was forced to accompany the old goat to the Dodik's, how harmful had he really been? "I'm sorry about that, sir. Perhaps with your retirement we could," *what am I saying* he thought in horror, but his mouth kept running, "get a drink sometime." "Aye ya', perhaps after church services tonight. You'll be there." It was not a question. "I don't worship Lenod," Varen said, but Akim Akimurist."

"And?" "...and I don't worship Lenod, sir." "And?" "And I won't be there!" he snapped.

Stravitch glared at him, before shrugging. "Fine, but at least sit through confessional." "Sir," Varen said wearily. "We don't have those. Our confessional is the field of battle, or church services are at the victory pyres. I have nothing that needs confessing." "What? That's not what this is about. This is about me, damn it." Stravitch's voice dropped conspiratorially. "That idiot-child, Grov. I booted him into the magma, from that spot you're sitting in."

The pair's horror was immediately evident, and Stravitch laughed. "What does it matter, though? There must be hundreds of the little beasts running around here now." "How much have you had to drink? That's attro- wait. I saw Grov just an hour ago, eating dried apples." "Aye ya', 'cause there are more of him." "There can't be more of him," Meng finally spoke. "There are only one of any of us. Are there more of you, sir, because you think there are?" "It's a different situation entirely. You know what? Fine, you two wait here. I'm going to go get myself a Grov or two and pitch them into the damned magma, and show you."

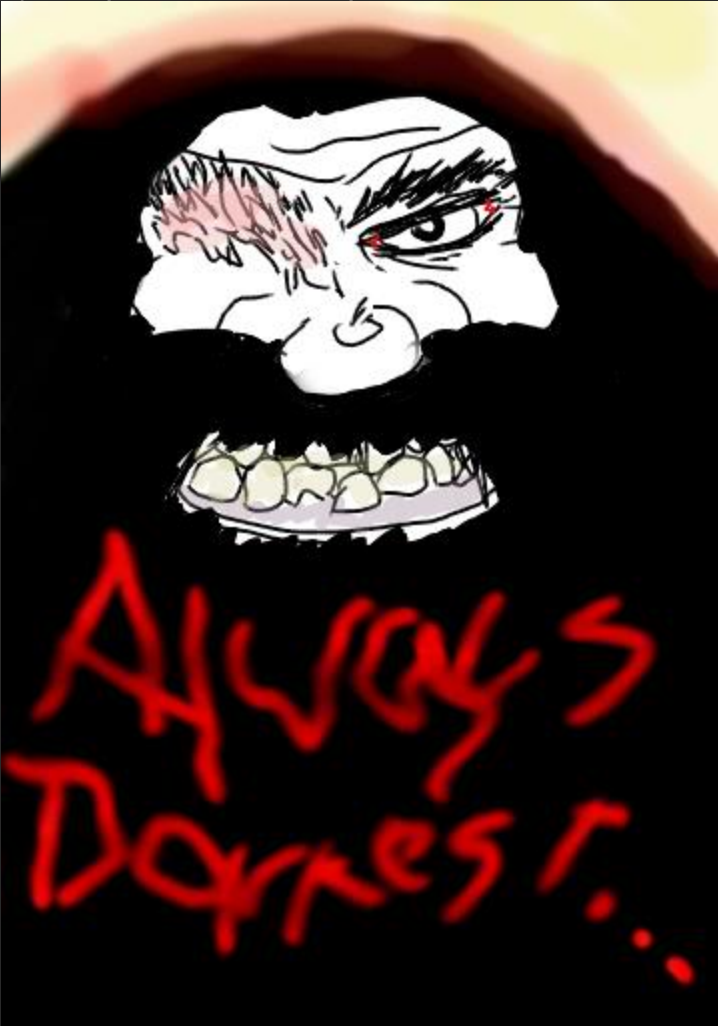
Stravitch lumbered off, swaying into the wall as he tried to round the corner. Varen waited until he was out of earshot, before saying quietly, "We should leave, I don't want to be here when he comes back." "That's an excellent idea," Meng replied, scooping up their bottle of wine.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Pixelfish** on **April 19, 2009, 11:45:06 pm**

Noo! I missed paint doodle time! I also did strav.

I don't know why I decided he should be missing an eye.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **April 20, 2009, 01:40:59 am**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

GLACIES



Is he ever gonna finish
his goddamn sideplot?

I hope it isn't too late to throw my hat into the ring?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 20, 2009, 07:55:24 am**

Never too late to MS Paint!
Just don't give us up, or let us down...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 20, 2009, 08:03:53 am**

This thing came out kind of demented looking, which is probably the way it should be.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 20, 2009, 08:14:31 am**

Haha. I wanna see Dodik. That should be a good one.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 20, 2009, 08:24:46 am**

Spoiler: More pictures of Stravitch babysitting (click to show/hide)
(<http://img223.imageshack.us/my.php?image=203c.jpg>)

I was originally going to MSPaint it up a little, maybe put some pants and a beard on him. But I really doubt he'd bother getting dressed for the occasion.

And fixed. Who would have thought image leeching was a bad thing?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xunngom** on **April 20, 2009, 12:39:37 pm**

Today, a friend of mine was talking about how awesome Dwarf Fortress was, and I shared a few stories from my latest fort. He said *Hey, I've been reading this story about this fortress in the desert, with magma, run by some mad Stalinist from Nist Akath*. I mentioned that I had a character in a story like that, before the forums kept 404'ing on me. See, I figured they'd crashed and burned, and that the threads had all gone up in smoke. I joked how we'd never even found out who Olsmo was...

And he said *You know, maybe you should start reading the forums again. Just an idea.*

Hey, everyone, I'm back. I used to be Electrum, but I can't remember my password for the life of me. Varen's mine, and I'm amazed he hasn't succumbed to the pressures in this dystopian fort. Finding out he has a fiancée is just the cherry on the pie. <3

So now I have a free evening, peach beer and 132 pages of epic thread to read through. Incredible. Heavy Flak, you rock! Thanks for keeping the dream alive.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 20, 2009, 03:22:34 pm**

I wish that was my evening.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 20, 2009, 03:29:10 pm**

I get to go dine at a fine Tapenyaki (spelling?) and sip warm sake.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 21, 2009, 10:22:54 am**

I sit in front of a screen, staring at an MS word document.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **April 21, 2009, 03:51:49 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 20, 2009, 08:24:46 am

Spoiler: More pictures of Stravitch babysitting (click to show/hide)
(<http://img223.imageshack.us/my.php?image=203c.jpg>)

I was originally going to MSPaint it up a little, maybe put some pants and a beard on him. But I really doubt he'd bother getting dressed for the occasion.

And fixed. Who would have thought image leeching was a bad thing?

Vigeland was way ahead of his time.... In his brilliance he did a perfect render of Stavitch, a shame he humanized him.... Ofcourse, if he didn't, the norwegian population would probably pain the statue with artist blood....

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 21, 2009, 04:30:00 pm**

Quote from: Magqarg - Eater of chicke on April 16, 2009, 07:25:42 am

For some reason that I can't explain, I find that image hilarious.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 21, 2009, 05:51:54 pm**

Szondi's Journal,
19th of Hematite, 1069

Humans arrived. Brought with them filth and arrogance; infects our people, makes them mistreat others in order to appease their tall abusers. Guild Representative Filledrobust gone missing in wastes. Merchants saw herd of camels, I suspect smaller beast hunting her prey. Saw silhouette of dwarven couple engraved into stonework by main gate by pornographer. Always gives me pause, feel uncomfortable; humans love it of course.

Jotwebe continues to create masterpieces by the bin-full. No Dwarves have gone missing lately but bone continues to be used. Very proud of her work. Makes me suspicious. Make note to investigate her further. Investigate old hauler too, he seems too content as just a hauler. Ulterior motives? Maybe. Too many need watching.

Hikan refuses to cooperate with group, but that is to be expected. Makrond fashioned him suit to hide identity. Threw it in magma. Istrath tried and got punched. Refuses to hide his identy behind name we gave him. Wanted to call him, "Irony", but refused. Said he'd find his own "costume", wants to be called "maudlin". Fine. Run with it. Reminds me of joke.

Farmer finds Viper on side of road freezing in the snow. Snake says, "Please kind farmer, pick me up, help me, I am dying of cold."

Farmer says, "No you are a Viper. You will poison me."
Viper says, "Why would I? You will have helped me. That is foolish."
Farmer sees wisdom in this. He picks up snake and puts him in coat to warm him and sets out for home. When he is within sight of his home, the snake is revived by the warmth. He bites the farmer.

As the farmer lays dying in the snow, he asks, "Why did you do that?"
"Because I am a snake. It is what I do." Viper says.
Farmer replies, "I see where kindness gets me!" and dies.

Good joke. Everyone laughs.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CanadianWolverine** on **April 21, 2009, 05:57:32 pm**

Cokho Roknut:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 22, 2009, 11:41:13 am**

Diary of maggarg
The humans arrived today. That means extra damn guard duty under those two incompetents.
Not that I mind getting out of the fortress, apparently there's more than one masked nutter about, and that's just a bit worrying when you've got a list of, um, *activities* longer than a titan's arm.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 23, 2009, 06:30:26 pm**

The events of the 4th of Malachite, 1069

Jools and Vash stopped in the middle of the dusty road-way. Jools, his eyes squinted, stared at the trading depot without comprehension. It took Vash giving him a hard nudge in the ribs before the swords-dwarf came to his senses.

"That's not Aryn in there shafting the human traders."
Vash tugged on the sleeve of his zebra-print suit. "No, that looks like Miner Wallgirders. We... should probably leave."
"Why?"
"Because as soon as Aryn sees this, there will be grave punishments."
"Please. I'm a soldier now!" Jools said, puffing his chest out with pride.
"You're... well, yes, you are, but..."
"But nothing, come on."

Jools sauntered up to the trade depot, his chest puffed out, his much-practiced soldier's walk carrying him quickly across the stones. Vash kept step just behind his friend. He moped his brow with a monogramed kerchief, his mouth pulled down in a frown.

"And what seems to be going on *here*?" Jools asked. He rested his hands on his hips, and his tone was one of authority.
"Hmm?" Wallgirders turned to look at the two. He smiled, and gave a nod of greeting. "I'm the trader today!"
"And where is Aryn?" Vash asked. Jools glanced at him, but let the question pass.
"Well, funny story. See, Aryn's exhusted and went to bed. He told Glacies to do this. But Glacies refuses to talk to the humans, so, he told Lugnut to get up here and do it."
"Where is Lugnut then?" Jools asked.
"Oh, he was hanging out with Lucy, and he asked that Archin come up here. That's where I came in, because Archin said this was a useless endeavor."

The pair examined the stacks of goods the humans were hauling into separate pile. The traders looked ecstatic, their grins stretching from ear to ear, and the lead trader was talking hurriedly in their own tongue to two of the wagon drivers. The wagoneers looked horrified.
"What did we get?" Vash asked.
"A bunch of salt-meats, many drinks, some more anvils, couple barrels of leather, many bars... that's about it."
"And you gave them ALL this?" Vash said, his voice cracking.
"Yeah, sure, why?"

Jools looked at his friend, eyes narrowing again. The metalworker was chewing his lower lip, pointing at barrels and bins. Within a minute, he groaned and staggered back, "You gave them around... a thirty thousand monies profit."
"No!" Wallgirders exclaimed.
"Yeah, thirty thousand, maybe a little more."
"Oh, I should... that's not..."

"You were right, Vash. We should leave, now. Good luck!" Jools said, nearly sprinting from the trade depot.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 24, 2009, 08:59:08 am**

OOO Stuff:

We got the warning yesterday that this fortress is "too much of a death trap" for anyone sane to want to come to. With that in mind, Dwarves still didn't show up. I'm going to check the init.ini file and up the pop cap if I have to, in an attempt to spark some more.

With that in mind, I'm going to need a new list of people who want in. I'll do it when I get off of work, unless some kind soul wants to scan the last 10 or 15 pages for the few character requests (please, let there be a kind soul!)

Edit: and, done! Reader sdp0et sent me a list in pm so it'll be harder for me to ignore and lose a second time. Thanks again <3

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 24, 2009, 05:08:25 pm**

The events of the 11th of Malachite, 1069

With a stretch, and a yawn, Aryn woke up. He kicked the covers off of him, the thin material pooling on the floor. His hand flopped up and scratched as his stomach before he sat up in bed wearing only a pair of shorts.

"BY LENOD'S FIERY BEARD!" he screamed.
"What?" Glacies asked from the chair in the corner of the room.
"WHY ARE YOU IN HERE!" Aryn asked, his back against the wall, his heart beating so hard he could feel it in his head.
"Oh, I was waiting for you to wake up from your nap," Glacies said with a grin. His silver teeth-covering glinted in the torch light.

It took a minute before he was able to talk calmly. In that time, Aryn rubbed at his eyes hard. His mouth tasted terrible, and he winced as he noticed it. "How long was I out?"
"About ten days, or so," Glacies said.

Aryn nodded. "Decent nap... now tell me why you're here, before I let my bear maul you."
"Oh, right, well, I didn't get a chance to get to the depot."
"And?"
"Someone did, eventually."
"...And?"
"Guess how much of a profit the traders made."

Aryn shrugged before he smoothed back his thinning hair. "I have no idea. How much."
"Thirty nine thousand, six hundred monies."
"...Th-thirty.... no."
"Oh yes. Wait. Are you alright?"

Aryn was vibrating on the bed. His face had turned a horrifying shade of purple, his eyes bulging from their sockets. His voice was hoarse, barely audible, "Almost... forty thousand?" "...Uhh, yes. That's right." Almost as an afterthought, he said, "It was one of the miners. Not me. The miners." "I'm... going to get dressed. Get the miners in the mess hall. I need... to speak to them."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **April 24, 2009, 06:17:21 pm**

Oh dear. Thats...thats a lot of monies. I guess this'll be an impressive immigration.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 27, 2009, 08:19:41 pm**

The events of the 23rd of Malachite, 1069

"Archin. Come along. Valania says it is time for you to eat."
"I can't," Archin snapped. "Aryn has me working for my Miner's Sins."

Sgt. Pepper snorted, burly arms folding over his great chest. Valania stood beside him, her head tilted back. She stared at the rough-cut stones on the ceiling, little hands worrying at the front of her trench coat.

"Am I expected to smooth that?" She asked.
"Eventually," Archin replied.
"And just what is this folly," Sgt. Pepper asked. He was having a hard time keeping the laughther from bubbling forth. Archin's eyes narrowed, noticing all to well the tone in his voice.

"Thanks to the large amounts of money that walked out with the humans by a 'Miner', Aryn is punishing us all. That is why it is just myself and Wallgirders. The rest of the miners have dropped the profession, and have taken up masonry."

Sgt. Pepper shook his head slowly. "Forget this worthless task. You need food to live. What can Aryn do, really? His true authority was short-lived."
"What are you talking about. Aryn's threatened to sic Hikan on us. I could throttle that fool in a fair fight, crush his skull in with a damn rock, but with that spear of his he'd just poke me full of holes, leave me to bleed out-"

Sgt. Pepper snorted again. "Didn't you hear the cheering? Aryn couldn't even win a rigged election. He was voted out of power. The Jeweler's Son, Limul, was elected Mayor."

Archin couldn't hide the shock. "No! The... jeweler's son?"
"Aye," Valania chimed in, her voice raspy from the once-slit throat. "Istrath is racing around the fortress shoving drinks into the hands of anyone he sees. Jotwebe and Akroma are particularly pleased that one of their own has ascended to power. Even Kuli seems happy - there's a Zefonist in charge now. There is change in the works, don't you know."

Archin paused, leaning heavily on her pick. She chewed on her lower lip, and after a few seconds, a wide grin spread over her face. She hafted the mining tool and drove the spike into the wall, leaving it embedded in the stone. "This DOES call for a celebration. Yes, let's go eat, and report to the Boss. He'll be pleased as can be that there'll be a few less of that braying ass's orders that need to be concerned with."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 27, 2009, 08:28:02 pm**

That's change we can believe in!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 28, 2009, 10:22:49 am**

Diary of Maggarg
Looks like Migrursut'll be getting more, er, *normal* nowadays.
Aryn's so desperately unpopular he can't even win an election where he has the only vote! That means no more Riddlewire and no more bloody glass things.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 28, 2009, 07:30:39 pm**

The 6th Galena, 1069

"Dad, please, you can stop,"
"I just can't!" Istrath slurred. Makrond looked uncomfortable as his glass was filled to the top with more whiskey. "This is just, just too good. Ya' know? Just too good."

"Ughh..." Limul shook his head and turned to survey the room. The hustle and bustle of the haulers was cathartic. Cokho Roknut was slouching around, hauling drapes. His fellow workers were straining underneath cabinets and weapon racks. A double-bed had already been assembled and Limul was currently throwing sheets onto it.

"The room is excellent, sir," Makrond said. "Prime property, of course, but as for the decor, well..."
"Well what?" Limul asked. "I tasked the engravers to spruce this place up. Give it some zazz, you know?"
"Did you actually see who the workers were?" Istrath asked in a moment of clarity.
"...No, engravers are engravers... why, who was it?"
"Well," Makrond said. "Valania started things off, and Stravitch got irritated. Said he wasn't represented in a 'full enough capacity', whatever that means. Anyway, he hired a mason-turned-engraver, and... well..."

Limul groaned. "Can we get rid of them?"
"And incur all their wraths?"
"I suppose not... well, how bad is it, really?"

Makrond shrugged. "Valania engraved fourteen tributes to Rice in your floor. And Stravitch's proxy, well... you should just see them for yourself."

Quote
<div>The Fragil Finger</div> <div>Engraved on the floor is an exceptionally designed image of Goden Speakcudgle the dwarf and rings by Ingish Ormiststinthad. Goden Speakcudgle is surrounded by the rings."</div>

"What is THAT," Limul asked.
"That's Stravitch punishing the butcher who had his hand cut off outside our fortress. He's wrapped up in those rings."

"Horrifying."

Quote

The Pulp of Muting
Engraved on the floor is a masterfully designed image of Libash Craftfell the dwarf and Stravitch Fillwhip the Gloved Shred of Watches the dwarf by Ingish Ormiststinthad. Libash Craftfell is making a plaintive gesture. Stravitch Fillwhip the Gloved Shred of Watches is striking a menacing pose. The artwork relates to the mortal wounding of the dwarf Libash Craftfell by the dwarf Stravitch Fillwhip in Oceanbled in the early autumn of 1060

"I don't even remember that happening," Limul said.

"I doubt anyone does. It was probably on a 'hunting accident'. Or just one of the dwarves that vanished..."

"I probably shouldn't get rid of the engravings, should I?" Limul asked suddenly.

"Probably not in your best interests, no," Istrath said, taking a pull from his bottle.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **April 28, 2009, 07:34:47 pm**

*The journal of Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes.
Entry for the week of 22nd Malachite, 1069.*

Aryn summoned me to his office recently and had a few words for me. "Hikan," he told me. "What the hell have you been doing? I lost the election to the mayorship, the election that *you* were supposed to rig."

I wasn't even aware that that was one of my duties. I mean, I've expanded the scope of my position as Aryn's bodyguard to include such tasks as intimidating the populace, stopping crime and sabotage, sniffing out unsavory elements, making reports about suspicious members of the populace, checking security, and in general, protectecting Aryn's interests. But I didn't know that 'defraud a democratic process that has never worked properly before' was among them.

Of course, Istrath is positively *beaming* that his son was elected mayor. It's the only thing he talks about when the three goofy idiots and me meet for our nightly 'Gathering of Interested Crimefighters'. That's Vatek's name for our group. I think it's a horrible name, and I told them such. When I said that at the last meeting, the three idiots had evidently had enough, and started shouting at me at how I'm uncooperative, that Migrursut will fall if I don't play along, blah blah blah whine whine whine. I tuned it out after a wall and idly imagined what their heads would look like on my spear.

ibmat help me, what have I gotten myself into with these three idiots?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **April 30, 2009, 12:18:40 pm**

Gatesmaw

"It *appears*, Kadol, that our new guests are in a spot of trouble."
"What?"
"The two dwarves, Kadol. They encountered a pack of ratmen in the blue rooms. They're...*outnumbered*, to say the least. Perhaps I should help them?"
"Hmm. I'm near there. I'll go help them. Personally."
"*Just as you say.*"

Kadol pulled a lever on the back of the bronze tiger, and pulled a little wheel. The bronze tiger shot into action, leaping across the hallways and mazelike-structure that was the guts of gatesmaw, until he burst through a large set of double doors.

"Behold, it is I! Kadol Bloodclocks, to the rescue!" Kadol bellowed, as he burst into the hallway. Sarig nodded at him politely as he wiped his scimitar on a little cloth. Glacies stared into space.

"Oh. er. I see I am a tad late, but, er.."
"Say nothing of it, Mr. Bloodclocks. Thank yer' for showing up, all the same." Sarig said, conversationally. He spat on the severed head of a ratman. Glacies kneaded his forehead. "We are never opening doors like that again. I mean, come on."
Ahem
"And there's probably more of these things wandering around, too. It's just not *Ahem* fair. I go all this way, and get shipwrecked, and *AHEM* even lost in a cursed desert for what felt like a y"WILL YOU SHUT UP!?"
"Oh, sorry." said Glacies. "Wasn't paying attention. Who're you?"
"Right, well, glad we sorted this out. I am Kadol Bloodclocks, of the ancient lineage Bloodclocks! I come from a long line of machinists and mechanics, and I bid you welcome to my home!" said Kadol, in a grandoise voice.

"Bit of an elf problem, heh?" said Sarig, as he sheathed his scimitar.
"Well, er, yes. The vermin problem is sort of new. I havn't been home for a while. You could say this is my, er, ancestral home." mumbled Bloodclocks.
"Ancestral home?" Glacies asked. "I lived here once, and I never head about them."
"Well, yes. The family hasn't always lived here. We do travel a lot. But back a few hundred years, Reg and Dumat Bloodclocks built the shrine to the gods of healing here, yes? And they were the descendants of the founder of gatesmaw, long ago. We've got a long and proud history."
"Right. Well. Er. Perhaps you know about the analytical machine here, then?"
"*Is someone talking about me?*"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 30, 2009, 12:39:30 pm**

Clockwork minds and ratmen's mines.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 30, 2009, 01:18:59 pm**

The events of the 15th of Galena, 1069

Luke and Crispin stood among a pile of bones and blood, panting softly. They held their weapons, battle-worn swords pulled from the armory loosely in opposite hands. This was so Luke could hold Crispin's hand softly in his own, casting loving gazes at his wife.

Crispin sheathed her sword and - first wiping her palm off on the front of her shirt - smoothed her tussled hair back. With a content sigh, she said, "I hate admitting this, but Maggarg may have been right."
"Mm? About what, lovely?" Luke said.
"About hitting them harder, you know, like in the skull."
"Maggard," Luke said with a grin, "Would most likely prefer smashing their heads in with a club before boiling whatever he finds within!"
"Oh, *you!*" she giggled. "That's *too funny!* Quite a shame about Miss Shellpainted though, isn't it?"
"I suppose so. As one of Aryn's elite, she should have been able to handle a simple herd of camels, though."
"You are right there. Should we tell Hikan?"
"I don't see why, he'll find out soon enough. I do propose, though, that we find some dinner!"

From high atop the only standing southern gate tower, Szondi crouched low on the roof. He dipped his head briefly, obscuring his face as

he worked, and when he looked back up a new death mask was strapped into place, the old one tucked into a satchel at his side.

"Hrrhn," he grunted low, to himself. "She's back. Killing soldiers now? Worrying. Must find Hikan, needs a warning. Last of Aryn's guard left alive. She must be found *now*."

He leapt from the roof, landing lightly upon the second floor landing. He set off at a brisk pace, soft soled shoes quiet on the stonework as he dropped through the roof of the zoo, and vanished entirely from sight.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 30, 2009, 01:32:48 pm**

Diary of Maggarg

Caught those two lovebirds giggling about something. Most likely about me again, not that it bothers me. It does look like they're finally taking my advice and actually *killing* the Skamels though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **April 30, 2009, 05:22:56 pm**

Quote from: Glacies on April 30, 2009, 12:18:40 pm
<snip>

You can't see it, Glacies, but I am currently tenting my fingers, going "Excellent..."

Also, small note, his name was meant to be Korgan, not Kadol, but...really, its all okay.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **April 30, 2009, 09:36:20 pm**

*The journal of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes.
Entry for the week of 15th Galena, 1069.*

Dammit, dammit, dammit, dammit, dammit, dammit, dammit. Athel decided to get herself killed.

Vatek dropped by on my patrol route, I mean literally, he fell from one of the walls and pulled me outside of view, and delivered me a grim message. Psychopathic half-elf chick was back, and decided to murder Athel Shellpainted in the traditional way: an apparent Dread Camel attack. This makes me the last of Aryn's guard.

We've had a grim history, we members of Aryn's guard. We were laughed at for our incompetence, and we were never given respect as warriors. Several of us died back when Migrursut used to be attacked by dragons and collossi, but those dwarves were mostly idiots anyway. And then the camels and goblins slowly whittled away our numbers, leaving just me, Udib, and Athel. Well, now they're both gone.

I guess the spearwielder's curse extends to us as well.

I need to protect myself. Makrond, Istrath, and Vatek will be suddenly surprised by my willingness to play hero in their little group. I need bodies to hide behind.

I need to discuss this with Aryn. I can't guard his door and follow him around if I'm busy sniffing out his opposition, but if I guard his door and follow him around, then I can't sniff out his enemies. This is a decided advantage for the saboteurs of the fortress, being able to strike whenever they please.

I hope he has a solution, because the only one I've got is 'buy more bears'.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vulkan** on **April 30, 2009, 09:44:10 pm**

Just thought I'd pop in to say great story Heavy Flak!

I have been reading it slowly, page-by-page, for months now, truely an excellent piece of work. Finally managed to "catch up" just a few weeks ago.

Your style of writing, and particularly the terminology you use, seems very reminiscent of George R. R. Martin's "A Song of Ice and Fire", even some of the characters seem at least in some way based off of them. I am not complaining, in fact I believe this is a good thing, seeing as how ASoIaF is probably my favourite series ever. I am however just surprised nobody else seems to have caught the "references". ;D

Regardless, excellent work and I look forward to reading this community fortress to the end!

Might it be too much to ask for another Dwarf, when the next wave of immigrants arrives?

The name can be Vulkan, and profession... umm... maybe a new fortress guard recruit? Weapon doesn't matter... but that is of course assuming the Guard ever gets revived. If he cannot be a fortress guard, I'll take a mason/engraver instead.

A couple weeks ago I actually thought of a little backstory for Erith the pervert, whilst bored at my cottage in a Sauna, I could post it if anyone likes. Maybe I could take him over too, instead of having my guard character, wouldn't need to change the name, I could just provide information from his... perspective, :P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 01, 2009, 07:17:29 am**

Quote from: Vulkan on April 30, 2009, 09:44:10 pm
I am however just surprised nobody else seems to have caught the "references". ;D

Ding ding ding, we have a winner :D

A Song of Ice and Fire has been a real inspiration for me, because of how in-depth George R. R. Martin has made his world. There are *some* annoyances (Catelyn, Sansa and Ygritte, especially), but it seems as if it's a novelized history of a real world. They haven't been as blatant as some of my borrowings, but I've quietly and lovingly stolen bits and pieces for the entirety of my fortress. I highly recommend anyone here who likes Fantasy, Gore, Cursing, Battles, Sex, Midgets, Songs, Sheer-badassery, and horrifying villians to RUN (don't walk) and pick up *A Game of Thrones*

End Paid Shill

Ahem, yeah, anyway. Good job, Vulkan. I'd be happy to add you to the list, or if you're interested in adopting Erith why not PM me the back story you were playing around with? we can talk about it more there!

Edit: Holy crap, we pushed the 2000 replies mark!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sdp0et** on **May 01, 2009, 11:55:49 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on May 01, 2009, 07:17:29 am
Edit: Holy crap, we pushed the 2000 replies mark!

That's nothing. Just the other day, Duke Bomrek was telling me about this thread he started in his youth that had so many replies, the admins had to delete other threads to cannibalize posts.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **moghopper** on **May 02, 2009, 04:36:48 pm**

Mind if I ask a question?

What are all those huge tunnel's under dodik's?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vulkan** on **May 03, 2009, 09:38:18 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on May 01, 2009, 07:17:29 am
Quote from: Vulkan on April 30, 2009, 09:44:10 pm
I am however just surprised nobody else seems to have caught the "references". ;D

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End Paid Shill

Ahem, yeah, anyway. Good job, Vulkan. I'd be happy to add you to the list, or if you're interested in adopting Erith why not PM me the back story you were playing around with? we can talk about it more there!

Edit: Holy crap, we pushed the 2000 replies mark!

Excellent! I definitely agree with your points, GRRM is, in my opinion, unparalleled when it comes to depth of story and the characters. The way he gets you into the mindset of the characters is truly unique, the world and characters seem real. They have emotions, likes, dislikes, and most importantly... they in some cases change, and grow, as time goes on. (except Tyrion. Muhahaha!) There are also no stereotypical "Good & Evil" characters, they're all shades of grey really. I didn't like Sansa at first, but as time went on, and she became less ignorant of the world, I really started to enjoy her viewpoint. Of course, the badassery and all that other wonderful stuff you mentioned is equally well done. ;D

I would have to say you have done an amazing job of partly emulating his style, and creating your own as well, In fact your Community Fortress has had me hooked in the same way as when I last read GRRM's series. (I cannot wait until A Dance With Dragons comes out!) Have you read all 4 of the books currently out, yet?

I will PM you my backstory for Erith in a few days, I still need to write it out. If you ever do publish some of your works, I would definitely be interested in buying.

THERE ONCE WAS A BEAR! A BEAR! A BEAR! ALL BLACK AND BROWN AND COVERED IN HAIR! ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 03, 2009, 10:50:06 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
12th of Limestone, 1069

Hikan's little talk couldn't have come at a worse time. Since Limul won the last election, I haven't been seen in public. What would be the point? They're all after my head, every one of them, over things they know nothing about. Where is this justice in this?

I may have pushed them hard but it wasn't without reason. Who could have survived here, but me? No one. Take the soft greenhorns back in the mountains, coming to this desolate wastelands they would have perished overnight. The scorpions would have left their corpses bloated with venom to burst and rot. The few Elves left alive down here bolted from this place ages ago, before the forests were burned. And because I push, I'm punished.

If Hikan won't be around to watch me, I don't see a reason to leave here. I have my bear, barrels of food squandered, and to get to me I'm through the barracks. Reports are filed and slid under my door. By whom? Can't tell, I assume Hikan, or maybe Duke Bomrek. Maybe even Limul, the arrogant prick.

To appease the plebs, Limul ordered new excavation done for increased goods and food storage, along with double the space for farming. The battlements are being finished, along with a temporary gate to keep the inside protected from invaders. Perhaps there's talk of dissent, who knows - my domes are proving unpopular among those Vocal, and Limul wants it stopped as a 'perfect example of fradulent waste from the previous administration'. The masons continue to get paid though, so bluster all you want Mayor. They'll be finished one way or another.

Meal time. Salt pork and vegetable stew. For the second week in a row. I'm leaping with joy.

sdp0et: Haha, that cracked me the hell up.

moghopper: The tunnel right under her place is the "escape hatch" that has or hasn't been mentioned in passing. The other tunnels were exploratory tunnels to dig up minerals I wanted. Now, they're acting as an excellent worth increaser, as I smooth and engrave ALL of them.

Valkan: I've finished the first three, and I'm half way through the fourth. I'll be honest, not liking the fourth as much as the others. It's just too slow, and there's way too much Cerci and no Tyrion at all, and that makes me drag my feet. Also, I'm just so angry about Vargo Hoat. It's always the good ones, man.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **May 04, 2009, 05:58:58 am**

Diary of Maggarg
No-one's seen Aryn for a coupl'a weeks now, ever since he lost the election.

He's almost certainly holed up in his room and going mad. I've seen it before, great leaders lose power, hide away and start controlling imaginary armies. 'Least, that's how me an' No-ears Monom found the Great Sorceror C'thun when we were borrowing some priceless artifacts from his fortress of ultimate evil. Bless him, he thought that the world was his.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 04, 2009, 07:48:46 am**

If Limul is the mayor, that must mean the ban on religious services has been lifted, right?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 04, 2009, 10:02:58 am**

Quote from: Kuli on May 04, 2009, 07:48:46 am
If Limul is the mayor, that must mean the ban on religious services has been lifted, right?

coughs That's exactly where I was going with that, yeah, that's the ticket...

I can't believe I didn't factor that in

Quote from: Vulkan
I would have to say you have done an amazing job of partly emulating his style, and creating your own as well, In fact your Community Fortress has had me hooked in the same way as when I last read GRRM's series.

This is as good a time as any to pimp some of my other work. I've got this writing blog (<http://carrollwritesstuff.blogspot.com/>) I've been updating whenever I can. I'm doing it to stay in practice and hopefully drum up a little external attention while I work on a few more projects (two books I'm alternating between, depending on if I want to write obnoxious modern characters or obnoxious fantasy ones) and this fortress. If you're just *fiending* for some more writing by Heavy Flak, check it out!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 04, 2009, 08:31:33 pm**

The events of the 25th of Limestone, 1069

Kuli, flanked by his pair of assistants Vash and Jools, stepped from the temple of Zefon. The smile he wore was huge, and infectious; the Maester was in better humor than others had seen him in months, and the service he gave today was impassioned. He adjusted the length of his sleeve, starting across the bridge, when Limul called to him from beside the door.

"Excellent service, Maester. That was just wonderful."
"Thank you, Mayor, I'm glad that you attended."
"I'm glad I did too," Limul said. He smiled guiltily, and rubbed the back of his neck. "I didn't realize just how much there was to do around here. With Aryn indisposed, it will be up to me to trade with the merchants from Stukos Matul that are heading up here."

"The Dwarven merchants are back?" Vash asked, surprised. "We haven't heard word."
"I've sent scavengers into the wastes to hunt bones and treasures, they reported seeing the merchants by the stream."
"well," Jools said, frowning. "Guess I should go talk to Sacktwinkled about going down to escort them."

"Kuli, a question, before I go."
"Of course, Mayor, what is it?"
"Why are you still wearing that suit?"

Kuli looked down at the gaudy zebra-print suit he was wearing. He looked up, and smiled, sheepishly. "I'm loathe to admit, but I've kind of grown fond of this. Madam Dodik may have some... unique ideas, but they aren't all bad."
"Ha, alright, well- oh! You'll be happy to know Crispin gave birth recently to a healthy baby girl, she was hoping you'd be able to do a baptism this afternoon."
"Today?"
"Of course, she has to get back to the wastes with her."

Kuli sighed, and shrugged helplessly. "Well, send her up here quickly..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vulkan** on **May 05, 2009, 12:12:40 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on May 04, 2009, 10:02:58 am
Quote from: Vulkan
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I noticed the link a couple of times, I will certainly check it out when I have time.

Spoilers ahead, don't read them unless you've read the book!

I would agree with you on your point about the last book, A Feast For Crows. While I did enjoy the Aeron/Victarion, Jaime and Sansa chapters, I was greatly annoyed with the frequency of Cersei
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
(If only King Robert were still around to smack the bitch),
the
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
reappearance of Catelyn
and the lack of the other, more prominent characters (which will be explained to you at the end of the book).
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
What happens at the end to Cersei is most enjoyable, however.

With that said, though, I did enjoy the book, Jaime's chapters were probably my favourite.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **May 05, 2009, 07:45:09 am**

Spoilers links are like the little red button in the space ship you have dementia in. You *need* to know what it does but you don't want to blow up your ship...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **May 05, 2009, 07:30:55 pm**

I'm already a corpse floating in space.

I still don't know what the button does though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 07, 2009, 10:10:37 am**

The events of the 6th of Sandstone, 1069

"Alright. Repeat back to me what I just said."
"Cokho, is this really nessecary?" Leopardrag asked.

Cokho narrowed his eyes, and raised one gnarled hand high in the air to strike down the insolent youth. Leopardrag flinched, and though it was more for show than anything, Cokho Roknut felt slightly mollified. He went back to stroking his beard in thought and waited. Leopardrag tried to wait him out, but the growing silence was almost painful, and with a sigh she spoke.

"You lift things with your back, so that all the weight's on your, you know, lower back."
"Good, what else?"
"And you push up in sharp, jerking motions, and make sure to twist before turning."
"And?"
"A hauler's duty is the most sacred of any job, even higher than elite positions like Butcher, Miner, or Metalsmith."

Cokho smiled a wide smile, and clapped the youth on the shoulder. "You'll do just fine, kid."
"Yeah, wonderful."

Lugnut slouched down the hallway, sporting a black eye. As he passed, he glanced over at the pair of haulers and frowned. "Who's that, Master Hauler?"
"This," Cokho said with some pride, "Is our newest addition, Kubuk Leopardrag. Today's her birthday, she's officially a woman.
"You mean... she aged?"

Cokho's face screwed up. "That's what happens to all of us. Look at me, do you think I started out life looking this way? I promise you, I'd have taken the magma bath long before if that was the case."
"If they age... if they grow up... oh, that's not good..."
"What's not good?" Leopardrag said, perplexed.

"Glacies needs to stop this," Lugnut muttered, "All the escapes, oh no, if just one gets out and remembers this place..."

Lugnut turned and sprinted back down the hallway, nearly losing his cap in his haste. Cokho shrugged and pointed to a large stone block in the corner. "Pick that and dump it, please. I want to make sure you stay to form."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 08, 2009, 03:51:43 pm**

The events of the 20th of Sandstone, 1069

"No, you can't move operations back in here."
"But why not!"
"Because what you do isn't decent!"
"WHAT YOU DO ISN'T DECENT"

Limul just stared at Mookie in confusion. "I'm... the mayor. If anything at all, what I do here is completely decent. Everything I do is for the people."
"Then why do I have to trudge across the hot desert every time I want to come to the fortress for a meal?"
"Because whoring isn't something families need around them. If they want that, they can go there themselves."

Mookie scowled, the purple eyeliner under her eyes making them look that much more dark and menacing. "You let *Kuli* back in here."
"...that's not even a good comparison, it's not even in the same league!"
"Yes it is!"

"Sir?" Kandor said, holding his helm in his hands, "A moment of your time?"
"Oh, by all the gods, terrible and old, yes, by all means, yes." Mookie stomped away in a huff, much to Limul's relief. "How may I help you?"
"Well, Sir, I'm nearly a ranked champion now, and I could be much better if I had the time to train, but without the fortress guard more of my time is spent policing the citizens than training for battle. I was hoping you could reinstate the Fortress Guard, give us soldiers a break."

Nervous hands lifted to run through Limul's hair. He left them there, holding tight. "We really can't, Sir Pulleycloisters. Have you seen the Baron's list? I'm on it. So is Neo, Sulari, Archin, Rice, Lucy, Kuli... Howard," the last name was said with obvious distaste. "Without the guard, and without a guard captain, all of us are staying out of jail. I hate to play politics in this way, but... Stravitch's resignation has saved a half dozen, maybe more, from spending a year in the Black Cells."

Kandor thought this over, and Limul allowed himself a breath of relief. He leaned against the wall and rubbed his tired eyes, until footsteps from down the hallway made him look. He stared in confusion at the well-dressed human sauntering past, scanning through sheets of parchment.

"Excuse me, who are you?"
"Oh," the human said, "Guildmaster Filledrobust. I just had a meeting with Mister Estetar. Hard chap to get a hold of. Had to pass everything under his door, but eventually we got things ironed out."
"But he's no longer in charge, I am. You should have spoken to me on any trade deals."
"Hmm?" The human looked at him, unconcerned. "I apologize, already been signed, it's out of my hands now."

Limul frowned. "What did he order?"
"More of the same, mostly. A herd of cats, few grosses of logs, lay pewter, wine and whiskey, cheeses, some leather, and a half tone of lye."
Limul had been nodding at the list, happy with the selections, until he heard the last. His brow crinkled. "Lye? What the hell would he be needing lye for?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **May 08, 2009, 04:23:07 pm**

*The journal of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire, hidden in the wastes.
Entry for the week of 23rd Sandstone, 1069.*

I have no idea who the hell Kandor is, but while I was eating in the mess hall, I overheard some of the rabble talking about how he asked our darling Mayor for the position of Captain of the Guard. Overhearing is the only thing to do when nobody sits with you during lunch.

The idea is utterly preposterous. Whoever this Kandor is must have forgotten who the actual law in this place is. Namely, me. I didn't survive the disbanding of the fortress guard and the death of every one of my comrades to be upstaged by some pretentious nobody for

the highest position of law enforcement in Migrursut.

People forget who's still in charge here. Aryn may not technically be in power, but he still has ways of accomplishing his goals and controlling the fortress. And Aryn will pick me over some upstart for Captain. That way, I can fill the guard with people I can trust, and crack down on these saboteurs at the source.

I was telling all of this to Vatek. He said, "If you're so sure Aryn will pick you for Captain of the Guard, why hasn't he done it already?" Unfortunately, he brings up a good point. I don't understand why Aryn hasn't picked a new Captain to keep the fortress in order and clamp down on his opposition, but I'm sure he has his reasons.

Speaking of Aryn, he hasn't left his room in weeks. I occasionally knock on his door to make sure that he's still alive, but for the most part, I'm out and about doing my normal routine. A rock solid locked door and a solid rock room is just as good a deterrent for would-be assassins as a whole entourage of dwarven bodyguards, I guess, though I don't even want to think about what he has to do when nature calls.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **May 09, 2009, 12:58:52 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on May 08, 2009, 03:51:43 pm
"Lye? What the hell would he be needing lye for?"

My first thought was that you were giving the cleaning system another try, and the lye is for soap. :D
...Followed quickly by clear glass and disposing of bodies.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 10, 2009, 01:12:16 pm**

The events of the 11th of Timber, 1069

"So you're the one that's been terrorizing the haulers," Sgt. Pepper murmured. The leopard in front of him, it's skin sloughed off, it's empty eye sockets glowing ever so slightly with an ethereal light, opened it's mouth in a sad mime of a roar. The Axe Dwarf smiled, and sunk down on one knee.

"You and I and my new sisters, we're kindred spirits. We're misunderstood. Look at you, out here in the sands. What's your goal, Ehh? The same as mine I wager, to try and just make it day to day without The Voice there giving you some subtle commands. When the Star God died on the church steps, I was convinced that was it, I would vanish, but it didn't happen. Everything just got quiet. And here we are still. You, risen from the sands, some old pet of the idiot elves given a new life, and me, some idiot pet to the glorious leaders, someone too stupid to realize a sham deal when he hears it. We have to make our own way in life. You have to torture the citizens of this fortress. I suppose I must do the same. Sleep now, old one. Perhaps you'll finally dream."

Sgt. Pepper stood slowly, his joints creaking. He hefted his dented, work-worn axe high in the air and brought it down. A single stroke, severing the Jaguar's head from it's sun bleached body. The magic dissipated instantly. With a sigh, Sgt. Pepper adjusted his mask, then his coat, and lumbered slowly up the road towards the fortress.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 11, 2009, 08:03:03 pm**

The events of the 1st of Moonstone, 1069

The council met in Limul's room, the first session of the new mayoral rule. The number had dwindled considerably; Bertrand was long dead, as was their third hammerer, the silent and studious Dungeon Master, and the Duke's wife. At Limul's invitation Rice had stepped in as a Liasion for the People, and he joined the regulars: Crowpages, Glacies, and Duke Bomrek.

Limul, his brow stitched together in heavy thought, poured over the ledgers that Glacies had brought him. He turned a few pages, and then a few more, hastily running through them to the end. "Glacies, these are horrendous. Nothing is legible... and the past few months have been left completely blank! Have you been doing anything related to work?"

"I'll be honest with ya'," Glacies said. He slowly lifted a bejeweled hand, stroking it through greased black hair. "I've been doin' so much for others 'round here, I haven't had time to keep the records."

Limul bared his teeth in a grimace. "This won't continue. If you won't start keeping notes, I'll have to bar your magic shows until you do."

Glacies narrowed his eyes, but he held his tongue. Limul waited to see if the book keeper would raise a fuss, and when he didn't, he closed the ledgers and shoved them away.

"I guess, ah, we'll start with new business - No!" he exclaimed as Duke Bomrek started to raise his hand. The Duke blustered out, "Why the hell not?"

"Because half our fortress would be locked up because of your grudges if the guard was reinstated! I'm sorry that you feel slighted, but this fortress was on the brink of destruction and I'm doing my very best to bring it back in line!"

"I must agree with the Mayor," Rice said pleasantly. "Citizen Moral is only now being built up. The..." he paused, and thought for a second, "I suppose the corpses are keeping to themselves, Aryn's lone guardsman is keeping to himself, and work production is shifting from the Bottomless Quarry to more practical matters, like goods and crafts. To start punishing the Dwarves now would be... disastrous."

"I have a suggestion," Glacies said, a grin spreading over his face. "A grand suggestion."

"Wonderful. Is it about the books?" Limul said.

"Better, much better. The Duke feels slighted, yes?" Duke Bomrek nodded, his great mustache aflutter as he huffed. "But the people's psyche's can't take the punishments given. What we need, is a scapegoat. Someone to take the fall, that the Duke can feel better about, and the people can feel needs punishing."

"That's... a horrible idea."

"Aye, and it's politics. What's yer point?"

"Just whom do you suggest?" Crowpages asked. "I doubt anyone in here would agree to throw someone innocent on the spikes of justice."

"Oh, he's not innocent. I'm gunna' suggest Aryn Estetar."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **May 12, 2009, 07:42:45 am**

DUN DUN dundundun DUN DUUUUUUUUUUN

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **May 12, 2009, 08:00:50 pm**

Will he finally get his just desserts?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **thunderclan** on **May 12, 2009, 09:15:23 pm**

They'd have to get him out of his room first which at this point would probably be close to impossible.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **May 12, 2009, 09:25:13 pm**

Well, Hikan might have something to say about the attempt. Possibly, "Over my dead body, you pathetic excuse for a dwarf."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **May 12, 2009, 10:11:38 pm**

Couldn't they just lock his room door? Also, how long would Hikan last against the soldiery of Migrursut? Then again, if no one listens to Aryn, or pays attention to him, might not that be enough?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 14, 2009, 06:15:08 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
10th of Moonstone, 1069

If it wasn't for Hikan bringing me food and drink I think I would be dead by now. My bear keeps me company, as do my books, and my memories. How the mighty have fallen, how they suffer. It is fine.

There are rumblings, talks, of punishing me. For what? For keeping Dwarves alive, for taking these sands and forcing them to support life? Folly. They can come and get me if they'd like, they can put me on trial if they wish, but it is only a farce and the citizens will certainly see through their shame.

Mining is such an important facet of our society. Without mining, how would we have escaped from the Magma within Armoks' heart, tunneling through his chest and upwards, every upwards, until we burst from the soil, dripping free of his fiery blood. It's a profession every dwarf learned a hundred years ago, you were not just a blacksmith. No, you were a miner-smith, or a miner-tanner. It is only through our overcrowding that the worthless positions became "worth" something - the soapers, the milkers, the tanners... these are Dwarves who have forgotten their heritage. They are Dwarves who have forgotten what it means to be a Dwarf.

Telamon is out there, still, watching and waiting. My self-imposed exile, and possible trial, will not stop him, and when the people see that they're new, perfect leader is fallible, well, maybe they'll come crawling back to a Dwarf who hasn't forgotten the old ways, a dwarf who has been right so many times before.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 17, 2009, 01:44:39 pm**

The events of the 12th of Moonsteone, 1069

With a plate of food in hand, Istrath sat down across from his son in the Mayor's private dining room. He smiled, both at being able to enjoy these breakfasts with his son, and for the perks that came with it. His meal quality had increased ten fold, as Dojango prepared courses specifically for the fortress nobility, and by proxy, their parents.

Limul took a sip of coffee-and-rum, cutting a small piece off his horse meat omelet. Istrath poured a large dalop of melted honey on top of his griddle cakes, spooning a few of the fresh sun berries on top. A knock on the door interrupted Istrath from zoning out, and he frowned slightly. "Just ignore it, you deserve a break now and again."
"I really can't, father," Limul said.
"You never get a rest, what would it hurt to just... finish breakfast first?"

Limul sighed, and folded his napkin twice into a tight square. He set it gently next to his plate and rose, approaching the door. He paused for just a second in thought, then opened it. Major Merkil stood on the other side in full battle regailia, his long beard in twin braids, kill-beads clinking with his movements.

"Apologies, sir, but you should be informed there are Goblins on the horizon."
"What!"
"A siege, sir."

Limul lifted a hand to cover his clenched-shut eyes. His jaw tightened, clenching his teeth hard. "Just how many are there?"
"Your scouts say... six full squads. Few crossbows. Mostly maces and swords, with a full squad of elite wrestlers."
"Take me to the barracks, we have to brief the squads."

Merkil seemed taken aback. "You... want to be a part of the planning?"
"Of course. The safety of this fortress is in danger, I want to be kept abreast of any plans."
"Well, of course then," Merkil said, a smile touching his lips. "Come with me, I'll brief you on our plans of action."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **May 18, 2009, 08:52:41 am**

A Mayor with a taste for tactics.... a welcome change ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Iituem** on **May 19, 2009, 12:40:34 pm**

Two. Weeks. Two weeks it has taken me to read the sum of this work.

Good lord, man, but I must salute you. If nothing else, this has been an absolute inspiration to work on my characterisation and a bloody good read. You're a bloody competent storyteller and you must've worked years to get this skilled.

Well done, and good luck with the novel. If/when you get a publisher hooked, for the love of all things unholy tell us what the name is because I shall definitely want to buy a copy.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 19, 2009, 01:08:04 pm**

Quote from: Iituem on May 19, 2009, 12:40:34 pm

Two. Weeks. Two weeks it has taken me to read the sum of this work.

Good lord, man, but I must salute you. If nothing else, this has been an absolute inspiration to work on my characterisation and a bloody good read. You're a bloody competent storyteller and you must've worked years to get this skilled.

Well done, and good luck with the novel. If/when you get a publisher hooked, for the love of all things unholy tell us what the name is because I shall definitely want to buy a copy.

A good ego boost is always a nice thing to come around to <3 Thanks very much, and I'm glad you're enjoying it. This week I'm sending out a bunch more query letters, so hey, maybe we'll eventually see something with my name on a store shelf.

Also - I was preparing an update to send you all, and Dwarf Fortress crashed on me hard. I'll try to get something up in a little bit, but man if that wasn't just a kick between the legs.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 19, 2009, 03:03:00 pm**

The battle of the 14th of Moonstone, 1069

"Hurry up, now!" Varen said, aggitated. "They're nearly here."
"I'm over a hundred and fifty," Cokho complained.
"And you won't see another day if you don't get those traps set!"

Straining, his face bright red, Cokho set the springs in place for the cage trap. Varen pursed his lips, frowning at the single trap looking so lonely by itself at the edge of the bridge.

"I applaud our Mayor's effort," Sergeant Towersacks said, "but this is too little, too late. Traps? Really?"
"I agree, we've done without... but his scouts were off on the numbers. There are seventy of the greenskins marching from the south and east. There is the chance one or two could slip through the defenses."

Sergeant Towersacks scratched her beard idly. "Perhaps. Any loss of life would be considered... tragic. Though the civilians are emboldened. They refuse to stop their work, convinced we'll protect them."
"Then protect them we shall."

The battle that followed was swift, and bloody. The Goblins, larger in size and hungry for destruction, were just not prepared for the duo that stood in front of the bridge. Goblins crawled across the ground, sand sticking to their chests and faces, sticky with blood. The air smelled of steel, of sweat, of shit and fear.

Towersacks was in a rage; Likot had sauntered up half way through, and any kill she prepared to take, her spear skewering through a gibbering green skin, was stolen with a trio of well placed bolts. She wheeled when the mace goblin impaled on her spear went limp, shouting, "Back off, corpse! These are mine!"

"**Sad to say, they're all dead,**" Likot lamented. The glass over her eyes flashed in the sun. "**Oh. My mistake, there's one left. I'll leave him for you.**"

Towersacks and Varen whirled, looking for the attacker. With a short laugh, Varen pointed on the other side of the bridge. "Look, we did have a runner! Fool got caught in the only cage we had!"
"I should stick him myself... damn, go find Cokho, have him take the prisoner down for storage until the battle is over."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 22, 2009, 01:01:02 pm**

Field Report, 19th of Moonstone, 1069
Prepared by Major Merkil Paintlengths, of The Vigorous Nets

In the night, the green filth attempted to attack along the eastern front. Their target: the Poison Temple. The alarm was sounded by a citizen in the night. A midnight mass was in service, doors closed. Potential bloodbath.

The soldiers were instructed to stay away. Poison Temple is not a part of our fortress due to lines drawn up when we were founded. Stravitch was in the mess, passed out with a barrel of rum. Limul continues to surprise.

He ordered Wilber, Luke, Sgt. Pepper, and Sarek to the temple to deal with threat. Couldn't be more proud of our leader - many lives saved with this action against pre-existing notions of territory. None died, civilians made it back safe. Luke broke his right arm and right leg, goblin hammer crushed both. Like a hero he stabbed the green bastard through the jaw and killed him, than walked himself to Dojango for splints.

Wilber hurt his back, but no one can figure out how. He claims the rocks came to life, and he destroyed them before they could eat the fortress walls. When I asked how that would bruise his spine, he said it happened after that, when he was riding a giant bee into the sun. I'm having ratweed removed from his diet.

When Stravitch awoke, he was livid. Claims his temple is a mess, and is planning to punish the remaining Goblin squads. I hope they have their own Gods they may pray to, that will take mercy upon their heathen hides.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **May 22, 2009, 09:21:41 pm**

Log of Wilber.

You know who he is, right?

Anyways: I'm ever so sad. Momo wasn't just a normal giant bee. He was a giant miniature giant space bee. All he'd ever wanted was to be a star. I guess he didn't mean literally. Oh well. The fire was spectacular, even if it blew my cover. The ninjas will probably be back now.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **May 23, 2009, 09:09:35 am**

Diary of maggarg.
Big fight last night at the poison temple.
I wasn't there. As if that wasn't bad enough, the swordsdwarf they used instead was one of them posh twerps instead.
They left Stravich to go out and beat up the rest of them. Typically, he went out roaring drunk and unarmed. Probably still more dangerous than the rest of us.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sdp0et** on **May 24, 2009, 03:24:08 pm**

Migrursut seepage continues: In my newest fortress, both my marksdwarves are worshipers of Likot. I imagine they've ritually crippled their own arms and had custom ritual crossbows fitted.

The battle of the 24th of Moonstone, 1069

Two full squads of Goblins marched south. Hammerers flanked the sides of a large grouping of crossbow goblins. Their voices, harsh and alien, bounced off the boulders and the quarry as they sang their songs of war. Two dozen pairs of boot-shod feet, maybe three, clopped in unison as they reached the road. Their spirits were high. They knew not what was at the top of the ridge.

"Sir, we're here," Sparrow panted, checking the draw on his crossbow.
"Go straight to hell," Stravitch bellowed.
"We're already there," Wilber said, his eyes wide. "It's all around us, can't you see the fire licking at our feet?"
"That's the red sands!"
"Made of fire," Wilber insisted.

Stravitch whirled on them, the sun glinting off his roughshod armor, compiled from pieces he stripped off soldiers he passed on his way out the gate. He hefted Sefulkubok in his left hand, a simple unadorned one in his right. "Stay back. If I see one bolt fly, or one sword swing, I'll kill you with the goblins. They are mine."

"We can't allow you to go out alone," Sparrow complained. "It's not right, you'll-"

But he didn't finish, he was too busy scrambling backwards from the swing Stravitch gave in his direction. Both decided that retreat was possibly for the best, though they only went as far as the next rise. Sparrow knelt and readied his crossbow, staring down the crude iron sights fitted to it. Wilber stood beside him, hoping from foot to foot, watching the unfolding mess below.

The goblins laughed as they saw Stravitch's lone form on the rise. "It's tin can, Aye!" one of them screamed in broken Dwarvish. "Rubbish bin," Came another call. "Throw away your bolts, fill it with purpose!"

Stravitch began to stride towards them, bolts clanging off his armor, leaving dents and scrapes. A few caught unprotected patches of skin, but the wounds were quick to clot over, his blood as thick as sap from all the pickling he did. The first goblin was felled with a single swing, it's head crushed into it's chest. A second wrestler came towards him, but his chest was caved, and his head popped off, streaming blood in spirals through the air like a grotesque party favor.

More dropped, wounded but not dead. As he neared the line of crossbowmen, he paused, his eyes going wide. He dropped his simple mace and reached up with his right hand, touching his nose, his cheek, his right ear - and the shaft that had pierced through all three.



"Not the face, you piece of goblin trash," he shrieked, "Not the *fucking* face!"

The goblins turned to run. The squad of hammerers and wrestlers were lucky, they escaped into the desert, spurred on by the sounds of the crossbow wielders behind them.



When Wilber and Sparrow came down, many goblins were dead. Some, the wounded, had escaped, and they were unsure if it was be design or just from forgetting. A few were certainly dead, like the one Stravitch was still pounding on methodically with his mace. It was little more than a green and red smear in the sand, the fine grit having shredded it's meat to a jelly consistantcy. Wilber touched his shoulder gently, and Stravitch stopped, glaring over his shoulder.

"Why don't... I buy you a drink at Dodik's?" he asked.
"Me too," Sparrow said.
"And Dojango said he'd like to come to, maybe bring his clippers, we could, you know, just drink, talk about ... things."

Stravitch grunted, and sheathed his mace. "Excellent idea." He seemed to have forgotten about the bolt already, despite the right side of his body being soaked in mostly his own blood.

The events of the 2nd of Opal, 1069

Major Merkil scratched at the back of his neck, a sinking feeling in his stomach. Vatek stood calmly beside him, his hands resting on his

spear, his fresh-polished armor glistening in the torch light. Behind them was Limul, his purple robes of nobility hanging heavily on weary shoulders.

Hikan bared his teeth, his extendable spear clicking into place. "You'll have to get through my cold, dead body if you want in here." "Please don't do this. You're a valiant warrior, and dedicated," Merkil said quietly. "Aryn is being escorted to the Mayor's office, for an audience with the council. Nothing more."

"And then what?" Hikan spat. "A trial, yes? I've heard that braggard Glacies in the mess talking to his toady Lugnut. You're not going to lay a hand on him." "I don't want to have you hurt, Lieutenant, but we are entering that room." "I didnt' wake up wanting to murder three Dwarves today, but the idea is getting more and more appealing the more you run your mouth."

Vatek sighed. He looked back at Limul, shrugging his shoulders in submission. "What now, boss?" he whispered. "Should we get Stravitch? He could get us in there, he likes justice." Limul whispered back. "Oh no, please. He's extra surly since pulling that barbed bolt out..."

The image of Stravitch, missing half his nose and a chunk of his ear, his cheek lined with a deep scar from when he ripped the bolt out himself sent a shudder up Limul's spine. He nodded and stepped forward, his hands held out in front of him in a placating gesture. "Please, Hikan, we want to keep this place safe. You can understand that, can't you? You can stay with Aryn the entire time during the questioning, but we need- NOW!"

Vatek lurched forward, his spear thudding into the door beside Hikan's shoulder, pinning his coat to the wood. Hikan tried to raise his own spear but Merkil's bulky frame slammed into him. The door creaked, and the hinges broke. They tumbled in, Merkil beating at Hikan with his mailed fists as the protector bit a small chunk out of his cheek.

"...He's not in here," Vatek said slowly. "What?" Merkil and Hikan said together. They looked around, their fighting stopped, at the empty office and bedroom. Clothes were strewn about, furniture tipped over; Aryn and his pet were no where to be seen.



"Well bugger all," Hikan spat out. "He didn't tell me? He didn't TELL me? I-"

Limul closed his eyes, drowning out the curses that followed. This was terrible, absolutely terrible, and this was news that would spread fast. With a sigh, he said, "Prepare the goblin we captured - make sure he's fed, and clothed, and treated well. I want him pliable when we interview him."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **May 28, 2009, 08:41:56 pm**

DUN Dun dun!! Where could Aryn be?

Haven't said much in awhile so I wanted to pop in and say keep up the good work!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **May 29, 2009, 01:51:10 am**

I bet he followed a raccoon out into the wastes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **May 29, 2009, 02:31:33 am**

*Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire's Notes,
Marked for 2nd Opal, 1069.*

Where the bloody hell did Aryn go? I'm supposed to protect the guy. This isn't something I can just shrug off.

Places to check:

Poison Temple - Aryn not likely to be there. Will check anyway.
Assface's Folly - Could be hiding near the giant wooden donkey.
Dodik's - Dodik might know something. Rinsesilver might know something, too.
Temple to Zefon - Kuli and Aryn don't see eye to eye. Will check anyway.
Glass Domes - Probably won't hide in a place he can't escape from. Will check anyway.
The Walls - May be a chance.

Need to find Aryn, to help him escape. Don't know why he didn't tell me. Guess he doesn't trust me. He has too many enemies. Needs protection.

Vatek, that snake. Limul, that whelp. Merkil, that goon. I could've taken them on. Could've easily beaten Merkil. Major Daycovering's mystic training my ass.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **May 29, 2009, 03:35:04 am**

He didn't... he just did not..... that useless fool, not only was he caught completely off guard by a few simple handgestures... he bit me! Stabbing my leg would've been more appropriate, he could've made a dent in my armor or given me a nasty wound, fine.. That's the risk we take, but biting..... BITING! That's undwarvenly low!

I'll have Hikan drafted....

But on to the real matter at hand here, Aryn is gone..... Lord knows where, even the grizzly is gone, but no traces of blood... although the place seems to have been searched. Hopefully Limul won't go too hard on him, despite his methods, he has pulled the right strings at the right times, although it's hard to admit...

Perhaps I could try to get to talk to Hikan alone, find out what he knows... if he decides he doesn't want to tell, I could teach him a thing or two...

(Hope you don't mind me putting down some thoughts Flak... I'm not mutch of a poster, usually hide in the shadows as the lurker I am... But if you decide to use this, note that I'm implying some form for torture, but I've never seen Merkil as the one who would go down that path... He could infact teach Hikan the old trick of always having an extra short reach weapon at hand.. daggers are fun in brawls...)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **May 29, 2009, 06:41:29 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on May 29, 2009, 02:31:33 am

Places to check:

Assface's Folly

Pure winage - cracked me up :-)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **May 29, 2009, 02:18:21 pm**

Quote from: IronValley on May 29, 2009, 03:35:04 am

(Hope you don't mind me putting down some thoughts Flak... I'm not mutch of a poster, usually hide in the shadows as the lurker I am... But if you decide to use this, note that I'm implying some form for torture, but I've never seen Merkil as the one who would go down that path... He could infact teach Hikan the old trick of always having an extra short reach weapon at hand.. daggers are fun in brawls...)

Hikan getting tortured? That would be a twist. While I don't Hikan hasn't outright tortured anyone, I'm sure he's used his fists to gain information more than a few times.

And now I really wanna see who would win in a fight between Hikan and Merkil. In fact, I think a tournament featuring all the named dwarves in military professions would be pretty cool. It's one of the things I would've requested if I had solved one of those cryptograms.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 29, 2009, 02:34:49 pm**

The events of the 19th of Opal, 1069

The Council met in Limul's room. They talked quietly amongst themselves, of rumors, of work, of defenses.

"Dodik's got attacked again last night," Crowpages said. She drummed her fingers on the table without rhythm, adgitated. "It was just a few of the camels that got in," Limul said. "Likot took care of them, she kept one of their heads to scare the children." "That's not what I've heard," Crowpages said, slowly. "Noble's are endangered. What have I done? I keep taxes low, I don't punish anyone unfairly - I only asked for a modest room... "

Bomrek cleared his throat, his great mustache fluttering out from the burst of air. "When will our prisoner arrive? I'm already bored!" "Glacies is bringing him down now," Limul said. "Such a slack-wit," Bomrek muttered in reply.

Their talk ceased as the door opened. Glacies entered, hauling a large cage by a handle. Lugnut came behind it, straining as he pushed. A goblin sat in the cage, his head down, his arms crossed over his knees. Long tapered ears drooped down, submissive. Bomrek grinned wide. "That's how they should look - it's not an elf, not by far, but these green monsters look quite fitting in their cages."

"I've got to get to the books," Glacies announced. "You're such a liar," Limul said. "You haven't touched them in weeks." "I know, I was looking at them, and, well, according to the wealth it seems we're near five-million in worth, that..."

Limul gaped. "Absurd. No. Go check that, make sure it's correct. If that's even close to accurate, this will have been the most... the most successful expansion in the history of Stukos Matul."

Glacies stepped out with Lugnut, shutting the door behind him. Limul took a drink of ale, the warm drink calming his nerves. "Goblin, rise, we have questions for you."

The goblin stayed still, his head bent, knees lifted, though one leg stretched out farther than the other, stiff and sore. Bomrek cleared his throat again. "Rise, beast, or we'll have you punished! Do you speak Dwarvish? Respect our orders and submit to your questioning."

Only then did the head raise. Steely, dead eyes glared back at them, a slack face, impassive, completely emotionless. The goblin stood, the chains that bound his wrists rattling, his roughspun shirt and jean-cloth pants streaked with dust and blood. **"I do speak Dwarvish,"** he said slowly. "Then start your tongue, lest you lose your whole head!"

"Talk? Yes. Let's speak, about chance, about fate. The one in the front - you're young Limul, correct?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **May 30, 2009, 07:38:07 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on May 29, 2009, 02:31:33 am

Places to check:

Temple to Zefon - Kuli and Aryn don't see eye to eye. Will check anyway.

I think Kuli would provide sanctuary to Aryn if only out of pity at this point. Can't imagine Aryn actually asking him for protection though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **May 30, 2009, 08:02:58 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on May 29, 2009, 02:18:21 pm

Quote from: IronValley on May 29, 2009, 03:35:04 am

(Hope you don't mind me putting down some thoughts Flak... I'm not mutch of a poster, usually hide in the shadows as the lurker I am... But if you decide to use this, note that I'm implying some form for torture, but I've never seen Merkil as the one who would go down that path... He could infact teach Hikan the old trick of always having an extra short reach weapon at hand.. daggers are fun in brawls...)

Hikan getting tortured? That would be a twist. While I don't Hikan hasn't outright tortured anyone, I'm sure he's used his fists to gain information more than a few times.

And now I really wanna see who would win in a fight between Hikan and Merkil. In fact, I think a tournament featuring all the named dwarves in military professions would be pretty cool. It's one of the things I would've requested if I had solved one of those cryptograms.

More like threatening with torture, taking him to an excluded chamber, then yell at him for being incompetent. Spears are only that usefull once your opponent is too close for stabbing.... Then hand him a dagger, and tell him to keep Aryn safe, and possibly indulge him on any news... The Major still respects Aryn's accomplishments, but will probably remain loyal to the current leader... He does know how to keep secrects though, even from superiors.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **sonerohi** on **May 30, 2009, 12:48:55 pm**

Journal of Wilber

The bees tell me that Aryn is gone. I feel so bad for him. It's so obvious though... The molepeople captured him and imprisoned him on the rainbow cloud. I'm going to tell all the marksdwarves to shoot any rainbow clouds they see. Maybe we can make it crash! And then we can rescue Aryn from the molepeople, and make candy from the cloud!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 30, 2009, 08:55:24 pm**

Quote from: Groveller on May 29, 2009, 01:51:10 am

I bet he followed a raccoon out into the wastes.

I want you to know that stupid raccoon is still a thorn in my side. Every time I open up Dwarf Companion he's there, chilling out, being a raccoon, and not dying. If there weren't evils of unspeakable nature assailing the fortress - this raccoon would be the *real* enemy.

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I certainly don't mind. I really feel this is a community effort. The ideas, and comments, and jokes of the readers have shaped this fortress into something I hadn't expected. So please, react as you feel your character would, it's always nice!

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Interesting idea. I may at some point do an "alternate history", or just a tournament bracket, and pit a bunch of Dwarves against one-another single-elimination style. There would actually be a few Dwarves that would do well you might be surprised of, if it's based solely on stats and not military expertise.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **IronValley** on **May 31, 2009, 05:10:58 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on May 30, 2009, 08:55:24 pm

Quote from: Groveller on May 29, 2009, 01:51:10 am

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About that, I've been wondering a bit, since I've hardly heard any repots of Merkil going into combat... does he suffer the same syndrome as the Old Major? Or is he just too busy sparring?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 31, 2009, 09:56:53 am**

Quote from: IronValley on May 31, 2009, 05:10:58 am

About that, I've been wondering a bit, since I've hardly heard any repots of Merkil going into combat... does he suffer the same syndrome as the Old Major? Or is he just too busy sparring?

He actually doesn't. I let him spar, mostly, or when a large force of goblins comes in I send him out with a squad to kick some ass. Merkil is a very tough warrior, especially with that artifact hammer he swings around. Now, Sulari on the other hand, she sadly became battle weary... but she's having a happier life now, throwing all kinds of parties!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **moghopper** on **May 31, 2009, 07:31:06 pm**

Who's stronger? Stravitch or Merkil?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Impending Doom** on **May 31, 2009, 09:54:58 pm**

Journal of Kandor PulleyCloisters

The whack-job Wilber spoke to me today. Told me Aryn's gone, then gave me some tale about moles and begged me to shoot down any

rainbows I saw.

Freak. If it weren't for all the rumours going about, I wouldn't have bothered listening to the rest.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 02, 2009, 08:02:47 pm**

The continued events of the 19th of Opal, 1069

Cokho Rokho sat at one of the long tables in the mess hall, a paper hat upon his head. He glowered at the cake in front of him, at all the cheering around him. Everyone seemed to be having fun at this impromptu party, they always did, and what did he get out of it? Unneeded attention and some dried cake made of rum, cat, and plump helmet.

Someone, somewhere, had gotten the idea that it was his birthday. Was it? He couldn't even remember. Among a society of long-lived dwarves, Cokho was an ancient, gnarled example of where heavy drinking and hard work could get you. He turned to open his mouth, to tell off one of the children running past him, but a loud scream rang through the fortress.

"At least someone's having a worse day than me," he thought blandly.



"What in the world?" Jools said. The soldiers in the barracks had stopped training at the sound of the scream, looking down to the rooms the nobility held. He readied his sword, tentatively stepping into the hallway, when he saw a blood splattered form step into view. It was tall, thin, the rough spun shirt and jean cloth pants soaked through with blood. So were his hands and mouth, his eyes expressionless, bored.

Bloodlust filled Jools, and with a snarl, he leaped at the goblin. Even though the green skin limped, he moved fast enough, and struck hard, his hands - still shackled together - crashed into the soldiers chest. He grunted as he hit the wall, stunned.

The goblin made no sound as Sarek snuck up behind him, and grabbed an arm. There was a sickening crack at the shoulder, and his left arm went limp at the side. Jools made to move in, but screamed in pain as the goblin braced himself on Sarek's broad body and lashed out with his steel shod boots, crushing his left arm at the elbow.



Bolts began to fly. Likot's voice, shrill and hollow, was completely unintelligible. The goblin caught a bolt in his right hand, and he tried to use this to stab Sarek. With a bellow, the goblin pressed his chains against Jools throat and pinned him to the wall. He used this for leverage, and kicked both feet out behind him hard. Sarek flew down the corridor, landing in a crumpled heap - dead on impact.

Jools began to black out, his vision frosting over at the sides, blood foaming at his mouth. He could see a dwarf approaching from the barracks, though there wasn't much hope in his mind.

He was suddenly able to breath, his vision clearing quickly. He saw the goblin held aloft against the wall, thrashing futilely. Stravitch held him pinned there by the shirt collar, his lips pulled back into a snarl. The goblin was able to land a single kick on Stravitch's barrel stomach, before Sefulkubuk crashed into his face. The goblin slumped, brains and blood a smear on the stone.



From the distance, there was a wail - Rice, who had stood at the edge of the room horrified, gasped.
"That's... Duke Bomrek."
"Help me," the voice said again, "Please...I... I'm bleeding out, I think, please help, Limul's.... dead, I think Crowpages is too..."



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zako** on **June 03, 2009, 08:29:57 am**

gasp Oh my god!
That was unexpected!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 04, 2009, 06:51:00 am**

You're very cruel, Heavy Flak.
Poor Limul. Hopefully we'll find out why the goblins had been after him all these years.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 04, 2009, 03:32:19 pm**

Szondi's Journal, 7th of Obsidian, 1069

Fortress in an uproar. Unfortunate. Understandable. First Son of the Sands laid to rest in simple tomb; never got around to digging out something more fitting his station. Tax Collector dead, not mourned at all. All but forgotten, body tossed in magma with refuse. Bad death, very ignoble.

Already group is fracturing, splitting at seams. Maudlin is frantic over finding Aryn, complaining loudly to any that will listen that it's their fault it's come to this. Don't believe he's dead, lived through too much, he'll turn up. Probably rescind his thrown in current turmoil. Ill feelings. General Jeweler heartbroken. Sad to see him fall so hard. Spends all time in the shops cutting praise, not on duty. At least he eats. Depression not full blown. Dark Hawk believes this was done by Glacies, saw him leave the room last before The Incident. I have doubts.

Spoke with Bomrek on his sick bed. Not doing well. Pale and losing weight and blood fast. Scared of me when I arrived - should be. I was wearing Limul's death mask as tribute. Said Goblin broke off attack when Limul was dead, just left them to bleed out. Spoke of fate inside his cage, and of a demon, Olsmo, who had wanted the first Son of the Wastes to enter this world through. Became obsessed.

No longer needed, other children taken. Many children - hundreds? Who knows, Goblins stealing more children than the fortress has. They're raising him.

And we're becomming splintered. Must rally. We must watch the borders.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 06, 2009, 05:19:46 pm**

The events of the 13th of Obsidian, 1069

Madam Dodik-Come-Lately stood behind the bar of the near-empty brothel, using a soapy towel to wipe down the length of the oak counter top. Mookie sat on a bar stool cleaning glasses, little legs swinging, though most of her attention seemed to be spent on working the sweetened piece of gum over and over in her mouth.

The door opened, and both looked towards it, relaxing as Rinsesilver stalked inside, her suit dusty from a recent winter sandstorm. She looked irritated, but these days, when didn't the leader of the Fishers look that way?

"What did you find out?"
"Nothing. A couple things. I need a beer."

Mookie started to give some sass in return, but after a moments consideration she nodded. "Here, I'll get it for you!" She slipped off the stool and headed behind the bar, grabbing a large mug which she proceeded to fill with a thick ale from one of the kegs behind the bar.

"Bomrek's still alive. I don't see how. He won't last much longer."
Dodik nodded her head. She didn't bother to ask how Rinsesilver knew that - information like that wasn't important to know. It was a danger, and best left in only a few heads.

"I saw the corpse of the Goblin that had run amok. It's the same one that was seen harassing our slice of the sands. I'm sure he's the one that stole our money. He's dead now, that's reassuring."
"Then why don't you look pleased?" Dodik asked. "He's dead. Our coffers are one again safe. Our money - not returned - is growing. What do we have to fear?"

"Subterfuge," Rinsesilver growled. "Glacies has been confined to his room pending, well..." she coughed, "Pending there actually being a level of Government above Tun the Manager. The peasants are scared to step up and take the position - nobles die left and right, though, with this Goblin dead, perhaps that's at the end. Also, there was a note."

"A note?"
Rinsesilver nodded, and pulled a small, bloodstained sheet of paper from her pocket. "So worried about Limul, about the Duke, tending to Sarek, I was able to search the goblins corpse before they could. It's written in Goblisch, and I believe it says..." She coughed again, briefly touching her throat. "Fate be on your side. Remove Limul or don't return. Olsmo returns soon, a dozen children will be his vessel. ~Stozu Kolakslosno"

"And that means?" Mookie asked.
"Paid assassin - though why Limul, and not Aryn? Anyone's guess."
Mookie frowned. "I've heard Maester Kuli speak of an Olsmo before... do you think he would know about this?"

"I'd prefer not to involve ourselves in matters we can stay away from, be it goblins, or the church," Rinsesilver said.
"I differ with you there," Madam Dodik said, her voice low, but kind. "I'll be setting up an appointment with Maester Kuli to... discuss these things, and I'd appreciate you being there, Rinsesilver. I respect your council."

"What about me!" Mookie asked eagerly.
"...I respect yours too. I think it, ah, best, if you were tend bar here, and... not go to such an important meeting..."

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Jim Groovester on June 06, 2009, 07:41:32 pm

Maudlin's Meditations, posted publicly.

Our mayor, Limul Leopardknights, is dead. Our first son born to Migrursut lay dead at the hands of a brutal saboteur, who killed our mayor with his bare hands.

The saboteur was killed, a small measure of justice in the face of the greater injustice of Limul's death. A young dwarf, full of promise, freely elected to lead our city to greater things, cut down during his prime. A tragedy no one imagined.

Justice demands retribution. Elements against our city work in the shadows, and they arranged for the saboteur to kill Limul. You cannot stand to let these elements walk free, untried and unpunished for their horrible crimes.

I will guarantee your safety if you have any information on anyone who was involved in the death of our mayor.

-Maudlin

*The journal of Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire,
Entry for the week of 15th Obsidian, 1069*

Every time somebody dies, the whole fortress comes running to me begging me to tell them what happened, because evidently nobody has any clue about what deduction is or reconstructing a series of events from dead bodies. It must be the alcohol. This time it was Major Merkil, who's been on my ass ever since I took a bite out of his cheek. Prick.

I in no uncertain terms, told him to shove his head up his ass, and that it might do some good loosening the stick he's got rammed up there, because I don't work for him, I work for Aryn. He didn't take too kindly to that. Had two of his men 'escort' me to the site of Limul's death and make me look it over.

What was there to tell? A goblin ripped apart the nobility and then got killed as he was trying to escape. In other words, I told Merkil nothing he didn't already know.

A more interesting question is how the goblin got into the fortress itself. I noticed the lever on the way to Limul's room, and I noticed the open cage. Somebody, in the fortress itself, brought the goblin in there in the cage and released him when Limul met with his council. Unfortunately, there's no way to tell who could have done that. This just tells us that somebody is working to bring down the leadership of Migrursut, something I've known was happening for a while, but they're working with goblins, which is somewhat of a surprise.

Istrath is pretty depressed about the whole thing, as I can imagine. We've all lost loved ones here at Migrursut, though mutual loss is not the same as comfort.

I've put up a few flyers around the fortress and called them 'Maudlin's Meditations', a bunch of tripe demagoguery full of flowery language and strong feelings that will hopefully inspire a modicum of decency in somebody and make them want to talk. The group thinks it will bring undue attention on the 'Masked Fighters of Crime of Migrursut', which is what I think our group is called now. As if running around in a bunch of costumes didn't bring enough attention on ourselves.

I didn't give them any way to meet me. I'll keep my ears open and listen for the dwarves who talk about it, since they're the ones who are at least thinking about giving information. I'll visit those in the night. And get information out of them.

No news from Aryn or about him. The bastard left me here to deal with the fallout of his escape. Serve a guy loyally and unquestioningly for however many years and then he leaves you out to dry. I should've seen something like this coming.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Kuli on June 06, 2009, 08:33:47 pm

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 06, 2009, 05:19:46 pm
Olsmo returns soon, a dozen children will be his vessel.

Oh god, does that mean what I think it means?

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: (name here) on June 06, 2009, 09:10:03 pm

It means Migrursut is going to be visited by a demon lord, i think.

Incidently, I'd like to request a dwarf. Preferably one that works with magma forages.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 06, 2009, 09:39:36 pm**

I meant the "dozen children" part. What does that make you think of?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **June 06, 2009, 09:45:40 pm**

Grovsmlö.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **(name here)** on **June 06, 2009, 11:36:32 pm**

I think that it's using all the stolen children, actually.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **moghopper** on **June 07, 2009, 03:41:21 pm**

Restating my desire to have a dwarf.

I'd like a soldier. Doesn't matter what kind. Just that I fight and die honorably in the coming storm.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **June 09, 2009, 09:26:30 am**

Grolsmov(s) Live(s)!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 11, 2009, 05:51:47 pm**

*Notes from Telamon, stacked in *headquarters*, dated 1st of Granite 1070*

Fucking Aryn, of all the Dwarves to last, of all of them, why him? He's been a thorn in my side for too long, that ass, that braying ass, that shiftless bastard. You give someone years of your life, you toil at his side, you grudgingly protect him and his interests and he sells you out and when you've become an inconvenience to him. To think he let the corpses live, to think, he worked the miners to their very bones.

I think Archin is suffering damages, mental damages, internal damages from all the rock dust she inhaled in the quarry. Enough to fall in love with the stinking corpse of our old friend Sgt. Pepper, that's how much damage Aryn's effected, and that's just one man, one noble.

With all of the ... <here is intelligable scribbling> ...no, no , no. Too much is being made. Limul's death, Bomrek's soon-to-be-death, Aryn will be back soon unless I can find him. I HAVE to find him. He's on the lamb pending that trial, but if he shows up, with this lack of leadership...

<more scribbblings, smudged out, both in pencil and what looks like smears of rust colored dried blood>

Must find him. If he gets back in power, in any capacity, our actions will need to be stepped up. Powder kegs set off, civilians harmed, the whole works. I get no pleasure doing this. Maybe Sgt. Pepper does, maybe Archin, but I don't. I'm a revolutionary. I'm a representative of the people.

I've found some interesting things in my nightly excursions, including a tunnel that's never been here before (http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-6034-oceanbled-oceanbled), that wily bastard. I'll find him, regardless of the cost.

Sometimes to protect the people, you must kill a few of them to prove your worth.
<a single smudge, a thumbprint in blood that was hastily moved before it had set>

TELAMON

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Quote** on **June 12, 2009, 02:42:43 am**

I'd like to request a dwarf, I read the entire story, twice. It was amazing, and involved much coffee.

Name: Quote
Profession: Architect Novice Bowyer
Gender: Male
Preferences:He prefers not to get involved with this religion business but worships Lenod when necessary. He was briefly trained in crossbows after an incident with demons in an old fort.
He spends his days at Dodik's drawing architectural designs, he also is constantly thinking of ways to improve fortress defense. Is currently working on a hand-held crossbow, imagine a pistol, except with bolts.
And because I'm impatient, he has been in the fort since Aryn announced the building of the domes, but was too scared to talk to anyone because he felt they were untrustworthy.
He also loves Aryn. A lot. He loves Aryn as much Hikan hates alcohol.
Story:A budding young architect traveled to Migrursut to look for the illustrious Howard Roaroak, an architectural genius, for mentoring.

Sorry for droning on in this post for so long, It's just that I've been thinking about this character for most of the story. Thanks!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **June 12, 2009, 01:53:58 pm**

Quote from: Quote on June 12, 2009, 02:42:43 am
He also loves Aryn. A lot. He loves Aryn as much Hikan hates alcohol.

Your character and my character, they'll get along *juuust* fine.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Quote** on **June 12, 2009, 03:43:26 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on June 12, 2009, 01:53:58 pm
Quote from: Quote on June 12, 2009, 02:42:43 am

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Hikan is my favorite person. Aside from Aryn, of course.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **June 12, 2009, 03:53:24 pm**

Quote from: Quote on June 12, 2009, 03:43:26 pm

Hikan is my favorite person. Aside from Aryn, of course.

That makes two of us, except the Aryn part. You know, if you keep this up, our two characters will have to wear friendship rings and hold hands and sing nursery rhymes with eachother for how well they're going to get along.

Heh, I just got this image in my head.

Engraved in Jim Groovester's mind is a well-crafted image of a dwarf and a dwarf. The dwarf is dancing around the dwarf. The engraving refers to the friendship formed between Datan 'Hikan' Dallithshorast and Quote in early spring of 1070 at Migrursut.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Quote** on **June 13, 2009, 12:04:53 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on June 12, 2009, 03:53:24 pm

Quote from: Quote on June 12, 2009, 03:43:26 pm

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Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Hikan is angry because he scowls so much that his face is almost stuck like that. :'(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 13, 2009, 11:58:59 pm**

The events of the 12th of Granite, 1070

Dodik's was a bustle of activity, Dwarves drinking, fighting, laughing, playing cards and tiles, and generally being stout, raucous, and fully living up to the other races stereotypes. Mookie was working the bar, for weeks now, actually. There was a struggle of power between the brothel's namesake Dodik, and her second-in-command Rinsesilver over approaching Kuli with the information they had found. The Fishers had left, fully and completely, and the bar was understaffed.

Dodik was a wreck, Rinsesilver was a fuming despite the good news of the Goblin's death, and Mookie had absolutely *no* idea how to make change. But that didn't stop her from having fun, or stop the soldiers from taking full advantage of this.

Hefting a heavy tankard of sewer brew, she carried it to a small table near the corner, where a slight dwarf sat hunched over a notepad. She was doodling idly, and when the tankard was set in front of her, she gave a faint smile and placed the correct amount of coin on the table in thanks. Mookie still gave her change though, which left the dwarf perplexed.

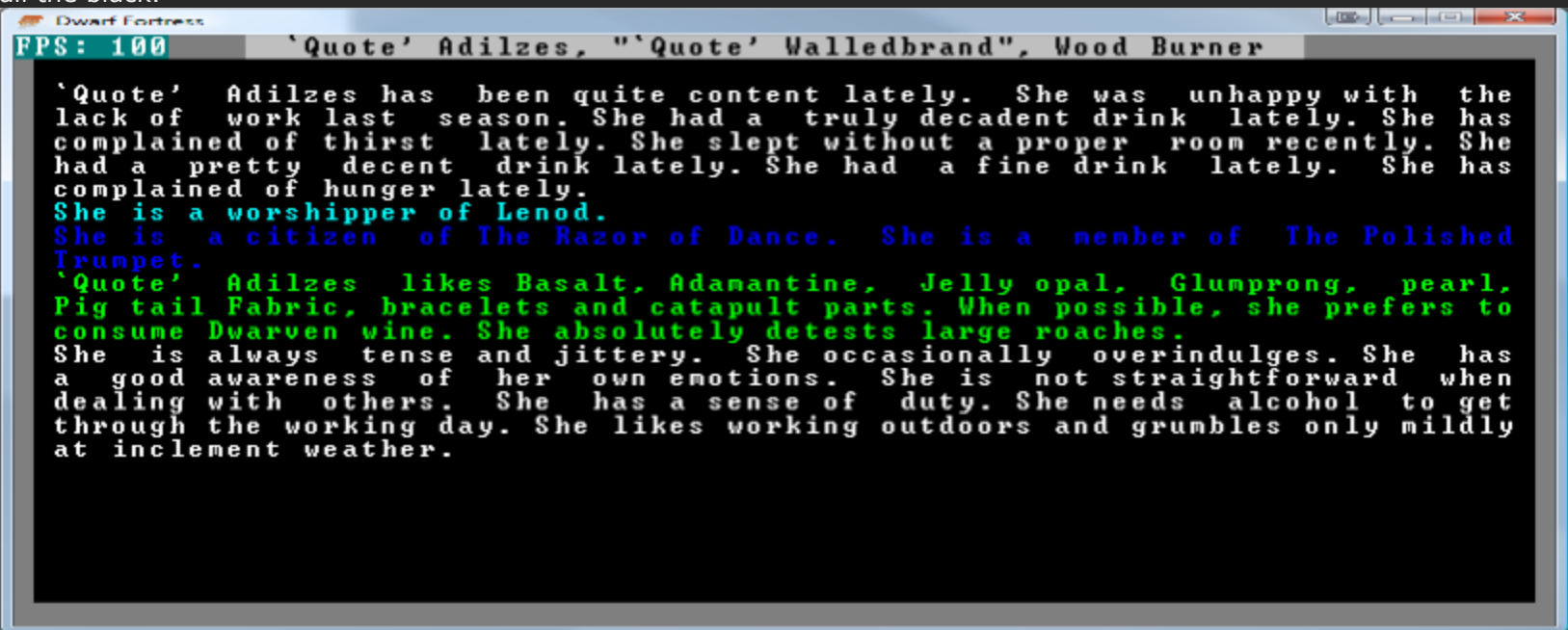
She lifted her head once more when a seat was pulled out on the opposite side of the table, and a well dressed Dwarf sat down. She had on a smart coat pulled tight, and a flat brimmed hat with a small card in the band. She smiled, and gave a little wave.

"Can I help you?" Asked the Dwarf, quietly, as she looked up from her sketch.
"Yes, I'm Aya, reporter extrodonaire, and I was-"
"Reporter?" The Dwarf blinked, pursing her lips. "What's a reporter."



"Oh. Well, see, we have a surplus of paper. We found it in the back of Bertrands old office and room, reams of it, and to put it to use I'm planning to start a ... fortress news-letter of sorts. Why let it all go to waste, aye? Aye, that's right! I've seen you in here before, and I was hoping to, maybe talk to you briefly, about what it is you do! Let's start with a name."

The Dwarf looked down at her little sketch. The lines were harsh at the edges, black streaks that worked their way to the top of the page. Spikes edged out from it, and tendrils dripped down from the top of the dark tower, teeny windows blank white starkness amongst all the black.



"I'm... Quote. And I've been trying to meet with Master Roaroak. But with Aryn's disappearance, he's been quite busy in the quarry, supervising the construction of Migrursut proper. Architecture is a field that most overlook, being underground beings, and..." she trailed off, giving a shrug. "Our fighting men could use some new bows," She finished lamely.

"Mmmm," Aya said, her pen scribbling over a sheaf of paper. "Honest worker, comes to fortress expecting grand halls and flying buttresses. Instead, she finds a dirt hovel, barely fit for Dwarves of Past - her talent, her love, architecture, abandoned in the face of such monstrous ignorance."

"That's not what I said at all!"
"Oh, please, that's just a note. That won't be what our full-copy will be at all, don't you worry, dear!"

OOO notes:

We haven't gotten any migrants yet (I'm working on it, I swear) and thanks to sdp0et I still have a list of Dwarves that need to be added (thank you so much for that, again!) However, these two new additions are special instances.

Quote found a decent way to incorporate a Dwarf into the fortress almost seamlessly, and besides, anyone who likes Aryn is a friend of mine (secret note, I like Aryn too, I find him terribly tragic <3). Second, Aya is a request that was rescinded by long-time reader and contributor Xofrevlis. I know he pulled it back, but I added her back in for two reasons. I love the idea of a reporter snooping around and being annoying to everyone involved, and also I want to give something, anything, back to a very talented guy who's put a lot of heart into his drawings for this story without asking anything in return.

So - there ya' go.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Tarquinius** on **June 14, 2009, 11:48:17 am**

I'm not sure if it's intentional or not, but the name and personality of the new reporter Aya makes me think of Aya Shameimaru, a reporter from the Touhou games.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Quote** on **June 14, 2009, 04:35:04 pm**

Adamantine?! Don't make me a noble, it could lead to trouble, and my magma death.

Journal of "Quote" Walledbrand
I've started this journal to document my exploits here at Migrursut (Or Oceanbled in the Human tongue.) While at Dodiks a strange 'gal, calling herself a reporter (Whatever the hell that is,) and began to ask me questions. It was quite annoying because I was in the middle of one of my architectural drawings.

Master Roaroak has been unavailable due to Aryns disappearance, if these distractions keep popping up I may never see the Master.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **June 14, 2009, 10:55:14 pm**

Nice seeing Dodik's getting some storyline action lately ;D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **June 16, 2009, 09:57:30 am**

Plenty of action at Dodiks. Open anytime, rain (ha) or shine. Dodik's - have you Come Lately?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 16, 2009, 04:56:06 pm**

Quote from: Groveller on June 16, 2009, 09:57:30 am
Plenty of action at Dodiks. Open anytime, rain (ha) or shine. Dodik's - have you Come Lately?

Hahaha, seriously the best slogan for a brothel ever. And to think, she was once a mopey emo girl, sulking around the fortress annoying Stravitch. Ahh, how they grow up so fast...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 19, 2009, 09:33:39 am**

The events of the 16th of Granite, 1070

"Forgive me, Maester, for I have sinned."
"Please, Miss Tinbells, there is no need for formalities such as that here. We are all sinners in the eyes of Zefon, yet we are all loved just the same."
"No, I must apologize. Mookie refused to stay behind."

Mookie waved happily from her seat, and Dodik shot her a deaths glare that was either unnoticed, or completely ignored. Maester Kuli couldn't help but smile, though Jools, standing at his right, rolled his eyes.

"I understand you have something of... some importance to discuss with me, yes?"
"I apologize for it taking so long," Dodik said slowly. She found herself starting to stutter, and frowned. What was this? She ran the most profitable enterprise for leagues, she worked with Dwarves daily, and she had even hosted the Maester when he was thrown out of his own temple. And now, now, when she has news that could impact all Dwarves in this fortress, she becomes nervous and giddy with fear?

Dodik-Come-Lately frowned, and took a deep breath. After steadying herself, she continued, "There was much discussion, and much argument, with my assistant Rinsesilver. She found the note I gave you, but wanted to keep it secret. 'why bother ourselves with the business of others?' she said. 'We're outside the fortress, leave them to their fates' - but I find that unkind, and against the wishes of Zefon. I wanted to speak with you... about Olsmo."

Vash made a complicated sign over his heart, quickly sucking air through his teeth. Maester Kuli glanced down at the note again, and gave a grave nod.

"Olsmo is a great evil. A demon that has caused wanton Destruction across the land. Why he would be interested in our home, in these wastes? I do not know. But to think he has been banished from our realm is encouraging, to think he may return due to the stolen children of the sands, is not..."
"You've dealt with the beast before, have you not?"
"Not directly, I've dealt with followers, and his vessels. He is..." Kuli, imperturbable, shuddered. Jools stared at him in shock. "We've had possessions in this fortress before, and they have been banished. I fear the magic here, that which brings the dead back to life, is allowing him to gain strength."

Mookie frowned, and spoke up, despite the slap to the arm she was given. "But the Star-God, the one that Snake..." she paused, frowning at the memory, "killed to save Sulari. He told the dreamers that Olsmo was dead, by his hand."
"I think the Star God was a trickster," Kuli said quietly. "And would have said anything to gain your trust."

"But we've only had a handful of child-thefts in nearly twenty years," Dodik said. "I know I wasn't here at the beginning, but all the engravings... the history is very descript. There's barely been any Goblins to escape with children."
"...I think it's the Grov's..." Mookie said, suddenly, and quietly.

All eyes turned to her. She gave her beard a quick, nervous tug, and shrugged. "I see them around a lot. Usually only in pairs, but once I saw them in the magma vent, fighting with Hikan. I thought I'd drank too much, but they keep showing up, and... if Grov's keep dissapearing, they could be used..."

Kuli's brow creased in confusion. Jools couldn't hold back his laughter, "Grovs? Multiples of the little pudding head? Hardly. So much trouble would be caused if there was more than one. that's pure folly."
"Who has been Grov's keeper?" Kuli asked.
"Glacies," Vash replied. "Glacies uses him in his magic show, but he's been in confinement since Limul was assassinated."
"...mayhap we should speak with Glacies concerning his young apprentice..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **June 19, 2009, 02:23:47 pm**

They should ask Hikan if he wants to rough up Glacies. He still hasn't got payback for Glacies siccing those Grovs on him.

Heh, Grovlsmo indeed. I've just got this image of Olsmo coming to Migrursut as a terminally stupid child multiplied by twelve.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **June 20, 2009, 12:20:35 pm**

If he has the combined intellect of all the Grovs, he may be merely subnormal.

I approve of the use of the term 'pudding head.'

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 21, 2009, 09:04:30 am**

The events of the 18th of Granite, 1070

Sulari sat at the table, her head bowed over her mug of rum. Life had been rough since she quit the guard. Merkil was nice, as were her previous squad, but the other Dwarves seemed to just avoid her. They were afraid. It was understandable, she had done some terrible things while in armed service, terrible things to keep them safe, but it was all needed.

When Snake died, when... her mind blanked out, and Sulari sighed, taking a long pull from her rum. What was the point? What was her purpose? Really, what was the purpose of any Dwarf here?

She looked up at a rapping on her table, and saw Merkil standing above her, resplendant in his shining armor and helm. He crossed his arms over his chest, and she could swear, hidden behind the grand beard, his lips were turned up into a small smile.

"What do you want, commander?" Sulari asked softly.
"I'm only here to tell you something, then you can get back to your duties," he said, nodding towards the mug.
"What is it, then. I'm a little busy."
"Well, the men and I, we banded together. To make a long story short, you should gather your things and move rooms, Mayor Sulari Clappedrooms. You're new job starts tomorrow."

Sulari only gaped at him as he walked away, her head throbbing with drink, with terror, with a sudden, violent purpose.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 21, 2009, 10:15:51 am**

The events of the 23rd of Granite, 1070

"Well, this is certainly unwelcome," Jools said.
"You'd think he'd have the decency to hang himself after we interrogated him," Vash replied, frowning deeply.

They stood in Glacies room, watching him swing softly in the breeze created by the opening door. Lugnut paused briefly in the hallway, a smile touching his lips, before he darted off, cheering and celebrating.

"Well, we better cut him down."
"Be careful, you don't want to bruise him any more than he already is," Jools said, "or they'll think we beat him first."

Sulari stood by Sgt. Peppers Bridge of Love, the majority of the Dwarven populace crowded around her. She smiled, the first in a while, and raised her hands to silence their talking and cheers.

"We have a long road a head of us," she said, her voice echoing off the stone walls, "and I suspect it will be difficult. That is fine. You are hard workers, and you are hardy people. You've suffered, you've been punished, and now? Now we will work *together* to do what is right, and to make our home one of joy, and happiness, regardless of what those outside and in, those who want to see us fail, attempt to do."

Earlier that morning

The door to Glacies room opened slowly. He turned to look at it, smirking, but that was wiped off his face when the Dwarf stepped inside. He was wearing leather armor and a trench coat, a laughing face painted on his left pec, a crying face painted on his right. He wore a simple mask, just a covering over his eyes. There was a soft *snnnk*, and an extendable spear clicked into place.

"What the hell do ya' want, Hikan?" Glacies said, scooting back on his bed against the wall.
"I think we should talk. About things. Things you did. And sic'd on me. I've owed you something for a while you weasel."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Glacies said, frantically. He scrambled to the right, lifting the bone-and-skull totem he had "bought" from the store.
"Your little stunt, with the Grov's. I had to put two-and-two together, and bide my time. I know you had nothing to do in Limul's death-"

"That's right, I didn't, I was just delivering the damn goblin like he asked and went to gamble at Dodik's!"
"-but you still pissed ME off. That's a problem you created on your own, buddy. A really big one."

"I'm not even really Glacies," Glacies screamed, "I'm his replacement, he left, he left years ago, on some stupid quest, I'm not even Glacies!"

"I don't care if you're queen Rigoth, risen from the dead and come back to the throne," Hikan said, laughing low. He turned the spear around, gripping it near the head, and brought the hilt down hard on Glacies arm. The book keep screamed and dropped the totem. "I'm going to beat you bloody for impersonating a fine Dwarf, and then I'm going to have you killed for being a useless git, and wasting Aryn, and my, time."

At Sulari's Rally

Stravitch stood at the top of the parapit, scowling. It was a deep scowl, one of the deepest he had done in weeks, though those who didn't know him very well might have mistaken it for his normal expression.

Telamon, his eyes cold behind his miners mask, recognized the look.

"Why ya' so blue, panda bear?"
"Screw you, look at that, there's actually a mayor who could take you or me in a fight. Aryn was a little bug, but he was a scrapper and had Hikan. Anyone else could be taken, but SULARI? She's a bull!"
"She'll be fine," Telamon assured him, "We pro'lly dunna' even need ta' worry 'bout her. I s'pect she'll be mar' concerned with Rinsesilver than wi'ana'thin' we might be doin."

"And why do you think that?" Stravitch asked.
"Because I'm gunna' have tha' dumb bitch framed fer' sumthin' real damn big, and it's gunna make me the happiest dwarf in th'world."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **June 21, 2009, 01:09:45 pm**

This does beg the question...when **is** the real Glacies coming back??

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 21, 2009, 02:12:17 pm**

I actually sent Glacies a PM *hinting* at this scenario a few days ago, and haven't gotten a response back. I'm willing to bet he's let that terrible thing called Real Life get it's claws firmly gripped into him.

With that in mind I have ideas about the real Glacies, and Bloodclocks, and any other Dwarves that came with him - though they may not ever get to Migrursut...

End ambiguous spoilers

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 21, 2009, 07:50:40 pm**

OOC stuff:

I just found this, and thought it was funny -

"Gekurgim, The Lesser Distrust

Engraved on the wall is an exceptionally designed image of a Batman skull by Valania Vukrigmeng."

What's so funny about that, is I misplaced that "A" when I read it the first time, and thought Valania was plotting to kill Batman.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 21, 2009, 08:32:02 pm**

The events of the 11th of Slate, 1070

Lugnut sighed, hauling a huge sack down the hallway. He did it grudgingly, seeming to hate his work. His face was long, his strides slow. He thought of fishing instead of what he was doing; fishing just had an appeal, and when he had down time, however small, he'd go behind the Church of Zefon and quietly, and peacefully, lose himself in the heat and the relaxation of just casting into the aqueducts to catch small treats for later.

"What are you doin'?" a voice said, behind him.
Lugnut turned, blinking, to stare into the hoary face of Cokho Roknut. The legendary hauler was scowling, his knotted hands twisted into fists. Slowly he raised one, and pointed it at Lugnut.

"It wasn't me," shrieked the mechanic. "It was all Glacies, he did it all, it was him!"
"What are you talking about?" snapped Cokho Roknut. "You're hauling that huge lumpy sack all wrong. Put your hips and shoulders into it, and bend your back. The more bent it is, the faster you can haul it. That's where your hauling muscles are. For a Mech, you're not very learned into the *mechanics* of the human body."

Lugnut was about to respond, but the sack shifted, and a series of giggles erupted. The pair stared down at it, and a tiny voice said, "Shhh, we're hiding."

Lugnut coughed, and grabbed the top of the sack once more before hurrying off. "With my hips, got it. Well, I have to... get this to the magma now, and get to the stream. Have a good day, sir."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **June 21, 2009, 10:21:00 pm**

If Glacies (the poster) doesn't respond soon, maybe you could just go ahead and write whatever you want for Glacies (the character). Your ideas for the story shouldn't be held hostage by an abandoned side plot.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Quote** on **June 22, 2009, 01:16:39 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 21, 2009, 07:50:40 pm

OOC stuff:

I just found this, and thought it was funny -

"Gekurgim, The Lesser Distrust

Engraved on the wall is an exceptionally designed image of a Batman skull by Valania Vukrigmeng."

What's so funny about that, is I misplaced that "A" when I read it the first time, and thought Valania was plotting to kill Batman.

"Holy Armok, Batman! It's a zombie dwarf!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **June 22, 2009, 04:03:32 pm**

Quote from: Kuli on June 21, 2009, 10:21:00 pm

If Glacies (the poster) doesn't respond soon, maybe you could just go ahead and write whatever you want for Glacies (the character). Your ideas for the story shouldn't be held hostage by an abandoned side plot.

I couldn't agree more. Glacies (the character) has had plenty of years to find what he was looking for, and that leaves a large gap that Glacies (the poster) can fill in should he ever decide he wants to finish his little side story.

Maudlin's Meditations

Out of the tragedy of Limul Leopardknight's death comes a glimmer of hope. You have elected Sulari Clappedrooms mayor. Never before could a mayor say that she would keep us safe and literally mean it.

In the dark times to come, I can think of no better leader and protector than one of the fortress' oldest defenders. Indeed, Sulari has vanquished any threat that has ever faced her, and we can be certain she will continue to do so as she faces threats to our fortress as its mayor.

Another measure of justice has been visited to the killers of Mayor Leopardknights. The man responsible for delivering the saboteur to the late Mayor's room has been found dead. I would thank all those who came forward with information; it helped immensely in tracking this man down.

With our new mayor and justice visited for the death of our old, we can now move forward. Fear not, for whatever evils face this fortress, from inside or from out, we will face and defeat with the same viciousness as threats past.

Remember, I am your protector. I will not let this fortress fall into oblivion while I still stand.

-Maudlin

*The journal of former Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire.
Entry for the week of 8th Slate.*

That bastard Glacies finally got what was coming to him, and I was more than happy to be the one who gave it to him.

He revealed some information before I beat him to death. Apparently, Glacies, the real Glacies, our bookkeep, has been gone for several years, and this fake Glacies has been masquerading as the real Glacies ever since. Funny nobody noticed. Except Aryn, who ranted on about the inaccurate ledgers for some time, but I guess he never put two and two together.

Additionally, this fake Glacies was partly responsible for Limul's death. Something I can tell the fortress as Maudlin, though in a bit of a vague way. Wouldn't want to reveal that I killed him, though I suspect nobody would care too much.

It occurs to me that with Aryn gone I now no longer have a job. Which means all my equipment could technically be seized by the city at any moment, though I'd like to see them try. I've also been going around demanding people call me lieutenant, a rank I could claim to hold as head of Aryn's guard. But now, I'm just Datan Hikan Riddlewire, rankless and jobless.

Adjusting to life without Aryn will be difficult. I dedicated myself to him, and then he just left me here. I adopted his goals as my own, and with him gone, I no longer have any.

Sulari's been elected mayor. I could personally care less, but if the people in the fortress seem to think it's a good sign, then I can affirm their opinions as Maudlin, so that more and more they identify with him. Hopefully, I can sway some favor towards us masked crimefighters, so that our jobs of eliminating threats to Migrursut become easier.

Maybe Sulari would be receptive to our stance. I'll bring it up in the next meeting. And I'll be sure to mention not sneaking up on her. We don't want all of our necks snapped just because we spooked her.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 23, 2009, 04:58:42 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on June 22, 2009, 04:03:32 pm

Quote from: Kuli on June 21, 2009, 10:21:00 pm

If Glacies (the poster) doesn't respond soon, maybe you could just go ahead and write whatever you want for Glacies (the character). Your ideas for the story shouldn't be held hostage by an abandoned side plot.

I couldn't agree more. Glacies (the character) has had plenty of years to find what he was looking for, and that leaves a large gap that Glacies (the poster) can fill in should he ever decide he wants to finish his little side story.

This is where I'm going to have to respectfully disagree with people. I've been in contact wth Glacies via PM during the course of his story, and while he's been slow, it hasn't been a hindrance to *my* story telling, and in fact he's had some rather good ideas and some neat little things he wants to throw in to accent what's going on. In fact, without some of these delays and his decision to leave, we wouldn't be left with a good many of the events that HAVE happened - Let's face it, the New Guard that Hikan is now a part of may never have formed, because the first known instance of the Masked Vatek would never had come about, had not Fake Glacies sic'd an entire army of Cloned Grov's on Hikan, had he never discovered Bertrand's "evil" plot to clone hats.

deep breath. Point is, I respect your decisions as character-holders, in most ways, to the course of your Dwarves and their actions. Most of the time you build off what I've chosen, and that's fine. Other times, you have them do something on their own and I adapt. Most often, you say something in jest and like an evil djinni I make it come true and everyone has a good laugh at your expense until it actually turns out to be a great big evil unleashed on the fortress, bwahaha! Also, I've already thought of a solution - maybe not ideal, but it's there - to Glacies taking forever. At least he and Bloodclocks (and anyone else who may come with him, as long as it's under five other Dwarves now), will hopefully find to their liking.

And I apologize if this comes off as harsh, or unreadable, I'm on a new sleep medicine (Seroquil) and I'm getting absolutely insanely vivid nightmares. Just woke up from one, so I figured I'd do something productive while groggy instead of going back to bed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **June 23, 2009, 09:19:17 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak link=topic=19239.msg615394#msg615394

Lotta stuff
[/quote]

Well to be honest, from my side I'm more then happy for Sarig's fate/story to idle on for a good while yet!

Also being honest this is mainly to do with me not happy to be any way near as proactive with contribution with flavour text about him no Glacies quest, I've having a hard enough time just reading through the new posts, but it's all good!

If he's still not in by Christmas I may have a rethink though lol!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **June 23, 2009, 01:02:20 pm**

Journal of Willber the Wise Warrior.

My morning mug of ale spoke to me today. The ale told me I had quaffed of his uncle, and chugged his children. I had sipped his sister and slurped his son. I told him he was delicious.

On my way back to duty, I noticed an odd spot in the magma. It looked curiously enough like a couple of burning children. I also saw a cloud that looked like a table ninja.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 25, 2009, 07:10:11 am**

The Events of the 25th of Slate, 1070

Hikan and Makrond were in full costume, and on full patrol. It was well past midnight, and the pair strolled across the main courtyard, their weapons out: Hikan's extendible spear, Makrond's short sword and thin buckler shield, coupled with his full compliment of studded leather armor. They were silent, mostly at Hikan's insistence, though the wet sounds of Makrond's breathing through a punctured lung were enough to get Hikan to stop near the statue Sulari had constructed to commemorate Limul, and point his spear at his compatriot.

"Cool it, chuckles," Hikan snapped. "Those sounds are grotesque."
"I was stabbed... through the chest!" Makrond said, surprised. "I should be... dead."
"I heard you fell on your own spear."
"I heard... you killed your wife."
"...you're an ass, leather worker...and that's a lie."

"Psssst!"

The pair looked around, dropping into their fighting stances. They slowly spread apart, maximizing their options, and protecting themselves from anything large. Hikan was grudgingly impressed, and fought hard to remember that Makrond was a part of the Spearman's Union until he fell to their curse.

A head popped from around the statue, blond hair lanky and streaked with gray. Beard longer, shaggy, his face stained with dirt.

"Aryn?" Hikan asked, surprised, and an emotion that filled him with self-loathing, terrified.
"I need your... I need both your help, I want to come back. It's time."

"Where the hell have you been?"

"I'll explain when you get me back to my room. Keep me safe, until I can meet with Sulari, she'll be calm. With everyone else dead, what choice does she have, but to bring me on as the book keeper, and the fortress broker? I'm their last hope, just get me to my room!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **June 25, 2009, 08:06:29 am**

has Maggarg done anything interesting lately?
I've been away for ages and I can't quite summon the effort to read a screen yet.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 25, 2009, 09:37:30 am**

Quote from: Maggarg - Eater of chicke on June 25, 2009, 08:06:29 am

has Maggarg done anything interesting lately?
I've been away for ages and I can't quite summon the effort to read a screen yet.

Not yet. The soldiers, for all purposes of narrative, are "standing down". We've been goblin free for months, and no dwarves have snapped, so they're pretty, you know, chilled out.

Also, I'm remiss to mention a "competators" thread, but there's currently a discussion going on in the Nist Akath thread between the two most hardcore Dwarves. I don't want to brag or anything, but here are Stravitch's stats, one of the most destructive forces in my game

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Creature details : dwarf (Stravitch esmulbomrek reguvoth azin) [id=359203]

Refresh

Apply

Heal

Hurt

General information

Damages

Skills

Mood

Profession

total XP : 944258

skill	level	xp
Maceman	121	2733/12600
Shield User	28	1009/3300
Armor User	24	1955/2900
Siege Operator	15	540/2000
Wrestler	15	1135/2000
Conversationalist	4	42/900
Intimidator	4	14/900
Flatterer	3	739/800
Judge of Intent	3	719/800
Negotiator	3	685/800
Consoler	3	766/800
Persuader	3	688/800
Comedian	3	737/800
Mason	2	677/700
Grower	0	480/500
Engraver	0	220/500
Ambusher	0	119/500

Strength

21

Agility

23

Toughness

14

Not to say some dwarves may not have more COMBINED skills, or their strength/agility/toughness isn't higher, but he's... well, a monster. And I'm willing to bet could beat both of them. His shield/armor skill is so low because those are only raised when you're hit. He doesn't go past the first swing :)

</bragging>

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **June 25, 2009, 09:49:35 am**

I just had an awesome idea.
Awesomely awesome.
Since Maggarg has been thieving and pillaging from just about everyone and everything for about a century, it's only a matter of time until *someone* from his somewhat sordid past catches up with him.

I think I'll leave it at that, since you're a far, far better writer and I'm simply a lazy novice.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **June 25, 2009, 01:04:40 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 25, 2009, 09:37:30 am

Also, I'm remiss to mention a "competators" thread, but there's currently a discussion going on in the Nist Akath thread...

Having read all of both Migrursut and Nist Akath, I can safely say you won that competition a long time ago.

Now Olonkulet, that's some competition you've got to worry about.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 25, 2009, 01:39:17 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on June 25, 2009, 01:04:40 pm

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 25, 2009, 09:37:30 am

Also, I'm remiss to mention a "competators" thread, but there's currently a discussion going on in the Nist Akath thread...

Having read all of both Migrursut and Nist Akath, I can safely say you won that competition a long time ago.

Now Olonkulet, that's some competition you've got to worry about.

As a guy who thinks of himself as a "writer", Olonkulet fills me with both pride and dread. It's a GREAT story, and excellent writing, and it really helps that Iituem is one heck of a nice guy to boot.

But you're damn right it's a worry for me! ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 30, 2009, 08:27:27 am**

Just giving everyone here a heads up. I haven't forgotten about the fortress, things are just weird for me here. I'm on a new medication that makes me groggy as hell (like right now), and if I don't take it and drink instead, I only sleep for two, three hours a night (been pulling that since Thursday).

Couple that with an Ex coming to visit me for the holiday weekend, and... you might not have a story update until I'm regulated and she's gone on Sunday :D So keep that in mind, and if you get really bored, there are many fine other stories to read on this forum, perhaps one should check them out!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Kuli** on **June 30, 2009, 02:31:30 pm**

Well you've already gotten me started on Olonkulet. I hadn't even noticed it before you mentioned it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 05, 2009, 02:52:30 pm**

The events of the the 5th of Felsite

Hikan stood outside the door to Sulari's office. He was uncomfortable, eyes flitting side to side, watching the hallway's turns and niches for potential attackers. Beside him, Aryn preened himself a little more, smoothing out his blond beard using the blade of his dagger as a mirror. Happy with the results, he turned to Hikan and gave a nod.

Using the butt of his extendable spear, Hikan rapped on the door. There was shuffling inside, and the sound of a lock sliding out of place, before Sulari opened the door. She blinked - her surprise evident - but she didn't ask the hundred questions that must have been racing through her mind. Instead, she stepped back and offered a smile. "Please come in, mint tea's almost ready if you'd like to have a cup."

Aryn sauntered into the room, and took a seat at the table. Through sheer habit, Hikan came to stand behind him protectively, his brows pulled low, lips curled into a snarl. Sulari waited by her little burner, and as the kettle whistled she pulled the tea off and pour three mugs full, carrying them to the table.

"You're a very wanted man, Mr. Estetar."

"I'm fully aware. Congratulations on your promotion to Mayor. May you have less headaches than others of us have experienced."

Sulari smiled wryly. "Then what fun would being a noble be, if not for the risks of danger and death?"

"Soldiers," Aryn muttered. Hikan couldn't help but smile.

"Aryn, let's speak frankly. Please explain why I shouldn't have you locked up now? You've caused a lot of problems, many Dwarves are after your blood."

"Because it'll be your blood seeping under the door if you try it," Hikan snarled. Aryn sipped his tea as Sulari glanced up at the protector.

"I'm sorry, Hikan, but do you really think you could take me in a fight."

Hikan stiffened. "...I think I'd fight as dirty as possible, to make sure I won."

"Mmm," Sulari said. She took a sip of her tea and sighed. "Now Aryn?"

"Because I've been the victim of slander, and rumors, and lies. I may have driven the Dwarves here hard, but personally tried to engineer their deaths? Please. Of what use would that be to me?"

"I had thought of that," Sulari said. "It didn't make much sense."

"Glacies sure could spin a tale, couldn't he? It's a shame he couldn't... hang on to all the threads!" Hikan said. The others stared at him quizzically while he laughed and tugged his beard. He stopped with a cough. "He was a liar. He engineered the whole thing, just to take some of the populace's anger off the nobility. Look where that got them all."

"Mmm," Sulari said again. She glanced at Aryn, her hands spreading open in front of her. "And if you were allowed, ah, amnesty, what would you do with it? Try to undermine my power?"

"I'd take over his broker, since your experience is... ah, limited," Aryn said. "And continue work on the great Oceanbled, in my quarry. I still have plenty of savings, and the workers need money."

"So long as you don't challenge my orders, or stir up trouble..." Sulari said, with a sigh, "that should be acceptable. Your experience in dealing with the traders will be very welcomed. Why don't you finish your tea, and I'll make sure you're not lynched by the population."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 09, 2009, 06:56:52 am**

The events of the 7th of Felsite, 1070

"A Diplomat... has left upset..."

"What are you talking about?"

Aya looked up from her scratch pad. Her quill quivered, held precariously over the page, itching to continue working. But held firm, looking her gaze with Vash. He was on his way to work, welders mask pushed up atop his head, leather apron over-top dyed-red clothing. Before him was a plate of half eaten food, a mask of confusion on his face.

He snapped his fingers a few times. "Aya, AYA! What are you talking about, what diplomat?"

"Oh, the Duke died. I think that would make an excellent headline - 'A Diplomat has left upset... reaches Armok much the same.'"

"What! Bomrek has died? How do you know this?"

"I was in his room."

"What were you doing in his room!"

Aya gave him a look of pure disgust. "Looking for a story. Nobility falling from grace? People LOVE those stories, just love them, eat them like candy. And instead of Erith's works littering his cabinets, I find him dead in bed, limbs gangrenous."

"Oh, Zefon be praised," Vash moaned. He pushed back from the table and sprinted out of the room, off to find Dojango and Akroma.

"A diplomat... has left upset; His blacksmithing lover grieved into running away..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 09, 2009, 08:33:06 am**

The events of the 16th Felsite, 1070

"Why the hell is no one working?" Aryn snarled.
"I don't know, sir," Hikan sighed. "But I'm sure whatever the reason, it'll cause us all sorts of headaches."

A gathering of miners, masons, and engravers had gathered near the western gate. Aryn suppressed the urge to scream, to spur them into action. He knew he was here on the good graces of Sulari, and on Dwarves respect for her. No sense risking it, even with Hikan by his side.

He did, however, muscle his way through the group, snapping out insults at those that pushed back. As he neared the front, a sinking feeling hit his heart. Hikan placed a hand on his shoulder and gave a reassuring squeeze.

"How'd they find out so fast?" Aryn moaned.
"They probably were getting ready months ago, it's a fluke."
"It's not a fluke, it's not a fluke at all..." Aryn growled. "This is planned, they knew it was coming and acted as fast as they could."

In front of the gates stood five Dwarves. One was in front, broad, woolly, and scowling - the one speaking. Beside him stood a hatchet-faced man in a gray hooded cloak, holding an ornately decorated hammer.

"-Duke Whippedentries. I'm to act as Dutchy liason of this outpost to the Parent Country as a whole, along with my beautiful wife-" he gestured towards a hideous crone in the back, her balding hair tied up in a kerchief. "- my vassal and hammerer, Postrose, our librarian and philosopher Channelpainted -" a wizened old man gave a friendly wave to the crowd, his beard falling out in patches at the cheeks, "- and our tax collector, Laborlove."

Laborlove had sidddled away from the group to the edge of the crowd, where he shook hands with Rinsesilver. The fisherman leaned forward to whisper something in the Laborlove's ear, and both burst into joyous laughter. Aryn scowled.

"We'll set about our jobs immediately - as should YOU. Our arrival is not an excuse to lollygag. I expect you at your posts immediately, or your mayor..." he paused as the hammerer leaned in to whisper in his ear, "Mayor Sulari will be told of your insolence immediately."

"I suppose he's not all bad," Aryn said with a huff.
"Mmm," Hikan mused, "That hammerer looks familiar... I'd stay out of his way, sir. He's a royal retainer, I'd put my weeks wage on that."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **July 09, 2009, 12:21:59 pm**

More nobles...I'm kind of surprised there are any left in this kingdom by this point.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **July 09, 2009, 12:32:21 pm**

Hey, they breed like rabbits.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **July 09, 2009, 01:09:23 pm**

Maudlin's Meditations

Nobility. They've come again. Five new dwarves unaware of the dangers facing Migrursut. We citizens know what we face here, and we certainly remember how short-lived their reigns can be. To the new Duke and his retainers, I have a message for you:

If you expect to live long in Migrursut, you would be wise to look over your shoulder at all times and you would be wise to avoid leaving your rooms. There is a killer out in the wastes who loves nothing more than eliminating leadership. You are now the highest authority in Migrursut. You have been warned.

Migrursut has a new bookkeep since the untimely death of the previous one, Glacies. You may recognize him as our former mayor, Aryn Estetar. Sulari has promised her protection over this man. Any one who attempts to violate that promise will be personally brought in by me to face her wrath.

-Maudlin

*The journal of Hikan Riddlewire,
Entry for the week of 15th Felsite, 1070*

Aryn's back, and I'm glad. Now that Sulari's promised Aryn's protection, I don't have to run up and down all of Migrursut searching for his enemies. The threat of Sulari's big burly man hands strangling anybody who threatens Aryn should be enough to keep any angry dwarf off his back. And then they'd have to deal with me.

It's good to get paid again.

I'm working a lot closer with Aryn now that he's not locked up in his office and I don't have to be fortress protector. I'm acting like an actual body guard for once, which is a nice change of pace.

There's a new Duke in town, and he brought friends. He, at the very least, does not tolerate any lapse in work. He might be a good one to keep around, but he's just barely arrived. There's no guarantee he won't end up in the wastes with his guts missing and a smile on his face like the rest of the nobility who came before him.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 11, 2009, 12:06:16 pm**

The events of the 28th of Felsite, 1070

"This is what's causin' all the problem?" Maggarg asked.
"I suppose," Adol said. "Cokho seemed particularly perturbed by it."

Maggard shook his head. "The old fool, coulda' just walked to get us, instead of nearly breakin' his damn ankle tripping down the stairs."
"You really need to be more sympathetic."
"Of what!" Maggarg exclaimed. "An old man and his silly fears?"

While the pair argued, the giant leopard opened it's mouth to roar. No noise came out, it's vocal cords rotted long ago, but a cloud of maggots and flies vomited forth from it's opened maw. Adol crinkled his nose in disgust. Maggarg just laughed.

Adol slipped his hammer free from the thong at his hip, but he was too late. Maggard drew his sword on the run, and in one stab forced

it into the leopard's head to the hilt. The blade pierces the brain pan, shattering the back of it's head. Rotting meat and blood oozed from the hole, and the foul sand-magic released, the creature crumpled to the sands. Maggarg placed his foot on the beasts head and yanked the sword free, wiping the blade on the side of his pants to clean it of filth.

"Maggarg Bridgeblameless. Is that you?"
Maggarg turned, eyes narrowing at his name. The hammerer stood just outside the gates, gently tossing his purse of coins from hand to hand. He flashed a hard smile smile, thin lips spreading over tiny teeth. "It is you. My, what has it been, twenty years?"

Maggarg flapped his mouth, but no sound came out. Adol watched in growing horror as his friend swallowed dryly, his adam's apple jumping from the effort. The hammerer caught the coin purse once more in the air, and pointed a finger to the swordsdwarf. "I have a date at Dodik's, but don't be a stranger. I'd love to catch up with you, so please, don't make yourself scarce again."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **July 11, 2009, 07:37:43 pm**

I'd love to watch the hammerer try to take maggarg, and die. After all every soldier in the fort will back him up.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Luke_Prowler** on **July 11, 2009, 08:28:37 pm**

Correction. Almost every soldier.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **neo1096** on **July 12, 2009, 04:43:41 am**

Well, most champions and maggarg can probably take her on his own...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 13, 2009, 12:49:23 pm**

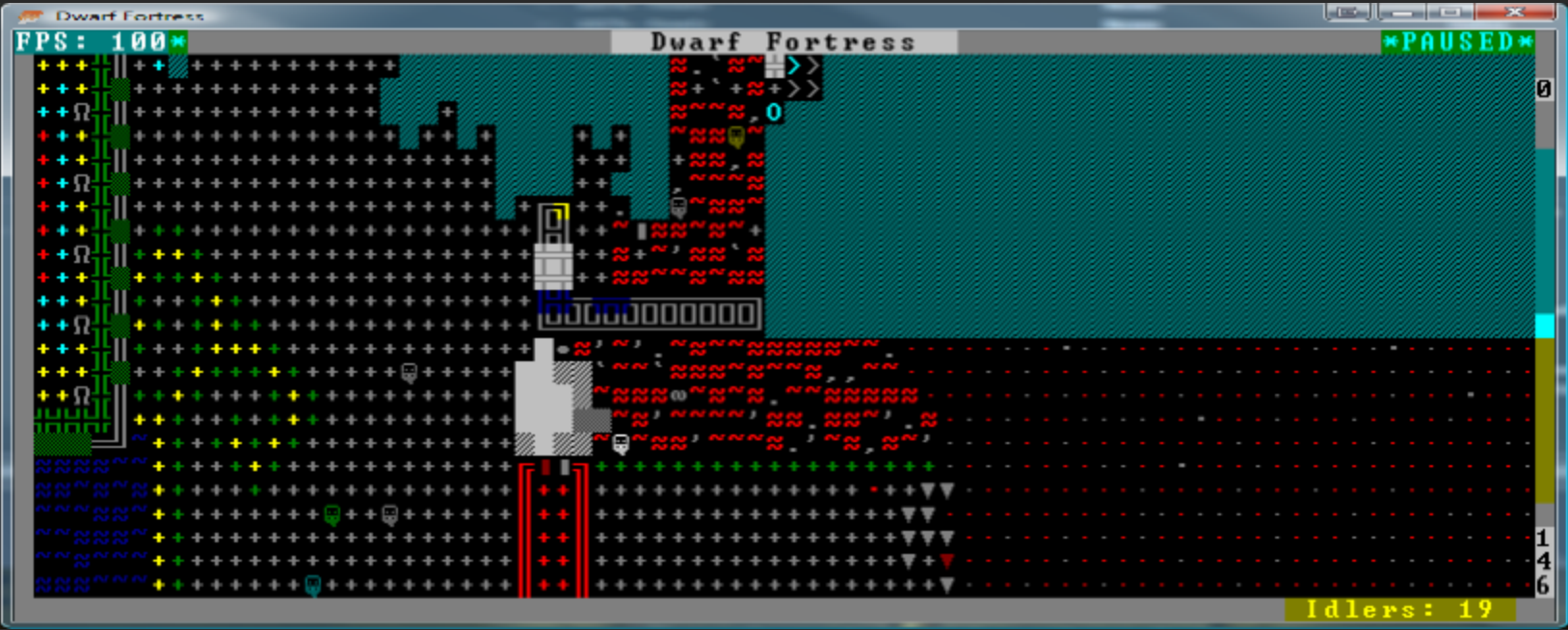
The Events of the 6thth of Hematite, 1070

In the crowded dining hall, amid the din of laughter and conversation, Stravitch sat alone. His great head was bowed low, calmly and methodically shoveling spoon-fulls of soup into his mouth, rivults dribbling from the corners of his mouth to soak into his graying beard. He was given a wide berth - by the Zefonists, who were scared of his religious zeal, by the ex-guardsman for his love of inflecting pain, even by the Lenodists who were forced to sit through weekly services of increasingly violent speeches. But Stravitch didn't care. Not in the least. He just continued to eat his soup, lost in his thoughts.

The first sign that something was wrong was the dull rumbling that sounded from far back in the hallway, near the stairwell. It could have been anything, a rupturing magma bubble, a load of stone let loose down the stairs. But it wasn't. It was followed by dust, by rumbling, by a cacaphony of noise - shrieks of Dwarves and stone.

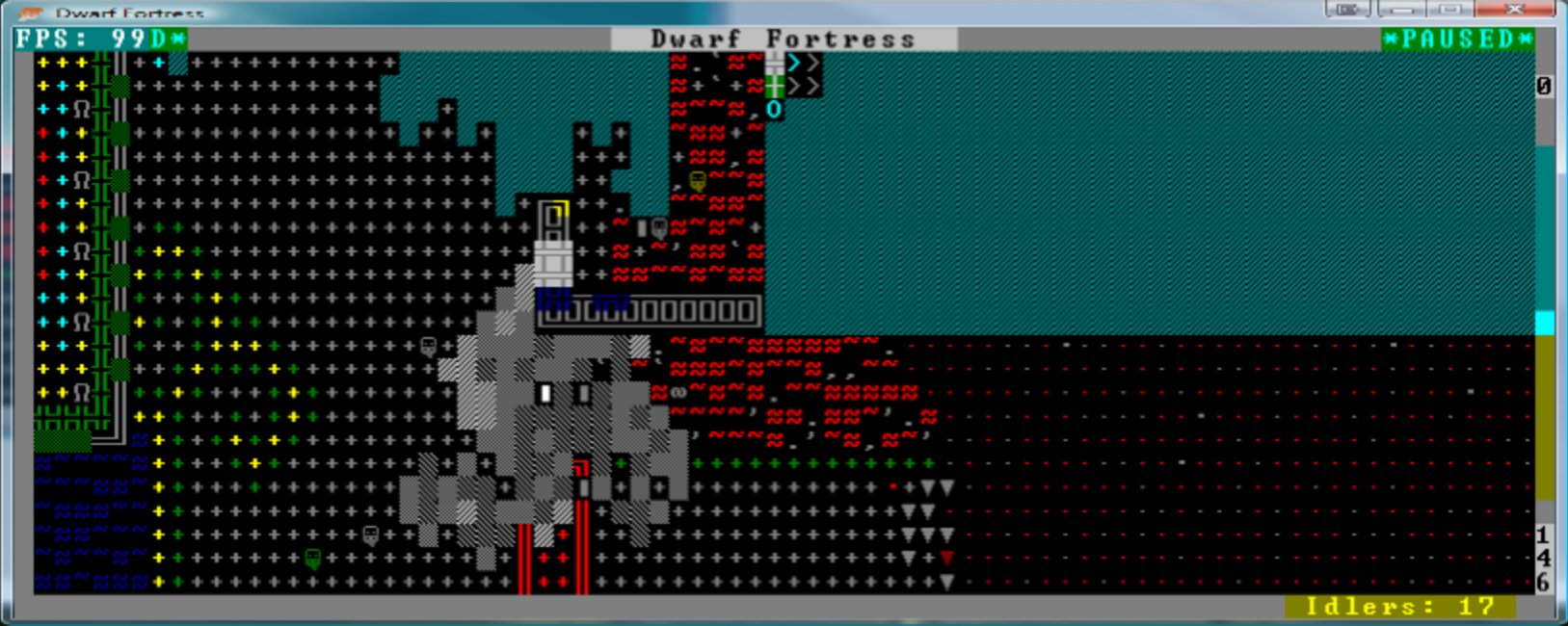
"The hell was that?"
"The whole fortress shook!"
"Oh no, we're on a volcano!"
"God, get up top before it all collapses! Get up top!"

Chairs were toppled, food thrown to the floor as the hall quickly emptied. All but Stravitch. He just sat there, spooning soup into his smiling mouth.



Sulari shoved her way through the crowd of people, using her bulk and muscles to hurl Dwarves aside. Merkil came with her, worry creasing his face. Flames licked out from the north-eastern most gate tower, bits of stone scattering the ground. Even from twenty feet away, the heat was nearly unbearable.

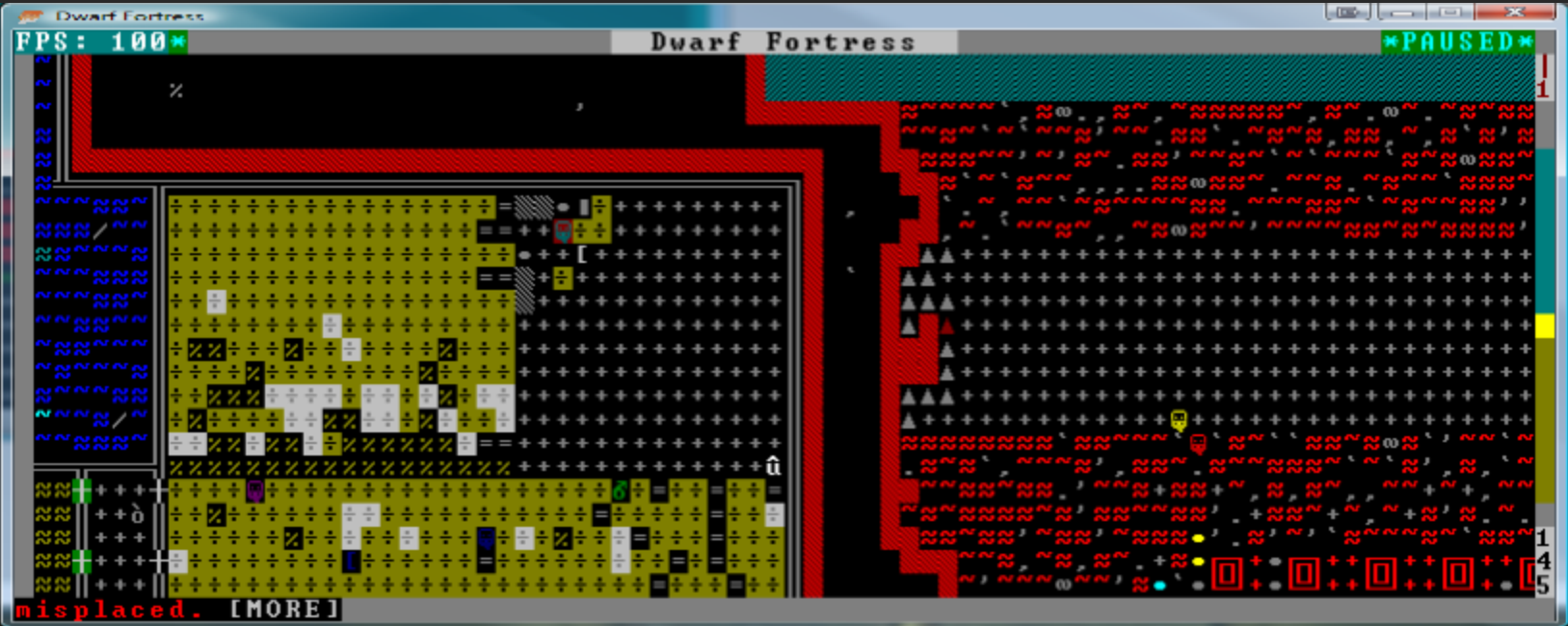
Shielding her eyes, Sulari asked, "Where's the bucket brigade?"
"Hiding," Merkil answered sourly. "They've never had to deal with fires before."
"Never?"
"Mayor, we're in a desert," Merkil said peevishly. "What's out here to burn? There's not even a tumbleweed."
"Fine," Sulari murmured. As the building exploded seconds later, she ducked, and covered her head from the debris.



"All this destruction."
"I know, Major, I know."
"Three injured, two dead, a tower destroyed, the bridge's raising arm damaged, barrels of booze missing..." Rice ticked off the tally from his sheet of paper, his frown growing deeper and deeper.
"Have you recovered the body yet?"

Rice nodded slowly. "Mangled, face crushed in, but..."
"But what?"
"Well, it's one of Rinsesilver's dock workers. Corpse is dressed in the blue coveralls, and the pockets are stuffed with pieces of flint..."
"And the other?"
"Just a child, I can't tell who. Too burned to recognize."

Sulari looked up at the hole in the ceiling, frowning at the sky above her. "Fantastic, absolutely fantastic. Have Merkil get Rinsesilver out of Dodik's, I need to speak with her about her workers, immediately."



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **July 13, 2009, 01:39:30 pm**

The events of 6th Hematite, 1070

"Hikan, let's go."

Hikan stood at the edge of the recent explosion, hand resting on the extendable spear he kept in an inside pocket of his overcoat. There was some unrealized threat that Hikan could detect in the far off reaches of his mind as he stood gazing at the wreckage.

Something wasn't quite right about what had happened. The details of the explosion spread quickly once the initial shock of it had worn off. Three injured, two dead. One a child, the other wearing a dockworker's uniform, carrying several pieces of flint.

There was something that wasn't quite right about what had happened. He knew Rinsesilver; sabotage wasn't her game, it was profit. This seemed out of character for her, sending one of her workers to ignite the barrels of booze and die from the resulting explosion. Unless it wasn't Rinsesilver or her workers, but some-

"Hikan, snap out of it. I have places to be, and none of them remotely involve standing around watching you daydream," snapped Aryn.

"Sorry, sir. Of course," apologized Hikan. He realized that he was holding his spear, and pulled his hand out of his coat. "I... dazed off for a moment."

"Whatever. Come on."

As Hikan followed Aryn down into the fortress, he turned back and stared at the wreckage, trying to remember what he was thinking just a few moments prior.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **July 13, 2009, 02:02:33 pm**

Diary of Maggarg
I really wish I was a stranger.
A very scarce stranger.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Quote** on **July 14, 2009, 01:40:54 pm**

Journal of "Quote" Walledbrand
Fantastic news!

Thank Lenod! My wish Has been granted, Aryn has finally returned! Maybe Master Roaroak will be less busy and spend more time doing other things, like talking to me.

In other news the duke and ex-mayor Limul Leapordknight have died after that goblin incident with Glacies... (Something seems wrong with him these past few years though.) The new nobility have arrived to terrorize Oceanbled and probably delay the making of the domes, and the new hammerer seems familiar to me, as if I've seen her somewhere...

While walking through the dining room I happened to notice a dwarf that I remember from my old adventuring days. I believe his name was Maggarg, or something, he stole much money from me and my companions, after which we vowed to hunt him down and prosecute him for his treachery! Next time I see that runt I'll guy him like the conniving carp that he is!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Ancient Thingy** on **July 15, 2009, 11:24:11 am**

I've read the whole thread, and all I can say is: FREAKING AMAZING. Writing style is brilliant, every single character has a detailed backstory. I look forward to reading your books.
If there's another immigration wave, could you put another dwarf on the queue?
Name: Boddin Niddob
Gender: Hopefully male! Female will do fine too.
Personality: Cheerful, friendly little guy. Dreams of a day where everyone, goblin to elf to dwarf to man, can live in peace with one another, but will fight for that day to happen.
Profession: Any military will be awesome! Though preferably an axedwarf.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 16, 2009, 06:38:20 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
17th of Hematite, 1070

Human merchants have arrived, along with their guild leader. I asked why they are so much later than usual, and they spun a horrific tale of a goblin Army massed in the foothills of the mountains, beating drums, burning fires, and being trained by horrific giants and hooved monsters. They have miles of crucified Dwarves and Humans, even elves, even some Kobolds lining the mountain path, and it was only the scouts intuition and the merchants self preservation that had them taking the long route, around the mountains, past the sea of sorrows.

I could not care less about their idiot problems. These goblin hordes have proven to be nothing more than an annoyance, and though I am loath to admit it, our soldiers are the finest I've seen in all my years - back in the home country, in the mountains at the north, even witnessing the Elven Mauradeers with my own eyes as they gutted Dwarves on the run with their spears. Perhaps in order to get our shipments of wood, of beer, of metals, we could consider loaning them a few of our soldiers to act as caravan guards. The Gods know that would do more than enough to detour any goblin raiding parties.

Now who could I attempt to sell to Sulari? Hmm, perhaps Jools, and maybe Vash if he was drafted... that would be a fantastic trade... yes, let's draft up a proposal for that, leave it on her desk. See where that gets us. Perhaps she'll see the fiscal rewards in such a deal.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **July 16, 2009, 06:42:09 pm**

Ooh, looks like some of the forum dwarves get to go on a road trip. I bet they'll get into lots of crazy adventures and escapades on the journey.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **July 18, 2009, 08:31:42 am**

Diary of maggarg
Escape seems possible! I heard Aryn wants to send some soldiers on a road-trip to guard caravans.
It'd be boring and no challenge, but at least I won't be hunted down and executed by about 5 different people.
On second thoughts, that's a human caravan. The one that goes to *that* town.
Ah, 1033 was a great year for the Old Firm. We did lose No-fingers Blindeyes, our archer, but that wasn't really much of a loss.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 21, 2009, 11:58:41 am**

The events of the 24th of Hematite, 1070

"Why are you standing out here?" Aryn asked. He carried with him a large tome, and behind him Cokho Roknut strained under the weight of an armor bin. Beside the trade depot, arms crossed over his broad chest, stood Duke Whippedentries, glowering at the haulers and the humans.

"I'm making sure that our Dwarves follow instructions to the letter, Aryn."
"Shouldn't you be meeting with the diplomat? I understand you're new here, but-"
"I understand you're a criminal, and if it was up to me you'd be drawn and quartered!"

Aryn pursed his lips, but held his tongue. He counted to ten in his head, took a deep breath, and spoke in a calm, even voice. "Perhaps you should go meet with the diplomat, he's waiting in your room."
"Aryn, I'm not leaving here until I make sure you don't do ANYTHING stupid."

Aryn took another deep breath. "Like what, Onul?"
"Like selling copper items."
"...selling copper items?"

The Duke rolled his eyes. "You didn't check the mandate board."
"What mandate board?" Aryn nearly shouted.
"The one posted by the larder. No selling copper items," The Duke began to recite from memory, "At least one Iron construction by the end of the season, no selling lead items, and at least two pig-iron constructions."

Aryn sighed, and tucked the larger ledger under his arm. "You can post all the mandates you want, but we no longer have a fortress guard. There are no punishments for missing mandates, *sir*. Bluster all you want, but this bin full of copper and lead armor? I'm selling it to all these humans for a single log. Now for the last time, why don't you go meet with the diplomat before he leaves unhappy, and punishes us next trade season?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 24, 2009, 01:23:31 pm**

Notes for this story: There might not be an update for a while, and for that, I apologize. See, my mother's coming into town this weekend to act as nurse and chauffer, since I'm going through LASIK on Monday. I'll probably have some free time since Mom entertains herself pretty well, but just as a heads up - you might not hear from me until Thursday or so. Wish me luck, I hope I don't go blind out punch out another eye doctor.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Tarquinius** on **July 24, 2009, 01:35:32 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on July 21, 2009, 11:58:41 am
You can post all the mandates you want, but we no longer have a fortress guard. There are no punishments for missing mandates, *sir*. Bluster all you want, but this bin full of copper and lead armor? I'm selling it to all these humans for a single log. Now for the last time, why don't you go meet with the diplomat before he leaves unhappy, and punishes us next trade season?"

Aryn usually irritates me, but I find this quote amusing, likely because I have taken advantage of the fact that no guard means no punishment.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Glacies** on **July 26, 2009, 05:06:50 am**

Are crimes still stacking up? Love to see the blood when the fortress guard gets reinstated, if it gets reinstated, and it won't get reinstated, at a guess. Maybe if Strav goes all murderous.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **July 26, 2009, 06:37:28 am**

Quote from: Glacies on July 26, 2009, 05:06:50 am
Are crimes still stacking up? Love to see the blood when the fortress guard gets reinstated, if it gets reinstated, and it won't get reinstated, at a guess. Maybe if Strav goes all murderous.

A berserk Stravich doesn't bear thinking about.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **July 26, 2009, 06:39:00 am**

Quote from: Glacies on July 26, 2009, 05:06:50 am
Maybe if Strav goes all murderous.

I think we're a little beyond the point of 'maybe'.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 28, 2009, 01:24:24 pm**

I happened upon this book the other day and I thought someone here might like it. Not saying who though...

http://www.amazon.com/Passion-Donkeys-Elisabeth-D-Svendsen/dp/1873580029/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&s=books&qid=1248805345&sr=8-1 (http://www.amazon.com/Passion-Donkeys-Elisabeth-D-Svendsen/dp/1873580029/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&s=books&qid=1248805345&sr=8-1)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 28, 2009, 07:22:40 pm**

An Update:

I drove myself to the doctors office today, wearing a set of biker shades. The nurses fawned all over me - a nice change from yesterday when everyone was terrified I was going to go insane with fear and wreck them and their machines - and I was told one day after the operation, I now have 20/30 vision that would "continue to improve over the next few weeks as my eyes healed"

Anyone who's thinking about getting LASIK, it's a horrifying procedure, and I nearly went insane with fear as they started drawing on my eyeballs with felt tip markers and cutting flaps in them, and when I could smell my eyeballs melting under the laser-beam...

I guess I'd go through it all again. <3 I'll try to get an story update done tomorrow.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **July 28, 2009, 07:55:27 pm**

Glad that you came out of it okay.

Now that you're out of surgery, get back to work. I expect an update in my office at whenever o' clock sharp!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **July 29, 2009, 07:13:07 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on July 28, 2009, 07:22:40 pm
An Update:
I drove myself to the doctors office today, wearing a set of biker shades. The nurses fawned all over me - a nice change from yesterday when everyone was terrified I was going to go insane with fear and wreck them and their machines - and I was told one day after the operation, I now have 20/30 vision that would "continue to improve over the next few weeks as my eyes healed"

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I guess I'd go through it all again. <3 I'll try to get an story update done tomorrow.

Eye surgery horrifies me. It's probably one of the few surgical procedures that actually freaks me out.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 30, 2009, 01:39:40 pm**

The events of the 3rd of Hematite, 1070

"GET OUT THERE!" Rinsesilver shrieked. "THEY'RE WRECKING THE PLACE!"

The smattering of miners and engravers just stared at her in shock, and horror, no one moving from their seats. They had heard the screams from above, the shattering windows, the beat of hooves on stone. Eventually there was a sigh from a back table, and Sparrow rose, notching a bolt into his crossbow.

"I'll handle the problem, ma'am, please have a beer on the table when I return."

Silently he cursed Keldor's absence as he trudged up the stairs. The Dread Camel herds had been increasing in size, and in their occurrences, and Merkil was finding it hard to schedule squads to patrol the wastes all the time. This was taking a toll on the soldiers, who had become sullen, their off hours spent sleeping or drinking.

As he reached the entrance, Sparrow saw a miner huddling in the corner, protecting his face from a skeletal camel's gnashing teeth. With a sigh, he raised the crossbow and fired, shattering a shoulder with the steel bolt. With a cry of surprise, he dropped the bolt he was attempting to load as a hoof crashed into his arm, leaving a gash in the skin. A second beast had come from the side, and was readying a second kick at him.

Bellowing with rage, Sparrow hefted the crossbow like a club and swung it, the camels head snapping from the weak neck. It exploded into dust and bonemeal agaist the wall. The air was knocked out of him as he was shoved back against a wall by the first beast. In such close range, he was having a hard time getting a decent swing on his crossbow, just chipping at bone, shredding dried flesh.

The skin around the empty sockets widened briefly, before the camel dropped to the stones, hewn in half. Wilber stood by the doors, grinning widely, and Sparrow gave him an appreciated nod.

"A laugh, a cry, a sneak attack; a heavy slice, a snicka-snack, I sliced in half the camel's back."
"...That you did, Wilber, that you did."

"Saw a little girl today, riding the camels, wearing a robe of reds and greens."
Sparrow sighed, rubbing at his gashed arm. "I'm sure you did, Wilber, why don't we-"
"Indeed! She used them, vaulted off to the sun, and flew back down - into the zoo. From there? Who knows. I heard your battle, came to help!"

"If I buy you a drink, will you shut up?"
"Until it's quaffed!"
"I suppose that's the best I can hope for."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **July 30, 2009, 01:51:09 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on July 30, 2009, 01:39:40 pm
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Sparrow sighed, rubbing at his gashed arm. "I'm sure you did, Wilber, why don't we-"
"Indeed! She used them, vaulted off to the sun, and flew back down - into the zoo. From there? Who knows. I heard your battle, came to help!"

Uh oh.

Hikan would be anxious if he knew about this. Jools would be anxious if he knew about how close she was to his donkeys.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **August 04, 2009, 02:51:02 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on July 28, 2009, 07:22:40 pm
An Update:

I drove myself to the doctors office today, wearing a set of biker shades. The nurses fawned all over me - a nice change from yesterday when everyone was terrified I was going to go insane with fear and wreck them and their machines - and I was told one day after the operation, I now have 20/30 vision that would "continue to improve over the next few weeks as my eyes healed"

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I guess I'd go through it all again. <3 I'll try to get an story update done tomorrow.

I've always been intriued by the ee surgery route, but frankly it scares the hell out of me! Glad it went well dude let us know if it worked alright!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 05, 2009, 11:57:52 am**

Quote from: Flar Moonchill on August 04, 2009, 02:51:02 am
I've always been intriued by the ee surgery route, but frankly it scares the hell out of me! Glad it went well dude let us know if it worked alright!

I am too, terribly so. But surprisingly enough, I've already convinced two people to go to my eye doctor for consultations. These days it's cheap, fast, and works like a charm. If anyone wants me to talk them into it, send me a PM :)

Oh yeah, Dwarf Fort - Update tonight or tomorrow, and hopefully more frequently now that I'm on some medication that's actually working.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **August 06, 2009, 12:38:53 am**

Log of Wilber

Where are your wings little Sparrow? Did someone clip them short? Did a camel come in the night, and leave you in great ruin? A burst of sanity amidst the fluffy wambler dirgibles. When the littlest elf eats the moonlight, the tiger will come and play.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 08, 2009, 02:30:34 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
5th of Malachite, 1070

The merchants have been sitting on letters from home, those braying asses. Neo, still laid up in bed with his broken arm, was overjoyed to receive a letter from home. I spoke with him about seeing if the new philosopher perhaps was trained as a medic, but he swears by Doctor Dojango and his assistant Akroma... despite the fact that both are arguably shysters parading about with their splints and herbs.

I have yet to tell Sulari, but there was a letter addressed to me, as Mayor, suggesting that no dwarves would be traveling to "our deathtrap" this season. Those idiots, we need more bodies! The soldiers are doing alright, despite some sparing injuries and the occasional camel attack, but our production lines are falling short. Masons are in short supply as they work on my constructions; two of the five buildings are nearly done, the progress faster now that Howard has taken on a young apprentice to help him. As soon as the structures are erected, we can begin filling them, and hopefully, getting the populace inside our great glass structure and to safety, and to immortality...

Now if only the zoo could get cleared out. Some of the animals are dying, and Jools is concerned there is a madness going among them,

especially as some have been found with gouges in their sides. Perhaps we have predators in the sands that require the consumption of meat. Such a welcome change to predators without any meat on them at all.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Ai Shizuka** on **August 08, 2009, 07:22:33 pm**

It will take a while, but I'll read this one.

Just out of curiosity, has the episode in reply #110 anything to do with the movie "There will be blood"? Looks a lot like mr. Plainview and Eli at the derrick's inauguration.

Still some 130 pages to go, but it's one of my favorite stories so far.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 09, 2009, 11:37:29 pm**

The events of the 7th of Galena, 1070

Quote, covered in grime and stone dust, stumbled into Rinsesilver's office, Lugnut at his side. The engineer seemed pleased, the architect-apprentice worried and harried. Rinsesilver looked up from her ledgers, a scowl on her face.

"Progress?"
"Yes ma'am," Lugnut said. "Floodgates in place, works like a charm. Miss Dodik herself wanted to install the final pieces of the remaining waterwheel."
"And the structural integrety?"
"Water flow should stay consistant throughout," Quote answered, his voice tinged with nerves. "With the use of the pumps of course. We can always rig a secondary reservoir that could... say, effectively be used to evaporate the overflow."

"And how sure are you that this will work?"
Both Quote and Lugnut went silent. Rinsesilver's scowl deepened.

"Well?"
"If it doesn't work, we always have that floodgate, and the hot sun."

"I hired you on the recommendation that you worked for Roaroak!"
"Well, you see, I'm more of his... lackey at the moment. He has me redrafting prints, so, I haven't actually designed anything on my own."

"And you!" she said, pointing at Lugnut. "It was said you were a mechanically genius who could rig up anything."
"I did!" Lugnut complained. "I rigged up that floodgate and allowed our miner to get out alive, thank you. And I also rigged it so the tunneling would be done while Aryn was out at the dig sites, so he wouldn't hear any of the excavations."
"That was your doing?" Quote said. "That was well done, He had no clue."
"He really didn't. I was amazed how easy it was to get him out."
"Fantastic, really, so simple."

"Just shut up," Rinsesilver snapped. She swivled in her chair and opened a drawer in her cabinet. Two small bags jangled as they hit the desk in front of her. "Just turn the damned waterfall on when you leave, and make sure it doesn't drown us all."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **August 14, 2009, 02:17:12 am**

Rice's Journal

Been quite awhile since I've written in this tattered old thing. First off I can't believe how long I've been here. It couldn't really have been nearly twenty years already could it? Well, no matter. There's a new project at Dodik's place, though I've never really been around those parts of the fortress. So much to do and what not. They say she wants to install a waterfall and they've hired out some new architect that works for Roaroak.

Now I got nothing against Roaroak, he's a good dwarf and a fine craftsman. He knows what he's doing, and I can respect that he has grand plans for this place, but I still have my doubts about all the work that is happening. Him and Aryn, I swear Aryn is getting crazier and crazier every passing day. Though I suppose he isn't the only one who could be going mad here. I haven't set foot inside any of the domes of my own volition, but I can already feel the walls crushing down on me. It's odd, I've never felt this way about constructions before, but this project fills me with great dread.

Bumping this cause it should not be on the second page

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **August 16, 2009, 05:38:19 pm**

bump

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **August 17, 2009, 05:56:37 am**

Quote from: sonerohi on August 06, 2009, 12:38:53 am

Log of Wilber

Where are your wings little Sparrow? Did someone clip them short? Did a camel come in the night, and leave you in great ruin? A burst of sanity amidst the fluffy wambler dirgibles. When the littlest elf eats the moonlight, the tiger will come and play.

You're sounding very Beefheartian.

Who knew what a moon could do?
Moonlight on Vermooont.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 17, 2009, 01:31:47 pm**

Soo.... *cough* there's some development going on over here that might cause a delay on any meaningful updates.

What could such development be? Quitting my job, moving to Kentucky without any sort of work set up, and attempting to sell my house. Am I crazy? Yes, I have been for quite a while now, but I'm also planning on being *happy*, which is a big change.

With that in mind, I'll update when I can, but please, dear readers, be understanding of this poor stressed soul <3

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **August 17, 2009, 01:45:15 pm**

Good reason to be slow about updates. We'll be patient, HF, don't worry.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **August 18, 2009, 09:33:09 pm**

You want to be happy, so you moved to *Kentucky*? That's perfectly understandable, but why that state in particular, if you don't mind me asking?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 18, 2009, 09:50:57 pm**

The Events of the 10th of Galena, 1070

"Nother child grew up today."
"You're a damned liar."

Dojango looked up from the the series of blueprints that had been laid out across the workbench in Betrand's old lab. He scowled at Akroma, who shook a browned, brittle femur at him.

"Why would I lie about that, huh? That's not something to lie about."
"Nothing 'grows up' out here. You heard it yourself, there's something wrong, there's something really wrong, and it's just a damn fluke that children age - only the ones that come from outside."

Dojango couldn't help himself; instinct made him glance over his shoulder, towards the door that was closed and barred. He let himself relax some, going back to tracing lines on the blueprints.

"That's not true..."
"Oh? And the child that reached adulthood, born here?"
"...No, little orphan, prodigy, came here a while ago, joined the Mason's Corp. Pawnzer's mad as all hell, seeing as he was grooming her to help carve blocks and beds for the new rooms, for the library, but..."
"You're avoiding it! She's not native! She's an outsider, and those born here, poor things, are cursed! It's these... damned sands!"
Akroma smashed the femur down on the table, and it splintered, small bits of bone scattering across the table, a large chunk from the top skating to the side to vanish into a dark corner.

"Keep your voice down!" Dojango hurriedly whispered.
"We're fine in here," Akroma snapped back.
"And you know what will happen if this gets out proper? If this becomes more than just some rumor by those that care to pay attention when the children don't die of horrors and still don't age?"
"Mmm..."

The pair lapsed into silence. Eventually, Akroma pointed to one of the domes on the blueprint, tapping it twice with the broken bone.
"Gardens here?"
"Best place, really, below the kitchens, gives them access to fresh herbs, to vegetables, maybe even fruits. It's the least we can do for the poor souls that seal themselves away."

Akroma nodded, and lifted his eyes to the torch on the wall. He squinted at it, briefly lost in thought, before sighing. "Think we'll get out?"
"We better. This place will explode... Aryn trying to lock them all under water? I can't imagine the goblins would waste any time ransacking the shell of the city, any who stayed would just be meat for the armies... no, this is best. A good deed, make sure it's done, and a clean break from this... cursed place."
"Safer in numbers," Akroma said. "Much safer."
"Aye, so keep your eyes open, there might be a few that would be willing to part ways when things finally go tits up."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 18, 2009, 09:59:18 pm**

Quote from: sonerohi on August 18, 2009, 09:33:09 pm
You want to be happy, so you moved to *Kentucky*? That's perfectly understandable, but why that state in particular, if you don't mind me asking?

Heh. I know, it's a bit of an odd choice if it was just drawn at random. But I grew up in Kentucky, and most of my family, and my soon to be not-ex girlfriend live there as well. When I think of home, when I think of "Happiness", I think of rolling hills, bluegrass, thick forests, and sprawling farm land full of wheat and corn and tobacco. I think I'll be spending a lot of time before I find work with a notebook and my camera, exploring the countless acres of my fathers farm - something I haven't been able to do in nearly a decade, and something that makes me nostalgic thinking about even now.

And Ai Shizuka, sorry, I'm not ignoring your question from above. Why yes, that scene might have been inspired by that movie. :) As a fresh reader, starting from the beginning, you'll most likely be able to pick out what books I'd been reading and movies I'd been watching by the updates you'll see.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **filiusenox** on **August 19, 2009, 06:36:28 pm**

I love the story.

Whered you move to in kentucky?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Eita** on **August 20, 2009, 12:01:27 am**

Finally caught up. All I can say is, YAY I WAS MENTIONED FOR A BIT IN ONE OF THE EARLIER POSTS!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **August 20, 2009, 07:28:03 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on August 18, 2009, 09:59:18 pm
...blue grass...

...What? Blue grass?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 20, 2009, 07:52:37 am**

Filiusenox: I'm moving to a tiny little town outside of Louisville next Friday, and the girlfriend lives around an hour or so away, outside of E-Town (Elizabethtown, for those that watched that retarded movie.)

Mad Larks: Sorry, I had an unneeded space! Kentucky Bluegrass (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Smooth_Meadow-grass) is one of the things the state is famous for, besides bourbon, horses, Rich, Single, Millionaire woman and marijuana.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **August 20, 2009, 11:18:51 am**

Oh! That! Yeah, we have that, too, here. Too bad that summer's usually a bitch for me. Allergies. (I'M LOOKING AT YOU, IMMUNE SYSTEM.)

I'm wondering when Glacies is going to finish that little sub-plot of his. Or if he's forgotten about it. I kind of want to see the arrival of my dwarf.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **filiusenox** on **August 20, 2009, 06:54:50 pm**

Huh so northrn.One of my bros lives up by liousville.Unfonrtunly im the town of the patroits.

Can i have a characther?

Beastlord
male
likes to control animals.Has a pack of dogs.
Military.Swords.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **August 28, 2009, 11:08:01 am**

Bump

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 01, 2009, 08:29:12 am**

I'm alive! The PODS arrived, I've made it home, car's okay, folks are glad to see me, girlfriend is *extatic* that after three years I've made my glorious return to her, and my house is going on the market this afternoon. I'm getting my room... in my mom's basement arranged (shut up, every one of you! This is temporary!) so as soon as that's completed I'm going to be posting story updates like a madman.

filiusenox: I'll put you on the list, but I'm not holding out hope we'll get any migrants any time soon. I'm also not saying this story is going to be ending soon, but when it DOES end I plan on starting a second one, and any Dwarves not brought in will get first pick. So, don't fret, one way or another, I'll have your characters abused and tortured <3

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **September 01, 2009, 11:34:00 am**

Do you plan to have the next story set in the same world as Migrursut? Even if there weren't any returning characters, some continuity would be cool.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **September 01, 2009, 11:46:22 am**

Hmm...not sure that'll be possible if his next story starts after the next release of DF. With all the changes to the underground and entities, I don't think existing world seeds will generate the same world with the next version. Although I suppose it's possible that the basic landscape will look the same.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 01, 2009, 01:11:24 pm**

It would be in the same "world" as Migrursut, totally. Cameos, or references to previous events, or even some of the same villains? All quite possible. I've already got a very generic story in mind, and am dying to play around with all the features in the new version.

From what I've been reading, all the hard work of actually "creating" the story will be handled in-game, so I don't even have to think about it!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **September 01, 2009, 01:40:26 pm**

And we'll actually know what our dwarves look like!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 02, 2009, 08:49:03 pm**

Szondi's Journal
The 16th of Galena, 1070

Fortress becoming haven for the corrupt, for corpulent, for weak-willed. Current census claims hundred twenty-two able bodies, thirty animals. More than forty seven dwarves are without work. Instead of honing skills, practicing crafts, they loiter and drink. They grow fat on the work of others. Only the military practices; Only the masons toil in the sun; Only the Doctor and the Boneworkers hone their crafts.

Only myself and my *Merry Band* are really left to care for the fort. Merkil means well by is misguided, leaves troops to train and drink and not protect the fort. Attacks coming infrequently, only camels and scorpions seen for months. Is he too far into the drink? Is his mind elsewhere? Undwarven thoughts... possible debts? Must remember to investigate further.

Maudlin attacked one of the Fishers the other night. Loitering outside after hours, skulking by the Temple of Zefon. Wouldn't present papers, wouldn't offer excuses, refused to go inside. Maudlin left her nose broken and an eye swollen shut before Night Hawk peeled him off. Most too soft on criminals; Was this Fisher a criminal? Perhaps a visit to Madam Dodik's is in order. See if information can be

dredged from the piles of filth that line her floor. Fishers may be clean; but a house of sin, run for years, has secrets they wish to keep hidden. These secrets will be found...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 06, 2009, 03:10:09 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on September 02, 2009, 08:49:03 pm

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The 16th of Galena, 1070

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Oh dear.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **September 06, 2009, 06:27:35 am**

Merkil Corrupt? Or is this vigilante bordering to mad?

Hammers can always cure madnes.... I doubt Merkil would stay calm for long if he was accused of corruption/betrayal.....

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **September 11, 2009, 10:55:19 am**

So silent....

Seing as your life has taken a rather good turn, I'm hoping that this silence is just "wow, too mutch fun,sex,love inserthappytimeshere", and not the world crashing down on you again.

Seems like you've had your share of bad luck over the last year (I actually had to check the first post, this is really that old!). We've all had a great time reading your work (or atleast I have), so I honestly hope you're doing good.

An internet forum might not be the best place to express sympathy, but I think a lot of people here honestly hope that you are doing well.

(someone else please post something, I hate having to see my own replies at the end of the thread... Makes me think I've jinxed it ;))

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 11, 2009, 11:17:26 am**

As long as your life doesn't resemble a Tom Waits song, everything is fine.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **September 11, 2009, 12:32:41 pm**

chiming in with IronValley, I think you've got a lot of silent support from the readers here Heavy Flak, Even if we aren't posting we're reading and hoping the best for you in your own adventures.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **September 11, 2009, 01:07:48 pm**

Yea HF, you got the support of everyone on here. Anyway, I'm guessing you're just taking a break from DF, and that makes sense to me. DF is busy and chaotic, sometimes life is a really nice break from that lol

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 13, 2009, 05:29:08 pm**

It warms my heart to see you guys concerned, and supportive. I appreciate it a lot. <3

You're right, things HAVE been hectic here. I'm a twenty seven year old who's now back to living in his mothers basement - hooray. Girlfriends doing great though, I've managed to get everything from my house unpacked or stored, and I'm finally feeling settled in and beginning to take the next steps forward: seeking some type of short time income, and trying to figure out what I want to do long-term for cash.

To pay my rent, I'm doing farm work - mucking stalls, feeding horses, cutting down trees, etc, etc. But I do have a lot more time on my hands before the job hunt / book submissions start, and that means during the week I should hopefully (seriously guys, I really mean it this time!) be back to updating relatively consistently.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mad Larks** on **September 13, 2009, 10:00:03 pm**

Heavy Flak lives! Joyous joy!

Hope things turn out the way they should and looking forward to future updates. Still wondering when/if my dwarf will make it in, though.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Luke_Prowler** on **September 13, 2009, 10:23:16 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on September 13, 2009, 05:29:08 pm

It warms my heart to see you guys concerned, and supportive. I appreciate it a lot. <3

You're right, things HAVE been hectic here. I'm a twenty seven year old who's now back to living in his mothers basement - hooray. Girlfriends doing great though, I've managed to get everything from my house unpacked or stored, and I'm finally feeling settled in and beginning to take the next steps forward: seeking some type of short time income, and trying to figure out what I want to do long-term for cash.

To pay my rent, I'm doing farm work - mucking stalls, feeding horses, cutting down trees, etc, etc. But I do have a lot more time on my hands before the job hunt / book submissions start, and that means during the week I should hopefully (seriously guys, I really mean it this time!) be back to updating relatively consistently.

Now you just need to grow a neck beard *and The Circle will be complete.*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 14, 2009, 02:00:22 pm**

The events of the 21st of Galena, 1070

The clatter from the hallway began to rouse Jools, at least at first. The first time in nearly a week he'd actually attended training had taken it's toll and his limbs felt stiff as iron, the muscles knotted and tense from the exercises Merkil had forced the soldiers to complete. Groggily he lifted both hands up, pressing the heels of his palms against his eye sockets, and pressed hard, trying to forcibly remove the sleepiness from his head. Perhaps a drink of wine, a hearty stew for breakfast...

Something jostled against his foot as he moved in the bed. Sleepiness gave way to confusion. Blinking away the cottony feeling behind his eyes, Jools sat up in his bed and looked down. The roughspun sheets were stained red, a bulgy lump tenting up the fabric near the other end of the bed. With growing horror, the soldier gripped the sheets and yanked them free.

A flutter of fabric obscured his view briefly. When they settled on the stone floor beside him, Jools looked down the length of his bed. At the blood - all the blood. He screamed.

"Who would do this," Jools raged. "Who would *do this*"
"Quiet, please, quiet," Adol said quietly. "You're making it hard to concentrate, friend."

Jools paced in circles, his hands folded over his chest. he had gotten mostly dressed, though his legs were bare and his shins were still coated in tacky blood. When he neared the door, and Maggarg's side, he turned to stare at the donkey's head laying on his bed. It had been severed crudely, bits of meat dangling from the wound. Most disturbingly, it had been painted up, a leering smile smeared over it's mouth with a thick paste of berry, ash, and urine.

"Other than a saw used to remove the head, probably one from a woodcutter, and the... decorations, I can't see anything."
"You're not lookin' in the right place," Maggarg said, smugly.
"Oh? And you fancy yourself an investigator now, do you?" Adol said reproachfully.

"Aye, in this matter. Look," the swordsdwarf strode over to the head, and placed a meaty palm onto the flesh between it's ears. He slid his fingers into the fur and with a little tug, popped out a small shard of metal, bent and bloody.

"I saw it glint in the torch light. More of 'em in there. Which I 'magine means..." tangling his fingers into the fur, he yanked it free. A large flap of fur and skin flopped over, revealing shards of pottery held into place with dried mud. Maggarg laughed, unable to help himself.

Adol frowned, and picked at some of the pottery, prying it free with his thumbnail. His brows knit together, "Death most likely caused by a blow to the head, between the ears, and it was sawn after after death. Probably caused by a hammer, or maybe a large rock, or..."

"Or a mace..." growled Jools. "A large mace, from the largest ass in the fortress... where's Stravitch been hiding lately?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sdp0et** on **September 14, 2009, 02:11:23 pm**

Ah, right. Mule head. My mind went in a different direction at first. I was happy for Jools, though, becoming a woman and all.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **September 14, 2009, 02:34:02 pm**

Yes, an update!

Quote from: sdp0et on September 14, 2009, 02:11:23 pm
I was happy for Jools, though, becoming a woman and all.

Huh, I didn't notice any gender bender's in this update. Though that's happened before.

Let's not talk about it.

*The journal of ~~Former Lieutenant~~ Hikan Riddlewire,
Entry for the week of 22nd Galena, 1070*

Assface got a bit of surprise in the morning. Namely, an asses' face. Naturally, he was horrified, but I couldn't stop laughing about it the whole time he was telling me.

Assface thinks its Stravitch who did the donkey in. Given our association, I have reason to think that I could be on the list of people to be intimidated. Our costumes don't really conceal our identities very well, so Stravitch probably knows that I'm running around in a mask with three other idiots.

I'm rechecking all the traps to my room. May not sleep there for a few nights. If I'm not there to be intimidated, or somebody gets a bolt in their chest while trying to, it takes the power out of the message.

This assumes he'll try doing something in my room to intimidate me. Hell, he could have a walkway collapse while I'm underneath it, or send Aryn nasty letters, or something. I can't prepare for anything like that, other than walking around with even more caution and paranoia.

And I'm already walking around with a lot of both. Stressful, but I like living.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 15, 2009, 09:29:28 am**

Diary of maggarg
Jools finds a great big half-flattened donkey head in his room.
It's full of bits of metal and pottery and stuff. That means that someone hit it with pretty fantastic force, right? Also, there's not many weapons that are made of pottery. All of this points to an individual of god-like strength with a weird mace. We only have one of those, and that's Stravich.
Ergo, he was even more pissed than usual and killed a donkey, chopped of the head, and stuck it in a room. Knowing him, there is no reason at all.
I guess the upside of this is that everyone will get occupied with this and forget about me.
I goddamn hope so.

The Events of the 1st of Limestone, 1070

"Deeply entrenched in a world of violence and intrigue, Aya fears for her life. But what is the life of a single dwarf, compared to The Truth? No, she must be resilient, and she must continue with her research. She must... discover the truth..."

"Who are you talking to?"
Aya blinked, the leaves of the potted plant she was hiding behind rustling as she glanced back over her should. Mookie stood behind her looking bewildered, carrying a large roast on a platter. Aya coughed and closed her little notebook, tucking the charcoal pencil behind her ear.

"I'm following up on a story, and I'd ask you to be quiet while I research."
"You're hiding outside of Madam Dodik's office..."
"Yes, because, ah! There, coming down the stairs!"

The Hammerer Postrose slouched down the steps, his ropes swirling around his feet. He carried his hammer in both hands, the gems and designs glittering in the torchlight. Aya began mumbling to herself, frantically scribbling in her now-opened notebook, but with a shriek she was tugged backwards.

"You can't be spying on Madam Dodik!" Mookie hissed.
"Hey, HEY! Let go! This is IMPORTANT!"

Postrose spared them a single glance, a pair of tarts wrestling out front of the whore-chambers. His attention waning, he turned and opened the door to the office, stepping inside unannounced.

"*Ah, you're both here. Excellent.*"
"Err, Hammerer, how unexpected," Madam Dodik said, her face paling.
"Yes. *You're hard to find, I'm sure you know. We have to talk. About securities.*"

"*There's nothing to talk about, then. Security as at it's highest,*" Rinsesilver said quietly.
"*Not for your little establishment. For the fortress itself. Since arriving, I've heard some interesting things about... terrorists. How absurd, yes? Terrorists! Where could one hide within our sanctuary and not be caught... and as I thought it over, it dawned on me. One would hide outside, away from prying eyes. Perhaps somewhere outside the prying eyes of the law.*"
"*Perhaps the propriators don't know of any such vermin hiding in their little homes. That is always a case - or maybe they do, and are just ... scared of repercussions. I can respect that. If information is given that can lead to finding these villians, why, that would be seen as a very favorable action.*"

Rinsesilver started to open her mouth, but closed it. She glanced at Madam Dodik, eyes narrowed, lips pursed, on the verge of speaking anyway. Madam Dodik looked miserable. Her eyes downcast, she rung her hands together, chewing on her lower lip. Eventually, she gave the smallest of nods. Rinsesilver looked as if she would explode from glee.

"Stravitch," She said. "He's harboring the terrorists. Or he is the terrorist. It doesn't matter - Stravitch Fillwhip is the man you're after."
"*Mmm, that's a lofty accusation. And how have you come by this information?*"
"My... associates have seen him with their own eyes. A burly dwarf, a miners build, wearing a steel wielding mask - he stole from us, and from the caravans, and was aided by the Good Captain."
"*And you would be willing to testify before the nobility with such information?*"

Postrose was met with silence. His smile was thin and grim, his dark eyes glittering. "*Oh, I see how it is... wanting to protect yourselves, something illicit was being done when you met this unfortunate soul... well, perhaps as a worshiper of the lady Zefon - however dubious her existence my be - I should examine the other churches in the area, pay tribute to the other Gods that contend for my prayers. Thank you, for your time.*"

I like this Hammerer. He goes straight for the dark underbelly of Migrursut, and seeks to tear out the dark heart from within, by force, if necessary.

Can he stand up to Stravitch, though?

Probably not.

The events of the 4th of Limestone, 1070

Sgt. Pepper, and Stravitch's bulk took up considerable amount of room in the small underground bunker. Stravitch lounged in a chair tilted onto it's back legs, his feet propped up against the wall. Sgt. Pepper sat at the edge of an ornate coffin, cleaning meat from the Dread Camel's out from under his nails while Archin rubbed at the back of his neck. Telamon sat at a desk, drumming his fingers upon the stone surface, his eyes gleaming behind the wielding mask he wore.

"How's th'procurement of booze goin'?" Telamon asked quietly.
"Decently," Archin said. "I skim a barrel off the loads for the military with lovey's help, and since I'm back to working in the gardens, I have access to the storage. We've been piling it all in the pois- in the Temple of Lenod."
"An' yer alright w'this?" Telamon asked, glancing towards Stravitch.

The old goat glared at him, slowly folding his arms over his chest. "Of course I'm not alright with it. Total travesty is what it is, an ... an effacement of the one true God in this damnable desert."
"**I believe you mean defacement**" Sgt. Pepper pointed out.
"I don't give a damn what the word is," Stravitch barked, "I care that it's bein' done, I ain't allowed to drink any of it, and that if anyone searches the damned place I'm most likely going to have to murder them to keep it from being reported to the new Baron, or Aryn and his lackey, or Sulari for theft of military goods."

"Why dunnae' ya' two leave," Telamon suggested. Archin thought this over for a minute, and nodded. She and her partner left, Sgt. Pepper's shoulder plates scraping the smoothed walls as he squeezed down the passage. Telamon cleared his throat, his voice harsher.
"Dunnae tell me yer' gettin' cold feet 'bout the whole feckin' thing. Tis' not th'time."
"It's one thing to blow up parts of the fortress, to damage Aryn. It's another to cause strife with the nobility. A whole *nother* to stick it in the craw of those damnable fishers that abandoned you - Us! - in our time of need, but to make my temple a possible death-trap?"

"It already is, ya' daft fool, ya' built it outa' cinnabar, that'll rot yer' feckin' brains and lungs if ya' inhale any of it."
"I'm through with this plan," Stravitch snapped. The feet of the chair creaked as they slid across the floor. Heavy boots slammed into the stone floor. "You need some help bustin' skulls? Fine. You want to gather some wealth from the fishers? We'll go tear up Dodik's now, haven't been in there for years thanks to her ban. But I'm not puttin' up with this in *MY* temple."

"Ya'rn't now?" Telamon said, bemused.
"No. I've put up with your shenanigans and your plots for years, and this is goin' too far."
"It's only goin' too far, 'cause it's somethin' a'yers risked to fer' once. I coulda' lost my life on that trapped excursion I was sent on. By wits an' luck, I got back here. Go get a drink, friend, and think this over. You'll see I'm right - we can fill Oceansbled wi' a great temple when we take it over - it's our little oyster bein' built down there, and we can fill it to the brim with sweet, sweet pearls if you'll just listen t'me."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **September 17, 2009, 03:17:17 pm**

although i knew it was coming i must *GASP*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Argonnek** on **September 17, 2009, 10:51:26 pm**

I wonder how "Telamon" got back.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 18, 2009, 10:05:18 am**

:o
I wasn't expecting that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **martinuzz** on **September 22, 2009, 01:37:28 pm**

It was hinted at a very long time ago already, with Stravitch saying to himself at the end of the post: 'He's back'

I've just spent most of my free time, the past 10 days, reading the full story from the start. I once started out and finished chapter 1, but then RL intervened.
I knew I had to come back to it, to read more, and so I did.
Wow. Amazing work, Flak. My hat is off to you!
Also, great work, all those people who contributed to the story with their journals, pictures, and backstories. It really adds exceptional dyeing to this masterfully woven thread.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 22, 2009, 10:59:16 pm**

The events of the 9th of Limestone, 1070

Neo was drenched in sweat, his drawn face and pale skin looked even worse due do the dampness running off of him. His armor hung loose from his emaciated frame, and it seemed that ever sword swing came a little bit slower. But he was smiling, a huge, ear-to-ear grin that had been in place all practice.

Eita was smiling as well as she deflected the sword swings with the metal handle of her hammer. "You're doing quite well, Neo. Quite well indeed. To think, you've been out ... how long has it been?"

"No one brought me a calendar," he said, taking another swing. This last one sapped the remains of his energy and the swordsdwarf leaned against a weapon rack, sucking in air. "I think... over a year, easily."
"That long?" Eita mused. "But you're all better now? No lingering injuries?"
"None at all, ma'am. Dojango may not be the brightest, but he patched me up well. A few weeks of good cooking and some training, and I'll be back in top-shape in no time."
"Excellent, very good."

Merkil strode into the barracks, and the soldiers snapped to attention. Merkil gave a stiff salute, and the soldiers went at ease.

"Carvan's arrived from Stukos Matul, so I expect an escort down with them. Sergeant Towersacks, Varen, see they make it up alright."

"Yes sir!" the pair barked, and rushed out towards the stairs.

"First guard at the depot will be Eita and - ah! Neo, well rested, I see. You fit enough to stay standing?"
"Y-yes sir," Neo panted, "Just winded from training, is all."
"Get a few pints in you, then get under the shade of the depot. Kandor, Sparrow, get to the battlements and watch for thieves. You four are on the first six hour shift. The rest of you? Get back to practicing."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 27, 2009, 08:56:15 pm**

The events of the 11th of Limestone, 1070

Sergeant Towersacks reached over, and placed her hand on Varen's forearm. He continued to bounce his leg nervously, but he glanced over at his commanding officer and offered a smile.

"It'll be fine. You have nothing to worry about," Towersacks said.
"I understand the words that you're saying, Ma'am, but I respectfully disagree. There has never been a conference for Military Negligence and Irresponsibility before."
"I'll give you that, Varen..."

The door to the small office opened, and Duke Whippedentries strode in. He was looking stern, his brows knit together as he stared down at a few sheefs of paper in his hand. Behind him came the philosopher Channelpainted, followed by Aryn and his surly guard Hikan. They took their seat at the long table situated by the back wall. The Duke tapped his finger upon the paper and glared at the duo.

"Four are dead."
"None of ours, sir," said Towersacks.
"It's inexcusable. Merchants visit our town because of the safety and the trade, and before even reaching the gates they are set upon by the vicious beasts that roam the sands. According to the notes by Major Merkil, your squad was assigned to escort the merchants into the base and..." a shifting of papers, "they obviously never made it. Not even close. Why."

"We never left the fortress, Sir," Varen said.
"And why not!" The philosopher snapped. "Your inaction cost these Dwarves their lives."
"Because we were getting outfitted for the excursion," Towersacks. "As has been decreed by your office, sir."

The Baron pursed his lips but said nothing. Hikan tugged on his beard and yawned, loudly.
"Bored with the proceedings, Guardian?" The Duke asked.

"Actually, yeah, I am," Hikan said. "This is a circus act, let the guards get back to training, and let me get some damn lunch."
"That's highly inappropriate," The philosopher snapped.
"And so is this. The merchants were killed both on, and behind, our borders," Hikan snapped back. "And, if you had actually talked to me - or the soldiers on scene, or that idiot hauler Cokho who had to dump the corpses - you'd have seen it was a single merchant and three of their guards who had successfully allowed the caravan to escape the camels."

Aryn's laughter made the Philosopher jump; Varen couldn't suppress his smile. Aryn knocked his fist on the table and stood up, the chair scratching on the stone. "The next one of these you decide to have, *Sir*, I hope it's more fun than this. This was a waste of ten minutes. Come along Hikan, it's lunch time. Towersacks, Varen, why don't you join us."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **September 28, 2009, 10:00:29 am**

Diary of maggarg
Bad luck. I've heard there's an inquiry into military incompetence, and they might be doing background checks on us, or so I've heard. None of the others have remotely shifty backgrounds, as far as I know. I do. The kind of shifty that involves shifting valuables out of boxes and into my pockets.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 04, 2009, 01:36:05 pm**

cough Bump *cough*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **October 04, 2009, 03:26:39 pm**

Log of Wilber (in microcline dust on the walls)

Happy rainbows and shouting clouds today. Saw a poor kitty with a hurt foot. I'm going to visit my uncle soon. He lives inside magic. Dinner for the Donkeys. Time is going!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 05, 2009, 09:54:46 pm**

The further events of the 11th of Limestone, 1070

Nish Arrowgulfs knelt in the sand, his fingers clutching at his shirt, and once that ripped, at the flesh on his chest and at his beard. Tears streamed from his eyes as he laughed, his voice hoarse from the sound. Soon there were ripping sounds, as hunks of flesh and beard detached from his chin, bloody chunks dribbling down over his bare chest. Nish Arrowgulfs looked at the carnage around him, and in the middle of laughing he vomited, a spray of bile spewing from his mouth and soaking the sand in front of him in an arc.

The camels had followed the caravan. Of course they had; It was folly to think that they wouldn't. As the sun began to set, the clattering hooves of the unholy beasts roared around the diminished caravan. The merchants, and some of their steeds, were driven mad from the attack. Mebzuth Lashmoistens, gibbering insanely, lept upon the back of a speardwarf trying to fight off a dreadcamel. He screamed as the Dwarf bit his ear off, and was soon set upon, trampled to death.

Others roamed the sands in circles, their eyes glassed over, their faces masks of terror and hopelessness. They didn't bother to scream as they were run over, their flesh ripped from bones as the camels feasted. Feb Bodiceumbras turned in time to catch a hoof to the jaw from one of the pack animals. His world exploded as the beast shattered his jaw, knocking him to the sands where he quickly bled out.

Lokum Blazedspeech dropped his axe to the sand, his arm burning from fatigue. He watched as his brethren and friends were slaughtered, and he fought to stay standing, to take his death like a true Dwarf should. A shadow fell over him, and he turned, expecting death. Instead he saw a shape standing upon a boulder, blocking out the sun. It swept into the group, a maelstrom of metal, a mace swinging madly as it shattered camel, and pack animal, and insane merchant alike. Only a few soldiers were left standing, a few wounded left to groan in pools of their own blood.

Blazedspeech turned to his savior, fighting back tears at the corners of his eyes. "Words alone can't thank you enough for saving us," he croaked. "You're a saint, a living saint, and-"

He was cut off as the shirtless dwarf dropped his mace and reared his head back, bellowing, "HEY! Someone come give me a damned hand, there are wagons of free stuff here!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **martinuuz** on **October 06, 2009, 05:33:51 am**

Woohoo an update!!
me = happy now

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **October 06, 2009, 02:34:59 pm**

Finally got done reading the whole thing. Been working on reading this on and off over the course of a couple of months. So many references, although I only caught a few of them myself (Such as the comment about Bomrek on the last map update).

Also, I never had any doubt about who Telamon was. It was fairly obvious, especially once he actually got some dialog in with his distinct accent.

But yeah, this really is quite the ☼Story☼. I think the only logical course of action is to try to invent a dorf that is interesting and fun to write. I'll jump in the queue when I accomplish this. Until then, Holy dogshit this has been fun to read.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 06, 2009, 07:30:31 pm**

The events of the 16th of Limestone, 1070

Jools picked up a large stone in his palm, testing it's weight. Beside him, Vash and Rackreleased goaded him on. His face clouded with anger, he stretched his arm back and pitched the rock. It sailed through the air and connected with the stained glass window. The glass shattered, tinkling down to the stones below. A few seconds later the rock hit the floor, clattering to silence.

Then a bellow from inside the poison temple, "Whoever threw that rock is going to get dropped into the magma!"

The doors burst open and Stravitch barreled out onto the sands in just a pair of shorts. His face was red with anger, and Vash, and Rackreleased, stepped backwards from his fury. But Jools stepped forward, practically frothing at the mouth. "You ignorant jerk, you can

pick on us all you want, but why did you have to go and hurt the animals, huh? Couldn't get your jollies unless it was something innocent and loving that you hurt?"

Stravitch actually stopped, confusion washing over his face. He started to speak, but nothing came out, and after a moment of deliberation he asked, "What are you *talking* about?"

"That poor beast you killed and left in my bed!" Jools snapped, "Were you drunk? That's no excuse - and you need to be punished for it, you ... jerk! You bully!"

Before Stravitch could speak, he was cut off by Hammerer Postrose. The noble strode forward calmly, his palm resting on the handle of his weapon. **"Perfect! Dear Captain Fillwhip, it's so good to find you outside of your temple... on public grounds. Perhaps I could have a word? I've heard some very tragic things about your doings and I'd like to hear them refuted, from you, personally. May we speak?"**

"He's a little busy," Jools snapped. "Because he's a donkey murdering monster, and he's about to get his punishments for it."
"My my, quite the busy little boy, aren't you, Captain?"

Stravitch's jaw was slack as he looked between the two. He gave a helpless shrug, shaking his head slowly. "I have no idea what either of you are talking about... fantastic, yet another jerk, coming to accuse me of things I have no clue about."

It was Kuli, dashing towards them through the sands. He looked worried, his robes and boots dusted with sand from his flight. "Stop! That is ENOUGH, all of you, we don't have time for this folly! There should be no infighting, regardless of the God's we have chosen, there are-"

Jools took a hard swing at Stravitch, the words, "I'm sorry, Maester," barely heard over the cracking bones. Stravitch had caught his left arm by the wrist, and the elbow. Snarling, he jerked the wrist back, and the elbow up, snapping it at the joint. Jools howled as he dropped to the sand, clutching at his broken arm. Kuli pressed his hands to his face, muttering an oath.

"Fool... Vash, bring him to the temple, and fetch Dojango to set this break. And you, *Captain*, I hope that you're proud. You've disabled a member of the guard that should be protecting us. The Goblins are on the march. A vile force of darkness has come, again."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 07, 2009, 02:36:09 pm**



Oohhh, so *that's* why my game has been lagging recently...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 07, 2009, 07:53:34 pm**

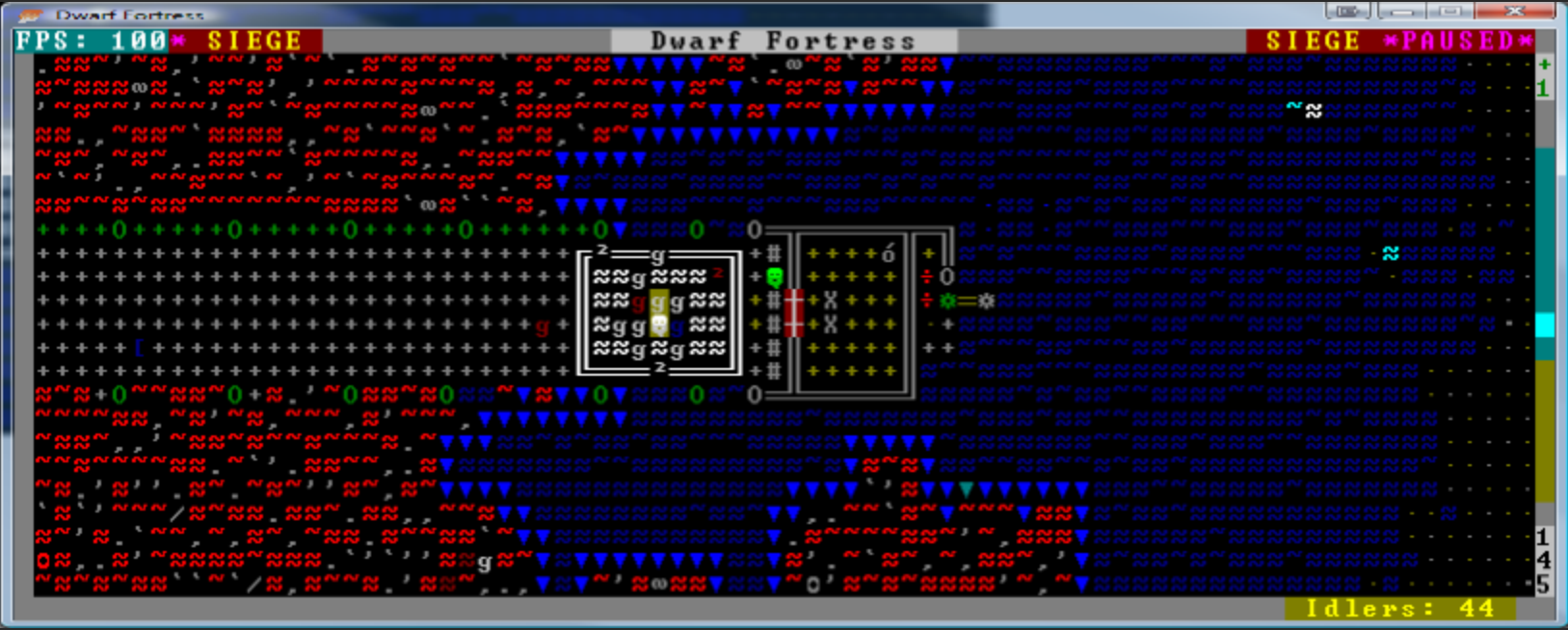
The events of the 23rd of Limestone, 1070

"Why's it so damp out here?" Kandor asked. "It's like a marsh."
"Quote and Lugnut screwed up, they don't understand the intricacies of water pressure," Sparrow explained. "But could you please focus?"

Kandor sighed, and lifted his crossbow. He braced himself against the bridge railing leading to Dodik's, and let loose. Sparrow fired a few himself, but the goblins ducked and dodged. One caught one in the chest and dropped to the sand, blood pooling from his mouth, but the others were unharmed.

"Water rises as it's forced into areas," Kandor said. He fired another bolt, and it lodged into a goblins shoulder. "Upon the increase of fluids, it rises through the levels. Anyone who's seen a rain barrel after a storm should understand."
"I know. It's very simple. But please, the goblins are on the bridge now; could we focus?"

A dozen goblins marched across the bridge, red eyes glowing, teeth gnashing in anticipation. The wrestlers led the charge. Kandor stepped back to clear a jam, and Sparrow swung his crossbow like a hammer, cracking one in the skull and dazing it. Kandor lifted his crossbow and fired, puncturing a goblins chest, and after a quick reload repeated the action with another goblin. Both dropped, spitting up blood, their eyes dimming.



Lights exploded in front of Sparrows eyes as a mace came from the side and connected with his head. He staggered and dropped his crossbow, blood trickling down his cheek from under his helmet. He vanished under a pile of green bodies, bolts thudding into the mass of flesh. Seconds later the goblins untangled themselves, furious, and Sparrow lay lifeless on the bridge, blood leaking over the wides to the pooling water below.

"Oh. This isn't good," Kandor said quietly. He notched a bolt and fired and quickly pulled another from his back, resigned to his task to the very end.

"Walking foliage," Wilber complained. "Look at it all, encroaching on our lands, attempting to take root. Foul sticks, be gone with ye." "Those are goblins," Eita corrected. "They're coming to kill us." "FO-LI-AGE!" Wilber bellowed, and leaped from the hill. His mace whistled as it swung through the air, and the goblin shrieked as it took the weapon to the side. It punched a hole through the simple leather armor, and Wilber was happy to beat the goblin's face into pulp.

Eita had more finesse, ducking and stabbing, skewering three holes into her Goblin's stomach. The beast was noticeably slowed, and the blood leaking from it's side was black and unhealthy. As it stumbled on a rock, she gave a hard upswing and disconnected it's head from it's shoulders.

"What folly, they're felled like... just like..." "What Wilber," Eita said with a wry smile. "Like trees?" "No, stupid! Like Goblins."

"The Goblins are in retreat, your grace," the Philosopher Channelpainted sniveled.

Duke Whippedentries looked up from his dinner of roast chicken. Calmly he wiped his hands on his napkin, than folded them in front of him on the table. "Their losses?"

"Massive, sir. Two full squads decimated, the third on retreat. They flea in the night, like pedophiles, afraid to be seen for their heinous crimes during the day."

"And ours?" "Mmm, the Boltslinger Sparrow and his apprentice died defending the Whore's palace. A thresher attempting to flea was struck down, as were a donkey and a horse." "Acceptable losses. Is that all?"

"No, your grace. The soldiers are talking of rewards." "Rewards? For what!" "Defense, and for head-totals. Wilber struck down two, Eita four, Sgt. Pepper five, and it seems Stravitch, ah, Eight. With the bodies on the bridge, Sparrow and Keldor brought down six themselves."

"Bah. There are no rewards for patriotism! Give the soldiers as a whole an extra ration of beer, and call it a day. I assume there is no more?" "Correct, sir." "Then bury the dead, and strip the corpses. I expect a few totems in my room by the beginning of the week."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **October 08, 2009, 12:24:41 pm**

Diary of Maggarg
Sparrow and kandor died today. dammit, I should have been there, those goblins would'a never got into swinging range. Once again, I seem to have been forgotten by that noble, so I guess it's life as normal.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **October 08, 2009, 05:23:21 pm**

Well you can't get too much more of a dramatic death than standing on a bridge defending a massive tower as the ground around you slowly floods.

As far as the spillage I guess the only solution is to put up a retaining wall and have a lake around Dodik's....(oh yes, i'm sure this wouldn't lead to far worse flooding in the future)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **October 08, 2009, 07:45:58 pm**

I return from my school-imposed hiatus, only to find myself dead? Ah, but 'twas a good death. I may consider rejoining at a later date, when I can be a bit more active in the story.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 12, 2009, 11:37:51 am**

I was surprised as you all were at their deaths. I liked Kandor and Sparrow, but at least they went out as true dwarves - surrounded by bolt-riddled bodies, the rest of the goblins routed and broken. Since increasing the Goblins size / damage to levels that will actually hurt and/or kill Dwarves, I've made a promise to not savescum regardless of how much I want to. Which sucks. We're now down to Likot as the only boltslinger.

I'm getting ready to do another update, but before hand, here's something I'd just throw out there. I've signed up from National Novel Writing Month (NaNoWriMo), and as a way to keep myself honest and look stupid if I don't complete it, I'm telling EVERYONE about it so you guys can take me to task.

<http://www.nanowrimo.org/eng/user/521409>

That's me! When November hits, I'm going to be writing like a fiend to get 50,000 words in *The Watershed*. If any of you guys are aspiring writers, or have ever wanted an excuse and a deadline to complete the novel you've had kicking around in your head for years, I'd suggest you sign up and give it a whirl.

Now, back to the game!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 12, 2009, 12:48:58 pm**

The events of the 2nd of Sandstone, 1070

Bleary eyed, sore from training, Maggarg limped from the mess hall where he had been enjoying quite a few drinks with Neo and Crispin. Even though Wilber had showed up near the end, his insanity grating at the swordsdwarfs nerves, that was not enough to put him in a bad mood for the day. He made his way through the empty hallways towards the barracks, rubbing at his eyes with a thumb.

As he neared the doors, a hand clasped over his mouth, and another wrapped around his middle, pinning his arms at his sides. He was pulled into the shadows struggling.

"Calm down," Adol hissed. "Stop that, you're going to get us both hurt - and stay quiet!"
"What the hell are ya' doing?" Maggarg hissed when the hand was removed from his mouth. He relaxed, though his hand stayed near the hilt of his sword.
"Someone's in your room!"

Maggarg's eyes bulged as he saw the lamp light flickering form his chamber door. There was movement inside to be sure, shadows flickering frantically along the jarred door, and splashing out into the hall.

"Who is it?" He whispered.
"I don't know..." Adol replied.

The shadows stopped, and the lamp was extinguished, putting the room into darkness. A shape slide out into the corridor and stopped, making sure the hallway was clear. It turned quickly and vanished into the darkness, it's cloak flapping behind it like great, silent wings.

The pair hurried to Maggarg's room and lit a lamp; it was destroyed. Dresser drawers had been turned out, the bed flipped over, it's straw stuffing scattered across the floor. Maggarg's face grew red, his anger sputtering out as he noticed the lock on his coffer had been snapped.

"My coins, all those gold coins, gone!"
"What gold coins? We're paid in copper."
Maggarg tensed. But his friend Adol had been with him from the beginning, and with a shrug he said, "The ones pilfered from the smelter, as they were changing plates."

Adol was silently for a moment, than nodded. "Take inventory of anything else that is missing."
"That bastard better pray I don't find him," Maggarg growled. "It's one thing to threaten a dwarf or try and mug him, but to rob his room? That's pathetic, cowardly!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **October 12, 2009, 06:13:09 pm**

bah, have to sign up to view your profile...

if i didn't have my plate full with a film this fall i'd consider doing that, perhaps next year

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **October 13, 2009, 07:58:36 pm**

Just popping to say that I'm still reading even if I never post anymore.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Luke_Prowler** on **October 13, 2009, 11:10:58 pm**

Just asking, did I die at some point?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Xofrevlis** on **October 14, 2009, 04:16:57 am**

I thought I'd stop in and see how the topic is going since I haven't read it in months, and now I'm terrified by the prospect of trying to catch up. Oh well, atleast Heavy Flak's writing is as good as I remember.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 14, 2009, 01:52:35 pm**

Quote from: Luke Prowler on October 13, 2009, 11:10:58 pm
Just asking, did I die at some point?

You didn't die, you just broke your leg. You're currently recuperating and in perfect spirits!

And I'm glad the rest of you are still reading <3 Though I will admit, my stubbornness would force me to see this out to it's conclusion if the whole Bay12 site imploded and Toady quit coding completely.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **October 14, 2009, 02:57:33 pm**

The teaser on your novel has me very intrigued and looking forward to it. I also love just how stupidly weird my dwarf is :D.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 17, 2009, 01:05:37 am**

The events of the 9th of Sandstone, 1070

"Hrrrnn, party in here..."
"Of course there was a party, you freaky mime," Hikan snapped. He brought his flask to his lips and took a healthy swig, wiping his lips with the back of a hand. "If that's all you drug us in here for, than I'm going out to knock some damn skulls."

Vatek looked up, the plaster mask of a dead tanner staring blankly at the guardsman. Hikan frowned and turned towards Istrath and Makrond. "Well? Anything?"

"A few things," Istrath said bleakly. The gems and coins on his uniform jingled softly as he moved towards the statues. He pointed to the one dedicated to the miners and ran his fingers along the chips in the base. "These are fresh. You can tell because there is no dust in them, but there are stone chips on the floor. Whoever threw the party is with the miners."

"And these... strips of leather..." Makrond wheezed, "Are specialties. Custom made."
"For who," Vatek asked.
"The Corpses, for their coats."

Hikan shook his head slowly. "God damn it. So the corpses are coming in here and partying with the saboteurs. Wonderful. Just

wonderful." He turned and punched the wall, dust and mortar shaking free from the masonry. He nearly turned, but something caught his eye. Squatting down he peered behind the statue, and despite himself, he moaned.

"Vatek, you need to see this."
"The masked Dwarf hopped down from the bench and strode over, looking behind the statue. With a grunt, he shoved it aside. A small smiling face was painted behind it in a pasty red ash. Below it, "I see them, too!" was scrawled childishly.
"She's in the fortress," Hikan growled.
"Hrnn, we spend nights looking. Keep your eyes open during days. Maybe she'll kill Telamon first, one less problem to worry over."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 20, 2009, 07:02:28 pm**

The events of the 13th of Sandstone, 1070

Sulari stood in the small sitting room, surrounded by gems and trinkets. She stood with her arms crossed, watching as Rice picked through the tools on his belt for one in particular.
"Do I need to call in Adol to just break the door down?"
"No ma'am, I have it here. No sense ruining a good alunite door if we can help it."
"This place is carved out of alunite, there's no harm for wasting a little."

Rice selected a slim, flat chisel from his belt and wedged it under the first of the hinges in the door. He drew his mallet, and with a hard swing popped the bolt free. The door creaked slightly on it's remaining hinges. Sulari tightened her arms around her and kicked a few of the gems scattered at her feet.
"Who's are these?" she asked.
"No clue at all," Rice said. I haven't seen anyone use this room in years, not since the old tax collector."
"Which one?"
"The old one," Rice said slowly, knocking another bolt free. "The first one, that came with the Queen."

Sulari's jaw tightened as rice knocked the third, and final, bolt free from the door. He caught it before it could drop and moved it aside. The dust that stirred and rushed out from the sudden gust of air made the room look as if it was full of fog. Sulari waited until it had settled before she stepped in.
Rice inhaled quickly beside her, touching his fingers to the small charm he wore around his neck. The room was empty save for the bed, dresser and coffer, and the engravings on the floor. The floor, and the bed, were stained with old blood. Resting upon the bed was the skeletal remains of a dwarf, clothing and armor still draped over it. A maple sword jutted up from the ribs.



"How long has this been here?" Sulari asked, horrified.
"I don't know..." Rice said quietly.
"See they get laid to rest," Sulari murmured. "Once your done, check the fortress for other locked doors. I pray we don't have a murderer among us."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **October 20, 2009, 07:07:16 pm**

Hmmm...I may have to read back through things. I can't think of whose body that might be.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Argonnek** on **October 20, 2009, 08:53:45 pm**

Check the ledgers, if we're lucky they might have recorded the last user of that room, or at least why it was locked, before the real Glacies left

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 20, 2009, 09:36:50 pm**

Quote from: Argonnek on October 20, 2009, 08:53:45 pm
Check the ledgers, if we're lucky they might have recorded the last user of that room, or at least why it was locked, before the real Glacies left

Hehehe, I wish it was that simple. The only thing I have to go on is that it was, at one time, owned by the old Tax Collector and that the door was locked so obviously I did it for *some* reason. The clothing and armor didn't have an owner though they were all covered in dwarf blood (and ONLY dwarf blood) so... really, I've got nothing.
Maybe it was the first soldier-mayor, the badass woman with the crippled spine, but I don't think so.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **October 20, 2009, 10:06:32 pm**

Who're the bones owned by? Or does it say? I can't remember if it does or not.
You've got copies of your old saves, right? Maybe you can peer through them for when the corpse was fresh.
The journal of Former-Lieutenant Hikan Riddlewire,

Just my luck, our favorite serial killer is back. Let me tell you, having her back really put a smile on my face.

Her and the Corpses partying with the saboteurs doesn't bode well, but at least I know that when I smash some heads into the ground, I don't have to worry about whose side its on. Well, maybe a little. The skull that I'm smashing could belong to an innocent person, but honestly, anybody still alive here, and anybody's skull I'd want to smash probably has no business dabbling in innocence anyway.

The four of us are keeping our eyes open during the day, which is a bit of trouble seeing as how we keep them open at night, too. But a healthy dose of paranoia does great things for staying alert when you're thoroughly sleep-deprived. Seeing as how I'm in near constant fear of getting a spear run through my back or a bolt stuck in my head or other grim methods of dying because I work for Aryn, I can keep alert pretty damn well. It's a skill I've honed over the years. The water might have something to do with it, too. Sobriety has several side effects on dwarves, one of them insomnia, and I'm probably a case study for anything dealing with that.

A bit of a curious case opened up a few days ago. Apparently there was a dwarf killed on his bed, and he was locked in his room for years. Not surprised it happened, really, but I'm wondering who it was.

I'm not sure anybody knows. But if the maple sword stuck between the ribs says anything, I think I might know who did him in.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **October 21, 2009, 09:35:08 am**

Diary of maggarg
Rice and sulari found an ol' corpse in some room that's been locked for years. Probably since before I got here. Apparently it might have been the tax collector, and the corpse is pretty much a skeleton, despite the dry air here that normally stops stuff rotting. Hikan is in a sourer mood than normal, dunno why. On the plus side, that hammerer hasn't tried to follow up on his little meeting, so I'll probably never have to deal with him.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **rickvoid** on **October 21, 2009, 04:10:17 pm**

Just thought I'd pop in here to say I finished reading this thread about a week ago. Took me a month on a Blackberry, but I did it.

Flak, the writing is excellent, and I salute you. The reference (gods, the references) are well timed and perfectly executed. (Vatek/Rorschach and Hikan/The Comedian are my favorites!)

The dead dwarf with the sword through his ribs is really bugging me, because I know! it was in a story post. Just can't remember who it was. Dammit. I hope somebody goes back through the thread to find it, but I simply can't bring myself to do it now. Maybe later. ;D

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Was that deliberate, or have you not been paying attention to what happens to dwarves that give HF a straight line like that? :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **October 21, 2009, 04:34:31 pm**

Quote from: rickvoid on October 21, 2009, 04:10:17 pm
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The dead dwarf with the sword through his ribs is really bugging me, because I know! it was in a story post. Just can't remember who it was. Dammit. I hope somebody goes back through the thread to find it, but I simply can't bring myself to do it now. Maybe later. ;D

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Was that deliberate, or have you not been paying attention to what happens to dwarves that give HF a straight line like that? :D

Pretty deliberate. Maggarg seems to have been avoiding his no doubt nasty fate for a while now, and it could be said he's done a lot of bad stuff, unfortunately for him, not limited to his normal grand theft. Also I'm pretty sure I dimly remember something about that dwarf as well.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vayre** on **October 21, 2009, 04:42:22 pm**

wow, 147 pages.....
Well, 20 down, shittones more to go XD just the way I like my reading.
Really good story from what i've read so far.
Just asking, but are there any unnamed/claimed dorfs running about the place at the moment?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **October 21, 2009, 04:55:33 pm**

Alright, I've got a theory about who the skull and bones belongs to.

Rimtar Woundletters, the retard psionic who wielded a maple sword as displayed in this story post (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg191206#msg191206>).

Problem is that she evidently died in battle a short time later (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=19239.msg191226#msg191226>). But she had both lungs pierced, which for a champion, is enough time to get to a bed while they suffocate. So then Heavy Flak locked the door or something, I don't know.

Hikan's detective skills must have rubbed off on me.

I've got an idea! Follow the bones to the coffin as the dwarves haul it, and see who the coffin belongs to!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **October 21, 2009, 05:42:55 pm**

wasn't she the one who punched a colossus to death, and then if i remember correctly got the statue of it placed in her room? so if that was the case.. was there a colossus statue in the room?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sdp0et** on **October 21, 2009, 07:57:50 pm**

I thought I remembered a soldier being locked in her room after she she went crazy started attacking people after she lost a child or something.

Then again, maybe I'm the murderer and am introducing wild theories to confuse everyone.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 22, 2009, 10:25:49 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester

I've got an idea! Follow the bones to the coffin as the dwarves haul it, and see who the coffin belongs to!

I watched as a dwarf grabbed the skull and carried it upstairs to the graveyard. The clothing and armor were put back in the stockpile, and melted down... was this a merchant? Did I kill a diplomat or something?

Quote from: Vactor

wasn't she the one who punched a colossus to death, and then if i remember correctly got the statue of it placed in her room? so if that was the case.. was there a colossus statue in the room?

I put the statue in front of the barracks where her room was, but hey - no statue there *either*. What is going on!

Quote from: sdp0et

Then again, maybe I'm the murderer and am introducing wild theories to confuse everyone.

"No, sdp0et, you are the demons."
Then sdp0et was a zombie.

Quote from: Maggarg - Eater of chicke

Pretty deliberate. Maggarg seems to have been avoiding his no doubt nasty fate for a while now, and it could be said he's done a lot of bad stuff, unfortunately for him, not limited to his normal grand theft.
Also I'm pretty sure I dimly remember something about that dwarf as well.

Maggarg just had his room robbed, so don't say he doesn't have something coming his way <3

Quote from: [quote author=sdp0et

Just asking, but are there any unnamed/claimed dorfs running about the place at the moment?

You're more than welcome to submit a dwarf, but I don't know if there will be any added any time soon. We're not getting migrants again because of the high number of deaths.

Once this story wraps up, and Toady releases the next version in August of 2012, I'm going to be starting up a new community fort most likely. So how's this for fair - anyone who wants a Dwarf, and is on the list, but doesn't get in before the story ends, gets first pick the next go-around?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **October 22, 2009, 10:57:24 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 22, 2009, 10:25:49 am

Quote from: Maggarg - Eater of chicke

Pretty deliberate. Maggarg seems to have been avoiding his no doubt nasty fate for a while now, and it could be said he's done a lot of bad stuff, unfortunately for him, not limited to his normal grand theft.
Also I'm pretty sure I dimly remember something about that dwarf as well.

Maggarg just had his room robbed, so don't say he doesn't have something coming his way <3

The nastier the better ;D.

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 22, 2009, 10:25:49 am

Once this story wraps up, and Toady releases the next version in August of ~~2012~~ 2112, I'm going to be starting up a new community fort most likely. So how's this for fair - anyone who wants a Dwarf, and is on the list, but doesn't get in before the story ends, gets first pick the next go-around?

Dwarf fortress is apparently allowed by the Priests of Syrinx.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vayre** on **October 22, 2009, 02:40:06 pm**

Alrighty, dorf ready to report for duty in three years :P

Name: Nikolai
Gender: Male
Profession: If possible either Weaponsmith or some military position.
Appearance: Extremely small, even for a dwarf, his head comes to the waist of most dwarves, though his beard is a normal dwarfish length, giving the odd impression of a beard with legs sticking out of it.
Personality: Very aggressive, especially if comments are made about his sub-dwarven height, has been known to use said height to target some very.... painful parts in the ensuring fight, for this purpose he has taken to attaching a spike to whatever headwear he is currently wearing.

alrighty then, back to reading for me, might make it haldway through before my eyes start bleeding =D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **October 22, 2009, 11:15:57 pm**

Let the bones be put into a coffin. Won't it then be marked as "so-and-so's grave?" Or was that only in earlier versions of the game?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **martinuzz** on **October 23, 2009, 07:20:59 am**

If the skull is taken to the graveyard (stockpile), instead of to a coffin designated for burial, as HF says, then the skeleton should not belong to a dwarf. All dwarves are buried, even goblin-raised hostile dwarves.

The dwarf bones, and normal sized clothing say otherwise, though.

Did you, at any time, turn a non-dwarf creature into a dwarf with DC?

Or, maybe, there is a time limit for the remains to be buried...
Or, maybe, job cancellation (because the body was behind a locked door) will permanently cancel burial orders.

EDIT: Also, I have revived dwarves with DC sometimes.. The corpse remains.. You can even have multiple corpses of 1 dwarf lying about. I never paid attention to the bones, but they are not put in a coffin.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 27, 2009, 03:09:30 pm**

The events of the 2nd of Timber, 1070

Quote and Lugnut stood at the end of the bridge, shielding their eyes from the sun as they stared up to the top of the tower. Occasionally Lugnut would look down to the blueprints he held, tracing a line with a charcoal pencil. The doors at the tower opened, and Madam Dodik stepped onto the bridge, glaring at the pair.

"Ma'am, that's a terrible place to stand!" Quote shouted. "Come over here, with us!"
Madam Dodik narrowed her eyes, but listened, stepping off of the grates and onto the wooden bridge.

"And the verdict is?" She asked slowly. "Rinsesilver is getting quite irritated with your work ethic."
"Should be fixed, ma'am," Lugnut said. He held the blue prints out towards her, and she leaned in to examine them, fingers gripping the top of her dress to keep it from slipping down.

"See, what we did, we added a retaining wall around the water wheels. That'll keep in any overflow, and we can attach some more water wheels once we..." he paused as he rustled the paper. "you know, keep the merchants alive long enough to trade with them."

Madam Dodik said nothing, just gave a curt nod of approval. Quote beamed and cupped her hands around her mouth. "START IT UP!"

There was a horrendous sound as stone gears scraped together, and in the distance mist began to rise from the churning of the water wheels. Water began to fall from the tower, splashing down to the grates, rainbows flashing in the mist. Quote and Lugnut clapped and hugged; Madam Dodik couldn't help but smile as her face was tickled with the water vapors.



"Why is the water rushing over the edges of the bridge."
"Uhhh..." the duo said, in unison.
"It's not fixed, is it?" Dodik snapped.
"No, no, it is!" Lugnut said quickly. "That's just backup from the system, let it go for a day, it'll clear out, and be fine... it'll be fine..." he said hopefully.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 29, 2009, 11:50:45 am**

Bunch of travel coming up. I'm going to Vegas next week for ... get this, the finales of Professional Bull Riding. And some gambling, and some show girls. But still, bunch of travel, coupled with NaNoWriMo means that updates will be sporadic.

But you guys are used to that by now, right? :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **October 29, 2009, 11:55:14 am**

Hehe. We can wait. We wait for the next release of DF, we wait for Migrursut posting, we wait...a good deal, it seems.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 30, 2009, 08:55:28 pm**

Not related at all to anything, really, but Stravitch reminded me just how much I love Folk Metal, and listening to this song reminded me of how bad-ass Dwarves are.

So give it a listen if you like:

- Dwarves
- Metal
- Sausages
- Violins
- Vikings
- The Polish

Don't listen to it if you're:

- A stick in the mud
- A Dave Matthews fan
- Deaf

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 09, 2009, 05:37:29 pm**

Jesus, Vegas has beaten me. Waiting at the airport to fly home and rest after five days of bull riding, fine dining, and shows. Just a heads up that I'm alive and will update when I can - my old house in South Carolina is selling next week, so there's another five or six days I'm going to be MIA.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **November 10, 2009, 06:14:19 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on November 09, 2009, 05:37:29 pm

Jesus, Vegas has beaten me. Waiting at the airport to fly home and rest after five days of bull riding, fine dining, and shows. Just a heads up that I'm alive and will update when I can - my old house in South Carolina is selling next week, so there's another five or six days I'm going to be MIA.

Awsome always wanted to check out Vegas but far to far for me (England :-P)

Good time had by all? Story still rocking btw!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Dohon** on **November 15, 2009, 11:59:05 am**

It has been some time since I have checked on Aryn, Kuli and the others, but I know I will enjoy the story with a smile.

On another note, I have begun compiling the story into a single PDF document. I started out simply keeping the "official" entries, but the full story requires all the journals and logs. So, I will paste those aswell into my document.

As soon as Migrursut is done, I'll post it up for all to see. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vayre** on **November 21, 2009, 04:31:07 pm**

Dammit HF, you have created a monster, I was in adventure mode, happily partaking in the fine dwarven art of reducing goblins tp their base components when my latest target tower seemed strangely empty, so I headed to the roof and...

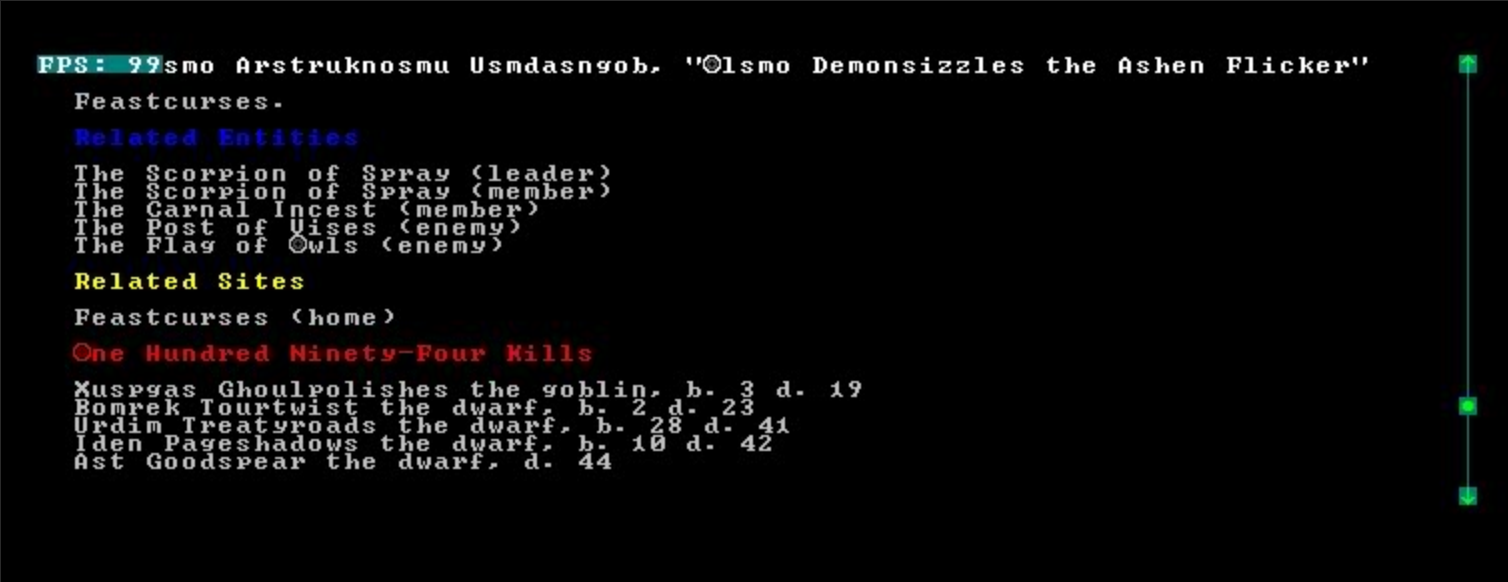
...

...

[/end dramatic pause]



So anyway one fireball related death later it was off to legends mode.



As far as I can tell he seems to have made a habit of getting large amounts of dwarves to worship him, and then killing them.

Still back on page 87 with my reading, but if Olsmo is still missing then, well, I think hes been found.

;-; my poor hammerdorf

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kagus** on **November 23, 2009, 04:47:05 am**

Crikey, you were just in Vegas? Dude, I *live* in Vegas. Shame.

I just popped in here now to see what, if anything, had happened with Bertrand. Can't say I've been following the thread all that diligently. Last thing I read, I think Dayschain had just been introduced.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **November 23, 2009, 12:52:56 pm**

I think Bertrand was killed by a goblin ambush some time ago.

He didn't even come back as a zombie or anything. It was sort of disappointing.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **November 24, 2009, 09:31:45 am**

I think the gods may be leery of reincarnating bertrand, given the precarious state of reality that has come from all their tinkering so far. Perhaps he'll only get to live on as a legend, or a ghost...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 01, 2009, 03:29:10 pm**

Duke Whippedentries sat at the small dining room table in his little sitting room, his brows pulled down in an impressive glower. As he fed strips of greasy bacon into his mouth, his gaze swept over the few meager possessions he claimed as his own: his five ornate weapon racks, the dresser that held his pathetic little rock crystals, and diamond encrusted steel toy boats, and his stupid polished platinum statue in the likeness of Queen Rigar. It was all crap, all of it, so pathetic in it's size and it's worth.

"Bah!" he yelled as he swiped his arm across the table. His plate skittered off and cracked on the floor, and the marble salt and pepper shakers vanished under his cabinet. His lips pulled back from his teeth as he frothed with rage. "This is absurd! Look at this, I'm living like a damned pauper!"

Sitting across from him, the reedy Hammerer Postrose offered a thin, placating smile. As he leaned forward his robes slipped up his, showing off thin bands of intricately worked tattoos that wrapped around his forearms. **"You're right, sire. You're absolutely right. This is a travesty, these selfish Dwarves are fulfilling their own base needs - how can you best serve their interests, if you are unhappy in your position?"**

"That's right, Postrose. That's right - that's my whole damn point," the Duke said, wagging a finger at the Hammerer. "And what are we to do? We can't punish the lot; Aryn banned the guard and that idiot mayor Sulari is enforcing it - we can only make suggestions as to how we wish things should happen and hope that they listen to reason."

"Why don't you leave it to me," the Hammerer said soothingly. **"Perhaps I can inspire them to do the will of their betters."**

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 01, 2009, 06:11:45 pm**

The events of the 16th of Timber, 1070

Cokho Roknut approached the side of the cliff, his arms full of mined rocks. Though he was drenched in sweat and his breathing ragged, the old peasant wasn't nearly tired enough to stop. He'd been doing this for years - more than he could remember, that's for sure - and a little pain in his chest and tingling in his fingers hadn't stopped him in the past, and it certainly wouldn't stop him now. He let the rocks drop down and heard the faint sizzle and splash as they sank into the magma. He allowed himself a brief smile at a job well done.

There was a rumble from below, near the shops, and the old man struggled to regain his feet. He could hear Rice, over by the Temple to Zefon, yelling, "Structural Failure! Sounds like the bridge finally gave way, get back! Get back from the edge!"

Cokho took a single step back, just as the lava geysered up from the pit. It vanished, splashing back down into the magma chamber, but a thin mist still hung behind. A child - one of Crispin and Lukes by the looks of her - screamed and raised scorched hands to her melting face.

"Oh no," Rice said, sprinting towards the edge, "Get her away!"
Cokho looked on blandly as the child stepped, spun, and vanished over the side, disappearing with a plop into the magma below. As he peered over the edge, Cokho sighed and cracked his large knuckles with a few flexes of his fingers, "Damn... I almost had her, too."



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **December 01, 2009, 07:48:08 pm**

That whole ominous scene with the duke and hammerer can't be a good thing. And now a 'structural failure'. Many bad things sure happen close to one another here

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **December 01, 2009, 07:57:19 pm**

He posts!

It's about damn time.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 02, 2009, 10:51:23 am**

Quote from: Vactor
Crikey, you were just in Vegas? Dude, I *live* in Vegas. Shame.

I just popped in here now to see what, if anything, had happened with Bertrand. Can't say I've been following the thread all that diligently. Last thing I read, I think Dayschain had just been introduced.

I was indeed in Vegas, for the PBR Built Ford Tough World Finals - don't look at me like that, my mother had tickets and paid for the plane ticket. Had I known you were in Vegas I would have taken you to dinner or something; I know VEGAS itself is pretty nice but man, the Strip is just screwed up.

Just for fun, here are links to The PBR World Finals (<http://www.facebook.com/album.php?aid=8587&id=100000189980135&l=66e259f06a>) and the the Grand Canyon (<http://www.facebook.com/album.php?aid=8548&id=100000189980135&l=1dce64b6d8>).

And to keep this on topic of Dwarf Fortress, Bertrand did die during a goblin assault, which leads to-

Quote from: Vactor

I think the gods may be leery of reincarnating bertrand, given the precarious state of reality that has come from all their tinkering so far. Perhaps he'll only get to live on as a legend, or a ghost...

I wanted to bring him back, but I was stopped by Dwarf Companion which won't let me resurrect Dwarves anymore. Either it's busted or it's the game saying, "You've mucked around with foul sciences too long, Heavy Flak. Stop your heathen ways."

Dohon: Are you really compiling all this into a PDF? Holy crap, that's absolutely awesome!

Vayre: Olsmo is not contained by the human concepts of time and space. He will find your Dwarf, and he will hurt him :(

And Lastly - I finished National Novel Writing Month. The Watershed clocks in at 50,113 words and is HORRIBLE, with like, 5 dropped plot points, at least two main characters that are introduced and then never mentioned again, and a story that starts as a Zombie Survival to ending with a James Bond style super-villain that happens to be a baby eating super-zombie... but hey, it's finished.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **December 02, 2009, 01:44:44 pm**

That story sounds almost so-bad-its-good.

Anyway, glad to see Migrursut posts again!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **December 02, 2009, 02:00:32 pm**

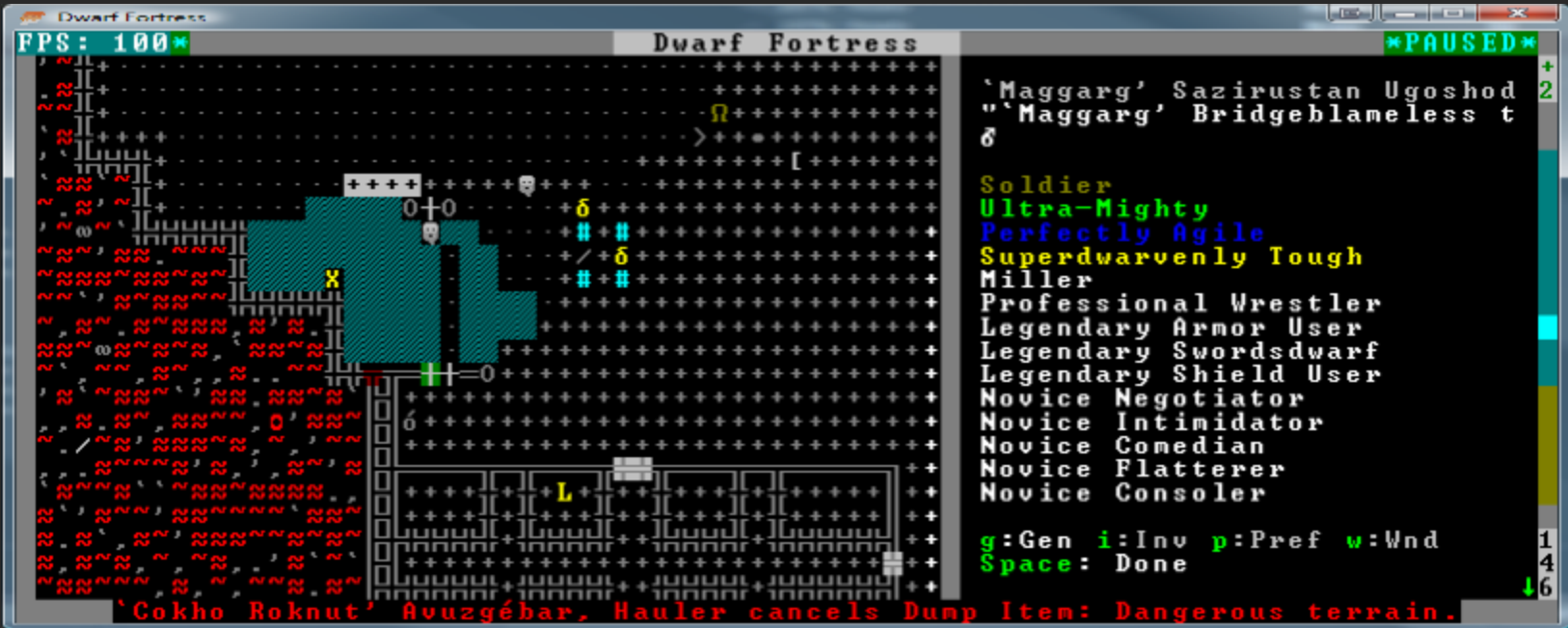
I approve of baby eating and zombies. 2 points right there.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 02, 2009, 02:52:48 pm**

The events of the 3rd of Moonstone, 1070

His head was throbbing so hard he felt that it might split at the sides. Maggarg groaned and lifted his hands to his temples. He pressed them in hard, as if that might contain the pressure that was pushing against his skull from the inside, but of course it did no good. How much had he to drink last night? No more than usual, and this hangover was so bad he felt that he could die from it.

The cold chill of the air made him shiver, and he tried to roll over and grab his blanket when he felt the uncomfortable drop of nothingness under his arm. Opening his eyes, Maggarg stared down at the magma pit bubbling below him. He screamed, and pressed away from the edge.



"**BARE WITNESS, CITIZENS**" the Hammerer yelled from the cliffs edge. Dwarves were already gathering, staring out at the sight above the magma pit. Maggarg assessed the situation; he was on a small slab of stone jutting out from the cliffs edge. He had walls and a door to three sides, though the floor was slightly sloped, leaving him to wonder how he had stayed on while he was passed out.

"**This is the Dwarf who destroyed the bridge below; his actions are a travesty. Unable to be punished by conventional means, he has been spared from the black cells. But not to worry! Those who act against us will find themselves spending a great deal of time in the sky cells. He may wait until he is deemed justly punished. Or he may punish himself, and plunge into the fiery embrace of the magma.**"

"Deler save me," Maggarg whispered. Fighting to stand, he gripped the wall to lean out farther and yelled, "I'm innocent, damn you! How long do you plan to keep me here?"

"**Innocent?**" The Hammerer asked. "**You are hardly innocent. Perhaps if you're good, you'll be freed in the spring. Perhaps.**"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vayre** on **December 02, 2009, 03:41:37 pm**

I wonder how long it will be before someone in the sky cells goes insane and jumps, or goes beserk, breaks down the door and goes on a murderous rampage. =D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **December 03, 2009, 08:35:52 am**

The internal monologue of Maggarg

Armok damn his hide! The bastard must have followed me for decades, and he's still not dwarf enough to fight me himself. There's no way I could escape aside from smashing the door down, and there's no space for a run up. I'm in direct line of fire as well. If I get out of this, I finish this.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 03, 2009, 03:50:53 pm**

Interviews from the Front Line
A Report published by *Aya Wheelroofs*
21st of Moonstone, 1070

Most in this Fortress don't understand what it is to sacrifice. The closest we see to battle is fighting over the Roast at dinner! When danger does rear it's head, we are instructed to run. Who can forget the excitement last week, the terrifying encounter with the horde of Kobold Thieves that attempted to ransack our very homes?

I met up with a very tired Varen as he trudged up the road back to the Fortress. He was covered in sweat and blood from a hard fought battle, but he was quite eager to answer my questions for you, dear readers!

Varen: Can this wait? I'm exhusted
Aya: I hear you've just bested more of the Dread Camels! How did that feel?
V: Very tiring. Please, can I just-
A: On a scale of one to ten, with ten being the highest, how difficult would you say putting the beasts down is?
V: I don't... a four, can I just-
A: Absolutely *terrifying*! And as scared as you were, you still went to battle with six of them by yourself. Daring, or foolhardy?
V: It was necessary! Sergeant Towersacks was sleeping!
A: Thank you for your time, Varen!
V: What? That's it?

Even though he was nearly soiling himself in fright, Varen, in an attempt to keep us safe, risked his own life in a foolhardy attack to destroy the camels. But without soldiers like him, we would have long ago been left to rot in these wastes.

So I salute you, Varen, for your hard work - even if your misguided actions are a danger to yourself.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vayre** on **December 03, 2009, 04:28:30 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on December 02, 2009, 10:51:23 am
Vayre: Olsmo is not contained by the human concepts of time and space. He will find your Dwarf, and he will hurt him :(

Umm yeah about that, seems I found Olsmo's weakness.

Namely being shot in the stomach, falling down quite a few z-levels while vomiting and breaking lots of limbs from the fall.

Still dangerous even when hes curled up in a vomiting unconcious ball on the floor though ;-;



XD felled by his own "whee look at me I can fly and you can't" taunting, though knowing olsmo i'll probably gen my next world and they'll be about 10 more

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **December 07, 2009, 07:50:56 pm**

I think Dodik's needs some more renovating:

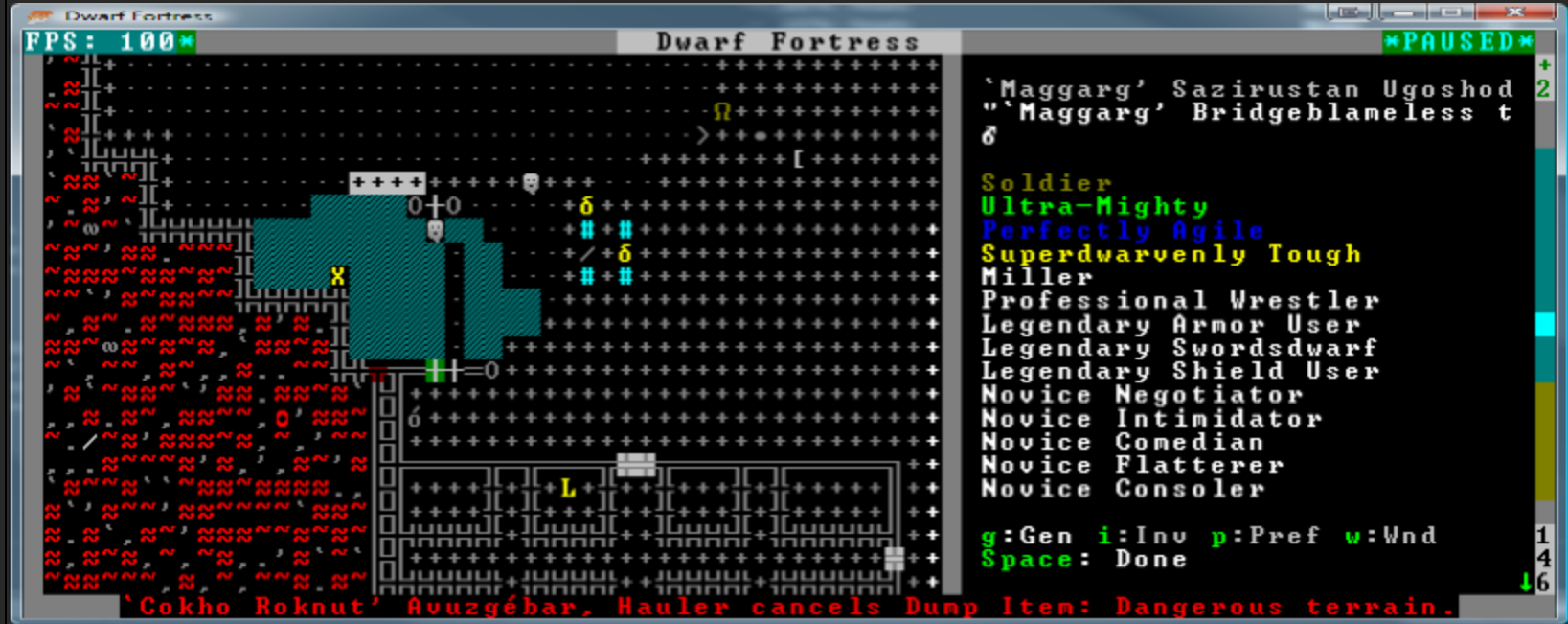
Quote from: RevolutionaryDorf on December 03, 2009, 05:36:24 pm
To curb unemployment in a mature, self-sufficient fort, I'll create Dwarven strip clubs. Make a large room with some tables, chairs, a food and booze stockpile, build some levers and set the profile on the levers to accept only their designated "entertainer". Set the room as a dining hall, and put pulling the levers on repeat, and voila! Your very own army of pole-dancing dwarves! It doesn't really serve any practical purpose, other than making stories in the fort more interesting. My bookkeeper, who's single, seems to spend a lot of time in there. I'm thinking of adding an "intimacy room" which could foster relationships. I just don't know how to use water programming to make a timelimit for each use, so I don't have to manage it all the time.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Zironic** on **December 07, 2009, 08:49:06 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on December 02, 2009, 02:52:48 pm
The events of the 3rd of Moonstone, 1070

His head was throbbing so hard he felt that it might split at the sides. Maggarg groaned and lifted his hands to his temples. He pressed them in hard, as if that might contain the pressure that was pushing against his skull from the inside, but of course it did no good. How much had he to drink last night? No more than usual, and this hangover was so bad he felt that he could die from it.

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"This is the Dwarf who destroyed the bridge below; his actions are a travesty. Unable to be punished by conventional means, he has been spared from the black cells. But not to worry! Those who act against us will find themselves spending a great deal of time in the sky cells. He may wait until he is deemed justly punished. Or he may punish himself, and plunge into the fiery embrace of the magma."

"Deler save me," Maggarg whispered. Fighting to stand, he gripped the wall to lean out farther and yelled, "I'm innocent, damn you! How long do you plan to keep me here?"

"Innocent?" The Hammerer asked. "You are hardly innocent. Perhaps if you're good, you'll be freed in the spring. Perhaps."

Months later and you're still sacrificing dwarves to lava? I approve.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 08, 2009, 04:49:35 pm**

The events of the 1st of Opal, 1070

It was late in the fortress. A few of the guards were patrolling the halls, but they were stationed near the kitchens and the main stairwells, leaving the lower floors open. This was fortuitous as Rice had asked for a meeting down there, and he was hoping to be undisturbed.

He entered the Jewelers workshop with a pair of stools, and he smiled to Lucy as he sat one down before he. She gave him a little squeeze on the elbow and took her seat, and after a moment he did the same. Istrath sat behind his counter, fidgeting nervously with a small jar of cherry opals. He looked up after a few moments, and there was sadness in his eyes, though he hid it well in his voice.

"This must have been important, Rice. You usually just talk in the mess."

"It is important. It's very important," he reached over and placed a hand on Lucy's knee. She offered a thin smile, and cupped hers over his. Rice wet his lips nervously, and said after a long pause, "I think we should leave, and I'd like you to come with us."

Istrath gaped at him in surprise. He turned to Lucy, who gave a small nod. "We've been talking about it for a few weeks now, and it might be best to start planning how to leave. This place is becoming incredibly dangerous..."

Istrath fumbled with the cup of opals - unsure of what to say. Should he tell them about his gig moonlighting - the one he was neglecting right now to hear these thoughts? Should he tell them how he had been thinking about that since Limul had been murdered? No... that wouldn't do anyone any could.

He took a moment to clear his throat. "I don't think that's the best of ideas. I mean, not right now. You all should wait. I can promise you, I know things are rough now, but they will get better, I promise?"

"When?" Rice asked plaintively.

"Soon," Istrath said, even if he didn't quite believe it. "It really will get better. But don't abandon ship. You, and Lucy, you're part of the backbone of this fortress. You're seen as heroes. If you leave, you'll just lower morale further. I know you're not in authority anymore, but..." he gave a shrug, "you're still looked up to. Stay, at least for a little longer, for the others who can't afford to leave."

Rice thought this over, and sighed. "You're right. For a little longer, at least... we can probably hold out a little longer."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Mephansteras** on **December 08, 2009, 05:18:00 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on December 08, 2009, 04:49:35 pm

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Noticed a minor issue.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **ricemastah** on **December 11, 2009, 05:15:24 pm**

Bumpity bump bump

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **December 13, 2009, 04:52:06 am**

The journal of Hikan Riddlewire
Entry for the week of 1st Opal, 1070

Tossing little pieces of food at Maggarg whiles he's clinging perilously to his little ledge is becoming a favorite past time of mine. The swearing alone is worth it. I've never seen such creativity with curse words than with a man who fears for his life facing petty annoyance.

When he gets released I am going to have to go into hiding. The bastard could snap my neck at will.

Istrath tells us that Rice and Lucy were thinking about leaving, but Istrath talked them out of it. Don't blame them; this place is no paradise, though Aryn's finally getting the work he promised twenty years ago finished. They may end up leaving anyway. The people who get into those domes.... I get the feeling it's going to be an exclusive club. And once everybody Aryn picks is in there, what will be left for the people outside of them? Well, there's always Dodik's, but whores aren't the things you look for when you decide to pick a place to live.

Istrath, though. I wonder why he talked the two of them out of it. Ever since Limul was murdered he's been a bit clingier than I've got the stomach for. Sure, his son's dead, but I lost Udib and you don't see me trying to keep everyone I care about from leaving this place.

It got me thinking though, and this vigilante thing we've been doing, it's helped the poor guy out. Maybe helping people is giving him something to fill in the void left by Limul's death. Maybe saving the city his son gave his life working to improve is giving him something to hold on to.

But, dammit, the guy won't shut his mouth about how I use excessive force! I don't even know what the hell he's talking about!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **December 14, 2009, 12:56:29 pm**

The internal monologue of Maggarg
When I get off this ledge, I'm going to find Riddlewire and batter him to a paste. I don't think anyone would complain.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **IronValley** on **December 15, 2009, 05:18:38 am**

To his lordship the Hammerer:

This has got to end, how on earth do you expect me to keep the dunes, walls, and surrounding areas safe, when my Champions get locked away in a highly un-dwarven fashion! So far, all I have is your word against his, accusing him of sabotaging the very home he has been protecting for years! If you wish to arrest, punish or lock away any more of our soldiers, you go trough me first. We have our own

protocols and methods to punish those who are found guilty of such disastrous acts.

I expect Maggarg to be in my Barracks by noon on the 5th.

Merkil,
3rd of Moonstone 1070

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 17, 2009, 08:58:06 pm**

The events of the 5th of Opal, 1070

"Release him now, Sir Hammerer," Merkil bellowed. "Your time is up!"
"How interesting," the Hammerer said. He brushed his fingers along the sleeve of his robe, pointlessly brushing away the ever-present red sand. "That you think your screaming and ideals will get you anywhere? You speak from the emotions of a Dwarf, I speak for - and serve - the will of Justice alone."

"You're holding Maggarg without cause," Merkil raged. "For hearsay."
"And what should he be held for?" The Hammerer asked. "Embezzlement? Smuggling? Murder? His act may have become cleaner once he arrived in this pit, but I assure you, he is not innocent, and I believe he is the culprit behind the destruction, and the death."

"This is absolute madness," Merkil said. His hand was straying to the hilt of his own hammer, to his mentors hammer, and he could feel the power coursing through it, feeding him energy. "If you insist on this, I will take the key from you by force. You will regret this."

The hammerers response was to reach inside his sleeve, and slowly pull out the large copper key. He looked at it coolly, as if this was the first time he was seeing it. With a shrug, he lobbed it over his shoulder, where it tumbled down, down, down to splash into the magma below. "No one is above the law. Since your previous leader was too cowardly to enforce it, the privilege of enforcing it has been taken from you. Good day, Major."

Merkil was vibrating with rage as the Hammerer stalked past. He wanted to smash his reedy frame into mush, to spread him across the tiles. He would get Maggarg out; it would take time to break through the steel doors, but it could be done... if only the swordsdwarf could hold out...

"Ahem, excuse me, Major?"
A shudder ran up his spine as he heard the rasping, hollow voice of Likot. He turned to stare into her glassy green visor, his voice catching in his throat briefly, "Yes, soldier? May I help you?"
"Interesting question. No, you may not, but I may be able to help you... You want that brute freed, yes?"
"Yes. I do."
"Then come to my chamber, dear Major. We have much to discuss."

With a sinking feeling in his stomach, Merkil followed the walking corpse to the stairs, terrified of what she might propose.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **December 18, 2009, 05:45:00 am**

Internal Monologue of Maggarg.

Major Merkil came and shouted something to me today. It was in a bit of a dust storm, but I heard something about that bastard hammerer, something about food, and something about ink, I think.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 23, 2009, 07:50:00 pm**

The events of the 10th of Opal, 1070

"And how are things going, love?" Sgt. Pepper asked, his deep voice filled with fondness. He stroked one gloved hand down Archin's back, pressing his palm into the small of it.

She looked up at him, at his scared and battered mask, and smiled wryly. "Decently. There are no more seeds left; at least, none that can be used for food. It's all the chaff, so to speak, the worthless ones fit only for the tailors."
"What have you been doing with all of them?"
"Mostly throwing them into the magma, or grinding them up to be used in the meals. I certainly haven't been planting them."

Sgt. Pepper thought this over, giving great tugs to his matted, blood crusted beard. "Does Telemon know of your antics?"
"I've neglected to tell him; he has more important matters to concern himself with. He spends most of the nights in the Quarry with the buildings... it's of no concern. This will only help his goals. Now I know we have nearly 6000 units of meals, but the alcohol reserve is running dangerously low, and I think if..."

Even with his mask on, she could hear the leather creak, and see it shift slightly upwards. His eyes, blank and white behind the slits, crinkled as he smiled. "A simple fire should fix all of that nonsense, now shouldn't it? And the new DUke will be remiss to explain to the population how it happened; and Aryn will be blamed as this recession of goods started under his watch. Excellent, love. Very excellent."

"Adol, is that you?" Maggarg croaked. He was brown, his skin cracked and blistered by the sun. Even staying in the shade as often as he could, there was no way to get fully out of the sun and by now he was a sun burnt mess. There was a faint knock from the other side of the wall, followed by his friends voice.

"Sure is, buddy. Sure is... here, get ready to catch..."

Maggarg groaned and shifted, and when he saw the glint of glass in the moonlight, held his shaking hands out in front of him. By the grace of the Gods, he caught it, and frantically pried loose the cap to guzzle the meager amount of water. It did little to quench his thirst, but it was enough to sustain him a while longer.

"I think I'm dying," Maggarg admitted. "I stopped sweating a few days ago, and my piss is just dribbles of near brown goo..."
"That's... not good..." there was a pause, and Adol whispered, "I can't stay long, I'll be back tomorrow night, I'm sorry."
"No, wait!" Maggarg was nearly frantic. "You have to get me out of here. I'm going to die. I've started... I think I'm starting to hallucinate."

Humoring his friend, Adol stayed, even though he could sense the eyes on him. He hoped it wasn't the Hammerer, he didn't wish to share the adjacent cell, but he couldn't just leave his companion, his partner, his brother-in-arms alone. "What have you seen, buddy...?"

"I've seen some freaks in masks and capes running around the grounds killing Dread Camels. They sometimes sit on top of the watch towers, and they watch the Fishers skulking around in the sands. There's... there's some little bitch with a burned face, down by the magma. She keeps staring up at me and sometimes she waves... I've waved back a couple times and she just laughs and vanishes."

"I'll get you out of there," Adol said. "I swear to you. I'll have you out before the months end, even if it means..." he gulped, hating

what he was about to say. It went against everything he stood for, and as one from a noble line and a proud family, it struck him as near heresy to say. "I'll kill the Hammerer if I have to, to get you out of here."
"If you don't, I will," Maggarg said. "And that asshole Riddlewire. I'm going... to drink his damned blood."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **December 24, 2009, 12:57:41 pm**

Hmmm, this will be interesting.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **January 17, 2010, 09:56:01 pm**

I agree this WILL be interesting.

Ahh the power of thinly disguised bumps

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **January 18, 2010, 10:28:51 am**

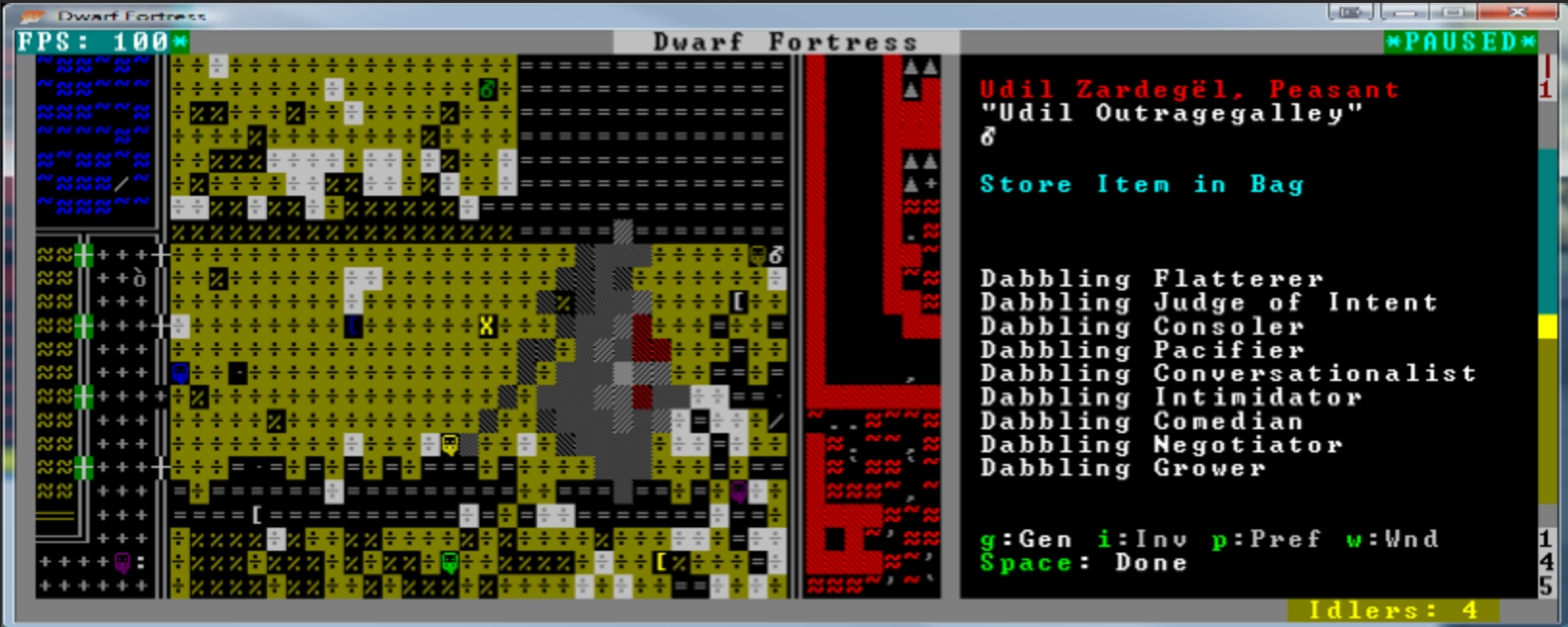
Yes, please return, Heavy Flak.

I want to see this fortress in that Stonesense visualizer. Are there any save files I can download?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 29, 2010, 01:27:35 pm**

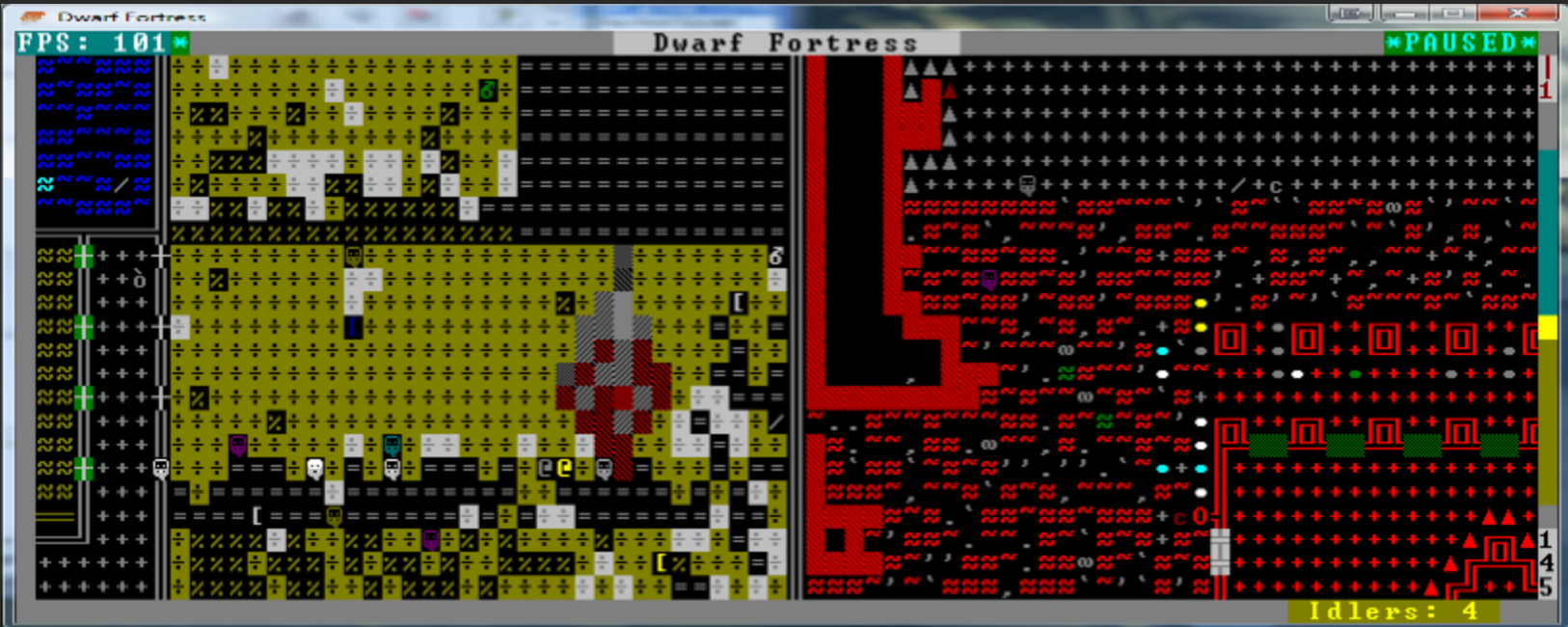
The events of the 14th of Opal, 1070

"Oh sweet Kerlig, goddess of pregnancy, please use your horrid powers of baby creation to put this fire out!"



It had happened so suddenly. Dwarves were crowded around the barrels, their faces and beards smeared with food and drink as they gorged themselves during their once-monthly meal. Some had dipped their heads inside the barrels, loud noises coming out as they ate great mouthfuls. Others shoved hands into barrels of whiskey, splashing the drink up towards their faces, their thirst unable to be quenched as more of the amber liquid splashed against them.

Udil Outragegalley was the first to smell smoke. He was saddened by it, because he knew was was next to come. Any Dwarf did - the wine barrel he had been greedily gulping out of ignited from the wick and straw placed underneath it, a chain of explosions running down the line.



When he picked himself up from the scattered plump helmet barrels, Udil finally noticed that his beloved donkey leather dress had caught ablaze. Screaming, he ran for the door, but his steps became slower, his movement sluggish as his body began to char, as his lungs began to fill with the smoke from his own burning fat.

"I... I'm so tired, I... well, maybe I'll just rest here..."

In two more steps, he dropped to his knees, and face planted onto the stone floor, unconscious. Burning.

"EVERYONE, STAND BACK!" Stravitch roared. He surveyed the situation, before grabbing a barrel of rum and leaving the room. The other dwarves blinked in confusion.

"What should we do?" one asked.

"I... we should probably take his clothes, and store it somewhere."

"That seems like a good idea," another said. "We could put them with the rest of the clothes, so that we won't lose them."

"STOP!" Came a booming voice from the doorway.
The dwarves turned to see Cokho Roknut standing in the doorway. His wizened frame was bent forward, his back bent from years of work, but the Master Hauler had a look in his eye, a look of experience.

"Do not touch that body, or those clothes!" he said. He limped into the room, pulling up the sleeves of his shirt. His arms were ravaged with scars, the skin twisted and red. "This is what happens if you do - if you're *lucky*! Leave him to burn out, then we may do something about this... and pray the rest of the booze doesn't go up as well."

"But we can't just leave him there!" one protested. "And all those clothes, they need to be put somewhere!"
"If you pick up something on fire, it will spread to you," Cokho said ominously.
"Folly," one of the dwarves spat, "It's not alive. It can't move."
"Bare my warning," Cokho said, pointing one gnarled finger at them. "If you touch that Dwarf or his clothes until they stop smoking, you too will die... if you want something to do, find out how this damned fire started to spread. Someone go find Aryn."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **January 29, 2010, 01:33:25 pm**

Ah, poor burning dwarves. No idea of the danger they're in.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 29, 2010, 05:09:11 pm**

It's good to see you back, HF. I was starting to worry.

The Notes of Hikan Riddlewire

Everybody said that I was crazy, that nobody would ever try to start a fire in the booze stockpile. "The drink stockpile is perfectly safe!" They said. "With all these eyes watching, what trouble could possibly come about!"

Everybody said that me drinking water was just a phase, that in a week, I'd be right back with them. "Dwarves and alcohol go together like kittens and biscuits," they said. "Why deny yourself what you naturally crave?"

Look who's laughing now!

Bastards. Only one death isn't enough to provide me vindication, though. Shame there weren't more.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 29, 2010, 11:35:38 pm**

From the journal of Aryn Estetar
17th of Opal, 1070

It took three days for the body to stop smoldering. Eventually Cokho gave the alright to move the bones and the charred clothing down to the crypts. We lost nearly six hundred units of booze in the catastrophe, and only one death and a few sprains in the exodus of the store rooms. While I don't agree with Riddlewire and his lamentations on more death, I do agree with the sentiment; Rice was the mayor during the construction I believe, and... overlooking this problem was careless.

Instead, I'm being held accountable, of course. As such I've barricaded the door with my guard bear, and instructed Riddlewire to not let anyone inside under any circumstances. I'll wait out the smoke - so to speak - and come out in a week or two to check with Roarok on the progress of Oceansbled. He said the four pods are almost completely finished; that leaves the main area and we'll be completed. The excitement is overwhelming. Even my bear seems pleased.

"Hurry, hurry," Adol said, his voice lowered to a whisper. "We don't have much time."
"I'm going as fast as I can," Major Merkil snapped back. He held a chisel in one hand, and a hammer he had borrowed from the smiths. He was taping at the chisel, the small metal wedge cracking at the top hinge on the door painfully slow.

"It's not fast enough, we're going to get caught. I can't believe you agreed to the corpses demands."
"She's ON our side," Merkil snapped again, "It's not a demand, it's a truce. It's working together. It's just helping each other..."
"It's not right," Adol complained, "It's just not right."

"Gentlemen. We have company"

The hammerer strode forward, his hatchet face lit by dark shadows from the setting sun. He slowly pushed his cloak backwards, his hand resting on the butt of his Diorite banded Steel warhammer. Likot slowly unbuttoned the last two buttons on her trench coat and slid it back with her good hand, resting her gloved hand on the butt of her custom crossbow, The Grooved Days.

"Stand back, Corpse," the hammerer said, **"I see two very naughty Dwarves who need to be paddled, and sent to their new rooms."**
"Stand back, Hammerer. I see a very naughty Dwarf who's about to be filled full of bolts."

The air was heavy with menace. Adol gawked at the pair, unsure which he feared the most. The tapping of the chisel was driving him crazy, and with a hard kick he booted Merkil to the side. The Major stared up in surprise as Adol drew his hammer and screamed, "Against the wall, Maggarg!" With a mighty swing, the door cracked off the hinge and went spinning to careen over the edge and plop into the magma below.

The hammerer darted forward, yanking the hammer from the thong at his belt. But he was too slow. In a flash of movement, Likot had the crossbow lifted and nestled into her shoulder. She fired a bolt straight through his hand, and it was only his skill that he switched hands before he dropped it.



"Come on, Maggarg," Adol said, "Come on, we have to hurry."
"I'm going to die," Maggarg said weakly. "I'm not going to..."
Adol reached in and slapped him. Maggarg stared up in surprise, and Adol gripped him by the arm, hefting him up on his feet.

As the Hammerer roared in rage, Likot fired off shots quick as lightening. They thudded into him, piercing his armor. Blood flowed from the wounds, and with a sweep of his hand, he broke them off. Just before he reached her, Likot fired a single bolt. It punctured his chest, and with a grunt, he sank to his knees before her, the wind leaving him as the barbed head pierced his lungs.

"You know, in all this excitement... I forgot to count just how many bolts I fired. I could have fired five. I could have fired six. I just can't remember. But what I do know, is you have to ask yourself one simple question. 'Do I feel lucky?'. Well do ya'?"

With the last of his strength, the Hammerer hefted his hammer with one hand, trying to rise to his feet. Likot casually aimed and put a single bolt between his eyes. He dropped to the ground. Blood pooled around the basalt stones, a spreading puddle of red on the gray beneath him.

"Oh shit," Merkil said. "She did it... we... we need to go, now."
"Excellent idea," Adol said, already hauling Maggarg away from the prisons.

OOO Stuff: Thanks for the concern, Jim <3 I actually got a really nice PM from Flar Moonchill wondering where I was too. It's nice to be missed.

I'll be honest guys, I was just burned out. It's rough, trying to find a job, living off of savings, trying to get published, dealing with the holidays... Stravitch has been giving me crap in real life to keep working on this and I keep brushing him off, but hopefully the muse is back for good. At least, for a little while. At least for the weekend ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Groveller** on **January 30, 2010, 04:14:05 am**

"Oh sweet Kerlig, goddess of pregnancy, please use your horrid powers of baby creation to put this fire out!"

That has got to be the least effective method of fire control.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vayre** on **January 30, 2010, 06:11:11 am**

but definitely the most amusing one

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **January 30, 2010, 08:02:15 pm**

Go Adol!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **January 31, 2010, 04:56:02 am**

It's alive!

For a moment there, reading the first parts, I thought to myself: "Damn, he's given up... time for a fortress crumbling fire of doom."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **January 31, 2010, 12:11:16 pm**

Yay for HF!! Welcome back

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **January 31, 2010, 06:07:37 pm**

Heavy Flak, any chance you could use the Stonesense (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=43260.0>) visualizer and post some screens of the fort?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 01, 2010, 12:12:09 am**

Quote from: Kuli on January 31, 2010, 06:07:37 pm
Heavy Flak, any chance you could use the Stonesense (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=43260.0>) visualizer and post some screens of the fort?

My god... it's *gorgeous*...! I'll see about getting you guys some shots with that!

The events of the 28th of Opal, 1070

"Shhh, shhh, shhh," the quite shushings urged out of the darkness. "This girl's here to do you any harm."

Dodek Theaterinked whirled on her heels, her heart pounding in her chest. It was dark outside, the blackness cloaking the land, the shadows deep and ominous from the large protecting wall around the fortress. She could hear the wind howling down below in the valley, and the rustling of sand as it was blown around in little devils of grit.

"Wh-who's there?" She asked, her voice hushed. "I'll scream. I'll call the guards."
"Shhh, shhh, shhh," the voice repeated. "This girl's not here to do you any harm."

A hard boot struck Dodek in the side, and with a cry she toppled down the ramp, striking her head on the stone. In her dizzyness, she saw a spark as flint struck stone, and a small pitch coated tinder flared to life. In the small radius of light, she saw an ash covered face, the mouth inked with black to curve up into a crude smile. The makeup did little to hide the scars that covered the little girls cheeks and nose and neck.

"Look at this!" The scarred girl said. Her tongue darted out, wetting the corner of her lip, and she made a brief face as she ate some of the ash. "A new play thing. You're below this girls station, I have bigger fish to fry, but it has been *so long* since the last time I fed The Need, well... you'll just have to do, won't you."

Dodek tried to scream, but two small, powerful hands wrapped around her neck. With a quick adjustment of her thumbs, she pressed in on her windpipe, crushing it. The only response she could give was a bulge of her eyes, and a sickening gurgle.

She saw a glint of steel in the light, and pain seared up through Dodek's chest, through her arm, in her leg. The little girl looked to be in extacy, her makeup running in the sweat dribbling down her brow, her eyes rolling back in pure bliss. As the blood flowed, as the cuts became more frantic, deeper, Dodek felt herself succumbing to the sweet bliss of unconsciousness. And to nothing more.

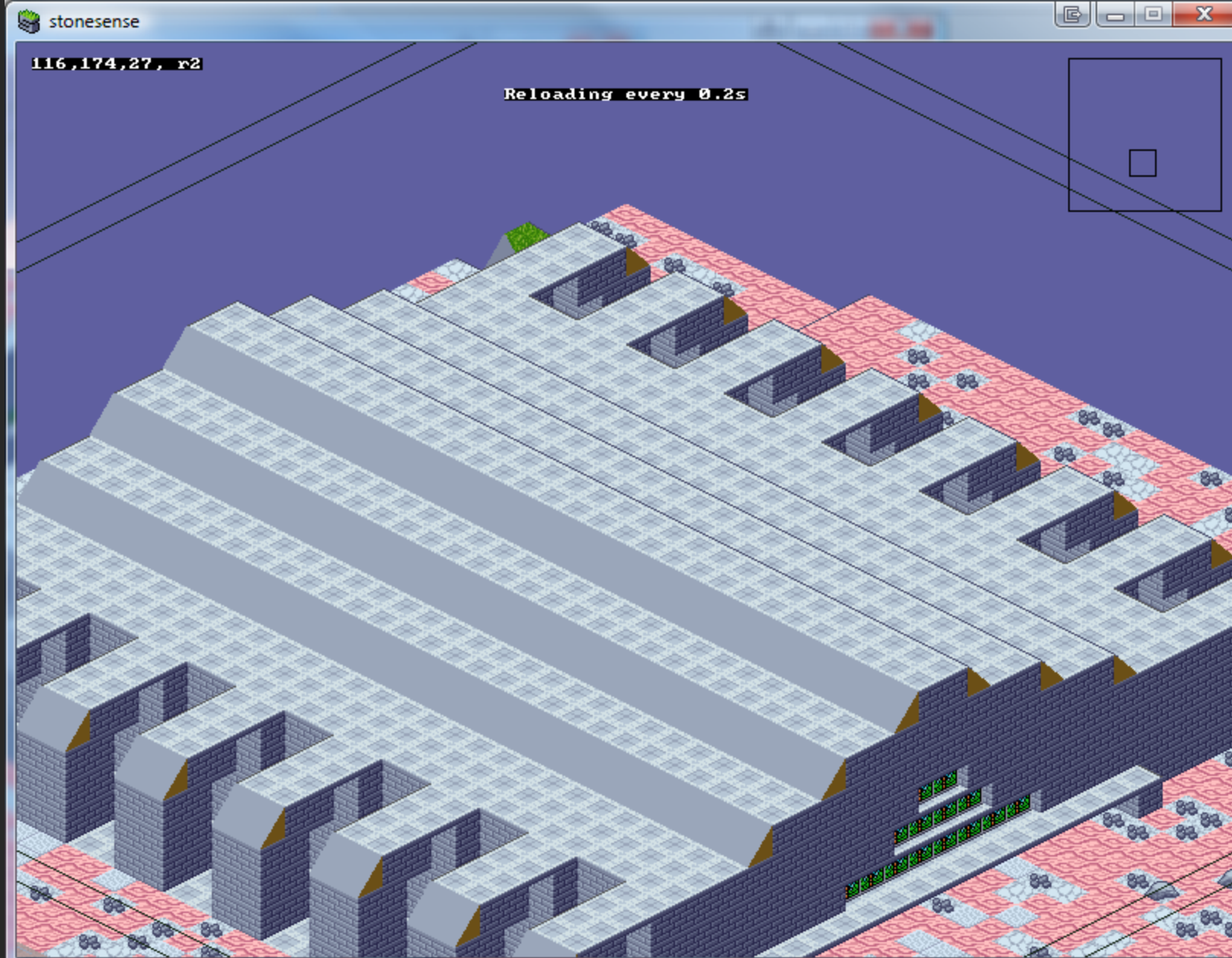


Here are some Stonesense pictures for everyone!!

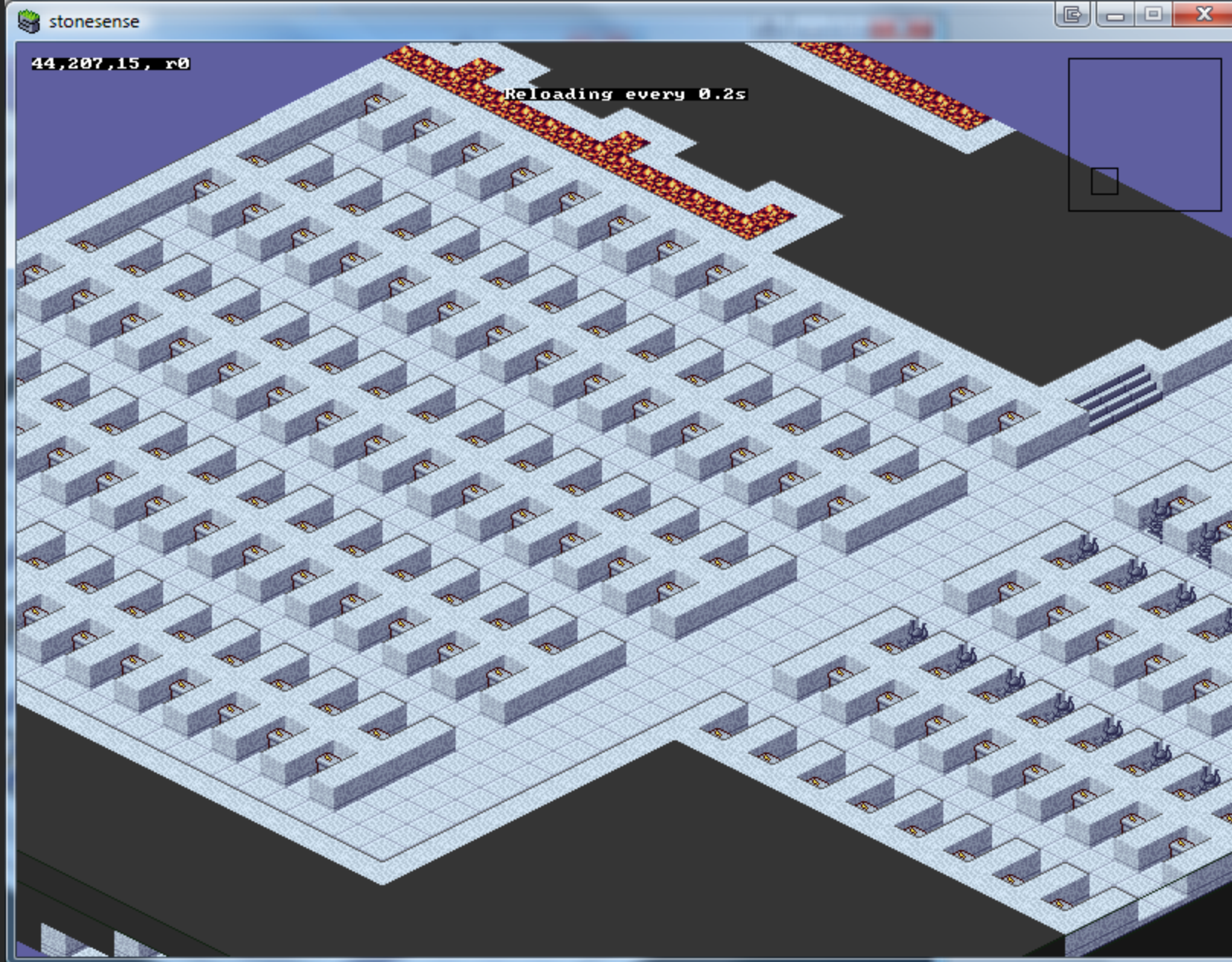
Spoiler: "Kuli's Temple" (click to show/hide)



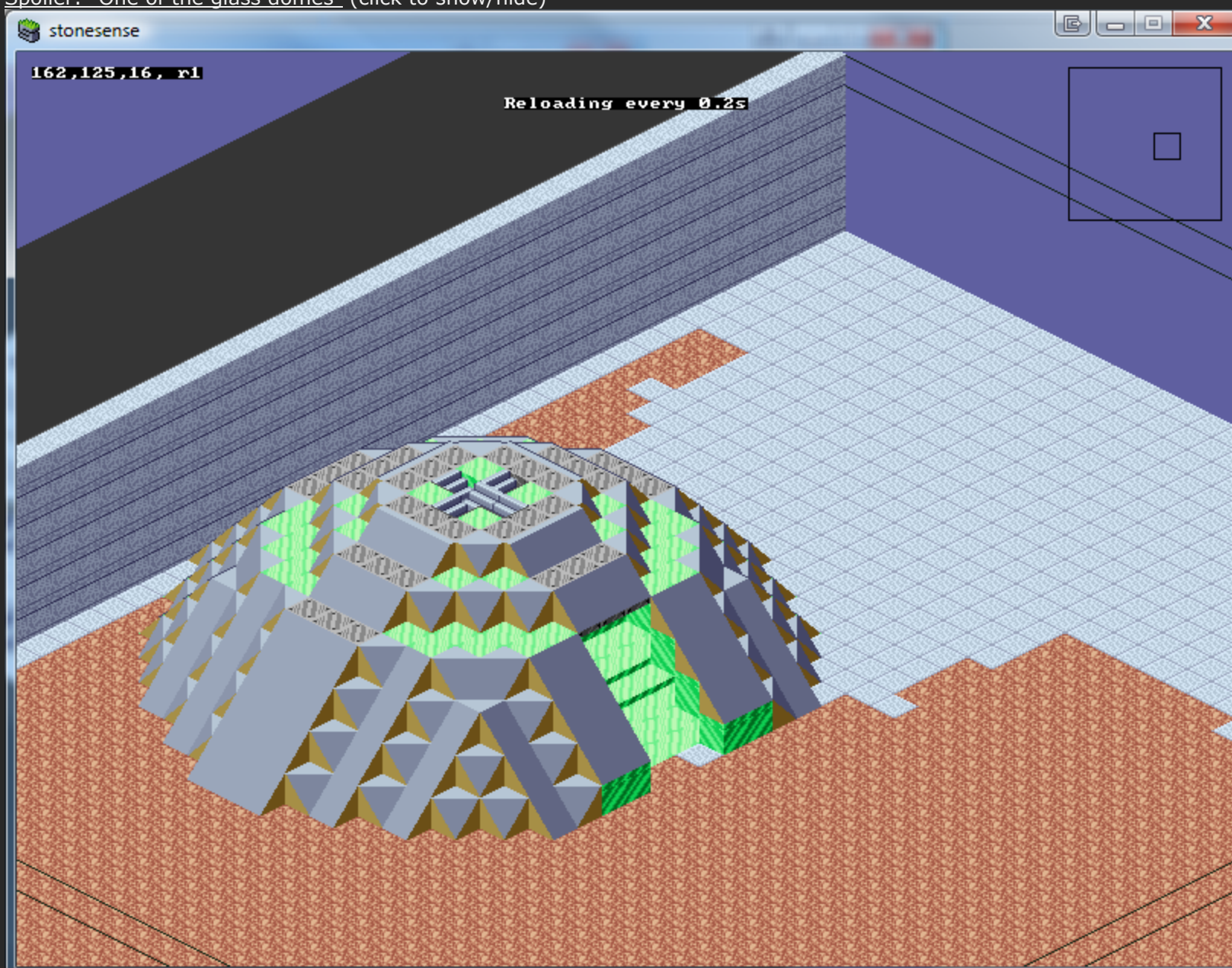
Spoiler: "Stravitch's poison temple" (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: ["So many graves"](#) (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: "One of the glass domes" (click to show/hide)



A note = the ramps are made out of green glass as well, but Stonesense doesn't recognize that. I should make a post about that.

Spoiler: Madam Dodik's (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: "The Workshops" (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Argonnek** on **February 02, 2010, 11:24:23 pm**

If you wanted, you could also use Visual Fortress (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=39541.0>) to see structures in all of their glory. It won't show creatures, workshops, or many other things, but it gives you a stunning 3D view of any of your megaconstructuons.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **February 02, 2010, 11:31:31 pm**

Wheeeeeeee! So many updates of this thread I love it! Just like when it all began all that time ago.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **February 03, 2010, 06:40:19 pm**

Awsome! New shinies!

This:

Quote from: Heavy Flak on January 29, 2010, 01:27:35 pm
The events of the 14th of Opal, 1070
"EVERYONE, STAND BACK!" Stravitch roared. He surveyed the situation, before grabbing a barrel of rum and leaving the room. The other dwarves blinked in confusion.

made me laugh so damn hard! Good to have ya back HF!

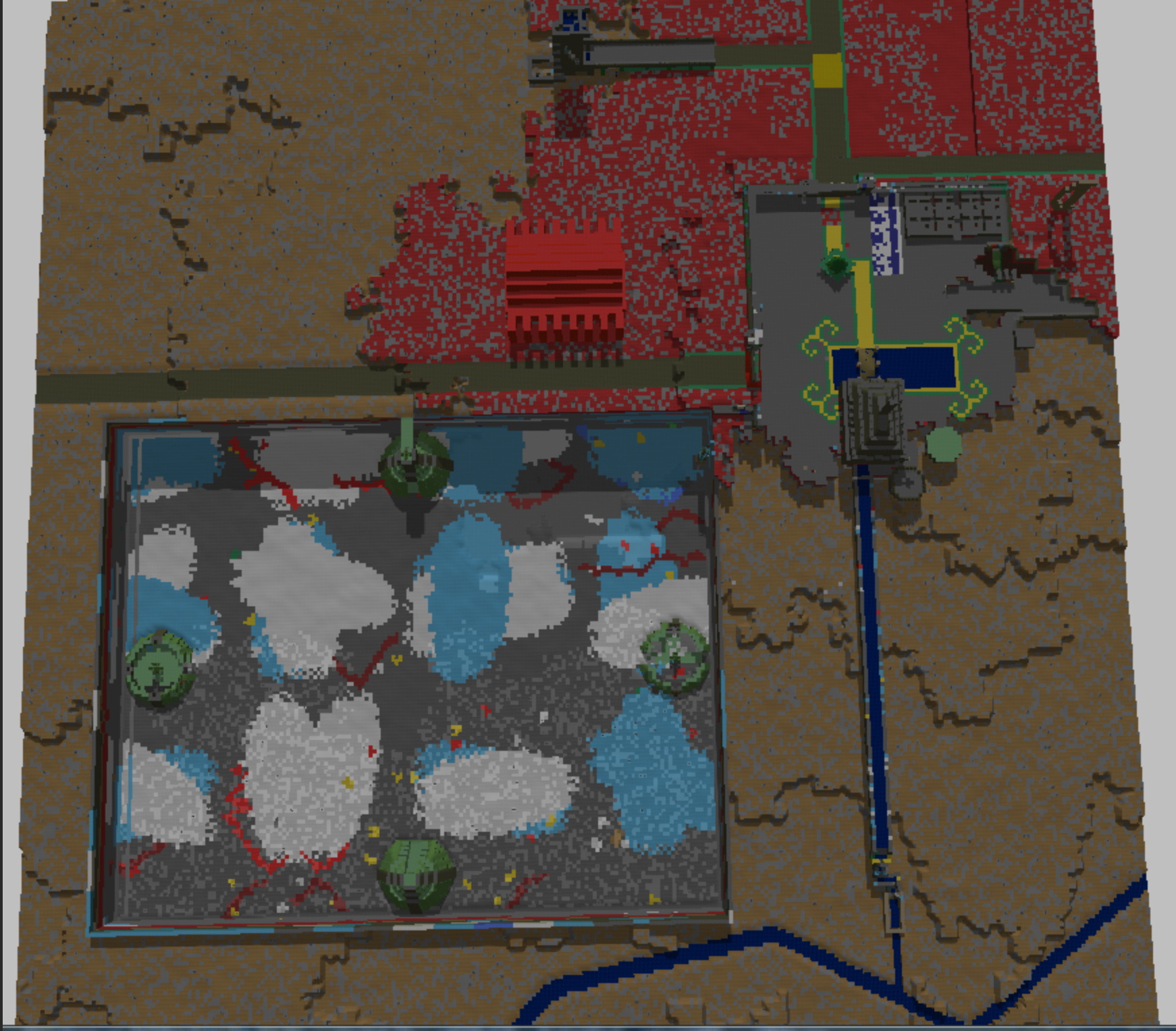
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **February 04, 2010, 01:20:36 pm**

Woo! I'm not going to be a dessicated corpse.
Also the glass domes look like something from an early 3D space-strategy game. Awesome, in other words.

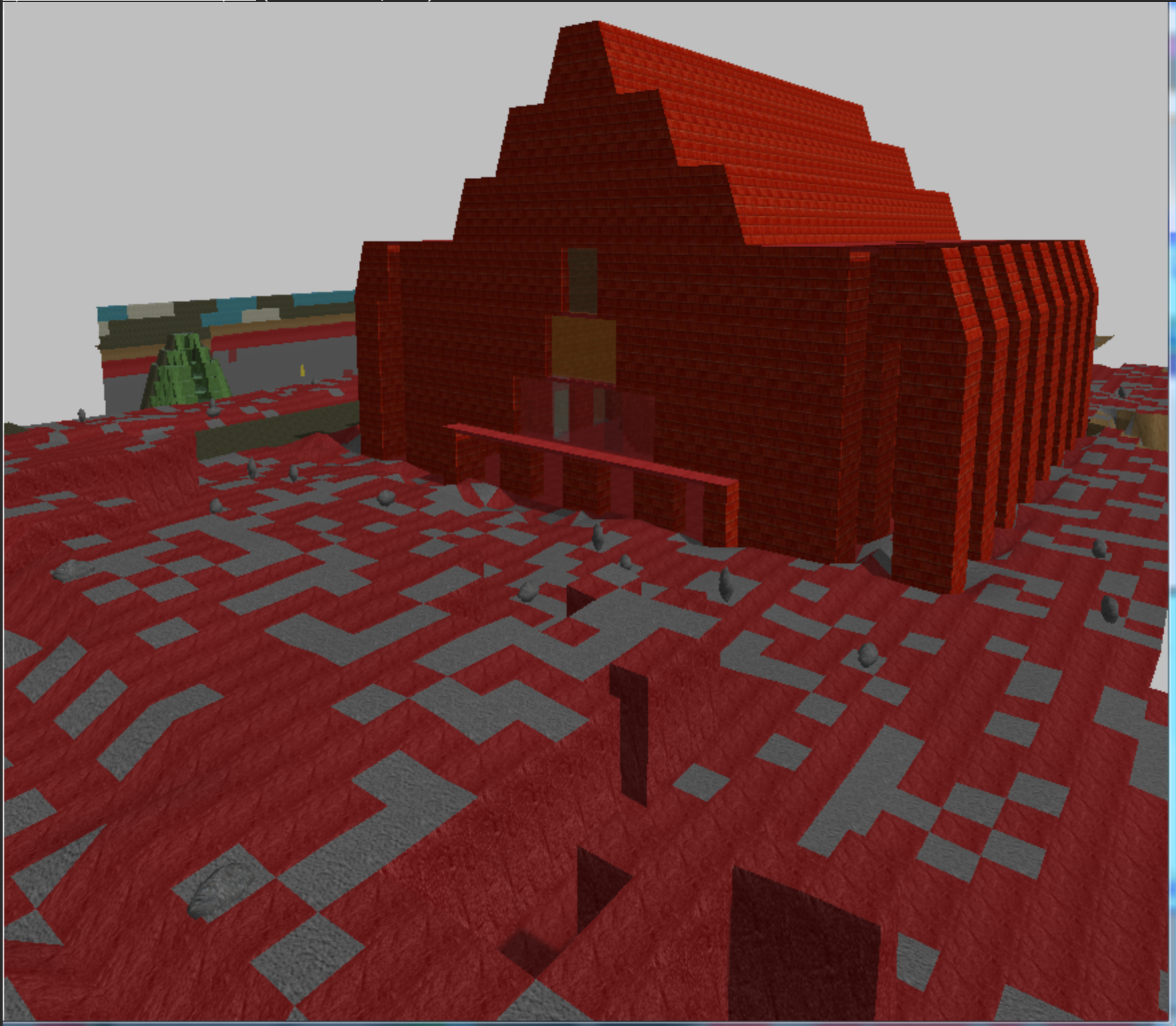
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 04, 2010, 02:02:06 pm**

Visual Fortress 3D!!

Spoiler: "An Aerial View" (click to show/hide)

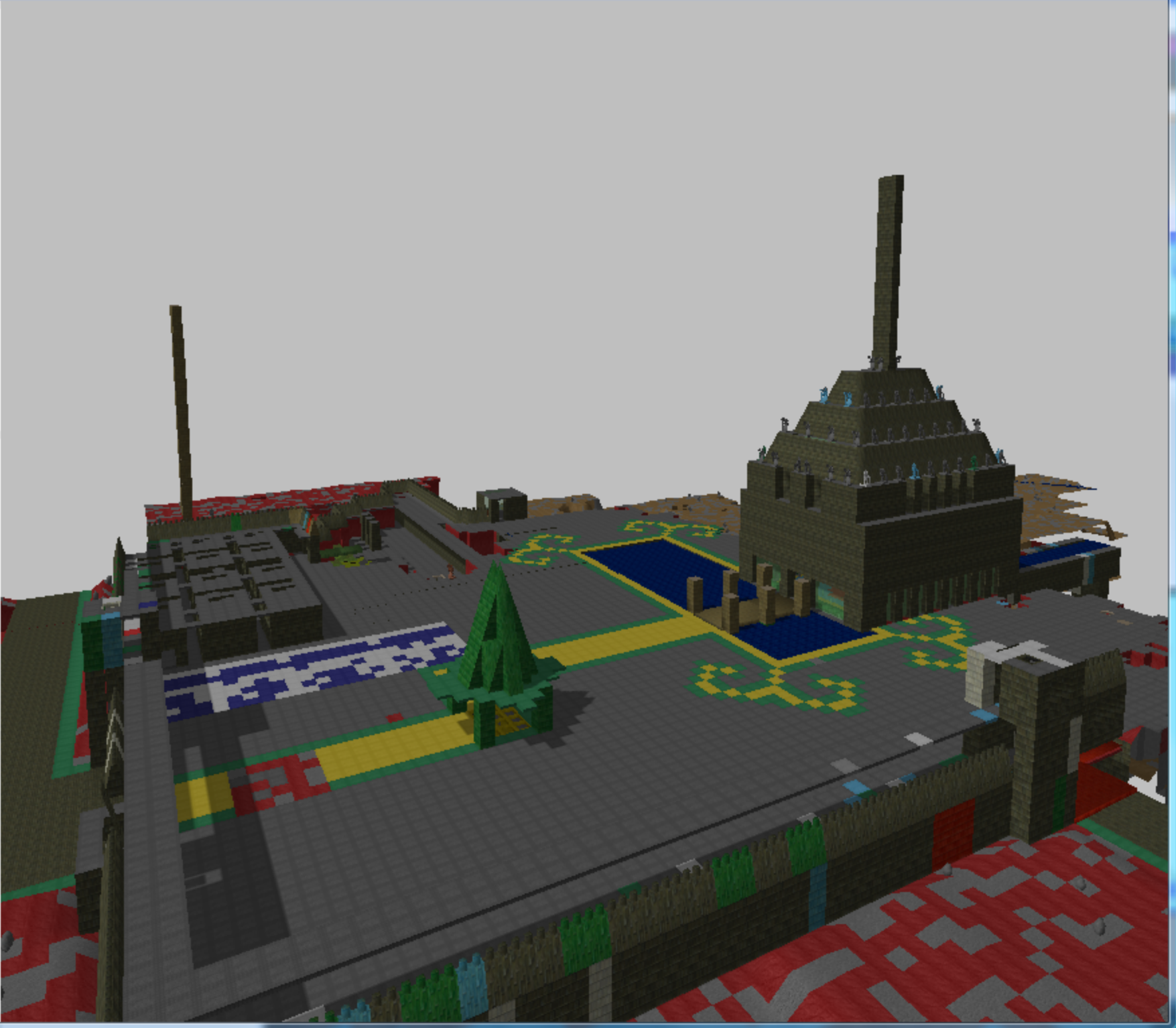


Spoiler: "The Poison Temple" (click to show/hide)

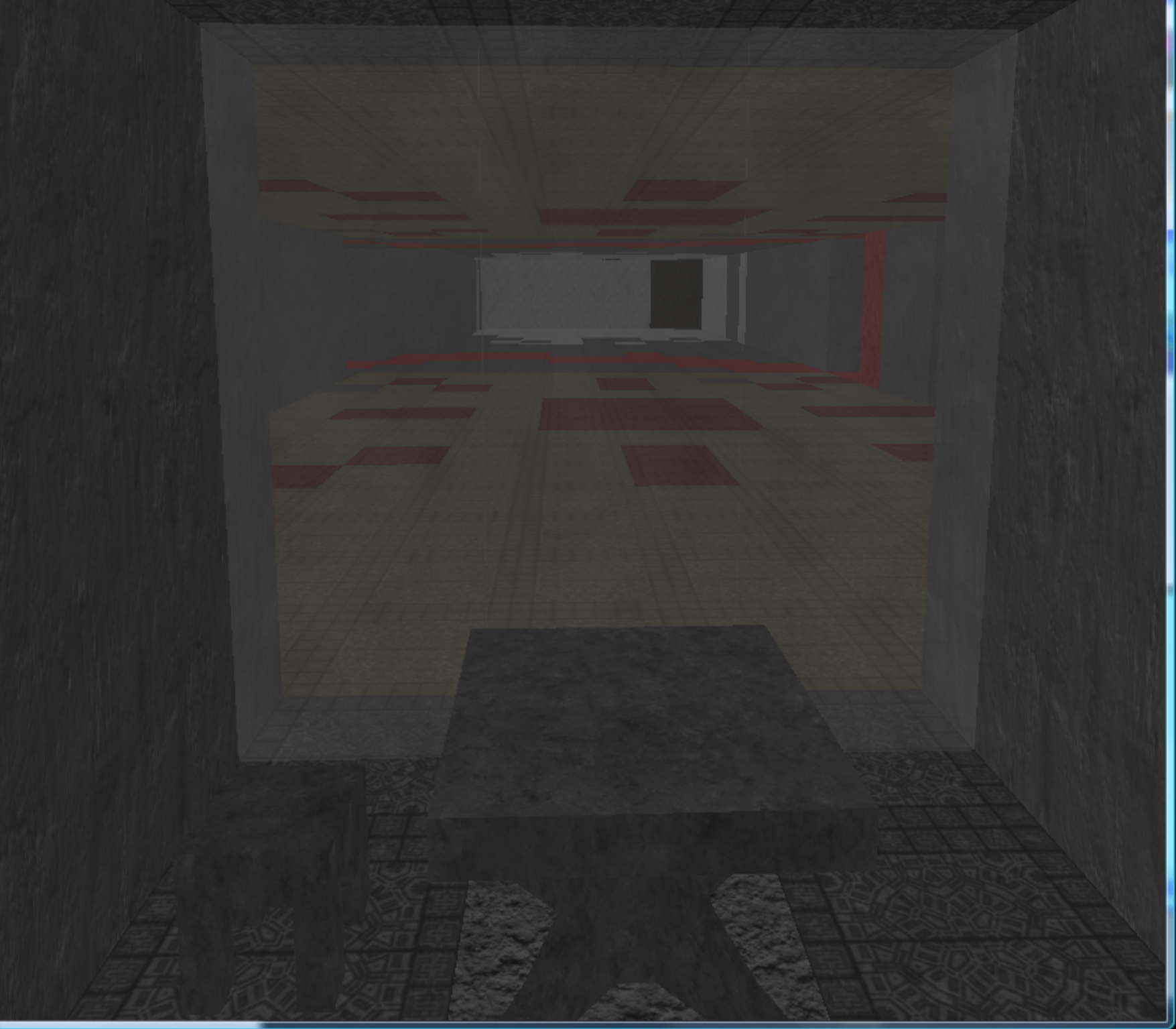


I tried to make it a Gothic cathedral, but the more I look at it, the more it looks like some hideous poison spider ready to assault the fortress.

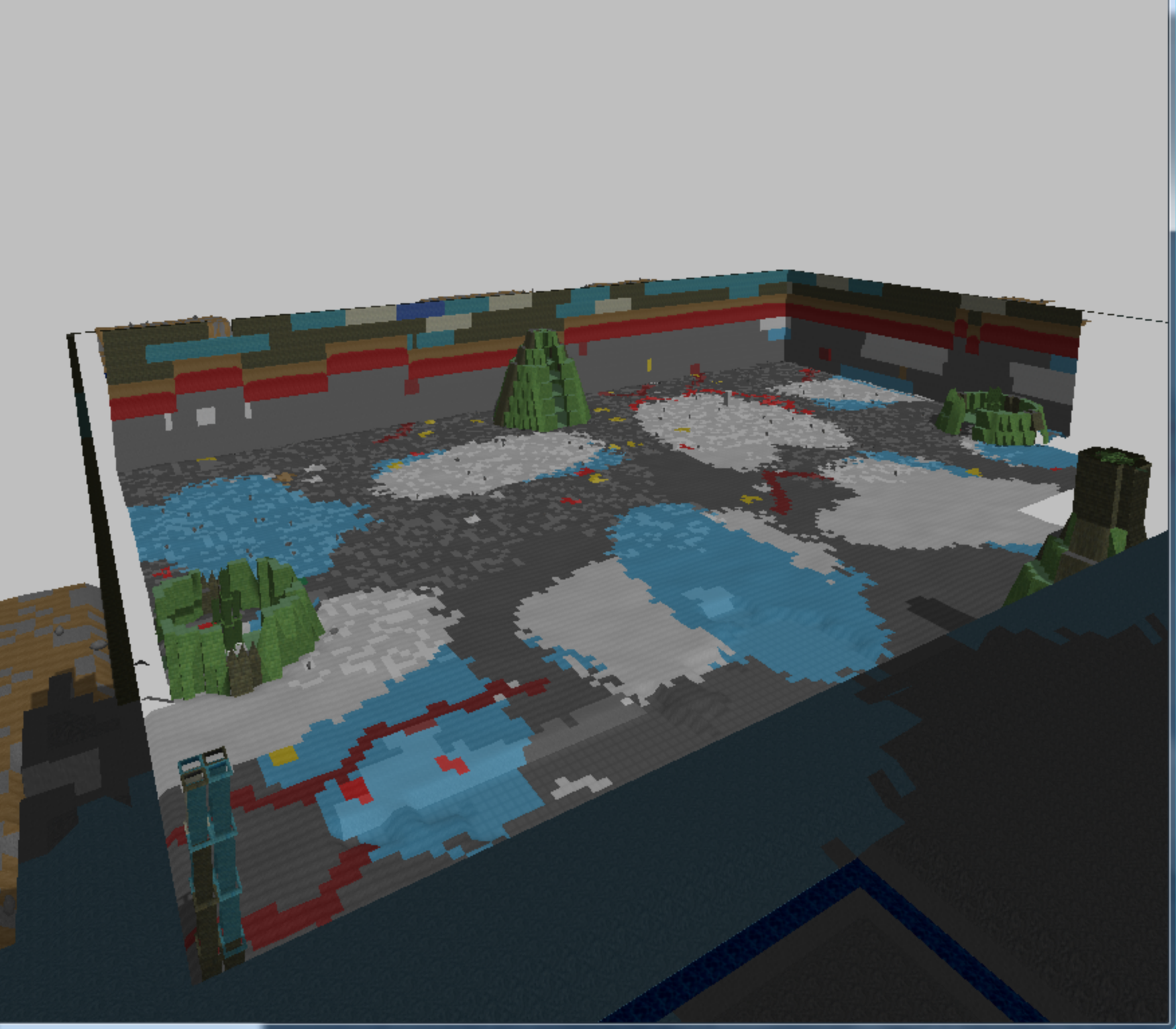
Spoiler: "Fortress Proper" (click to show/hide)



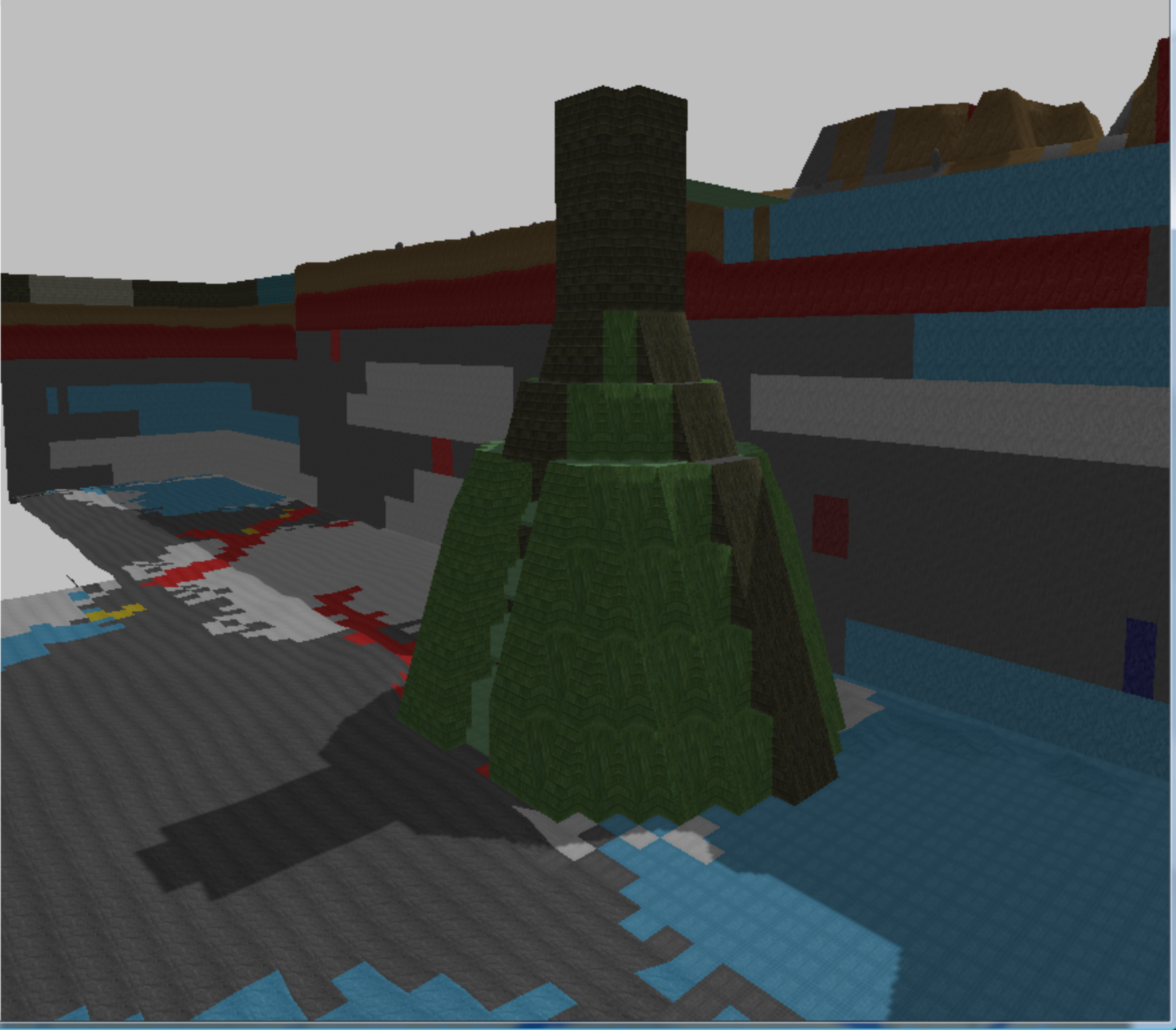
Spoiler: "The barracks from Rice's Room" (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: "The Quarry" (click to show/hide)



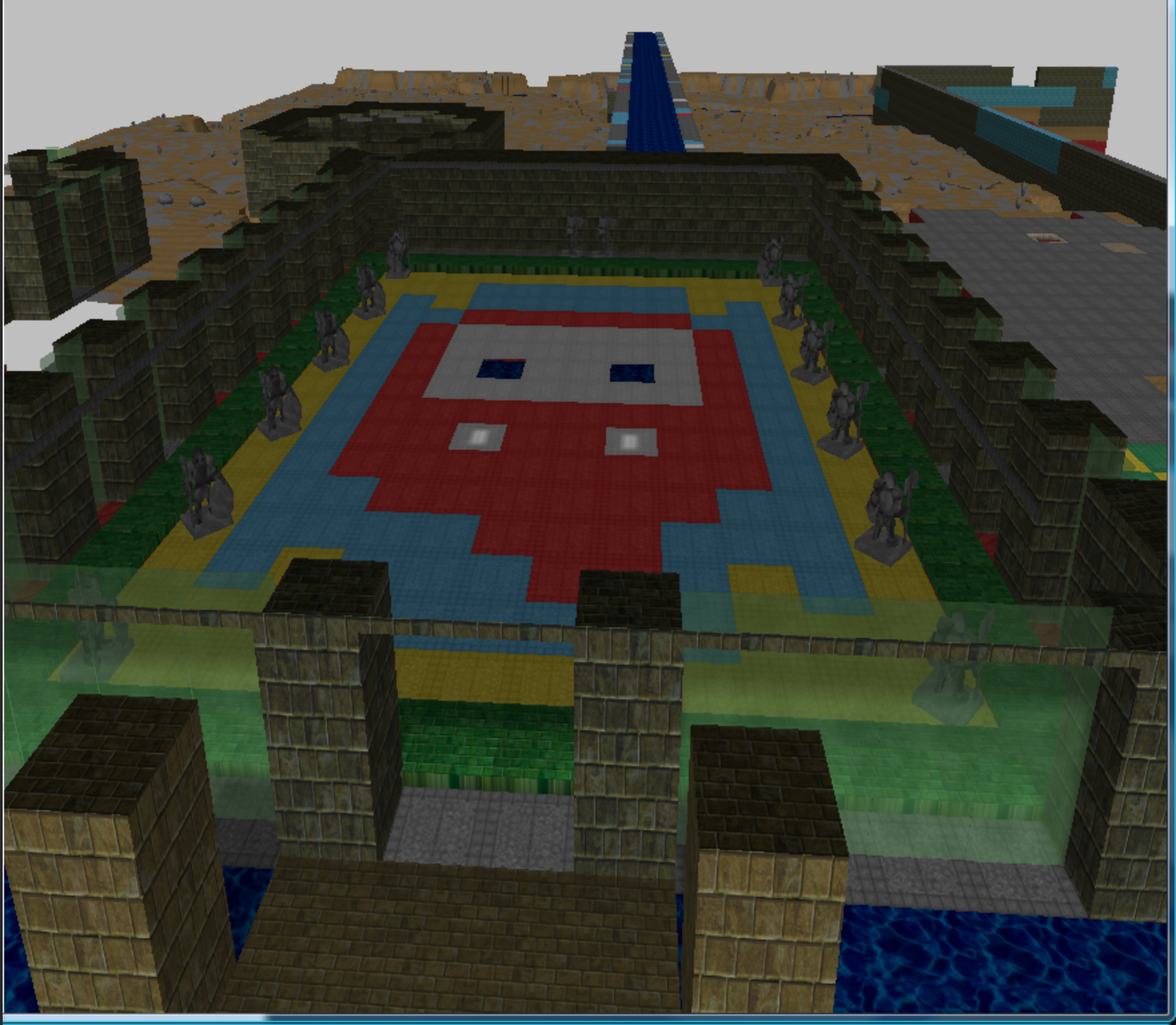
Spoiler: "Close up on the glass dome" (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: "Madam Dodek's Tower" (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: "Kuli's Mural" (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **February 05, 2010, 01:44:43 pm**

Excellent! Thanks a lot for posting these.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **February 05, 2010, 01:56:03 pm**

Very interesting to see. I always imagined that the domes would be bigger then that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 05, 2010, 07:46:21 pm**

Quote from: Mephansteras on February 05, 2010, 01:56:03 pm
Very interesting to see. I always imagined that the domes would be bigger then that.

GO STAND IN THE CORNER! >:(

I'm just kidding. Those are the pods devoted to storage, workshops, and eventually farms. The largest of the pods hasn't been constructed yet, and neither has the glass corridors connecting them all to the main living quarters that will be in the center.

Also, they're bigger on the inside than the outside. (That's what he said)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **February 08, 2010, 08:46:52 am**

Hehe, awesome looking fortress!

Any chance of a shot of the giant wooden donkey? :-)

Or is it in there and im blatantly missed it?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **moghopper** on **February 16, 2010, 12:08:08 pm**

Did I ever get a dwarf? Or did I die off?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **March 03, 2010, 11:54:30 am**

Cough cough cough

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 07, 2010, 12:35:30 pm**

Uhhhh....

Things got weird here. Between dealing with shit and spending time with the girlfriend, I've been bitten by the writing bug and have been spending all my time research for, or writing on, a fantasy novel I've been planning out for... ten years. I'm four chapters in and going strong, which doesn't do anything but brag to you guys and not give you anything.

I'm going to try to set aside an hour of DF time every day, so I can actually commit instead of waffling like a big jerk.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Quote** on **March 09, 2010, 12:37:41 am**

Journal of "Quote" Walledbrand

Ever since I was a young girl I'd wished to see the world, to marvel at the creations of times past, this was why I originally had set out to find Migrursut (it was at a later date that I found out Roaroak was staying here,) I'd gone there to show the denizens of the wasteland fort my architectural skills, The Master being there was a simple bonus to what would be my most fantastical work!

When I arrived at my destination to see the glorious figure known as Aryn Estetar announce one of the greatest and most architecturally difficult structures in existence I was ecstatic! I would finally be able to show my talent to the world, all of dwarf-kind would remember me! In a matter of moments I strode up to Aryn, hope filling my eyes, and told him of my dreams of what Migrursut could be, he seemed to listen but interrupted my saying something about "a speech" he had to give. I backed off and listen to him announce his grand plan of what the fortress would be, I was heartbroken, all of the things I had planned on saying to Mr. Estetar rendered moot by his ideas.

Now-a-days I spend my time at Dodiks, shyly drinking, designing, and looking for time to petitions the master architect and show him my designs. Sadly the busy schedule of Roaroak denies me my chance at glory.

Despite all my troubles this dining room is *fantastic* , it's as if sitting in it makes all the bad things disappear!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **March 11, 2010, 09:35:36 am**

Diary of Maggarg
I am a thief, not a murderer. All dwarves bear grudges. Dwarves should be honest.
Riddlewire must die
The hammerer must die.
First, though, I must relive my old life. What would those bastards miss most, what would grieve them most deeply to lose?
Well, a hammerer is nothing without his loathsome hammer, but Riddlewire? He is not like a real dwarf, the water-drinking swine. What can a creature like that value that I can steal?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Chaoseed** on **March 15, 2010, 09:01:36 pm**

HOLY ARMOK, I FINISHED IT.

...

ahem I read through the entire 152 pages of this thread over the past...week or two. Good stuff, I'm looking forward to more. ;) It's amazing what a rich story has developed over the past two years. (Two years? Yep, two years...) It's great that there are so many memorable characters. So many dwarves make me say "Yay, they're awesome!" or "No, they can't be dead!". Good work! :D

HF, just out of curiosity, have you ever read the Black Company series of fantasy novels by Glen Cook? I do kind of get that vibe from your story every now and then...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 30, 2010, 04:29:02 pm**

The 4th of Obsidian, 1070

"Oh, good lord," Aryn barked. "It's coming at me!"

One of the Skamels was loping up the stone slope, the white flecks in it's yellowed teeth gleaming in the sunlight. It was unsettling the way it's bones clacked together when it moved, the way it's legs seemed to move in wrong directions. It was hideous, skittering and bouncing and sometimes dipping low as if to catch it's balance on unsteady legs.

Aryn stood stark still, hoping not to catch the pools of blackness that were once it's eyes. The Carpenter Inkedglazes did the same, his chisel and hammer dangling from his hands in limp horror as the skeletal horror drew closer. It's attentions were drawn away by Lanceratto, as the thresher dropped her tools and bolted. With a rattle of glee, the Skamel bolted after her, a macabre movement of dancing limbs and bones.

"Which way did it go!" Major Merkil roared. "The beasts are coming out in droves, we can't keep the soldiers on duty long enough to quell their numbers. Did any get in?"
"None," Aryn yelled. He gestured vaguely down the ramp, and in the direction of the screaming that could still be heard. "They went that way; if you hurry, her worthless thresher life might be saved."



Merkil barreled down the slope, red sand flying out behind him, his armor glinting in the sun. Aryn was so taken by the spectacle, the horrible, machismo that the soldiers presented, that he barely heard Inkedglazes scream.



As if in slow motion, he turned and saw the carpenter on his back. One of the Skamels was currently trampling him. As was a little girl. She had plates of steel grafted and bolted onto the sides and bottoms of her boots, and as she kicked, and stomped, she laughed, her mottled hair bouncing from the actions.

As the carpenter bubbled up his last bloody breath, she stopped and rested her hands on her knees, panting and giggling. The Skamel snorted, but didn't seem interested in her, contenting itself with dancing on the body, shredding the soft dwarf-flesh, rending it into ropey piles.

"Oh..." Aryn managed.

The girl turned, her face whitewashed, her mouth spread in a single, terrifying grin. She gave a wave, and said pleasantly, "Hello."

When Aryn didn't respond, she reached up and placed her palm the corpses neck. Slowly she lead it to the drawbridge, and across it. With a little push, she sent it skittering on it's way, and into the trap, the metal cage springing up around it to hold it in place. When she walked back across, she smiled again at Aryn, her tongue peeking out to gently wet her lips.

"You should talk about this," she said. "About the camel, I mean. No one will believe that this girl was here." After a moments pause, she said cheerfully, "Except Master Stravitch, he might believe, if he's not sossed. He likes this girl, we have a history. Well, Tah, for now!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **March 30, 2010, 04:49:44 pm**

An update!!

Did the thresher survive?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Chaoseed** on **March 30, 2010, 05:41:25 pm**

Happy 2nd birthday, Migrursut. :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **March 30, 2010, 06:52:41 pm**

hmmm, does this make Dodik the only carpenter left?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 30, 2010, 09:22:12 pm**

Quote from: Chaoseed on March 30, 2010, 05:41:25 pm

Happy 2nd birthday, Migrursut. :D

Thanks so much! And, to answer your question from above, it's funny you ask that. I actually just sat down in the book store a few days ago and read a few chapters from the Black Company books and found them really engaging. They weren't inspiration, but I could certainly see how they WOULD have been, if I read them sooner.

Quote from: Vactor on March 30, 2010, 06:52:41 pm

hmmm, does this make Dodik the only carpenter left?

Without taking a look, I'd say that yes, she most likely is.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 05, 2010, 03:45:17 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1071

It's all going to burn up here, all of it. This is becoming a mess of epic proportions, far beyond what even I could have imagined. I've been drunk for a week now. I can't get that girls face out of my mind, her horrible, hideous face. That bitch. That murdering bitch. If I knew which rock she was hiding under I'd have Hikan go out there and finish her off for the good of all.

I've started collecting my things and packing them away. At the worst, at the very very worst, one of the domes of Migrursut is nearly a hundred percent complete. If I have to I'll lock myself in there alone, if it all goes tits up. I will. Oh, I will.

The Duke's wife is moping about, she looks as if she might snap. Dojango and Akroma are sneaking about in the back labs, making me nervous. The masons and the metalworkers are on the domes day and night but it never seems to be finished. Roaroak even seems depressed at the time his masterpiece is taking to accomplish; because of that I've sent Quote down to assist him on the last of the sub-pods. The aid of another architect should speed things up.

I'll hide if I must, but before I die I will see this place constructed and underwater. I will see it safe from the evils around us, from the nobility above us, from the demons below us. I will see myself safe - and those few souls enlightened enough to see it as well. I pray there will be some left before it hits.

I can feel it on the winds. So can the others, though the few I've talked to claim it's just a myopic view taken from living in the wastes.... Ha. No. I'd wager He is coming, after the other was slayed on the bridge. He's had time to form fully, and with the goblins and half breeds in greater numbers... <from here, the words become stained with alcohol, a dull smudge across the bottom of the page. Though the entry appears unfinished, it is not continued on the next - only these blueprints (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-8383-oceanbled-oceanbled>) follow.>

OOC: Hell, Toady beat me. I thought I had a few more months to go, you bastard, releasing a new update before I finished!!

I'm still going to see this properly through, don't worry, I just thought that my two years of work would be done before hits, is all. Also, I'm not playing the new version at ALL until this is done, because I want my next fortress (Filled with you folk new and old) to be a hellpit disaster that hopefully crashes comically around us!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **April 05, 2010, 03:53:17 pm**

Looking forward to seeing how all of this ends, HF!

Oh, and sign me up for the next fort! I will take the resident doctor and cause untold suffering among the dwarves. Not intentionally of course but...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **April 05, 2010, 04:23:27 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 05, 2010, 03:45:17 pm

I'm still going to see this properly through, don't worry, I just thought that my two years of work would be done before hits, is all. Also, I'm not playing the new version at ALL until this is done, because I want my next fortress (Filled with you folk new and old) to be a hellpit disaster that hopefully crashes comically around us!

Well, that should make an entertaining community fort. I guess I'll presign myself up for that one.

The journal of Hikan Riddlewire, the week of 1st Granite, 1071

Aryn's been heavy in the drink recently. I keep telling him how great water is, but he keeps telling me that he's drinking booze because he wants to get drunk.

In between his drunken rants and mumbles, he keeps mentioning a grinning half-elf bitch. I tried to get some information out of Aryn, like where he saw her, and where she went off to, but... he's been heavy in the drink recently. It's not likely there was any useful information he could have given me anyway. If Migrursut's favorite serial killer doesn't want to be found, there's nothing I can do to find her.

Except maybe dangle Stravitch over the magma pipe again. Would get rid of two problems at once. The problem being that Stravitch is as immovable as Aryn is implacable.

Aryn's also been mumbling about something else, but... he's been heavy in the drink recently.

The events of the 12th of Granite, 1071

Madam Dodik was enjoying herself, staring at the animals in the zoo. Though still hot, the breeze blowing through the desert made it bearable, and spring had lightened the moods of many of the Dwarves as they toiled. Mookie, her assistant in most things, was entertaining the crowds of soldiers and masons while Rinsesilver - the real reason for their outing - went to a meeting deep bellow in the fortress catacombs.

Mookie, nearly spilling from her dress as she bounced and laughed, said, "Alright, alright, I have a joke, no, really!"

The soldiers jostled in closer, more for a view of the entertainment than to hear what she had to say. Mookie struck a pose, and with a wide smile, asked of the audience, "What do you get, when you go to market day in an elven forest?"

There was a murmur among the crowd, some laughter, but no real answers. She gestured with one hand and answered herself, "All the useless things you've already sold to them!"

There was a roar of laughter, even as Aryn went rushing by, his face a crimson red. He was reaching out, his cloak flapping behind him, as he shouted, "Deerow! Please, Miss Deerow!, don't leave! That whore is just running her mouth again, please, don't leave!"

The events of the 6th of Slate, 1071

"Oy, now what's this li'l pretty we've 'er?"
"Found it wedged down in the catacombs," Archin said with pride. "I'd heard the noises while excavating more tombs and had to delve down a few levels deeper. Pitiful little thing, isn't it?"

Telamon, eyes partially shadowed behind his metal wielders mask, peered into the steel cage. The black hollows of eyes peered back. The Dread Camel didn't seem particularly interested in either of them now that it was trapped in this cage. It stood nearly still, rocking on slightly if the cage was pushed or moved. It was fascinating to see one of these up close and personal, instead of rushing at you with murderous glee.

"Remember that scorpion?" Archin asked quietly.
"Aye, 'course. Nasty bug nearly snipped th' whole lotta' us in half... pretty as these bones be in the lamplight, ah'm not sure a'yer reason to bring it here."
"Perhaps it could be of use?" She suggested.

"Wha, ya' think we get enough, they can breed?" he smirked.
Archin favored him with a withering glare. She crossed her arms over her chest, the muscles in her biceps bulging from her years of hard work in the mines. "If they could, Sergeant Pepper and myself would be popping out a litter of freaks by now, don't you think?"

"I thin' that's a horrifyin' thought ya' corpse-fuckin' freak."
"I think," she repeated, her words gravely with anger, "is that if we captured enough of them, distraction could be sewn among the populace, and that could be the catalyst to..."
"T'what, further our movement?"
"Yes!" She nearly shouted. "Yes, yes, yes! Exactly. We've done nothing for months, nothing major!"

Telamon was quiet as he ran a finger down the edge of the cage. He watched the beast within as it stood stiffly, silently. With a slow nod of his head, he said in admission, "T'would be wha' we need, true 'nough. They fear these beasties mar'n fire or bombs... start collectin' 'em if ya' can. We'll put'em to use soon enough, and than sweep in t' pick amongst th'wreck."

The events of the 23rd of Slate, 1071

Midnight blue robes swirled around her ankles as she stood on the gabbro road. Her hood was pulled up to shield her face and hair from the swirling red sands, but her supple camel leather shoes were nearly stained with the sand, the soles worn from hard travel. From under her head, eyes as blue as the desert sky stared upwards at the horrifying tower before it.

It was grotesque in it's size and opulence, and though water was not cascading down it, the walls and the grating were slick with residue. Her teeth ground together, the sound grating in her own ears, and slowly she padded forward, her shoes striking stone in a easy, methodical rhythm.

Pawnzer, stumbling a bit from drink, came along the path from the opposite end. When he saw the blue-cloaked new comer he stopped, and carefully raised his hand to point towards the fortress proper.

"You're... going the wrong way, I think. You want the fortress. The Duke is in there."
"**The Duke, can wait**," the gravely voice called from within the hood. The woman was a smoker, the air around her stank of tobacco, and her voice hinted at years upon years of puffing upon the foul weed. "**I have important matters here.**"

"But... this is Dodik's," Pawnzer said, confused. "She's off the grid, so to speak. Outside of the city limits."

Slowly the woman shifted her robe, the leather-rote handle of a massive warhammer peeking out. One gloved hand twisted around the grip, the leather creaking, her knuckles popping. "**Anything within my sight, bug, is within the limits of Justice and Law. I see decadence, and I smell sin, and by my name - Goden Wallrags, Hammerer of the Dwarven Empire - I will first examine this foul place before attending to any, petty, Duke.**"

Pawnzers response was to doff his hat in polite reply, and as soon as she stepped past, he broke into a dead run. It was to warn his friends, and stockpile food. Justice had returned to the fortress for good or ill. If history had told him anything, Justice usually meant that Dwarves turned up dead. He'd prefer those Dwarves not be the ones he was friends with.

I would like to check my, "Whee place reservedness plox", rating.

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 22, 2009, 10:25:49 am

Once this story wraps up, and Toady releases the next version in August of ~~2012~~ 2112, I'm going to be starting up a new community fort most likely. So how's this for fair - anyone who wants a Dwarf, and is on the list, but doesn't get in before the story ends, gets first pick the next go-around?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 06, 2010, 10:39:20 am**

Quote from: Vayre on April 06, 2010, 10:07:22 am

I would like to check my, "Whee place reservedness plox", rating.

Here's who I have on the list as of right now:

Sdp0et, Zako, Moghopper, CanadianWolverine, you, and Glacies... and that's just from my scribbled notes. I need to go back and read Glacies story and figure out, outside of Bloodclocks, who else came with him.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 07, 2010, 02:40:10 pm**

The events of the 9th of Felsite, 1071

"No, no no no, this... this can't be right, this can't be right..."

Neo stopped on his way to the mess hall, staring at Wilber's back. He thought of passing on - no conversation he had ever had with the eccentric Dwarf had gone as well as he had hoped. But he certainly seemed distraught. Crispin was coming out of the mess with food for her still-wounded husband Luke, and Rice and Merkil exited as well, talking happily. They all stopped to watch Wilber, his mumblings disturbing.

With great reluctance, Neo reached out and placed his hand on Wilber's shoulder. "What's wrong...?" He asked, dreading the answer. "My name..." he gasped. "My name...!" "What? What of your name?" "It is on this *paper!*" he nearly shrieked.

Neo was bewildered, and almost walked off when Rice chimed in. He was beginning to sound agitated. "My name is on there as well. What is this?"

The Dwarves crowded in, trying to read the scribblings on the poster. It was a list, a very long list, of names, and beside them, dates of sentencing.

Code: [Select]

Maggarg Bridgeblameless	26days	for	Contempt of Justice
Crispin Seedanvils	26days	for	Flaunting Femininity while a Soldier
Wilber Anvilquiet	51days	for	Chronic and Disturbing Insanity
Merkil Paintlengths	51days	for	Contempt of Justice
Rice Relicmastered	51days	for	Contempt of Office and Labor
Kuli Problemwalled	101days	for	Gross Negligence of True Religion
Howard Roaroak	126days	for	Engineering without a Proper License
Sulari Clappedrooms	126days	for	Allowing Dissension Among the Fortress
Neo Channelcounselled	176days	for	Not Dying, Recovering, and Continuing his Badness
Archin Spunpillars	301days	for	Fortress Terrorism - Bounty Awarded

"What IS this?" Merkil raged. Coldness was washing over him, at his actions helping Maggarg, but it made no sense. Adol's name was not on the list, and neither was Likot... though to confront that Corpse was to wish death upon yourself.

"I'm more worried about Archin's name..." Rice said slowly. "Terrorism? I haven't seen her in weeks. Could this be real?" "I'm asked to be punished for getting better!" Neo bellowed. "For HEALING! I'm going to... Wilber, WILBER! What do you make of this?" "We need to hide," he whined, "Our names aren't going to leave that paper, not at all, not at all, man, unless we get a lot of ink..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 07, 2010, 04:12:53 pm**

The events of the 22nd of Felsite, 1071

"LUKE! MY LOVE! Luke!"

Slowly, Luke rolled from his back onto his left side. He propped himself up on his good elbow, being careful not to disturb the splints that held his arm and leg steady. He looked up at his wife with a faint smile, his skin so pale as to be transluscent.

"My love, how are you? You seem excitable today." "I am! I am!" Crispin nearly shrieked. "look!"

She juggled the children in her arms, and thrust one at him. "We have a new baby!" "Do we?" Luke asked, amused. "I don't remember us having sex lately." "I don't think that matters, sometimes I just get pregnant at random, and this one was born while I was drinking ale in the store room!" she said happily. "And it works out for the best, love-bird, because our last child burned to death in a horrific accident that I don't remember!"

Luke stroked his beard with his one good hand, and eventually gave a nod of approval. "This sounds excellent, wife. Most excellent. I hope that you'll be carrying our child around with you." "Of course I will," she said eagerly, "I have two harnesses, so I can strap one to my back, and the other to my front, in order to dull the blows that assail me when I go to battle."

Luke sighed wistfully, "There were times I wish it was socially acceptable for ME to strap our young to myself. If only I could heal, perhaps, just perhaps, I could help change social standards for the better..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **April 07, 2010, 04:21:38 pm**

Hehe. Nice.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 07, 2010, 05:15:34 pm**

The events of the 11th of Hematite, 1071

"Not good," Aryn said softly. "Not good at all." "It's never any good," Hikan said derisively. "So we have a bunch of the half breeds marching on the fortress. This happens twice a year, like clockwork. They are always coming, and they'll never stop. Why do you act as if it's a surprise?" "Because eventually someone dies, and who gets the blame? Not the soldiers for failing at their tasks, or the Duke and his wife for being the leaders of the fortress. I do, and it slowly chips away at my authority. It's a nuisance. If I could, I'd vomit out a plague that would wipe them and us from this earth."

"That doesn't seem very nice, sir."

"What do I care," Aryn said morosely. "We're all evil. These peasants. Our soldiers. The nobility. The goblins, you, and I. Only the Elves have a touch of honor, and they hide out in their forests and live among nature to keep from soiling their souls with the evils of society." He gave a wave of his hand towards the horde that was amassing at the border of their land. "Let them come. I'll be down in my room. Either we die, or we live, and my project can continue on to fruition."

Aryn slumped off towards the steps, and eventually he walked across the courtyard, vanishing into the fortress below. Hikan took a sip from his flask, and slowly pulled free his mask, the one he kept inside his tattered trench coat. He looked it over, and said softly to himself, "I suppose I should round up the troops, worthless vigalanties. Perhaps they can do some good instead of prowling about, harassing the Fishery workers and hunting down that ghost Telamon..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **April 07, 2010, 05:23:20 pm**

Awesome. I think I'm going to like where this is going.

I like these multiple update days!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 07, 2010, 05:37:12 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on April 07, 2010, 05:23:20 pm

Awesome. I think I'm going to like where this is going.

I like these multiple update days!

I know I've said this so much you guys won't believe me, but The Muse really has hit me. This fantasy novel I'm working on has sparked my creativity so much, and believe it or not, the novel has been heavily inspired by THIS story.

I was so burnt out writing this I kept putting it off, but now that I'm letting the game run for maybe months at a time before an update, it's coming easier. I no longer feel constrained to update every few game days, and it's making it a lot more fun. Which means I can churn out updates faster, which means that I can keep you guys entertained. So everyone wins. Huzzahs, all around!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **April 07, 2010, 05:57:35 pm**

Excellent news!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Chaoseed** on **April 07, 2010, 06:37:06 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 07, 2010, 05:37:12 pm

Quote from: Jim Groovester on April 07, 2010, 05:23:20 pm

Awesome. I think I'm going to like where this is going.

I like these multiple update days!

I know I've said this so much you guys won't believe me, but The Muse really has hit me. This fantasy novel I'm working on has sparked my creativity so much, and believe it or not, the novel has been heavily inspired by THIS story.

Kickass!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 07, 2010, 09:21:45 pm**

The Events of the 14th of Hematite, 1071 - Part 1

The soldiers waited at the cross roads as the goblins made their march forward. Bolts flew their way, but Eita, and Wilber, and Neo dodged them easily, or deflected them with shields and armor. There was a scream behind them after a healthy thunk, and when Neo looked back, he saw that one stray bolt had slammed into one of the bulls milling about at the front of the fortress. There was another thump to the side, and they saw one of the sous-chefs on his back, a bolt sticking up from his chest. He was bleeding heavily, and foamy blood frothed at his lips. He didn't have long to live.





"Animals," he said, "If that bolt hadn't've been a miss, they would have shot it intentional. Evil little monsters..."
"Just prepare," Eita admonished. "Battle is upon us."

A bolt wizzed past Neo's head, and he ducked instinctively. It wasn't until a moment later that it came from the other direction. A hollow chuckle was heard, filtered and reverberated, and he knew Likot had shown up to do her part, and have her fun. The goblins were upon them, though a few sported bolts from their extremities.

They collided with the greenskins in a loud crash, armor sparking, weapons clashing. The Dwarves armor was soon dented, and though they had scraps and cuts, none were very wounded. They heard the hollow laughter again, and though it sent chills down their spine, they knew Likot was having her fun. She had bludgeoned a charging wrestler upside the head with her custom crossbow, and was having a grand time stomping him to death slowly with her jackboots.



There was a bellow from behind them, and the bulky form of Stravitch plodded past them, his mace raised high.

"DON'T COME NEAR DODIK'S" he roared. "THAT'S WORSE THAN ATTACKING MY CHAPEL!"

He smashed one goblin in the chest, and it soared across the wastes, only stopping when it collided into the packed sand wall below the fortress. It exploded into a million parts, blood mixing with the red sands. One goblin dead, he dropped down to the base, surging into the green bodies.



"Well, he's off," Eita said.
"It's for the best," Neo replied, "I'm often afraid when he runs out of dead goblins he'll grow bored and hit us with his mace."
"If he hits you hard enough it'll zap you with it's mustard yellow magic, you'll turn into a bumble bee," Wilber explained, "And then you can fly to the moon, and live with the bears in the craters."

Among the din of battle at the base of the whore's palace, Stravitch was covering himself in Goblin blood. Bodies surrounded him, and he grinned amidst the carnage.



Until he heard the little voice that is, giggling as she spoke.



"This Girl is pleased to see you, Master Fillwhips."

Lanni was wearing goblin skin. A full suit made of it, her body wearing loose armor. Blood streaked down her neck and shoulders, the loose mask of skin covering her burned face, her hair matted with sticky, thickening blood. She carried a pike in her hands, and she laughed hard as he gaped at her. "This girl found a lone goblin on patrol. He gave This Girl his skin, tra-la! He gave me his spear, and in his screams, he wished This Girl luck in her quest to see you dead."

"That would mean more to me," Stravitch said in a low growl, "If I recognized you at all."

The mouth, limp, contorted into a grotesque scowl. She brought the pike down lightening fast, and lunged forward, stabbing it into Stravitch's gut. It pierced his armor, and he grunted, a little squirt of blood spraying out around the head. Neo, atop the hill, let out a cry as he saw the terrifying captain take a stab.

"I'm coming!" he yelled, sliding down the hill, his sword raised on high. Before he could reach, though, Stravitch swung his mace. One hit shattered the steel haft of the spear in the middle, and he took a single step forward. Lanni stared up at him, her eyes full of hate, though they dimmed when his mace crashed down into her skull. Her head seemed to collapse into her body, caving in around the broad head of the weapon. She toppled to the ground, her little form crumpling lifelessly, seeming smaller now that she was unmoving.

"Are you alright?" Neo asked. "Do I need to get you to Dojango?"

Stravitch ripped out the spear, and yanked his armor off, leaving him sweaty and bare chested under the sun. With two fingers, he prodded the wound, digging them inside to the first knuckle. Neo, a hardened soldier, uncaring about most things, nearly vomited at the sight. Stravitch let out a deep laugh.

"Didn't even get through the fat."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 08, 2010, 11:23:26 am**

The events of the 20th of Hematite, 1071 - Part 2

Life had gone back to normal, as much so as it could in this fortress. The Dome was back under construction, and the haulers were busy throwing stone into the Magma Pit, doing their part in the ever present, ever useless attempt to clear clutter from their subterranean homes. The soldiers were raucous in the mess hall, celebrating their victory, though Stravitch drank alone, brooding into his mug of rum. They left him alone - something that was for the best. When fat, hairy little Erith the Pornographer tried to cheer him up with some drawings, he got knocked back into a statue for his trouble.

It's a shame that they hadn't been more alert.



The alarm was raised, but not before bolts were fired, thudding into civilians as they fled from the quarry. Soldiers, hearing the din, jumped from their seats, rushing to grab armor and weapons.

Hikan and Vatek were already there.



The goblins actually ground to a halt as Hikan strode forward. He felt the fool in his outfit, bright, form fitting leather armor, a black mask, and his trusty, collapsible iron spear at the ready. Vatek stood beside him, his healed form draped in his outfit of the trade - a trench coat and wide brimmed hat, and a plaster death mask from the cook that had been killed in the last attack. There was a bark of laughter from the Goblin commander, who pointed, and jeered in a heavily accented tongue.

"Check out the clowns, see them stand before us! Come, let's have our fun and laughter, and play in their blood!"

The commander was rewarded for his mockery by Hikan's spear. He slid it out a notch, and drove it upwards. The point entered at the hollow of the jaw, and didn't exit until it had pierced through the eye socket. Planting his foot on the goblins chest, Hikan grabbed the spear near the head and wrenched it fully through the goblins head. He toppled over. Spurting blood in great gouts.

The battle was over quite quickly, much to Hikan's disappointment. The Half Breeds, large in size and quick to anger, were no match for speed and Dwarven steel. He could see Vatek to the side, breaking knees with his mace, his plaster mask splattered with blood. Soon, the bowmen tried to break and run, but they were hunted down and slaughtered. No quarter for the wicked.

Breathing hard, Hikan placed his hands on his knees and leaned over to catch his breath. Vatek strode forward to look at him. "Hrrrk. Did well out there. Taught them something."
"They'll come back, you know," Hikan wheezed. "I'm getting too old for this."
"Always come back. Need to always teach them lessons. Evil can not remain in any form. Come. Need to leave before others arrive. Leave the wounded. Builds character to crawl back."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **April 08, 2010, 11:54:01 am**

Well, I hadn't expected her to die so soon...of course, I'm left wondering if she's actually dead.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 08, 2010, 01:53:08 pm**

The events of the 25th of Hematite, 1071

Her corpse was much heavier than he had expected, but it wasn't as if she was a real burden. Stravitch had lugged her down to Telamon's room and thunked the corpse of the little half-breed down upon his table. She seemed so small there in her goblin skin and mismatched armor, with her head caved in and missing. He watched her in silence for a long time, until the door opened, and Telamon, Archin, and Sgt. Pepper entered, crowding around the table.

"All this trouble, all this effort, and we don't even know who she was," Stravitch lamented.
"Yer drunk again ya' lumberin' ox," Johnny said, peeling the mask off his face. His beard was matted, and his face was sweaty, and he tossed the wielders mask across his room where it clattered on the stone floor. "We know e'sactly who she is."
"Your a liar Fountainsprings!"



"She's th'one that laid my father up ya' idiot, she coulda' nearly killed you, and you forget, after all these years?"
"I only forget what doesn't matter," Stravitch raged. "I'm glad her great plan of revenge against me for stopping her came to pass, aren't you? She certainly did her job well."

Archin shook her head, and Sgt. Pepper let out a disgusted noise. The beefy miner pointed towards the body, saying quietly. "There's a note pinned to her... skin. Why don't you stop arguing and read it."

Johnny yanked the note from under the goblin's green skin and unfolded it. His eyes narrowed as he scanned the words, and after a moment he read out loud.

"This Girl's pleased ya' 'killed' her. It'll ne'er end - a wizard blessed This Girl, a gran' wizard, in a bright red cape. He gave This Girl a potion, and it'll grant This Girl life once more, when th'stopper breaks... see ya' soon, friends ... she signed it with a heart in blood."

Stravitch rooted his hand around inside her shirt, and after a moment he pulled out a pair of long, thin vials made of a thick opaque glass. An amber colored liquid was inside them. He scoffed, giving them a little wiggle, the glass clinking together. "How cute, this would bring her back to life... want to dump it on her, and see?"

"Just toss it away," Sgt. Pepper rumbled. "Magic or not, it's folly. Just break them and let us leave, I have a meeting to attend."
"Listen ta th'corpse, chuck it."

With a shrug, Stravitch hurled them at the wall, the glasses shattering. The explosion that followed was deafening, and soon, he found himself retching and writhing as water filled his lungs.



As his head cleared, he could see the water flooding into the room from the hole blasted in the wall. There was a slam of a door, and the heavy thud of Archin smashing her body into it. The water was already up to their knees. She smashed her fists on the oak, bellowing, "Let us in, Johnny! LET US IN!"
"An' drown, no chance! Ah can dig m'way outa' here, I wish ya' the best of luck!"

Sgt. Pepper's great strength was no match against the raging ride, and he and Archin were pushed away from the exit door, towards the back room. Stravitch, splashing along, followed them.

"What are we going to do now?" he asked, panic, for the first time, beginning to rise in his gut.



"I'm going out," Sgt. Pepper bellowed. "I'm getting the door open. Ride the flow, don't inhale. Don't die."



Archin followed along behind him, kicking as hard as she could to follow in his wake. Eventually, with much fumbling, she managed to get to the door, and spilled through to the other side, damp, coughing. Sgt. Pepper hooked her under the arms and dragged her towards the stairs.

Stravitch had others plans in mind. He kicked as hard as he could, and when he reached Johnny's room. He gripped the door by the handle. Gritting his teeth, he planted his feet against the wall and gave a mighty yank. The hinges creaked, and groaned, and eventually snapped, the door bursting down. Stravitch was flung inside by the water pressure, colliding into the wall next to a screaming Johnny, who he grabbed around the throat.



"You left me to die!" he screamed.
"We're all gunna die!" Johnny gasped, "We - gotta' leave."
"I'm going to eat your eyes!"

Johnny kicked him in the stones. Stravitch, unprepared, dropped to his knees, his hands slackening. Johnny leapt into the stream, crawling along the walls, frantically trying to reach the stairs before he died in this cold, sunken tomb. He felt bad, but if it was between his life and anothers... he'd choose his any time.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 08, 2010, 09:30:03 pm**

The events of the 15th of Malachite, 1071

With a sharp gasp, a heavy, frantic intake of air, Stravitch sat up wide eyed. He clawed at his throat, his lungs burning, and it took a few seconds to realize he was hyperventilating on real, honest air. His vision was solid black but slowly it began to clear in throbbing, tunneling waves. He looked down at himself when he could, confused as to why he was dressed only in his shorts. A glance around showed he was indoors, inside a well lit, well decorated area. Inside the temple of Zefon.

"Excellent, Captain. You're awake, I was beginning to worry."

His head was pounding, but he recognized that voice. He growled, more to clear his throat than to exert dominance, and said in a hoarse whisper, "Kuli... what do you want, you filthy little heathen."

Kuli sighed, and walked over to where Stravitch sat on the floor. He hiked his robes of his order up, and slowly dropped down cross legged beside him. Stravitch could see, standing half shadowed beside a statue, Vash standing there, a short-sword held protectively at his side. It made Stravitch's heart warm to know that he was considered a threat wherever he went.

"You were drowning when I was heading to my sanctuary to pray. I saw you, sputtering and thrashing and black in the face, but the others were too scared to get near you. They were afraid and crowded a safe distance away. Some thought you were playing a joke and would knock them off the side of the cliff."

"That sounds like a very funny joke," Stravitch admitted. Kuli nodded, though he wasn't sure if it was in agreement or just to placate him.

"I had to leap the aqueduct to get to you, and it took most of my strength to pull you out and not get sucked under into... whatever that was you were in. There was a strong suction, it was horrendous. I must say, you're quite hefty.

"Vash and I drug you back here, and have been dripping honey water into your mouth to keep your body strong and sated. You've been in a coma nearly a month. I'm glad to see you've awoken, I was afraid that you wouldn't."

There was silence as Stravitch mulled this over. He stared at the floor for a long time, his mind working, still foggy from his long sleep. Eventually, he asked a question, a single word. "Why?"

"Because despite your harassment, your abuse, your... insanity. Despite you being a randy, filthy, raucous old goat, you're still one of the children of Zefon. That you do not believe in Her light does not stop Her from believing in you. The other Gods may exist, and they may accept your faith in them greedily and without mercy, but Zefon forsakes no one. She loves you, and she would not want one of her humble servants to stand by idly and watch you die, regardless of how you may have acted towards us. You've done much for this fortress, and you deserved better than that. I, for one, believe in you."

With a groan, Stravitch stood up on unsteady legs. He started to open his mouth, to say his thanks, they wouldn't come out. He tried again to say something insulting, something hurtful. That couldn't come out either. Frustrated, growing red in embarrassment and shame, he turned on his heel, and started towards the door to the temple. By the time he reached the exit, he was in a full run, trying to get out into the open air, away from the strange, oppressive, unfamiliar feelings that were threatening to overtake him.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Argonnek** on **April 09, 2010, 12:45:19 am**

I'd say that Stravitch might be having a bit of a change of heart... Except I doubt he has a heart to change.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Knick** on **April 09, 2010, 09:12:30 pm**

Knick cancels lurking: startled by developments

This Poster is squicked out by That Girl, tra la!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 10, 2010, 08:21:32 pm**

Quote from: Knick on April 09, 2010, 09:12:30 pm

Knick cancels lurking: startled by developments

This Poster is squicked out by That Girl, tra la!

I absolutely LOVE comments like this, because it's making me feel like I'm doing my job well <3

Quote from: Mephansteras on April 08, 2010, 11:54:01 am

Well, I hadn't expected her to die so soon...of course, I'm left wondering if she's actually dead.

For the record, I've been trying to kill Stravitch for a while. Not for any malicious reason, really, just because I'm curious if it can actually be done. I gave Lanni 60's in every skill she had, and 40's in every stat, and outside of bruising his upper body, he smashed her to death in a single hit. I bet he'd survive a magma bath, the indestructible monster.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **April 10, 2010, 08:37:51 pm**

Was the flood in Fountainsprings secret room also an attempt to kill Stravitch?

Either he really is indestructible or you're just not applying enough dwarven ingenuity to the problem.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 10, 2010, 09:26:05 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on April 10, 2010, 08:37:51 pm

Was the flood in Fountainsprings secret room also an attempt to kill Stravitch?

Either he really is indestructible or you're just not applying enough dwarven ingenuity to the problem.

It was partly an attempt to kill him (And Johnnny, Archin and Sgt. Pepper, to see if I could), and partly to further the story. Just because little Lanni Underriver is dead, doesn't mean she can't live on in a further annoying capacity.

I had Stravitch locked in that back room until the whole area was 7/7's, and without swimming skills he still managed to get out without dying. I was surprised, to say the least.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **April 10, 2010, 10:21:18 pm**

I'm hoping you'll be goodnatured enough to always leave his survival a possibility, if its too stacked against him i have a feeling he might come out of your computer and bludgeon you in your sleep...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 11, 2010, 10:45:49 pm**

Even as this posters character, I'm fully prepared to see Stravitch go, whenever that time comes, kicking and screaming and taking as many as he can with him on the way out! <3 Tra la!

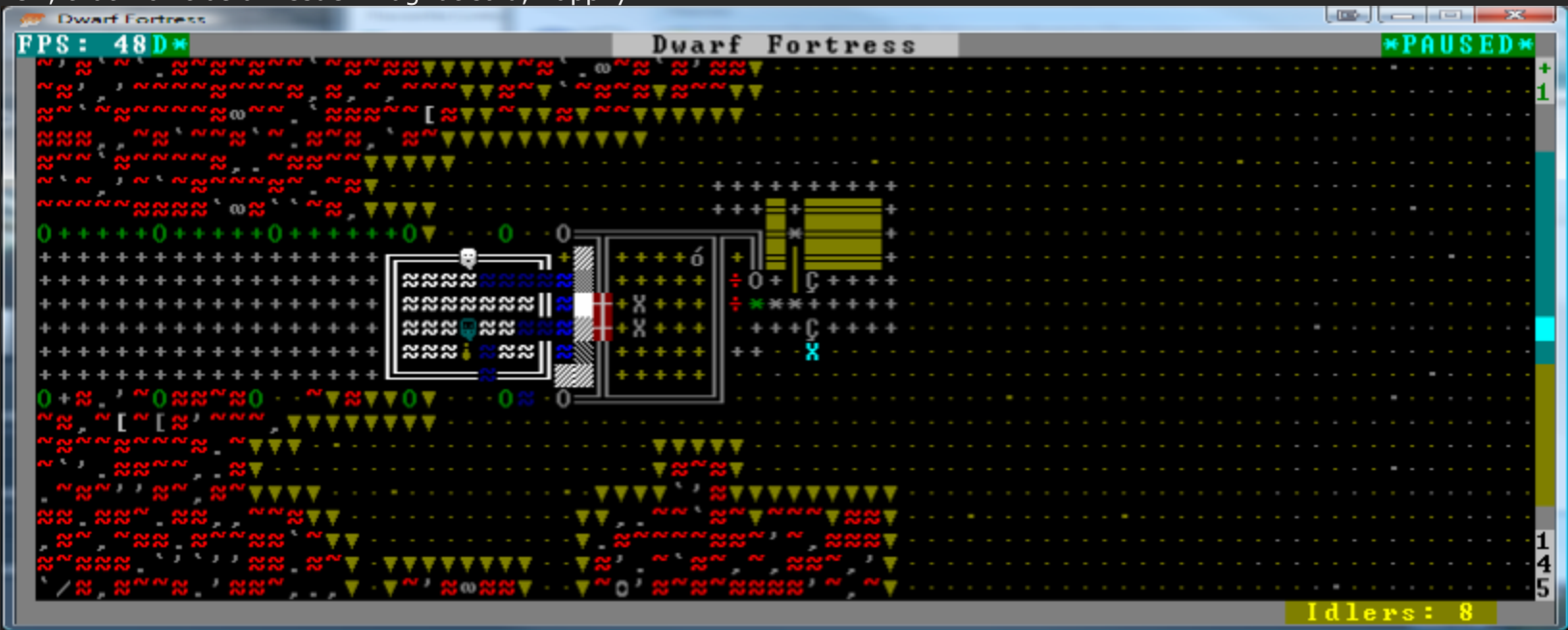
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 14, 2010, 10:50:32 am**

The events of the 1st of Limestone, 1071

"This is your last chance, you know," Rinsessilver said. Though her voice was even, her eyes were full of menace. Quote and Lugnut both stiffed a little at her threatening nature, but they were unperturbed. The plans, they both agreed, were quite sound.

"Where is Madam Dodik?" Quote asked. "I was hoping she would be here to see this."
"Her business is of no concern to you," Rinsessilver snapped. "I financed this failure of a project, and I'd like to see it running, just once, without failure."

"Oh, that won't be an issue!" Lugnut said, happily.



"As you can see, we created a second reservoir, specifically to house the waterwheels. They act as a buffer, so to speak; The water inside is drained by the first pump, and when that has reached a low enough level, the waterwheels stop turning and the pumps stop working until the reservoir has been filled again."
"What if the reservoir becomes empty?"
"We just release more water with the flood gate, and quickly close it. It's completely renewable, and will not flood."

Rinsesilver lifted one foot, the boot sopping wet. She looked down at it, her mouth tightening into a thin line. Quote just shrugged.

"We had to run some tests before we finished. Testing is quite important, very important indeed. This will evaporate soon, don't worry. MOOKIE! THE SWITCH, PLEASE?"

From inside, they could hear the little whore shout something back. It didn't matter what, really, that wasn't important. The grating of gears, however, was, and soon the creaking of wheels and steel as they began to slowly rotate. It wasn't long before water droplets rained down on Rinsesilver, a pleasing mist pluming out around the bridge. The Fishery Leader had to smile.

"If it stays working like this, I won't have your knees broken!"

Quote and Lugnut laughed, though it died out as Rinsesilver just turned and walked back inside.

OOC: Looks like I spoke too soon :D

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 14, 2010, 12:47:53 pm**

[Back to the drawing board!](#)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 14, 2010, 02:39:57 pm**

The events of the 18th of Limestone, 1071

Istrath - General Jeweler - was out on patrol. It was during the day, yes, but he was on the edges of their border and though he was still training in the fighting arts, he could run fast and alert the rest of his group to any sort of threat among the fortress population. What Istrath wasn't prepared for, was the sudden materialization of Goblins all around him.



He gaped at the green forms that seemed to bloom from the sand itself. With his adrenaline running, his senses were heightened, and he could see that a black tar was spread along their large, muscular forms, used to hold the thick clumps of red sand to them. For all purposes, they WERE a part of the desert. Their weapons, though, were plain, and their iron weapons reflected the light.

Taking a deep breath, Istrath closed his eyes and pulled his fist back. He swung forward with a mighty swing and slammed it into the Goblin's chest. He felt the impact all the way up to his elbow and was thankful that Hikan had taught him to throw a punch. When he opened his eyes, and craned his head back however, he felt his heart drop. He turned to run, but his feet were quickly tangled in his long, jewel encrusted cape and he stumbled a step to the side. The pain came quickly after.



He fell to the sands, gasping from the pain. It melted away though, as his blood leaked out. The sun seemed unnaturally bright, blinding in it's brilliance, and he stared up without thought. The sun was blocked out by large silhouettes, and though he could hear them speaking, the words came to him through a fog. He was unable to understand them. These thoughts were ended abruptly, with the heel of a boot.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 15, 2010, 10:55:29 am**

Szondi's Journal, 3rd of Sandstone, 1071

Goblins are coming in droves. Hate being proved right, but Maudlin doesn't listen. No one does, not to voice of reason. Tell them the flood has come they stay where they are, act surprised when they and their homes are destroyed by millions of gallons of water.

Goblin snatchers try to steal our children. Military chases them, too fat and lazy to actually catch them. Get away, unpunished, unrepentant, to laugh to their masters. Goblin thieves have arrived with caravan. Fat merchants unaware their goods are stolen, by greenskins, by fishery workers with stolen money, by Aryn.

A child died in the sands today. Went to pick up a fallen bolt, to help the fortress. Goblin Thief murdered him for his shoes. Left him bleeding in the sands, alone. Istrath went the same way. Without help, without mercy. Just another stain in sands. His blood feeds beetles and evil... worthless, completely worthless.

This fortress needs an iron hand to take it back. These scum deserve what they get. The goblins, the rulers. None should be safe from the retribution of their actions.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Kuli** on **April 16, 2010, 06:20:11 pm**

Aww, not Istrath!

Glad I checked this thread for the first time in months since there were a bunch of updates. This is still the best community fort, Heavy Flak.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 17, 2010, 06:05:46 pm**

Quote from: Kuli on April 16, 2010, 06:20:11 pm

Aww, not Istrath!
Glad I checked this thread for the first time in months since there were a bunch of updates. This is still the best community fort, Heavy Flak.

I tried to get the military to him, but they didn't make it in time. I didn't want Istrath to die... but I'm letting nature take it's course, as it were.

Also, I'm really thankful for the praise, contribution, and commitment of my readers, new and old. You guys are great, and keep me going <3

The events of the 19th of Timber, 1071

Tanner Stablances plodded down the long, thin hallway, his face drawn. Well, wasn't this just a fine mess? He had been partying with all the children in the mess hall, his obsolete job leaving him with ample free time. All of a sudden, he was yanked out of the hall, and a very anger Archin shoved a pick in his hand, telling him he was needed - immediately - to do a job.

It didn't even occur to him until he was down there that he *wasn't* a miner. Most likely they had all been put on masonry duty in the quarry and they needed a dwarf - any dwarf - who could just swing a pick for a little while. He supposed that was alright, he could use the money to buy a better meal, maybe even one of Dojango's exemplary cat roasts. That would be nice. Very nice.

He was sweating already as he trudged up the ramps, and he mopped at his brow with the sleeve of his shirt. Was it always this hot underground? Maybe so deep at the quarry, that was possible. The fortress itself was always nice and cool, a constant breeze sucked underground, turning the forbidding desert into an underground utopia. At least in temperature. But here, it felt as hot as the sun, damn it all.

He admired the beautiful carvings on the wall, and the not so beautiful carvings - the ones from Erith the Pornographer. Though, those were nice in their own way... perhaps he'd come down here again in the future. It wasn't all that bad, really, outside of the heat. He saw the wall he needed to bang into a ramp, right before him -



It only took three swings, however, before he saw trickles of red running out of the wall. The tip of his pick was smoking, and he watched, confused, as the bronze melted and dripped onto the floor.

"Oh. Oh no..."

The stone crumbled away, and a wall of magma bubbled and oozed down at him. Stablances turned on his heel, and screaming, he ran back down the hallway, feeling the heat on his back. He understood now why Archin had given him this task. He preferred unemployment so much more.

So I lied to you all, dear readers.

I've been playing DF2010, because I just can't help myself, and I've been talking to Xofrevilis about it. No, wait, don't lynch me, I still plan the next fortress to be a complete and total disaster of fire and death! I've just been doing adventure mode!

But that leads me to a question. I'm scared to ask in other parts of the forum since everyone is being all weird these days and there are a ton of threads, and maybe one of you can answer this spoiler-ish question for me.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
I've generated a world with like, 200 titans, and 200 demons, and a bunch of civilizations. None of the forgotten beasts died, and many of the weird demons like At, the gaunt Lllama Demon with poison spit, with his ribs outside his body, are now leaders of civilizations.

But with that in mind, if you start a fort, do you only get ONE of those weird forgotten beasts? Do you even get wandering megabeasts anymore? Or do they all slowly, and randomly, come towards your fort so you get more than one at a time?

Oh, you definitely get to fight them.

If by fight you mean "get everyone brutally murdered *by* them".

The events of the 22nd of Timber, 1071

"Boss," Hikan asked. He was surprised by just how gentle his voice was, despite the anger that had been roiling inside him for weeks. "Boss, hey, hey!" He reached a hand out, and gave Aryn a loud, but gentle, slap on the cheek.

Aryn had been leaning over his desk, with his head in his hands. His beard, blond and patchy from the start, looked as if it was shedding. Great chunks had fallen out, and with his thinning combed over hair, he looked as if he had mange. At the slap, he snorted, and jerked backwards, his eyes wide as he stared unseeing at Hikan. Slowly the pupils focused, and he scowled. "What do you want, Guardsman."

Hikan's mouth formed a fine, tight line. He did his best to keep his anger in check. Slowly he reached inside his trench coat and pulled free his flask, taking a long pull of water. When he had composed himself, he continued on, "You're getting out of hand, Aryn. You haven't done anything but drink and sulk for months... we..." he paused, "I need some guidance here, man. Some guidance. The Duke is running roughshod and Archin is having her hands full just fixing anything he breaks. Since his wife and kid killed themselves in the lake he's just gotten worse."
"What of my project," Aryn rasped.
"I don't know! Quote and Roar oak won't talk to me about it, they said something... Genius can not be rushed. Well, Quote didn't say it.

He tried but looked embarrassed, but that ginger freak Roaroak said it and almost got himself a one-way flight into the quarry for having a smug face."
"Come and get me when the domes are done."

"Boss... come on, please. You're better than this."
"Better than this," Aryn scoffed, "I have a town full of idiots. I have thieves taking advantage of corrupt nobles, murdered blowing up buildings, terrorists sewing fear among the population. I'm untrusted by most, disliked by all but you, and for the simple - the SIMPLE! - attempt to help spare our lives from the very things these Dwarves are bringing upon themselves. Look at what their free will has gotten them? Just LOOK **AT IT!**" he shrieked. He grasped for his exquisitely carved mug, and in three swallows, finished the warm beer that was inside of it.

"Imagine, if you will, that you knew what was wrong, what was causing a war. You knew how to fix it. You could STOP things, if only those in charge would listen to you. Instead, they don't, and thousands die... whole towns are destroyed. If only someone had listened to your wisdom, it could have been prevented, but racial prejudice and stupid pride allowed the slaughter to continue. Can you imagine that, Hikan?"

Hikan stared mutely at his leader, who pressed on, unconcerned with his answer. "What's even worse than that, is taking Dwarves who wanted to get away from leaders who felt that way, from societies that refused to change. And though a harsh-hand was taken to keep them in line, things continued to flourish... until the ignorant took control. The impure, those who could not see the light of peace and safety. I'm beset on all sides by Dwarves who are given the choice to do something good with their lives, but inside they follow the status quo and continue on blithely ignoring the disaster falling around them. They do this because they are told to, by Merkil. By Archin. By the Duke. By Mookie and her pet goon Rinsesilver. By that terrorist Telamon. By Kuli, and by Rice, and by Likot and her corpses. They listen to everyone but me, the only one who is actively trying to make their lives better.... Hikan, a man may choose. A slave, obeys."

Before Hikan could answer, the door was thrown open. A pale faced Rice burst in, followed behind by Valania. Though her face was hidden, her gait betrayed her anger.

"We almost had a disaster, Aryn," Rice started. "There was a magma breach, when we were flooding down to one of the pods for the blacksmiths. We almost flooded the entire level of workshops, if we hadn't managed to throw up some hasty walls and block it. As it is... we're losing magma pressure."
"*He lies, sir,*" Valania said in her hollow voice, "*we had a disaster. Many, many of my masterworks have been melted clean off of the stone. So many! SO many fantastic pictures of Rice, assuming command...*" her voice trailed off with a sigh, leaving Rice staring at her in horrified embarrassment.

"Do you see, Hikan? We have those who can not follow simple orders, and we have abject pride. Worthlessness, surrounding me... everyone get out. OUT! I don't care about any of these simple little problems. Tell me when the domes are complete. Until we have the safety of seclusion, our lives are forfeit by the inadequacy of others."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 21, 2010, 04:59:44 pm**

The events of the 1st of Moonstone, 1071

Jools and Luke slowly made their way into the barracks. Jools's arm was still in a sling, though Dojango had tested it and found the bone had knit back together and he was only suffering from atrophy. Luke wore a knee brace, and had learned he would need it for the rest of his life, his gait most likely kept off by the broken knee, but neither complained. They were out of bed for the first time in years. And though they were tired, weak, emaciated, and thirsty for booze, they were both happy, chatting amiable with one another.

Neither expected the standing ovation they received upon entering the barracks. All of the squads were lined up, including Sgt. Pepper and Likot who hovered near the back. Crispen ran forward, embracing her husband in a back-cracking hug, nearly weeping at the sight of seeing him out of bed. Jools had to fight off a sobbing Wilber who was doing his best to hug him.

Major Merkil took a few steps forward, and cleared his throat. "I'm glad to see you're both finally healed. We all are. As our ranks swell, as we continue to train, we grow ever more unstoppable as a protector. You have until tomorrow to be on rest, after that? It's back to training. I'm sure you're both quite rusty."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **April 21, 2010, 06:31:30 pm**

The journal of Hikan Riddlewire, entry for 22nd Timber, 1071.

Aryn is infuriating.

I've seen the lengths he's gone to to get things done. He held the city together when it was an outpost against an army of dead camels by sheer force of will. He ordered the death of the queen. He had this city defended from certain doom at the hands or tentacles or whatever of a demonic god.

And now he can't handle a miserable noble and a couple of terrorists. Absolutely pathetic.

The Aryn I *knew* wouldn't be skulking in his office all day long, drinking till he passes out. He'd be out in the fortress acquiring favors and intimidating his opponents, using blackmail and any number of other sordid tactics to get that single most important thing: power. But no. He just waits for the domes to be built. The depths he's sunk to.

In the meantime, somebody has to do something. I don't have Aryn's gift for persuasion, and I don't have the respect he has. Or used to have. So my attempts to get things moving in the fortress have been met with tepid resistance that I can't easily overcome. The depths *I've* sunk to while Aryn waits for his stupid glass domes to be built.

Istrath has been on my mind a lot lately. I gave the poor guy so much crap while he was alive. I feel guilty about the whole thing, but I was right about him. I don't know what happened, but I have a feeling that Istrath was stupid enough to try and take on those goblins, unarmed and unarmored. He's not Stravitch or Sulari or Merkil or Vatek or any other of the soldiers, and he paid the price for his foolishness.

At the very least, he's with his son now, for whatever solace that gives him.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 23, 2010, 10:31:27 am**

The Events of the 18th of Moonstone, 1071

"DAMN IT!" Eita bellowed, "Filthy Greenskin Ambush!"

Neo drew his sword as the sands around them seemed to explode upwards. Goblins materialized from seemingly thin air. The Dwarves that Neo and Eita had been guarding, the ones constructing some elaborate and unneeded pump system by the brook, fled in abject terror. Eita, acting on instinct alone, took a swing and sliced deep into the muscle of a goblin wrestler. He grunted with pain and took a step backwards.

A burst of blood covered her armor, as Neo's sword jutted out from the goblins chest. She gave a nod of appreciation, and turned to block a hammer swing. The blow stunned her, but she recovered quick, slashing the goblin in the face. He spun and dropped, clutching

at the gaping wound.

"What... is THAT?" Neo asked, startled.
"What? Oh... my."

Aryn had been at the brook, staring down into the water forelorn. As Eita and Neo cut through the goblins to get to him, one of the wrestlers charged him, knocked them both into the dirt. Aryn, with a roar of rage, grabbed the goblin around the neck, starting to squeeze.



The Goblin, surprised at first, Reached up and began pounding on Aryn's arm. A meaty fist collided with his shoulder, and Aryn grunted in pain, but did not release the chokehold, instead wrenching back on the goblins neck. Jumping over a prone Goblin, Eita made a might swing and cleaved his right arm at the shoulder. The goblin screamed in pain, soaking Aryn's purple robes in in a spray of red blood. Aryn let go to stumble back, and with his shot free, Neo swung, lopping off his left arm. The goblin, shrieking spun in a circle, blood shooting out of his missing arms like a lawn sprinkler, spraying down the sands in a circle around him. With a mighty swing, Neo sent him flying across the clearing. He hit the ground and skidded to a halt in a small trench of sand. His blood flow ebbed, and finally oozed out, dead from blood loss.

Aryn nursed his arm, but other than that, seemed unharmed. Eita cautiously approached him, and said softly, "Are you alright, sir?"
"Fine," He growled. "Absolutely fine."
"You shouldn't have done that," Neo added.
"You know... you know what? It is time to take things into my own control... fuck the nobles. There, I said it! FUCK THEM! I'm going to deal with this Duke problem right now, I'm taking this place under my own control. They attack me during simple reflection? They have the audacity to sneak up on us, like pedophiles in the shadows? That is IT!" Screaming, he bolted for the ramp, using the aquaducts as a means back to the fortress.

"I don't think I like where this is going," Neo said.
Eita sighed, and sheathed her weapon. "Let's just stay out of his way for a while... I have a feeling he's going to be giving some people a magma bath..."

A scream in the distance drew their attention. Neo looked at his commanding officer with concern. "It couldn't be..."
"More of the Greenskins," she whispered. "The citizens aren't safe. Hurry! With speed - my Zefon shine her light upon us, and get us there in time."



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **April 23, 2010, 11:46:54 am**

Hmm, it'll be Interesting to see what Aryn does now that he has motivation again.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 23, 2010, 11:53:11 am**

The events of the 21st of Moonstone, 1071

Vatek stood over the piles of crumpled goblin bodies. His mace dripped with gore, flesh and mashed entrails clung to the spikes on the broad, octagonal head. He was breathing hard, but he was pleased that he was able to protect the fortress in such a commanding manner; it made living the life of a soldier worth while.

What he was not pleased about was the needless death of a miner. A simple Dwarf, off to do his assigned duty, who had been felled by monsters from the wastes. It was just sad. It looked as if the miner suffered greatly, his bones broken, his head and body trampled. Vatek sighed, and made a small sign of Neth Okin Shagog across his chest. Perhaps this was the balance - the death of goblins, the death of miners. Balance, maybe, but fairness, no.

Eita and Neo ran up the hill, panting for breath. They saw the goblins in the sand and visably relaxed. "Good work, Vatek," Neo said.
"Good work indeed."
"One got away," he replied. "No doubt to report more of our numbers to their standing armies."
"Don't be so sour," Eita said. "You did a great service."

Vatek shrugged. "Yes, I suppose. I should head back to the fortress. I need food, and a drink. Come on, we'll have a nice chat in the mess hall. You know that dining room always makes me feel better?"
"It is pretty bitchin'," Neo agreed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **April 23, 2010, 11:59:36 am**

Nice!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **TheMirth** on **April 23, 2010, 12:00:24 pm**

I love that this fort is still going and as messed up as ever. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **April 27, 2010, 10:55:32 am**

Diary of Maggarg
Hah, 26 days! I haven't had a sentence that short since, oh, must've been when I was just starting out, probably in '20. Yeah, with Grubs Abbeymenace and No-Fingers Fingergone.
Anyways, still hiding and still no progress on a revenge plan.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 27, 2010, 05:28:43 pm**

The events of the 10th of Opal, 1071

"Wow, Cokho!" Jotwebe exclaimed excitedly, "You look really strong these days!"

The old man paused from hauling the massive chunk of rock. He set it on the ground and looked down at himself. He didn't see himself as different; he was still stooped and dour. Slowly he forced himself to straighten up. His back popped in rapid succession, and as he stretched, the buttons on his tunic strained, and popped. He seemed surprised by this, by powerful muscles on display. Lifting his arms, he flexed, the material straining at the seams as powerful biceps flexed.

"I... I feel strong!" the old hauler said with surprise, "Like ... Like I could punch through a wall!"
"What have you been doing?" Jotwebe asked.
"Just the same. My lot in life," Cokho bent back to his stooped position, and picked up his rock. "Hauling and dumping. Though, I was grabbed by some little git, given some heavy green glass, and told to go install it in those absurd houses."
"You're a mason now!" Jotwebe gasped. "You've been promoted!"

Cokho thought about this for a long time. Eventually, he gave a shake of his head, and continued on, "Nope. Just a hauler, friend. Just a hauler."

Quote and Howard Roaroak stood at the top of the ridge. They stared in silence down at the quarry, watching the little dots of Dwarve's move at a brisk pace. They looked like ants scurrying about, and at this great distance, they seemed to be moving faster than normal. Quote fidgeted as he stood there, glancing occasionally at his mentor. Roaroak stood rigidly still, his hands clasped behind his back. Eventually, quietly, he spoke, the tiniest bit of excitement creeping unintentionally into his voice.

"You did well, Quote. Very well."
"You think so, sir?" The apprentice architect asked.
"Yes, indeed. The dome-drafts are exceptional. Perfect, utterly perfect... of course, the interior needs to be finished fully, but that is not for us to decide. You have an eye for the future. You see reason, you see where we, as a race, are going. No longer will we be trapped by the uselessness of the Old, and the Ancient. These Fortresses we live in, their walls cold, hidden from the sun, their glory only captured in crude carvings upon the walls...
"No, you have vision. And your pen upon the plans has perfectly captured it. Have you informed Aryn that the sub-domes are done, and ready to be furnished while we finish the main is constructed?"

"I have not," Quote admitted. "He wasn't in his office. I saw him dragging a bag down the stairs a little earlier... were they always made out of cinnabar? They're quite red now."

Roaroak was quiet for a moment. "Has the magma filled in the lower layer of the smelting dome?"
"It has, it's funneled in completely."
"Have you seen the Duke recently?"
"I have not."

Roaroak's mouth twitched up in the briefest of smiles. "I'm sure Aryn was just going to inspect the work himself. Leave him to it, I recommend."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **April 28, 2010, 07:33:41 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 27, 2010, 05:28:43 pm

The events of the 10th of Opal, 1071

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"Have you seen the Duke recently?"
"I have not."

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Dun-Dun-DUUUNN!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Keldor** on **April 29, 2010, 04:34:30 am**

Hmm... I couldn't help but notice that Aryn's proficient at all social skills, except for comedian, which he is merely competent at. <.<

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 29, 2010, 12:41:20 pm**

He's just not a funny guy! You can't force comedy.

I mean, you know what the key to a good joke is, right?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **Chaoseed** on **April 29, 2010, 06:31:12 pm**

So this guy goes to prison. At dinner time he's eating in the cafeteria with all the other inmates...and suddenly a guy stands up and yells "Number eight!".

Everyone breaks out laughing, slapping their knees, the whole bit. Then it quiets down again.

The new guy is confused, but decides not to say anything about it. But then another guy stands up and says "Number twelve!".

Once again all the inmates roar with laughter and pound the tables. Then they get quiet.

So the new guy finally turns to the guy next to him and says, "Hey, what's with the people saying numbers?".

"Oh, you're the new guy," the second guy says. "Well, it's like this. Most of us have been stuck here for a while. Years, in fact. We've all told each other all the jokes we know, so many times that we all have them all memorized. So to save time we just give them numbers."

The new guy thinks about this for a while. It takes a while to wrap his head around it. But finally he decides he's going to try it himself.

He stands up and yells "Number seven!".

SILENCE.

After a couple of seconds he gets really embarrassed and sits down again. In a few moments the conversation picks up once again.

The new guy turns to the guy he was just talking to and says, "What the hell happened?".

The other guy shrugs and says, "I guess some people just can't tell a joke."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 02, 2010, 09:58:05 am**

...Timing!!

Edit: I had a dream last night that I was playing Dwarf Fortress, and while playing it, I made a huge change and screwed up all the water-pumps and drainage in the fortress. Even my subconscious is mocking me for how terrible I am at engineering. I'm just going to stick with typing words so they come out all pretty and shit :(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 02, 2010, 07:15:24 pm**

The events of the 1st of Obsidian, 1071

The unused storeroom stank of dampness, of mold, and the chalky bitterness of stone cut long ago. Merkil sat on a small stool, resting his elbows on his knees. Maggarg, and Adol sat on stone blocks beside him. Adol looked worried, but Maggarg seemed positively terrified. His eyes were in constant motion, watching the shadows, and at any small sound he seemed to jump.

"Why are we here again, Major?" Adol asked.
 "Because we have a favor to pay back."
 "I'm not going back into the cells," Maggarg said, his voice flat from fear. "I'll take out this whole fort before I go back in the cells."
 "You're not going back in..." Adol said, trying to soothe him. "Trust me. Those that saw it, just don't care, and the Hammerer was such a power-fiend, no one is sad he's gone."

"That's not entirely true, Maggarg. Some of us cared."

Likot seemed to melt out from the shadows. Her dark cloak, and dulled metal mask sloughed off the blackness, though not enough to keep her shape more than a hazy form. She moved in and out of the blackness, her slow, silent stride keeping her appearances startling.

"I cared very much. I risked much to help you escape, and now, I'm asking for that payment."

Maggarg turned his gaze back to Merkil. The Major, for once, didn't try to placate the soldier. Instead he gave a single nod, and lowered his head. Since it was his life that had caused this event, Maggarg slowly stood from the rock. He rested his hand on the hilt of his sword, and squaring his jaw, said in a deep, commanding voice, "And what do you wish of us, Corpse? Well?"

Likot laughed, the dull sound ringing hollow around them. *"You're so quick to judge,"* she said. *"When have I ever hurt you? Well... besides that time when the Star God had our minds. But no, There is this... group of misfits in the fortress. Costume wearing vigilantes. When others sleep, they are out playing, clashing with the Fishers, killing off the Camels... I don't sleep, and I watch them from the towers. Such life. I ask that we four join them - perhaps not in costume, such silly attire, but in deed."*

Maggarg gaped at her. His mouth opened and closed, but he was unable to form the words. Adol, however, wasn't hindered by such a surprise.

"Why would you want us to do this?" He asked. "Really, this sounds... remarkable, and illegal by the laws of the fortress, yet you want us to help patrol outside the boundaries of legality? Why?"
"Do you see me as a monster? I'm dead, not evil. Have you died, meatsack? It's horrendous. Given my choices, I would gladly skulk at night protecting our ventures, then sitting in my room waiting for the chilly grip of nothing grasp for my soul. I wish us to help to make this fortress safe - and to make MY second life safe. That it helps others, and you three, is just a... a little bonus."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **Chaoseed** on **May 02, 2010, 09:38:03 pm**

Awesome.

Did I mention that I've always liked the corpses? They're creepy and interesting.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
 Post by: **CrackFile** on **May 03, 2010, 04:43:46 am**

Likot has always been a favourite of mine, even before her death and reanimation. I can't wait to see what becomes of this latest development.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 03, 2010, 12:15:21 pm**

This is completely off topic, but I'm practically vibrating with pent up joy and anxiety, so I have to regurgitate it *everywhere*.

I took a lot of time off from trying to sell my first book when I quit my old job and moved back to Kentucky. Dealing with everything here, and trying to get back to writing, and looking for work just sapped me of energy, and I was feeling a little burnt out, all truth be told.

A few weeks ago I started heavily promoting myself to agents and publishers; I've gotten a few rejections but that was only 20% of the total I sent out. Today, I received my first ever request from an agent to see the full manuscript. I feel like fainting, or shooting at the lake, or punching out a hawk! This doesn't mean I'm published, or even represented, not by a long-shot, but it DOES mean that when sent to the right people with the right tastes, I'm considered readable and potentially marketable.

What does this mean for you all? This means SO LONG, SUCKERS! I'm going to get paid to write now! HA HA HA! BYE!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
It doesn't mean that at all. But it does mean you get to hear me gush and whine whenever something happens, so prepare for that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **May 03, 2010, 12:17:53 pm**

Awesome! Good luck, HF!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Chaoseed** on **May 03, 2010, 07:13:12 pm**

:D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Quote** on **May 04, 2010, 01:32:25 am**

Journal of "Quote" Walledbrands

I am afraid, afraid for what our leaders do to keep themselves there.

Roaroak had asked me a peculiar set of questions involving Aryn, magma, and a missing Duke. I wondered why he would say such things, I stared into the Quarry, slowly piecing together what had happened. I glanced over at the Master and on his face was the tiniest hint of a smile, and as soon as I saw his face I knew. I knew what Aryn had done, and he did all to keep himself in power.

If ever offered the chance, I would kill them.

Oh well, back to work, goddamn waterfall keeps acting up no matter what we try it never works. It's like some sort of "person" just can't wrap his head around engineering.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **May 04, 2010, 09:08:41 am**

Gratz Heavy matey!

Totally deserved :-)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 04, 2010, 05:52:30 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1072

I feel born anew. Like the phoenix of legend, my beautiful plume spread wide, my wings spread, as I rise from the ash heap. It is because of Hikan's pressure that I do this. It is because of the Duke and his terrible attempts to control me that I do this. It is because of the progress on my greatest works that I do this. It is because of the Dwarves that I lead, both from behind the curtain and in the open, because I wish to give them safety from the world, safety from it's evils...

Telamon has been silent for months. There is talk that he drowned. There is talk that he has left, unable to spread his message of terrorism within the fortress proper. Good riddance. If I had found the cur, I would have strangled him myself. I would have eaten his eyes, and bitten off his lips, his ears, and held his still beating heart in my hand. I would have cut open his chest, and reached inside, and felt his heart beating, and slowly squeezed it until it burst.

But alas, he has left us, either by foot or shuffled from this mortal coil. It is for the best. What is not, is the deaths in the fortress. We've had half a dozen, perhaps more. From camels, and goblins. Our numbers are dwindling; we're down to only a hundred ten. Our food supply flourishes - Dojango's excellent roasts number in the six thousands. Our booze has lowered to two hundred and so. Troubling. Very troubling.

A current blueprint (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-8696-oceanbled-oceanbled>) of the fortress, something I am more proud of every day..

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Quote** on **May 05, 2010, 12:40:58 am**

Quickly scribed notes of "Quote" Walledbrand

That damned waterfall finally started to work for me and Lugnut, albeit with some incidents, but working nevertheless. Me, the engineering team, and some masons are all getting treated to free drinks at Dodiks.

I think I'm finding my place in this fort, finally.

Oh, and so I don't forget: Talk to Hikan about mysterious figures I've been seeing late at night.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **May 05, 2010, 05:01:18 pm**

Aryn has his sense of purpose back. I'm glad.

That means I'm going to get a lot of work very soon. And I *love* my job.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 05, 2010, 05:10:22 pm**

The events of the 16th of Granite, 1072

Even though they had been trading for over twenty years, the Elven merchants never seemed to fully acclimate to the heat of the horrid red desert. Their light clothing of cloth and silks stuck to their frames, dripping with sweat. Their long ears drooped, their eyes half lidded; their moods killed. The only saving grace was Aryn, meeting them at the gates with open arms, a small squad of recruited dwarves barring chilled barrels of wine to refresh them.

The goblins skulked in the sands as well. They were much better acclimated to the heat, and the enjoyment of stalking their prey through the sands made it all the more fun. They weren't prepared, however, to be rooted out of the brush by a group of dwarves.

"Hnnnk, look. Murderers, skulking in sands," Szondi commented, deadpan.
"Not for long," Maudlin added, the heavy *thock* of his spear sounding as he clicked it into place. "What we have here, is walking meat, too dumb to know it's already dead."

The leader of the squad pulled his lips back, baring filed-sharp teeth in a hideous grin. He gripped the handle of his mace tighter and took a step forward. Maudlin was splattered with a spray of blood, the surprise making him jump just a tad as the warm liquid soaked his face and shirt. The goblin hadn't even time to look in pain, or surprised. It's eyes rolled back in it's head, a bolt jutting out from the center of it's forehead, buried in nearly to the back of the shaft.

Pandamonium followed, and the battle was both pitched and quick. Szondi sliced off a goblins hand before it was killed, but Maudlin just stood back, his arms crossed over his chest, watching with boredom.

A foursome stood, outlined by the dust and blood hanging in the air. As it started to settle, and their forms became visible, Szondi scoffed, the noise heard deep in his throat. "Hnnk, little soldiers. Close to bedtime? Go back in. Guard the wagons."

Merkil took a single step forward. He reached up to remove the large Churchill cigar from the corner of his mouth. He smirked, the look completely unnatural, and with a tap of his finger he ashed into the sand. "We just thought you boys might... need a little help."

"A little help indeed," Adol said, his voice filled with resignation. "You plan, and you plan, and you plan, and what happens? It's because of me that we get out here, after *my* work."
"Stop complaining," Maggarg snapped, the stolen chains decorating his neck clanked together, the small gilded animal skulls rattling as they touched. "At least we got out 'ere, and found these freaks."
"But it's because of what we talked about that got us here! You know, I do love it when a plan comes together," Merkil said with a shrug.

Maudlin lifted his hands, and pressed them to the sides of his suddenly-throbbing head. "Just what is *wrong* with you all? Get out of here! I'm not too proud to whip a few sissy soldiers up and down this desert if they've come out here to taunt me for doing my *job*."
"Ha! Step down, mortal. Be pleased to see us, we're from the Military. We're here to help."

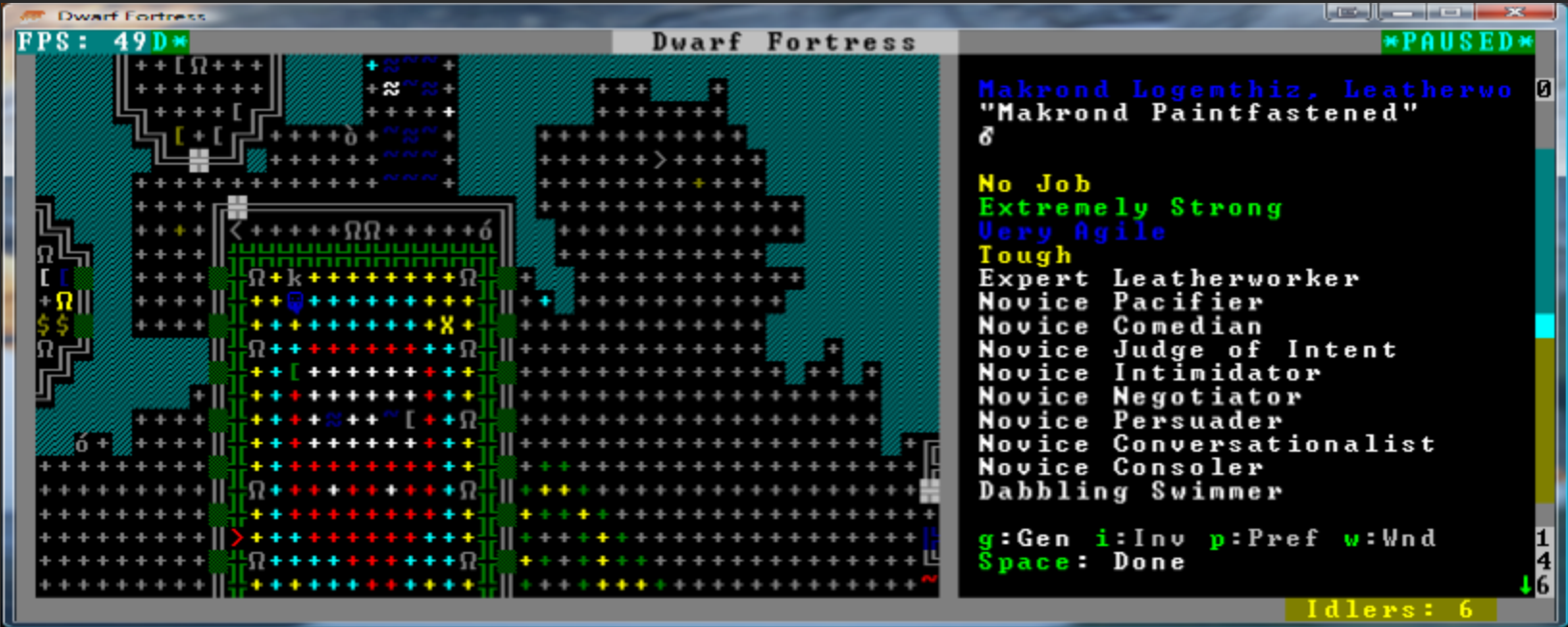
Maudlin just shook his head. "If you think we need, or want your help..."
"I think," Merkil said slowly, taking a long pull on his cigar, "that with the way things are going, we're going to need all the help we can get. No suck it up, soldier, we're going to be watching your back."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 06, 2010, 10:33:58 pm**

The events of the 24th of Granite, 1072

Makrond, dressed in his Vigilante getup, stalked through the court yard at night. He wasn't much for fighting; the accident prone dwarf had proven over and over that sharp instruments, and even fighting in itself, was beyond his grasp. Instead, Makrond assisted his group in other ways - he created custom leather armor, lining it with small steel plates and studs. He also created cloaks, and costumes, sewing and stitching and dying the leather so that it might conceal their identities from the powers in the fortress, be they nobles, or thieves, or gangsters, or simple fools.

He saw movement across the lake, and as quietly as possible, Makrond darted after it. He slipped inside the large oak doors before they slammed shut. Moonlight streamed in through the stained glass windows, and he watched as the scaly Kobold rooted through the altar, laughing and chittering as it scooped handfuls of coins into it's bag. Wheezing, Makrond raised his voice to a loud, commanding pitch: "Stop, thief!"



The Kobold wheeled around, and slashed out with the copper dagger. Makrond, nearly gaping in disbelief at his own actions, sidestepped. He straight-armed the little monster, and quickly jerked up. The Kobold screeched as it's arm snapped at the elbow. The knife clattered to the mosaic floor.

The Kobold kicked him in the middle, and almost darted by, but Makrond caught him by the throat. They tumbled to the floor together, the Leatherworkers hands wrapped around the beasts throat. It scrabbled, clawed feet smacking against the stone floor, but it was unable to break his grasp. The yellow eyes, twitching and blinking, slowly rolled backwards. Flakes of blood sputtered onto it's lips, and slowly, ever so slowly, the Kobold passed.

Breathing hard, Makrond slowly stood up, his hands shaking. He stared down at the body, and gave it a shove with his foot. With a faint splash, it disappeared into the murky waters below the temple. He was shaking, his whole body, and he stared down at his hands in

disbelief. This was... his first kill. The first creature he had ever murdered. As a Leatherworker he was used to death, bu to actually cause it...

It took a few moments, but slowly, the shaking stopped. A wash of profoundness, of near-calmness swept over him. Makrond felt good, even if it was such a simple battle, he had defended the Fortress justly. With pride swelling within him, he bent down to pick up the copper dagger, and carry it back to the others, to show them his grim trophy.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **May 08, 2010, 09:59:48 pm**

Gotta love how working almost any job makes dwarves better at killing things.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Beeskee** on **May 11, 2010, 08:37:11 pm**

I just spent the past 3 or 4 days reading this thread from beginning to end, and I have to say I love it all. :) I'm looking forward to more!

I'd ask for a dwarf but the line must be out the door and around the block by now, and not likely to get any shorter what with all the death recently and sure to be coming in the future.

If you were still "haxing teh megahutz" I'd take a tame kobold, hehe.

I loved the encrypted puzzles, though I don't think I could ever figure them out. It would be cool to see more of those kinds of things.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 13, 2010, 04:53:17 pm**

The events of the 13th of Slate, 1072

"Maester?" Jools asked quietly. He had knocked a few times on Kuli's inner sanctum, but when there was no answer he had risked trying the door. Finding it unlocked, he peered his head in, feeling both foolish and intrusive. He could see Maester Kuli stirring, his meditation broken. Vash cuffed him on the shoulder.

"This could have waited."
"Time is precious," Jools said as serenely as possible. "You learn that, spending years healing."
"This still could have waited," Vash complained.

Kuli rose, his hands on his knees for support. Slowly, working out the stiffness, he walked towards the door, offering a smile to his two subordinates. "Afternoon... may I be of assistance?"

Vash, his eyes narrowed, turned towards Jools. The soldier looked uncomfortable for a second, but eventually he shrugged, and said, "We have to show you something, Maester. It's... well... it's something we weren't expecting."

Blinking his confusion, Kuli followed after them, his hands tucked into the opposite sleeves of his robe. They lead him into the temple proper. Vash gestured with a sweeping motion of his hand, back behind the podium in the center. Kuli stared, his lips parting as he tried to speak, but it caught in his throat. After a moment or two of stammering, he said, "The statues of Zefon are... Gold."
"Yes, Maester. They were like this when we came in, to prepare for the service."

They were not as masterfully crafted as the simple stone that had been there for years before. Some of the details were muddled, the proportions just a little bit off. But in the light streaming in from the windows, the statues, of a small girl, and a grown women, glinted and sparkled like the sun itself.

"Where did they come from?"
"Haven't the faintest," Vash said. "There has been a lot of work down at the smelters and forges, but that is mostly for iron bands for the Domes. I suppose they could have been made after hours, or by a paid-metalsmith, but..."

Kuli pursed his lips. "Please make an effort to find the originals, would you? I'd like them in my sanctuary; I'd grown attached. But these are... quite a magnificent gesture. If you find out who donated them, please, let me know. I would like to thank them personally for such an extravagant gift."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 17, 2010, 02:54:42 pm**

The events of the 24th of Slate, 1072

"Hurry, Varen! Hurry!"
"What the hell are they doing?" Varen cried. They were charging through the sands, large clouds of red kicked up behind them. At the speed they were going, Sargent Towersacks stumbled and almost fell down the hill but she used her spear at the last second to regain her balance. Varen assessed the situation, and judging the distance, brought up his spear at the last second.

The impact drove the camel off of it's four feet. It hung in the air for an instant, it's sloppy, sloughing skin wiggling from the impact, before it tore fully. The spear punctured in to the middle, where Varen and Towersacks had bolted large metal brackets that caught on bone for just this purpose. It stopped the shafts from going all the way through, and cracked ribs and legs. The camel dropped to the ground, kicking, until Varen crushed it's skull with three hard iron-shod stomps.

When he turned, he saw the pair of Dwarves, a husband and his wife, standing still in the sand. They wore expressions of boredom, even as Towersacks tackled one of the camels into the sands. It struggled, but was no match against her strength. With a roar, she pressed her knees into it's neck and wrenched it's head from it's body. She hurled the skull like a missile, taking out the leg of one in the distance.

"You should get to the fortress, it isn't safe out here."
"It's safe enough," the man said, his voice a low boom. "You sound like the others."
"What others?" Varen asked, perplexed.
"The others in our caravan. We reached the mountains before they turned back. It was pitiful. Absolutely pitiful."
"...who are you, exactly?"

The Duke Dakost Tarmidèrith has arrived.
No one else even considered making the journey to this cursed death-trap.

"Duke Bladelabors, and his wife. We've heard of a vacancy in a fortress with at least some manner of grit to it. This coddling you exhibit has got to go."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **May 17, 2010, 05:58:51 pm**

Oh, boy. Another Duke. How many is that now?

I wonder what eccentricities this couple will have.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 17, 2010, 08:26:21 pm**

The events of the 28th of Slate, 1072



"We're gathered here today," Kuli began, his voice both somber and perplexed, "to pay respects to a Dwarf that... that none of us knew. A Dwarf - a Noble - who had arrived less than a week ago, who had not yet obtained his room, his clothing, his allowance, his roster sheet..." Kuli stared at the small, hastily assembled casket in front of him, and at the small crowd of Dwarves gathered around it.

"But... who are we to say that we really know *anyone*? Our lives our insular, and though we work in close proximity to each other, we keep our secrets close to the breast. We might say that we new Duke Bladelabors as well as anyone; he had no time to hide himself behind a wall of secrets, to construct a veil of misanthropy that seems so common among the wastes. It is a shame - perhaps he would not have. Perhaps he could have been embraced among the fold, and found the happiness that he sought.

His death comes as a surprise to all, especially his grieving wife who will succeed him in the Duties of the fort. With these final words, we will set his body to sink in the magma... as there just was not time to assign him a proper burial room, or even have a proper coffin constructed before his passing. And now, if you would, a moment of silence, to pay ... uh, respects, to this Dwarf that lays before us."

OOO: I honestly didn't kill him. Seriously! I had a construction-removal task queued up and he got blown off the side from the collapse.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **May 17, 2010, 09:17:09 pm**

The journal of Hikan Riddlewire, entry for 28th Slate, 1072.

Aryn works fast. No sooner than the new Duke had arrived than he becomes involved in an 'accident'. When I asked him about it, he lied so convincingly I almost believed him.

Aryn is crafty and cunning, but this is impressive, even for him.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Argonnek** on **May 17, 2010, 09:27:52 pm**

Riiiiiiight, the Duke just "happened" to have an "accident" involving a collapsing floor. I believe you...[/sarcasm]
Maybe your fortress has gained sentience, noticed a trend of noble deaths, and decided to make things easier on you. You'd better keep an eye on the consort.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **May 20, 2010, 10:36:50 am**

And here I liked this Duke, he had spunk :(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **May 20, 2010, 11:44:25 am**

Obviously his belief in his own indestructibility is what killed him.

Mason: We have to be careful, removing the wrong stone will cause the whole section to collapse!
Duke: Nonsense, you're all just cowards. Let me show you how it's done!
pulls out stone
CRUNCH
Mason: Uh...huh. Yeah, that's kind of what I thought would happen.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **May 21, 2010, 01:02:31 am**

Hope you weren't hurting for migrants any time soon.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Knick** on **May 21, 2010, 08:11:34 am**

Quote

I wonder what eccentricities this couple will have.

Apparently, being wide, tall, and very, very thin.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 21, 2010, 10:04:09 am**

Quote from: CrackFile on May 21, 2010, 01:02:31 am
Hope you weren't hurting for migrants any time soon.

Sadly, we are ALWAYS hurting for migrants. It's been a year since we've ever gotten any... but the children are growing up, at least.

Quote from: Stravitch on May 20, 2010, 10:36:50 am
And here I liked this Duke, he had spunk :(

I actually had high hopes for him, and wanted him to be some... hard-assed, scared of nothing, good noble. And instead, the ass gets himself splatted. :(

And a note: Heavy Flak got himself a job, so updates are sadly going to be cut down again. I'll try to get out at least 3 a week, maybe more, but eight hours a day cuts into proper time to slack off and write. ALSO - don't listen to anything Stravitch might say. I'm not wasting time with Team Fortress 2 and Red Dead Redemption.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **May 21, 2010, 12:30:35 pm**

He is wasting time on Team Fortress 2 and Red Dead Redemption.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Bormok, God of Mud** on **May 21, 2010, 05:48:25 pm**

Preposterous, it's impossible to waste time on Team Fortress 2.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 25, 2010, 06:49:12 pm**

The events of the 10th of Hematite, 1072

Crispin waddled into the barracks, her arms stuck out at her sides for balance. The others slowed in their training, and eventually stopped, watching the mother of six ponderously enter the sparing grounds. Her husband, Luke, was behind her, his arms held out to keep her steady and prevent her from tipping over. Most of her upper body - her chest, her back, her shoulders, were covered in laughing, flapping children, strapped to her with harnesses and ropes.

"We had another child," Luke explained. His usual excitement seemed to be tempered a tad. "Lovey is birthing them like clockwork." "At this rate, we'll be able to field our own *otad-biban* team," Crispin added brightly, not at all bothered by her husbands lack of enthusiasm. "What a show that would be."

Merkil weighed the situation in silence for a moment. Eventually, he said, "While I understand the merits of a large family, perhaps you're overdoing it a bit." "Jools had a family just as large, if not larger," Crispin pointed out. "He did - and I wasn't in charge then to say anything about it."

"You know," Wilber said, slowly running a hand along the wide brim of his hat. "Their collective is intriguing; armored by her very kin, skin protected from sinful hits and crit-ical strikes... the likes of which we've rarely seen, ben-eath the beating of that cursed sun."

The soldiers gaped at Wilber. As if confused himself, he doffed his wide-brimmed cap, the feather he had stuck in the side wiggling jauntily, "I had Makrond make it, from love and leftovers."

"No more," Merkil said, attempting to gain control once more. "Really, no more, this will just lead to travesty. You've already had one die, and one has grown up, but if they are taken to battle, I fear for the worst. For all of you. No. More!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **May 26, 2010, 04:10:33 am**

Reminds me of every baroness ever

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **May 26, 2010, 10:05:10 am**

Wait, six babies? That doesn't make any sense. Six kids, yeah, but children run around on their own after a year.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **May 26, 2010, 10:14:57 pm**

It's funnier if she has a layer of infant armor.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **May 27, 2010, 08:26:01 am**

I can just see it as if by some ungodly force the infants crawling around over her ignoring gravity in a swirling mess of slobber and beards. The perfect defense.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 27, 2010, 09:54:16 am**

Quote from: Mephansteras on May 26, 2010, 10:05:10 am
Wait, six babies? That doesn't make any sense. Six kids, yeah, but children run around on their own after a year.

Now I feel bad for creativity and for not actually looking to see she was only holding one baby :(

Drool covered Goblin Leather +Journal+ of Luke Kolikal
10th of Hematite, 1072

My apologies, journal, for not having the time to write more often, but I had focused on recovering my wounds that I could find the time to write. But fortunately Crispin had told me what had transpired in my absence, I believe that now was the best time for my return, although I wish that I could have been then to stop so many pointless death.

She had another kid today. That make a total of six. While I would never say this aloud, I am tired and ragged. I am beginning to believe that the death of our other child may have effected her harder that expected. What's worst, since she seems determined to carry all of them, it is possible this could end in a vicious cycle. I'm glad that Merkil is putting his on this, but for her additional safety I should asked that Crispin be given some sort of maternal leave (or transferred to a marksdwarf squad), at least until she stop using our children as body armor. While I'm sure that that the idea would be unpopular with a, ahem, certain character, I would hope that the value of life out weights a few days rest.

Note to self: Place journal on high cupboard. I found our youngest with it in his mouth.

The events of the 17th of Hematite, 1072

The humans hadn't expected the ambush. They never did, no matter where they went. It was ignorance on their part, a blissful willing away of facts: If they had goods, and gold, they would get attacked for it by greedy Greenskins. But the Merchant Princes demanded their profits, and that lead to more wagon teams, to more production, to farther excursions for trade.

So it may cost a few extra lives in the long run? Can the lives of a wagon driver, or a mercenary be bought with trinkets and gems? Yes, it can, quite easily.

The wagon thumped hard, as if it had accidentally been rolled over. Omli Trickyawned blinked, and looked over the side as it began to slow. The wheels weren't broken, nor were they tilted from a broken axle. When he turned back to the front, he saw one of the oxen down on the road. A moment later, a gout of blood exploded from the back of the other, leaving it to crumple into the sands. From under the wagon crawled a massive, mottle-skinned goblin, grinning from ear to ear. Omli shrieked, scrambling back on the wagon, barely missing the severed head of one of the guardsmen as it came hurtling onto the wagon, smoldering and still burning in places...

The events of the 17th of Hematite, 1072
Part 2

Hammerer Wallrags stalked through the sands, her grey robes of order flapping quietly around her feet. She had seen them, the tall, muscular, mottled-brown forms of the odd Goblin Halfbreeds skulking near Dodik's. They were laughing in their harsh native tongue as they danced and struck at a smoldering bull carcass that had been thrown at the main doors. The periphiral of her eyes were tunning red with rage and blood lust, and by the time the first of them noticed her, it was too late for him.

Her hammer nearly punched a whole through the goblins side, and entrails began pouring out from the side. The look of horror it displayed was washed away with a single hard strike to the face, turning it into a meat jelly.

It wasn't until she turned towards the others that she saw the differences. The real differences. That they were taller, of course, but that their legs were bent backwards, lack that of a goats. Their arms were longer as well, more muscular, and oily patches of hair sprouted from chinks in the armor. Their faces were longer, and from their foreheads, horn-buds were beginning to sprout, the skin cracked and bleeding where the bone was pushing forcefully through. Around their hands, smoke and sparks crackled, the fires contained through sheer force of will alone.

Wallrags was not deterred, though her mind screamed against the horrors before her. **"I bring your justice, beasts. Kneel, and let it be delivered swift."**

The reply was a sharp-toothed grin, and for the goblin holding a mace to lift it's free hand. It pointed, and fire roiled free, blasting around her and splashing off the tower behind her. She lowered her head and closed her eyes against the heat, feeling her hair and robes singe.



What she did not expect, was the warm, wet impact splattering over the front of her. Opening her eyes showed her the cause.



The appearance of the Goat himself was a distraction, and her downfall. She didn't see the mace, powered by dark arts, until it was too late. The impact hit her in the chest, sending her colliding against the stone tower of the whorehouse. Her last thought, before her mind blinked out entirely, was of her Father back at the crown city, retired into safety and anonymity.

By the time Varen had arrived to clean up the last of the goblins, the area in front of Dodik's was a disaster. Blood, and bodyparts, were strewn everywhere. The sands had turned to black glass underneath the gouts of flames, and corpses still smoldered and charred where they lay. He saw Stravitch standing on the bridge, his shoulders jerking with harsh breaths in.

"Captain! Captain Fillwhip!"

He nearly screamed when Stravitch turned towards him.



"Sir, your eye... it's..."
"What eye?" Stravitch asked in a daze. Most of his body hair had been burned off, leaving his skin an angry, glowing red.
"Your right one, it's... it's hanging out of your socket..."

Stravitch reached up with a hand, fumbling until he found the small orb. He batted it at, sending it flopping about, an action which made Varen quickly vomit. With a grunt, Stravitch gripped it in his hand and gave a mighty yank, snapping it free from it's ties.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Quote** on **May 28, 2010, 11:31:52 pm**

Ewwwwwww, that Stravich.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **May 28, 2010, 11:53:27 pm**

I guess he gets to wear an eyepatch now.
Or walk around with a hollow cavity in his skull and scare everybody.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Chooseed** on **May 29, 2010, 12:59:47 am**

That's pretty Xiahou Dun (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Xiahou_Dun)-esque. As if Stravitch wasn't already enough of a badass.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 29, 2010, 09:22:46 am**

Quote from: Chaoseed on May 29, 2010, 12:59:47 am
That's pretty Xiahou Dun (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Xiahou_Dun)-esque. As if Stravitch wasn't already enough of a badass.

Xiahau Dun is fantastically bad-ass. Research for my newest book has been so far confined to Medieval and Chinese medical practices, perhaps I need to expand it out to Chinese history too... there's a whole foreign culture that I don't understand to tap.

Quote from: Jim Groovester on May 28, 2010, 11:53:27 pm
I guess he gets to wear an eyepatch now.
Or walk around with a hollow cavity in his skull and scare everybody.

Given your two options, we both know which Stravitch would pick. It's silly you'd even have options. Silly! <3

Quote from: Quote on May 28, 2010, 11:31:52 pm
Ewwwwwww, that Stravich.

Begin scene.

STRAVITCH enters the mess hall. Everyone eating goes silent, waiting to see what he does. He walks over to an empty table and takes a seat with his tray. The Dwarves around him, horrified, watch as he pulls a glass eye from his socket and shakes it vigorously over top his food. Eventually, VAREN dares to come over.

VAREN
Sir, what are you doing?

STRAVITCH
Salting my food. It's where I keep the condiment. It's safer that way. This one --

STRAVITCH then reaches up to his other eye, and pulls it free, fingers squeezing to dribble red over his meal.

STRAVITCH
-- has hotsauce.

VAREN
You weren't missing your other eye, sir...

Laughtrack, followed by the start of the shows theme - OH, THAT STRAVITCH!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **May 29, 2010, 10:49:15 am**

Personally, I think that he would keep mints in it like the Warden in The Story of Rikki. That or pop off caps with the socket.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Chaoseed** on **May 29, 2010, 01:53:34 pm**

...:O

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **May 31, 2010, 09:20:20 pm**

Feck it, it'll grow back.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 01, 2010, 08:10:30 am**

Stop farming achievements in RDR! God!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **June 02, 2010, 04:02:52 pm**

Yester-page: Yesssss a hat! I'm imagining a dwarf that looks like Snidely Whiplash with a feathered cap, except he acts like some super-stoner.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 08, 2010, 07:23:27 pm**

The events of the 4th of Galena, 1072

Sulari and Rice watched the caravans trundle out of the fortress from atop the gate housing. Their stubby legs dangled over the sides, swaying in open air. Sulari had to shield her eyes against the setting sun with the flat of her hand, it's bright rays casting deep reds across the sands. She was envious of Rice, who's work outdoors had netted him a wide brimmed flat cap, and somewhere he had acquired a set of smoked eyeglasses.

"They're leaving with a small fortune," Sulari complained.
"They always do,"
"They don't always leave with goods just handed at them! Just THRUST into their arms!" Sulari snapped. After a moment, she said more softly, "I'm sorry. I'm just on edge. I can't believe Aryn just... gave away our entire store of arms and armor."

"That you're surprised by his actions at all, shows that there's still some innocence left in you un-trampled. Did you get anything for his generous trade?"
"Of course, it's not as if we're left in the cold. We got logs, and bolts, and booze, and some very precious metals and gems. But Aryn was throwing barrels at them... so many that they had to turn away the heavier ones stuffed full of Goblin-wrought materials. How did you do it, Rice, and not split him in twain?"
"Easily," he said with a smile, "I never learned to use an axe, or I would have. You're obviously much more patient than I."

Sulari watched the last of the carts as they trundled away, her expression dour, her mood surly. "He's up to something. We've been growing that stock for years... parceling it out to net a good deal. Do you know what he did with the remaining bits they refused to take?"
"I'd wager he threw it in the magma."

She eyed him suspiciously. "Were you watching the goings on?"
"No. I'm just beginning to finally be able to guess what he might do."
"Yes. He pitched it. The armor was useless, but the weapons... in a pinch, we could use copper swords if we need to."

Rice shrugged. "You're not a soldier anymore, Sulari. You need to stop thinking like one. It's Merkil's job to watch over our guard. It's Aryn's job to see that our supplies and money are in order, and it's yours to make sure things run smoothly. If you really are concerned about the weapons, you should speak to Merkil. But whatever Aryn is planning, he's put into motion either long ago, or will fight you every step of the way if you try to fight him on HIS terms."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **June 09, 2010, 07:36:35 pm**

Aryn is what would happen if a normal dwarf fortress player had to exist it their own fort. The dwarves may see a confusing jerkass, but I see a dorf with a vision no less insane as any player's and the will to make hundreds of mostly faceless dwarves carry it out at any cost. Trading with the elves? Giving away crap to the caravans? You can't expect the common dwarf to understand such things, nor can you expect the noble dwarf to approve.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 13, 2010, 10:14:22 pm**

The events of the 18th of Galena, 1072

"Hnnnnk, dead."
"Of course it's dead you freak," Hikan snapped. "It's head's missing from it's body. You don't just live through that, no matter how surly you are about it."

Szondi looked up, his eyes seeming to be just two pits of black through the plaster death mask he wore. Hikan met the gaze, as best he could without something to actually stare at, but found sweat beading up on his neck and back as he stared into this two black voids. Szondi eventually rose, and brushed the dust off of his knees. His voice was the same gravely monotone it always was, much to the guardsman's annoyance.
"Litter of cubs left. A perfect world to grow up in, near your mothers corpse."
"Stop being so melodramatic," Hikan said. "Are you going to constantly do this? Just whine and bitch every time we find something turned up as beetle chow? Hey, look over there, by the end of the road, it looks like a dog was mangled by a camel. Maybe we should go investigate it too, and hold a vigil for it."

"Not the same," Szondi replied. "Unib was a BEAR. Strong. Had kill-sheet. Aryn will be upset; 'till cubs mature. Besides. We beat idiot foursome."
"True enough," Hikan conceded, "The last thing we need is Major Merkil and his squad of misfits bumbling their way through anything we may find."
"Like this," Szondi pointed down to the bears neck, "Throats cut. Head caved in too. Done after death."

"Hmm..." Hikan squatted down next to the bear corpse, and examined it. As described, the bears throat had a large, ragged gash across it that left the stump ragged with meat; the rest of it's body had been mauled by the dread camels during one of their blood orgies. He wasn't surprised, not really. Trained beasts like this were often targets. It was a way to both remove a threat, and put their masters on edge. Hikan ended up giving a small shrug.

"Skin it quickly. We need the leather for new armor. Aryn will be furious, of course, but... his dead bear's intact burial is not equal to a set of new coats for us, right?"
"The living take precedence," Szondi said, as happily as Hikan thought he could muster, before he produced a wickedly sharp thin-bladed knife from his belt.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Iituem** on **June 14, 2010, 04:54:02 pm**

Nooo.... Unib!

But at least there's the promise of a band of successors to maul enemies with.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 18, 2010, 08:41:26 pm**

The events of the 16th of Limestone, 1072

The brawl at the caravans was beginning to get out of hand. The Fishers, lead by Rinsesilver, were scuffling with the merchants of Stukos Matul, their tempers flaring as every piece of cloth and leather had already been purchased and was in the process of being dumped into the magma. Akroma and Dojango barely escaped with their skin, hauling bags of loot over their shoulders.

"Think we're safe?" Akroma asked.
Judging the distance, Dojango leaned against a wall. He was panting in an effort to catch his breath. "Yeah, we should be fine now."
"How much did YOU get?"

Dojango slung his sack around in front of him and peered inside. He frowned as he tried to count the jumbled contents, "Maybe... twenty bags of seeds? Mostly whip vine and fisher berry."
"I got some cave wheat... and none of that is counting the barrels of plump helmet spores we have stored."
"True enough, friend, true enough... quite plentiful."
"Quite plentiful indeed," Akroma said, trailing off.

After a few moments, he asked, his voice taking on a nervous edge, "Are you sure this is a good idea?"
"It's the only good idea we've had, really. Why are you questioning it?"

Akroma shrugged. "We only have a little bit of the Sand left behind, and Bertrand never left us with the *exact* formula to make more. To go and... and use it all, in the *dome* of all places, just seems like a colossal waste."

"Mmm, I get your point," Dojango conceded, "but do you really TRUST the stuff?"
When Akroma frowned, Dojango continued on, "No end up trouble was stirred up by that dreaded sand. Other than bringing the wastes back to life... what good did it do? It brought the attention of the Star God, and it's been ressurecting the corpses of animals and goblins and... even Likot, Sgt. Pepper and Valania."

"What are you saying, then?"
"That we need to get rid of it, before something *terrible* happens. If the Goblins were to get a hold of it, I... ugh, the thought is horrid. No, it's best we use it in the Domes, to create a garden for their food. And if something terrible happens in there? At least it will be sealed up once it's complete. Out of sight, out of mind, yeah?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **June 19, 2010, 04:08:06 am**

Buy out caravan, dump goods in magma

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Chaoseed** on **June 19, 2010, 01:43:12 pm**

Introducing mutagenic material into the underwater dome?

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **June 20, 2010, 04:40:03 am**

It will bring the domes to life and make voltron

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 22, 2010, 08:49:12 pm**

The events of the 17th of Timber, 1072

Archin sat at the trestle table, her hair hanging over her eyes as she glared down into her mug of rum. Sgt. Pepper sat across from her, his meaty hands folded in front of him. He was still as stone, something that still unnerved the Miner now and again, especially when she paid enough attention to notice the lack of breathing.

"We're screwed," She said, to break the silence. "Absolutely screwed."
"You worry too much. That little fool Johnny will rue the day he left us for dead."

Archin slowly lifted her head to scowl at him. "I don't care about him at all. He's gone into hiding once again after his safe room flooded, and even if he hadn't, we would have ripped him asunder; if Telamon shows his face again..." She grit her teeth in pure rage, her jaw and cheeks turning red beneath her beard. After a moment, she calmed enough to speak, "I'm worried that he'll leak our involvement with him to Aryn, Merkil, or Sulari. He has no evidence, of course, but these Dwarves... when do they ever need it?"

Sgt. Pepper gave an exaggerated shrug. She was annoyed with the gesture, with his mask-covered face. With his lack of breathing. She swatted at the mug, sending rum splattering over the table and onto the floor. The sudden motion didn't illicit so much as a small jolt from him.

"We have to find him. Every day longer he spends in hiding is another day he can come back and bend us over the tables. We. Have. To. Find. Him! I'll search the mines and the quarries... you try to get Stravitch to help. As volatile as he is, I'd feel better knowing he was there was his great mace."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **June 23, 2010, 08:03:39 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 22, 2010, 08:49:12 pm

The events of the 17th of Timber, 1072

"We have to find him. Every day longer he spends in hiding is another day he can come back and bend us over the tables. We. Have. To. Find. Him! I'll search the mines and the quarries... you try to get Stravitch to help. As volatile as he is, I'd feel better knowing he was there was his great mace."

Johnny boys in for a whole world 'o hurt! :-)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **June 24, 2010, 10:07:18 am**

Stravitch is proof that having great power doesn't always have to mean slavery to great responsibility.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 28, 2010, 09:33:45 pm**

The events of the 7th of Moonstone, 1072

The foursome of Maggarg, Adol, Merkil, and Likot sat on the battlements, watching the drama unfold below. All four were off duty from the military proper, and were dressed in their ragged assembly of mercenary-esque uniforms, loose leather jackets and jeancloth. All except Likot, that is, who never removed her mask or trench-coat. The Dwarves rarely looked up, and the better part of most evenings were spent loitering on the battlements observing the fortress for issues, for thefts, for assaults, for anything that might need their special set of skills.

What they were watching now was not something they were sure anyone had the skills to handle.

The Duchess was screaming. She had been that way for nearly an hour now, and her head was covered in blood from the great chunks of hair she had managed to rip out. Her clothing was in shreds as well, little more than tatters of rags overtop her chunky, mostly nude form. She would stop at random and drop to the ground, crawling along it as if dodging arrows. She tossed objects at Dwarves, lathered spit frothing in her mouth and running into her beard.

Most ignored her, or if not, gave her a wide berth. Aside from throwing small baubles, she never attacked others, and so Merkil had bid the others to stay up top. This did not set well with Adol.

"We should go put her in chains, for her own safety. Look what she's doing to herself."
"If a Dwarf doesn't off 'imself to accident or battle, this is how they'll all go out - screaming and covered in filth."
"Your such a ray of sunshine, Maggarg," Adol snapped.
"Someone has to be."

"Hundred paces away, hardly any wind, sun behind me... I could fill that sow with five bolts before she even knew the first had hit home. She'd be dead on her feet. Just ask me, sir, please? Just ask. You can make a bet if you want. I lied. There is just NO way I could make this shot! You could win a weeks wage, like taking it from a wee babe. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"I stand corrected," Adol said sourly, "She's a ray of sunshine on our lives."
"She looks like sunshine, all wrapped up in bows of spit and cloth and hair!"

The foursome turned quickly, gawking up at Wilber. He sat at the top of one of the crenelations, his legs dangling down - none were aware he had even gotten there, or how long he had been. He didn't seem concerned with them at all, his eyes locked wistfully on the Duchess as she cartwheeled toward the trade depot. He wiped at his eye briefly before adjusting his hats, a thin top hat wobbled atop the wide brimmed cap he had balanced it.

"sunshine, boys, jellied sunshine..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Chaoseed** on **June 28, 2010, 10:58:41 pm**

...this group of dwarves is SO fucked up.

Whether that's a compliment or a criticism is left as an exercise to the reader.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **June 29, 2010, 01:30:34 pm**

So when is Merkil's gang going to get locked in a workshop by an unethical business man and escape by creating a makeshift armored vehicle that knocks people around but never kills?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 30, 2010, 06:37:03 am**

Quote from: Chaoseed on June 28, 2010, 10:58:41 pm

...this group of dwarves is SO fucked up.

Whether that's a compliment or a criticism is left as an exercise to the reader.

I think it's a bit truth about the writer. So... thank you?

Quote from: Jim Groovester on June 29, 2010, 01:30:34 pm

So when is Merkil's gang going to get locked in a workshop by an unethical business man and escape by creating a makeshift armored vehicle that knocks people around but never kills?

ATTENTION, EVERYONE: Jim just ruined the newest story arc, so five months of slow-trickle updates hinting at and eventually leading up to this daring escape have just been scraped. You all can thank him after lights out.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Beeskee** on **June 30, 2010, 09:37:21 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 30, 2010, 06:37:03 am

ATTENTION, EVERYONE: Jim just ruined the newest story arc

/me hands out the torches and pitchforks...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **June 30, 2010, 12:48:48 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 30, 2010, 06:37:03 am

Quote from: Jim Groovester on June 29, 2010, 01:30:34 pm

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But, I don't understand. How can I ruin the plot of an A-Team homage/parody when everybody knows the formula for A-Team episodes?

Quote from: Beeskee on June 30, 2010, 09:37:21 am

/me hands out the torches and pitchforks...

Uh oh.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 30, 2010, 03:11:27 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on June 30, 2010, 12:48:48 pm

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 30, 2010, 06:37:03 am

Quote from: Jim Groovester on June 29, 2010, 01:30:34 pm

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But, I don't understand. How can I ruin the plot of an A-Team homage/parody when everybody knows the formula for A-Team episodes?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
I was just kidding, please, no one murder Jim.

Apparently my sense of humor is off at 7:30 in the morning.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **June 30, 2010, 03:19:20 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on June 30, 2010, 03:11:27 pm

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
I was just kidding, please, no one murder Jim.

Apparently my sense of humor is off at 7:30 in the morning.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Oh, I know. But I'll forgive you anyway.

No hard feelings?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **June 30, 2010, 03:22:13 pm**

Well, I *would* have killed him, but he's not playing in Supernatural Mafia. Pity, I could have had such fun with the flavor text when he died...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **June 30, 2010, 04:18:46 pm**

I'm a busy man, Meph, and I don't have time for your totally awesome games I wish I was playing.

But aren't you already having enough fun with the flavor text? I mean, if you call depicting horribly gruesome deaths fun. No need for an extra body, I mean player, when you've got so many already.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **June 30, 2010, 05:06:59 pm**

I'm sure HF would agree that you can never have too many extra bodies for that sort of fun.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 30, 2010, 06:09:08 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on June 30, 2010, 03:19:20 pm

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Oh, I know. But I'll forgive you anyway.

No hard feelings?

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
I still love ya', bro <3

Quote from: Mephansteras on June 30, 2010, 05:06:59 pm

I'm sure HF would agree that you can never have too many extra bodies for that sort of fun.

My day is nearly ruined if I think there won't be at least a little murder and chaos in it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **July 01, 2010, 02:20:04 am**

can I still beat him with my soap-in-a-sock tonight?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 01, 2010, 08:05:19 am**

Quote from: CrackFile on July 01, 2010, 02:20:04 am

can I still beat him with my soap-in-a-sock tonight?

I love you guys, you're all fantastic <3

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **July 03, 2010, 04:08:50 pm**

Time to start re-reading this ;) Starting to loose out on the underlaying themes by reading the updates one-by-one.

Still; great humor, good writing and exciting character development! Love to see how Merkil is doing ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 06, 2010, 09:33:37 pm**

Just a friendly heads up here.

I'm not avoiding this or anything, but the fortress has slowed to an absolute, complete crawl. It's so bad, I've had to make the Dwarves movement speeds 1 to get anything accomplished in a reasonable amount of time.

Tonight, it took almost three hours to get through a game-month of just building the domes and watching babbies grow up.

Bare with if they updates are slow (again) -- for once, it's not just me being lazy!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **July 07, 2010, 12:28:14 am**

who uncaged the cats?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **July 07, 2010, 10:09:05 am**

Sounds painful. What's eating the FPS?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 07, 2010, 11:47:06 am**

Quote from: CrackFile on July 07, 2010, 12:28:14 am

who uncaged the cats?

Quote from: Mephansteras on July 07, 2010, 10:09:05 am

Sounds painful. What's eating the FPS?

I'd wager it's a mixture of a ton of cats, donkeys (JOOOOOOOLS!), cows, and whatevers running around, coupled with tens of thousands of blocks of green glass, and redirecting water to where I want it. I'm getting between 7 and 10 fps.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **July 07, 2010, 11:54:14 am**

Sounds like culling time. Or at least 'throw them all in a pit with no exit' time.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 13, 2010, 08:14:32 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1073

YES, BY EVERYTHING GOOD IN THIS CURS- [what follows is smeared ink and the red stains of wine for at least a paragraph]

-el is almost completed. Another year? Maybe two, at the most? The coin-flow is coming from my pockets, from the shops, from the trades, from my stocks, from that 'acquired' from the Fishers... Sulari has her hands in the pot, certainly, but does she have the coin to pay them to do other work?

Of course not... of course not. So much to do. Already they're constructing the furniture, and the doors, and the floodgates in case anything goes *wrong*. It shouldn't, Oh, no, it shouldn't, Roaroak has assured me of this. At the most, it will be all the rotten food that goes to waste sitting down there when I stop productions completely in the main fortress. Dojango, and his small army of brewers can hall glass and bolt it into place. We have enough water to last, and food to eat, that it should not be an issue before this is completely... more, more -- I've even got the children hauling away loose debris! Those catterwalling little snotrags are of some use to me, finally! If Crispin insists on popping out more, than I will assure anyone who asks, the second they can walk, they can **haul**.

There are distractions, of course. But nothing that can't be wrangled into submission. Some claim there's...a ghost hovering near the whorehouse in the wastes. Absurdities, of course; ghosts do not exist. If they did, they would not need to reanimate the corpses of horrors to punish us. Why would patrons of that sin-den be scared of ghosts, anyway? They're immaterial! They can not harm you! Idiots! IDIOTS!

Current Blueprints: (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-9148-oceanbled-oceanbled>) Going well, so well, oh, so well...

[Some ink is all that remains; the bottom half of the journal page has been ripped out, leaving only tattered edges]

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **July 14, 2010, 03:15:11 pm**

Aryn seems to be going a little mad.

No, wait, that's just him being drunk. My mistake.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **July 14, 2010, 05:50:23 pm**

A ghost, hanging about near Dodik's? Which poor soul has returned to us from the beyond... ;D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **July 14, 2010, 06:16:20 pm**

Quote from: Impending Doom on July 14, 2010, 05:50:23 pm
A ghost, hanging about near Dodik's? Which poor soul has returned to us from the beyond... ;D

Were I to guess i'd say it's the ghost of Stavitch's eye, returning to leer.

(yes I saw the goblin)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 14, 2010, 08:51:25 pm**

Quote from: Vactor on July 14, 2010, 06:16:20 pm
Quote from: Impending Doom on July 14, 2010, 05:50:23 pm
A ghost, hanging about near Dodik's? Which poor soul has returned to us from the beyond... ;D

Were I to guess i'd say it's the ghost of Stavitch's eye, returning to leer.

Hahaha, that is now what it is! Now to tweak the goblin RAWs to reflect it...

Also: slowness and a... very surprising result caused a save-scum setback when I managed to kill ten named Dwarves tonight. Oops. Teehee!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **July 14, 2010, 08:59:01 pm**

I'm guessing...death by water or death by Stravitch

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 14, 2010, 09:05:11 pm**

Quote from: Mephansteras on July 14, 2010, 08:59:01 pm
I'm guessing...death by water or death by Stravitch

Now I'm interested to see how many Stravitch could actually take out... this calls for experimentation!

And my history with water taints my future actions :(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 15, 2010, 07:59:31 am**

There should be one of those survey's online covering this, like "How many Justin Bieber's could you take in a fight?", except it would be, "How many Stravitch's/Grov's could you take in a fight".

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Chaoseed** on **July 15, 2010, 05:27:21 pm**

How many Stravitches could **I** take in a fight? Somewhere around .01, I'd wager.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Burnt Pies** on **July 16, 2010, 06:53:14 am**

It would ask you a heap of questions, then say "You couldn't beat any Stravitches in a fight. You are a sissy."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Battlecat** on **July 16, 2010, 02:57:06 pm**

Finally managed to read all the way through this. This is an amazing story!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 19, 2010, 09:56:25 pm**

The events of the 2nd of Slate, 1073

The stench of death assailed Jools as soon as he reached the shops and kitchens. It reeked, the entire floor did, and he saw Dwarves scurrying about with kerchiefs wrapped around their faces in an attempt to block it out. Some had gotten more creative in their attempts by smearing fish remains into their mustaches. "Idiots," he thought to himself. He willed himself to ignore the smell, one he'd experienced many times in his career as a soldier, and plodded up the steps to the surface.

It was pandemonium topside.

This, in itself, wasn't an all-together surprising event. Running, screaming, crying, the humming din of flies, it was almost par for the course. A monthly event, a form of relief in this terrible environment. But this was different. Dwarves were hugging the cliff side, vomiting out the contents of their stomachs into the nearly-drained magma vent. The Nobles, including Aryn and Sulari, were huddled together by the main gate, confirming together with their heads bowed. Curious. Quite curious.

What rocked him to his core was seeing the Elves, drenched in sweat and sick and blood, stumbling about as if in a daze. They were a wreck, their hollow eyes testament to terrible horrors.

"What has *happened*," he said as one of them neared him, his voice barely above a whisper. The elf looked up at him with his glassy eyes, dead to the world.

"Poison," came the response. His voice was flat, none of the musical clarity that usually came with their words. "Poison in the grain." "In the grain? What are you talking about?" "The barrels of feed you keep near the gates. It was... it was tainted."

The merchant swept his hand back behind him, gesturing at the vast expanse of stones, towards the zoo and the trade depot. The camels that had carted in the goods to trade lay sprawled on the tiles, their guts dangling from their mouths. Blood pools underneath their heads, and great gouts of black flies gathered near their steaming, reeking bodies. When his eyes rose higher, he saw the cloud hovering over top the zoo. The enormity of it hit him like a sledge-strike to the sternum.

"The zoo, oh no, those poor caged animals... oh, **no**, the donkeys..!"

His armor clattered together as he sprinted towards one of the doors. As he plowed through them the stench hit him almost as a wall itself, so thick he could taste it in the back of his throat. It looked like the inside of a slaughter house. Blood and intestines were sprayed everywhere, leaking out from behind the bars of the cages. The great Leopard was the only survivor, and it snarled and paced in its cage, terrified by all the death around it. He supposed he should free it, but his legs were leaden, and he could take no more than a few steps forward before collapsing onto his knees.

Slowly he lowered his head into his hands. Sobs racked his body at the senseless horror that surrounded him.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Stray Donkey Foal (Tame) has bled to death.	x7
The Stray Cow Calf (Tame) has bled to death.	x8
The Stray Donkey (Tame) has bled to death.	x4
The Stray Mule (Tame) has bled to death.	x4
The Stray Horse (Tame) has bled to death.	x2
The Stray Bull (Tame) has bled to death.	
The Stray Horse (Tame) has bled to death.	x3
The Stray Muskox (Tame) has bled to death.	
The Stray Cow (Tame) has bled to death.	
The Stray Horse (Tame) has bled to death.	x2
The Stray Bull (Tame) has bled to death.	
The Stray Donkey (Tame) has bled to death.	x7
The Stray Mule (Tame) has bled to death.	

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Argonnek** on **July 19, 2010, 10:58:04 pm**

FPS issues, I Presume?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 20, 2010, 08:18:58 am**

Quote from: Argonnek on July 19, 2010, 10:58:04 pm

FPS issues, I Presume?

You would presume correct, though it would be just terrible of me not to turn something like that into a story update that effects the fortress. That's me, a ray of writing sunshine :)

Quote from: Chaoseed on July 15, 2010, 05:27:21 pm

How many Stravitches could **I** take in a fight? Somewhere around .01, I'd wager.

Would that be, like, an eye? Or a fistful of oily chest hair as you tried to claw away?

Quote from: Battlecat on July 16, 2010, 02:57:06 pm

Finally managed to read all the way through this. This is an amazing story!

Thanks, a lot! I love hearing from new readers; I understand with the size of this thread it's... well, daunting is an understatement, but to you (and anyone just lurking), I'm glad you're enjoying it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **July 20, 2010, 11:52:48 am**

How much did that help your FPS, anyway?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 20, 2010, 01:54:23 pm**

They weren't all dead yet, but when I did that post it was late, I haven't slept in days, and I just wanted to save, shut down, and sleep. But it was already bumped up 2-3 fps, and I'm hoping I'll maybe see 1-3 more when it's all over and done.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **July 22, 2010, 01:09:10 am**

It is like space invaders. The more crap you kill the faster it gets.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Chooseed** on **July 22, 2010, 01:21:01 am**

Quote from: CrackFile on July 22, 2010, 01:09:10 am
It is like space invaders. The more crap you kill the faster it gets.

:D

That is surprisingly plausible.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 25, 2010, 06:39:50 pm**

The Events of the 5th of Felsite, 1073

With as much pomp and swagger as four feet of sweat soaked, dirt caked Dwarf could muster, Duke Fikod Boarddistance stepped over the bridge and into the Fortress in the Wastes.

The Dwarven lands of Stukos Matul were in turmoil now -- the Queen Risen had left no heir behind at the Great Fortress, and her brothers were left to squabble for power over the throne. It had just become worse over the years, with bandits on the roads and pirates at the sea, and armies of Dwarves fighting Dwarves in the mountains. The Hammerers, once great beacons of Justice, had turned their trade as Sell-Smiths, shaping the flesh of those that hurt their noble charges. Fikod brought with him one such Sell-Smith, Pulleybridge, from back at his home court. He had also brought his mistress with him, the dumpy Martyrbooks. He didn't like her particularly much, in fact, on the long journey east he had grown to despise her, but it would be unseemly to travel without female companionship and he adored his wife too much to risk her life coming out here on what, he was quite sure, would be a fruitless venture.

He saw Dwarves scurrying about, rushing as fast as they could to hurl rocks over the side of the cliff and into the magma below. Others, the majority of them, were carrying large glass blocks, their sweat fingers leaving prints all along their smooth sides. He stared in complete confusion at the sight before him. Eventually, he hollered at a crooked-back Dwarf heaving a great boulder into the magma.

"You! Servent! Grab a few of your kin and fetch my bags!"

Cokho Roknut stared back at him for a minute, before wheezing out an old man laugh. "I s'pect your the next Duke?" "Quite right," he said, puffing out his chest," and I need my bags fetched and brought to my room." "He s'pects he'll need a room!" Cokho crowed. Slapping himself on the knee, he turned and limped off towards his next assignment - more rocks.

"I apologize, sir, for his rudeness," Rice said, to the Duke's right. He stood there, his cap in his hands, his beloved Lucy beside him. They both offered friendly smiles, even as the Duke's brow narrowed in suspicion.

"And you are...?" "I was the Mayor, when this Fort was new. Now, my love and I are simple laborers, scraping by. I saw you as I worked, and felt I needed to come warn you, sir." "Warn me of what!" he snapped. "Of the rudeness of your citizens? I was *warned* back home that this is the wild frontier, but I was not prepared for what I see before me."

"I need to warn you," Rice said, "That we've had five Hammers die during their stay here, and four Dukes, and the Queen herself. Most of these were not accidents, sir, I am sad to say. There are evil men skulking in the sands, and there are evil men skulking within our walls, hungry for power." Lucy gave a nod of agreement. "I doubt Rice would be here today if he hadn't been voted out of power early on. Now he's seen as wise by the workers, and a non-threat by the rulers. I fear to think how he would have been treated if Aryn's struggle had grown this much back then."

The Duke's features softened when he realized these Dwarves were giving him an honest warning. He glanced back at the bustling Fort, and spread his hands in question. "Then what do I do?" "Keep your head low," Lucy advised, "And don't make too many demands. I know you're used to comfort back home, but here, it's becoming harder to find." "But I came for an army," The Duke protested. "I came for battle-hardened warriors, and for capital to fund them! The Dwarven Empire is in a schism, and this is... this is a prime opportunity to take it for ourselves."

Rice and Lucy exchanged a look. There was a lot said in that simple glance; Duke Fikod didn't like what he saw.

"You can ask around," Rice said, "Some may be interested in joining you -- most came here for Riches or Glory. But be careful, Aryn's grip is strong, and he's obsessed in completing his project. I'd be very wary if you start taking money from it, or manpower."

"**This utter nonsense could be quelled by a few nights in chains**," The Hammerer advised. "Perhaps it's best we see the conditions here first," The Duke said, morosely. "To better assess how to get what we need. Could I trouble you to get our bags?" He added as a hopeful afterthought.

Rice smiled. "I'm sorry, but I don't have the time. If you head down the stairs though, you can find the General Berth a few levels down; I don't think the last Duke had time to unpack his things so I think your room should still be mostly bare."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **July 30, 2010, 11:58:39 am**

I'd like to see what becomes of this baron.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **July 31, 2010, 05:03:32 am**

I got this strange feeling that the graveyard will need expanding soon...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bayar** on **August 02, 2010, 03:51:37 pm**

New user here. Have been reading this thread for about two weeks and I have to say, your writing style is awesome ;D. Can I request a dwarf ? An engineer if available (or really, anyone with mechanic skills). Thanks !

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 02, 2010, 08:08:29 pm**

The events of the 18th of Hematite, 1073

The Merchants from Stramgil arrived in the fort to little fanfare. They kept their heads down as their great covered wagons trundled through the gates, and without the usual color and splendor that came with them, most Dwarves gave them little more than a cursory glance before continuing on with their duties. It's a shame that they didn't pay more attention, because perhaps they would have been a little more aware of what awaited them down the road.

Most were gaunt, their hair stringy and tangled and unkempt. They wore ragged beards, something usually alien to the humans of the area. Most strange of all though, was that they had Elves with them. They were merchants as well, though their movements were stiff and jerky, and their eyes hollow. They rarely spoke or socialized, and by the time the fortress bothered to take notice of them, they had vanished from sight into the safety of the covered wagons.

Pawnzer spent the most time in the trade depot, searching through the logs that had been hauled all this great distance for any that might be of use. Beds were needed, enough for a hundred Dwarves, maybe more, and he was beginning to feel the stress of this monumental task. The team driver, a particularly rough looking man named Lensleaders, was the only one who seemed willing enough to talk, and it wasn't long before the carpenter struck up a friendship with him as he searched through the bins and barrels for what he needed.

"No oak?" he asked, sorting through what looked like maple, and some bamboo.
"Doubtful, but I can't say for certain," the driver rumbled. He sat atop a whiskey barrel sipping a mug of spirit. "Perhaps it's in another wagon, but I couldn't tell ya' true."
"I suppose it's alright, we have beds enough, we just need... *more*" Pawnzer finished lamely.
"I seen that great glass construct in yer' little pit there. Won't do much good 'gainst them great spears if the war comes your way."

"That glass is over a foot thick, in some places more, and banded together with proper Dwarven steel. It should be fine against..." but Pawnzer's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "What war?"

"The one 'tween the Fire Beasts and the men, 'course. Ain't you heard?"
"We don't hear much in the way of news, though I'm surprised, considering just how terrible that sounds," he admitted.

The Driver gave a nod of his great head. "The Humans done been drove back, mostly, into Elven lands. It was a real breach of morals, I tell ya', from both sides, but when the Fire Beasts came a'roarin into the forests, settin' it ablaze, well, Elves and Humans alike gave up their petty differences to hold 'em off. We take a ship round the sea and make landfall just a'fore the mountain ranges so we miss out on much of the worst, but you can see some a'the smoke clouds billowin' when yer' in those high passes."

Pawnzer whistled low. "And the mountainhomes?"
"Couldn't tell ya'. I s'pect they're safe enough. You know as well as I the danger it is to attack a Dwarf in his mountains, very rock seems to come alive to smash ya' down. But with that great schism, now more'n ever they're probably weak. And some'a' the beasts can fly now, I tell ya' true."
"They're working with the Goblins, then?" Pawnzer asked, his agitation beginning to grow at this unsettling news.

Glancing to his left, then right, Lensleaders leaned over to say in a confidential tone, "I hear tell... after work by the Green Priests, and after the purest of Evil itself granted them these powers... that those fire spoutin beasts... well, they **are** the Goblins."

And than Pawnzer was a zombie.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **August 03, 2010, 02:37:36 pm**

And then John was a zombie

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **August 03, 2010, 02:50:56 pm**

I will confess that that's what I was thinking after reading the final line.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 04, 2010, 08:10:10 pm**

The events of the 23rd of Malachite

Major Merkil held up his hand. The others in his group, preparing to dart out towards the small band of skulking kobolds, reluctantly held their ground.

"Wot the hell, boss?" Maggarg griped. His voice was still a whisper, but only barely, and Merkil found himself clenching his jaw in irritation at the swordsdwarfs stones.
"the Humans have it covered. We don't need to intervene. The less people that know of our little group, the better."
"Wilber knows," Adol said. He was sullen, and he stayed watching the Kobolds as they prepared their little assault.

"I sure do!" Wilber said enthusiastically. He was sitting on a rock behind them, his now-towering pillar of hats rocking and wiggling precariously. There were five of them stacked and stapled atop one another, and any time he shifted the entire pile would move too, nearly toppling off his head.

"Yeah, quite..." Merkil said softly. "If anything, he'll make a decent meat-shield... can't you just ignore him for-"
"Oh, what is THAT," Maggarg shouted.

As Merkil watched, horror struck, armored figures loped out of the dunes and from behind small rises. They bounded over to where the humans were, startling them. The slim, weak figures drew their weapons, but were left standing in dumb amazement as the armored beasts reared up on their hind legs, roaring.

The Kobolds, frightened by the display of might, shed their layers of sand and grit and bolted. But they were no match for the beasts,

who ran them down quickly. The sight was grizzly, rending flesh, screams, and goats of blood that left the sands, the roads, and the humans soaked in the gore of the little brainless thieves. One by one, the great bears adjusted their gleaming armor, and with trophies clenched tightly in their mouths, they roamed back to the fortress. The humans left them unmolested, for they were unsure what to do.

"Oh, Sweet Lord Deler, and your beard of molten gold," Maggarg whispered. "It's unnatural, it is, to have those damnable bears wearing armor now."
"I'm more worried as to how Aryn's gotten seven of them," Adol whispered. "One is fine, clad it in armor, and Hikan has himself a cohort, but **seven**! And to send them out at will, oh, that's bad..."

Merkil stroked his beard in thought, and slowly sat up. "We may be out of a job, gentlemen. Let's retire, and think about this... and... Wilber?"

The soldier looked eagerly towards them.

"I suppose you should come with us, as you'll be around regardless of what we do."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **August 05, 2010, 12:52:25 am**

Tarnish notte the majesty of Wilber's TOWER of HATS.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **August 05, 2010, 06:30:21 am**

The next logical step from here is obviously Bear Cavalry.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **August 05, 2010, 09:00:28 am**

Gentlemen.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **August 05, 2010, 12:09:29 pm**

Hmm, interesting.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bayar** on **August 08, 2010, 09:07:00 am**

Quote from: CrackFile on August 05, 2010, 06:30:21 am
The next logical step from here is obviously Bear Cavalry.

Which one do you mean ? This one ?
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



BEAR CAVALRY
Yeah, you're pretty much fucked.

Or this hone ?
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



BEAR CAVALRY

You're pretty much fuc-... Huh?

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **August 08, 2010, 10:24:54 am**

I mean a combination of the two. Dorfs on bears on horses.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 10, 2010, 07:27:46 pm**

The events of the 25th of Galena, 1073

"Ma'am, oh, no, Ma'am, you can't do that here!" Kuli cried. He couldn't stop himself from wringing his hands, the nervous energy bubbling over. Jools, and Vash, his retainers, flanked him, staring at the scene in bewildered horror. Like their Maester, they were reluctant to act, for even if the power was all on paper, only a select few in the fortress dared actually stop a noble.

But they really felt as if they should, most of all Kuli. He watched with growing dread as the Duke's mistress raised her scepter high, and brought it down in a swinging arc. The steel staff, weighted with jewels, whistled as it passed through the air until it collided with the leg set of legs of Aryn's pet *Tosiduvel*. The beast roared and toppled over as it's legs were swept from under it. She had managed to hit it between the great steel plates, a lucky blow indeed, for anywhere else would have glanced away harmlessly.

She left him there on the bridge leading to the Temple of Zefon, grunting and roaring in his pain. Eventually, after spending a long time just staring at the body, she ran off towards the fortress proper, rage and hate in her eyes.

"Go find Sulari," Kuli whispered. "I'll tend to this beast until the Dungeon Master can arrive with herbs and splints."
"The curse strikes again," said Vash. "I sincerely doubt any noble will stay here without going mad. Other than the ones that came here, already that way."
"Hush, now! Go and find Sulari, and let her know that the... Consort needs detainment until she calms. Quickly, before she brings harm to herself."

Drenched with a sticky, cold sweat, the Duke sat upright in bed. He stared at the wall, his eyes blinking quickly, as if trying to clear from them dust. Thoughts were running through his head, had been running through his head, were running through it, ever since he arrived. Sickening thoughts. Bad thoughts. *You're going to fail them all, you'll never reunite the kingdom* they chided. *Stop now, you're a worthless sack of meat in purple robes, just give up, give up, give up, you'll amount to nothing in life. Your father hates you, always hated you, your wife... oh, your wife hates you too, for leaving her at a fortress gone to turmoil. Your beloved wife, she hates you, hates you, hates...*

He slowly swung his legs down from the bed, and still naked, padded out of his room and into the hallway. Up the winding stairs and into the surprisingly cool night air. He stared at the moon for a long time, the thoughts running endlessly through his mind, and he tugged at his Elder's beard in thought and worry. Eventually, he knew what he must do.

Minutes later, he slowly walked to the center of the bridge, standing atop the bloodstain the bear had left behind. He held a great chunk of stone, and a rope was fastened to it, the other end to his neck. Even though he could hear Kuli shouting, and could see the Maester running towards him, he didn't think to stop. He just let go. His neck snapped as he was flung down, but he didn't die; it only severed his spinal cord. Just as he hit the water, a single thought floated to him from the back of his mind. *You can't even kill yourself properly, you worthless, stinking Dwarf. No wonder she no longer loves you.*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 10, 2010, 07:28:58 pm**

Quote from: bayar on August 02, 2010, 03:51:37 pm

New user here. Have been reading this thread for about two weeks and I have to say, your writing style is awesome ;D. Can I request a dwarf ? An engineer if available (or really, anyone with mechanic skills). Thanks !

I'm glad you're enjoying it - I apologize though, we haven't seen a new Dwarf migrant in game-years... so, if you don't mind, I'll add you to the queue for my next project, when this finishes up?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **August 10, 2010, 07:30:39 pm**

Well, he didn't last long.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **August 10, 2010, 07:36:33 pm**

The journal of Hikan Riddlewire, 25th Galena, 1073.

Just saw the new duke skinny dip with stone tied around his neck. Hard to control laughter. Going to reveal myself if I keep this up.

Will say I didn't make it in time when Vatek and others ask why I didn't do anything.

He almost made it through the summer. I guess that's an achievement.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 10, 2010, 07:41:04 pm**

Quote from: Mephansteras on August 10, 2010, 07:30:39 pm

Well, he didn't last long.

Quote from: Jim Groovester on August 10, 2010, 07:36:33 pm

The journal of Hikan Riddlewire, 25th Galena, 1073.
He almost made it through the summer. I guess that's an achievement.

I'm being totally 100% serious here guys, I tried. I met his mandates, but forgot to give him a room, and his consort being pissy made it worse...

I feel like I'm channeling Aryn here, which is a HORRIBLE thing to say! I'm focused on my grand projects, and driving everything else into the ground to achieve them. Though, if I had to mimic one fictional sociopath and megalomaniac, I suppose it's best to be him, and not, say, Patrick Bateman, or Iago, or Littlefinger.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Beeskee** on **August 11, 2010, 12:30:40 pm**

Shuuuure. ;)

I'm loving the story, and am looking forward to more.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **August 11, 2010, 02:42:50 pm**

I figure that Aryn is what would happen if a DF player had to live in their own fortress while making it, so I believe it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **August 12, 2010, 09:57:31 am**

Quote from: CrackFile on August 11, 2010, 02:42:50 pm

I figure that Aryn is what would happen if a DF player had to live in their own fortress while making it, so I believe it.

Didn't someone say almost exactly that either early in this story or in another post? Must find out. It seems so familiar.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 12, 2010, 10:55:10 am**

Quote from: Stravitch on August 12, 2010, 09:57:31 am

Quote from: CrackFile on August 11, 2010, 02:42:50 pm

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Didn't someone say almost exactly that either early in this story or in another post? Must find out. It seems so familiar.

I don't know if it was said earlier or not, but I certainly can't argue with it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **August 12, 2010, 12:27:02 pm**

Fantastic as always ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **August 12, 2010, 01:23:58 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on August 12, 2010, 10:55:10 am

Quote from: Stravitch on August 12, 2010, 09:57:31 am

Quote from: CrackFile on August 11, 2010, 02:42:50 pm

I figure that Aryn is what would happen if a DF player had to live in their own fortress while making it, so I believe it.

Didn't someone say almost exactly that either early in this story or in another post? Must find out. It seems so familiar.

I don't know if it was said earlier or not, but I certainly can't argue with it.

I think it was me that posted it earlier. Oops.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **August 13, 2010, 07:37:26 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on August 10, 2010, 07:28:58 pm

Quote from: bayar on August 02, 2010, 03:51:37 pm

New user here. Have been reading this thread for about two weeks and I have to say, your writing style is awesome ;D. Can I request a dwarf ? An engineer if available (or really, anyone with mechanic skills). Thanks !

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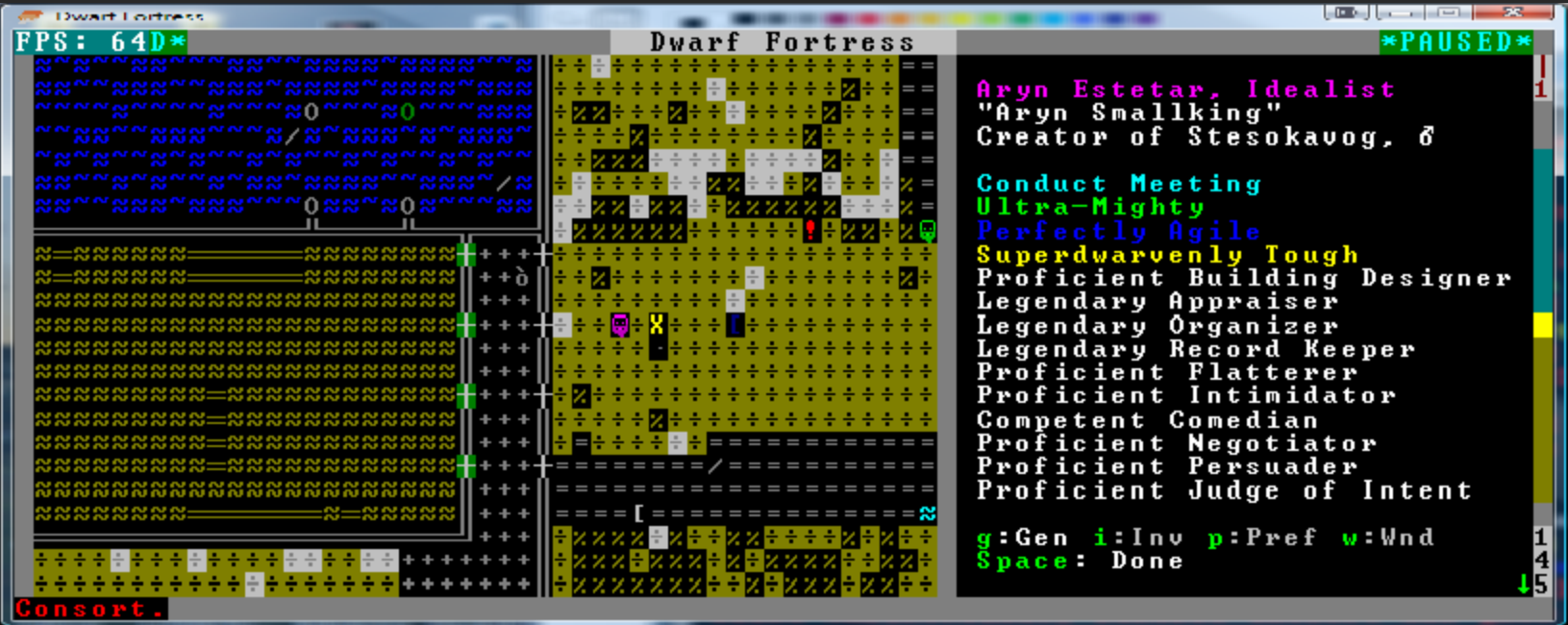
Hey dude, I can't remember if I asked to be added to the queue for the next project as well! The book-keepers quest updates went quiet! :-)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 18, 2010, 07:06:12 pm**

The events of the 17th of Limestone, 1072

The Ex-Duchess Consort lifted the barrel high, and tilted it toward her gaping mouth. Only a thin trickle of fisher berry wine trickled out, dribbling over her parched lips, and streaking red through her now-matted beard. She squinted her eyes and tried to peer within the dark confines, hoping that the sheer force of her will would make more materialize. But it didn't. She could feel the tic in her left eye beginning to work again, maddeningly twitching and convulsing, partially blurring her peripheral vision. Her temples throbbed. Her throat ached.

"You, enough of *THAT*" Aryn bellowed. "The human diplomats aren't even gone and we have a Dwarven caravan and merchant-princes arriving! With the duke dead, we need some distractions to keep them apart. Go... play at entertaining while I trade so we may live another year."



Slowly she turned towards him, still holding the barrel above her head. Her entire body tensed as she whispered, low, and hoarse, "Duchess Consort needs drink, **badly!**"

Cilob Muzishthikut, Duchess Consort's mandate has ended.
Cilob Muzishthikut, Duchess Consort cancels Drink: Went insane.
Cilob Muzishthikut, Duchess Consort has gone berserk!

She hurled the barrel at him. And then broke into chase.

Being so new to the fortress, and from such a soft life, her muscles were weak and her speed slow. The others in the room, Aryn included, easily outpaced her. Their lives were filled with work and misery and if they were not practiced at killing but were still alive, then they were certainly practiced at running away to find those that could kill. And run away now they did. All except Keldor, the poor Gem Setter who had gotten herself trapped behind a bunch of barrels in the corner.

The Consort pounced, raining blows with fists and feet. Snaps were heard over the screams, as first the left, then, no, the right arms were both shattered at the elbow. Then she was gripping Keldor's head in her soft hands, and methodically beating it into an empty barrel of spirits, repeating to herself in a sickeningly hollow monotone, "Must have a drink... must have a drink... must have a drink..."

They found her a half hour later, screaming, and shaking the bars of a cage trap that had closed around her. She was drenched in blood, her mouth smeared with it, and strips of cat and bull hide, flesh still attached, were stuck to her face and arms like warpaint.

She continued to shriek well after Sulari had arrived and ordered her cage be erected out in the sky-cells until she could divine just what to do to her.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bayar** on **August 19, 2010, 07:35:44 am**

Well, we should check if she is a witch or something. That stuff doesn't happen to normal dwarves (very often). Give her a magma bath. If she survives, she is a witch !

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **August 19, 2010, 11:53:34 am**

You'd think the nobility would get the message that Migrursut is a bad choice by now. But, no, they'll never stop showing up and sticking their bulbous noses where they don't belong. Poor, stupid nobles.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Beeskee** on **August 20, 2010, 11:35:13 am**

I think they warned the nobles in the next version, I can't get any nobles at all in my v31 game. :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 20, 2010, 10:12:07 pm**

Quote from: Beeskee on August 20, 2010, 11:35:13 am
I think they warned the nobles in the next version, I can't get any nobles at all in my v31 game. :D

Is that true? I haven't played anything of the new version, other than dicking around briefly with my adventurery Melty McGee, the Warrior Who's Feet Melted Off During An Acid Rain, so I'm growing more ignorant about... well, anything new by the minute.

I'm both happy about that, and kind of sad. The Lemming-like insistence on coming out to a well known and historically evil Death Trap has some charm to it. Those nobles may not be smart, but they've got moxie.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Beeskee** on **August 21, 2010, 08:56:14 am**

I have 120 dwarfs and have sold a LOT of trade goods. It's been over 10 years in that fort. My civ still exists. The world was generated under one of the older v31s though, not .12, so maybe it's because of that. I can't get the economy started either.

I'm sad too, I actually wanted nobles. :D And yeah they are brave to keep coming to a fort where every other noble has died. :)

Edit: Apparently, keeping the mayor busy until the caravan leaves, THEN allowing them to meet with the liaison should fix that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 30, 2010, 09:50:06 pm**

Szondi's Journal
9th of Sandstone, 1073

Tonight Dodik and foul fisher Rinsesilver skulking about at dusk. Trailing group of scale-cleaners hauling cages. The whore looked distraught. Kept her mouth shut though. Knew her place; once money has a face there is no telling it no. Overheard very little from atop the trade depot, din from their caged cats overbearing. caught gist though:

Selling dead camels to the merchants. Hefty profit for what we see as dangerous filth... convincing they are war-weapons if tamed. Ignorance. They've come through these sands for years. They know the beasts. Untamable. Doubtful they'll reach mountains, kill the caravan before it gets to the sands edge.

Will be looking into whore and fisher, both ar- <entry abruptly stops>

"Augh!" the mason Atticsounded cried out as his leg was snapped from behind. The hefty form of the pelt traded Consort crashed into him from behind the gate tower, and his leg snapped from the awkward side hit. They fell together in a tangle of limbs, his body smeared with blood from... from what? From the pelts she had required from the pet's roaming the grounds.

"Oh get off!" He wailed. "Get off, I beg you!"
Her reply was an unintelligable gurgle, foam frothing over into her beard. She reached down and gripped his head with her hands and moved up to kneel on his chest. She wrenched, and twisted, and with a series of sickening pops his head fell back to *thock* hard on the stone, the spine loose and disconnected.

She heard a brief tap of steel-on-stone, and looked up into the grim face of Varen. His armor was dusty and worn, and his spear shaft was dented in places, but he stood resolute, his jaw squared.

"Get back in your cage, ma'am."

Her response was to lunge at him.

He quickly stepped back, and thrust out his spear, intending to just nick her side and drop her. But he was slow, and she was much faster than he had anticipated, and the spear tip stabbed into the meat on her inner thigh. She stared down at it in horror as he yanked it free, a jet of blood splattering a few feet in front of her.

"Press your palm to it!" Varen shouted. "Hurry!"

Of course she didn't do that. She dropped down heavily backwards, another jet of blood arcing into the air. She died swiftly, the pooling blood underneath spreading out among the stones and seeping into the gaps between blocks.

Varen was startled when he turned to leave and saw a thick dwarf in a waxed trench coat, a plaster mask covering his face. The Dwarf stared up at him, his eyes partially hidden by thin sheets of smoked glass, and his chest heaved as if he had sprinted to reach him. "Hnn, dead on impact. Waste of flesh. She could have served a lesson to other nobles." he wheezed.

Before Varen could gather his senses, the Dwarf had rushed off. He rested heavily against his spear and rubbed at his eyes as the merchant guard finally arrived. Though they tried and question him he just pushed through them all, saying quietly, "This place is making me lose my mind... leave me be, I need drink, and sleep."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **September 01, 2010, 07:15:52 pm**

Alas, Consort, I did not wish for you to die. Such is the fate of nobles.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sonerohi** on **September 05, 2010, 10:05:45 pm**

Log of Wilbur

The voices tell me things that they call science. They say that the sky colors are because the air is wet. I'm not drowning, so I don't quite believe them. All the same, I saw two sky colors today. It was so beatiful. The voices said the air was blood-wet. I'm going to go build some sandcastles.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 07, 2010, 08:14:34 pm**

The events of the 4th of Timber, 1073

"Sir, I hate to trouble you..."
"What is it, Quote?" Roaroak said in his easy drawl. He was sitting on the edge of a rock, casually sketching in a large drafting pad with a bound stick of charcoal. Steep, angular constructions, smooth on the surface, with harsh points were rising from the nothingness of the page. They were elegant without the excess of human structures, and years beyond the crude stone pillars and crenelations of the Dwarven homes. Seeing this simple cityscape begin to unfold on paper, effortlessly at the hand of a master craftsmen, made Quote feel like weeping.

But he didn't. He steeled himself for what he was about to say. To calm his nerves he tugged idly at his beard while his ginger companion looked on with bold, bright eyes.

"The main dome, the living and entertainment quarters..."
"Yes?" Roaroak said with his maddening calm.
"It is not even," he said quietly. "The southern boundary, it's... well, it's at least twenty feet shorter than the northern, or the sides. It's lopsided."
"It's been that way from the start," Roaroak said. There was a touch of sadness in his tone. "I was hoping others wouldn't notic. It's out of my hands. It's a bastardization of my designs. Aryn got hold of them."

He pulled the blueprints from the messenger bag at his side, and unfolded them over his knees. Quote leaned in to look at them and saw the hasty marks of one versed as an engineer - but not an artist. They were rough, crude gashes across the page, and Quote could see at once the mistake that had been made with the designs details.

"Right here," he pointed out, "There's the error in design. Next to that... is that a blood stain?"
"Yes, it is. There was an incident as he was sketching it. This was a recent change, and if it wasn't for Maggarg and that unsettling hat-wearing rouge that's always shadowing him, he probably would have met the same fate at the hooves of a camel that his one of his bears did."
"What can you do about it?"

"Nothing, but learn. He has ruined my design, and I am obligated to see this... monstrosity built up to it's completion. But I wipe my name from it's cornerstone. It will hold back the crushing tides of darkness, but it will not be perfect."

Quote thought about this for a while, the comfortable silence between them having bloomed from the mentor / student bond they had formed over the months. Eventually Quote gave a nod. "Then I will help to complete this, but I too wish my name taken off. If a structure is not perfect, it should not be completed unless forced."
"I could not have spoken it better myself."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **September 07, 2010, 10:33:17 pm**

Why do I see this ending very, very badly?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **September 08, 2010, 02:52:36 am**

Engineering and OCD, like sugar and tea.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 03, 2010, 06:19:55 pm**

The events of the 15th of Opal, 1073

For those in the know, Dodik's was the place to be. Not just because of the casino, where some Dwarves had struck it big. Not even because of the rooms in the back, where a Dwarf with the right scratch could get nearly anything his heart desired. No, what Rinsesilver had found sold the best, above sex and gambling and even the occasional narcotic, was food.

The Fortress Proper had been hit with a bad crop two years running. Even a burst of kittens couldn't fix things for very long, leaving a glut of Plump Helmet Stew, and very little alcohol at all. What Rinsesilver had found, was a Dwarf would pay a high price for an expertly prepared meal. There had been many a yelling match between here and Dodik herself over the gouging of prices for bear-meat pies, and shark roasts, and in the end the Madam had stormed off to manage her business and leave the Fisher to her work. She'd recruited Dojango to work in the Kitchen, and with his culinary expertise, business was soon booming better than anyone had expected. Having the fishers meet the merchants by the border ensured they got best pick of the trade.

Mookie was performing on the stage, her silk robes shimmering in the torchlight as she twirled and pranced to the hoots of the miners and military. But unlike previous years, more women were filling the tables; this type of tableaux performed was considered... almost normal. Mostly decent. A silk-wrapped look at the society as a whole. Rinsesilver didn't see the social implications that the Philosopher claimed, but she saw gold, and she saw patrons, and with Dojango's help, she saw that more and more would come to take in the show and gorge on the food skimmed before it reached the fort.

She also saw Crispin, gorging on a pile of ox ribs, look up sudden and let out a wail. Luke started, spluttering beer through his mustache at hearing his wife in pain.

"Lovely, what's wrong? Are you alright?"
"I, I... ohhhhh! Oh, no!" she wailed again, her face twisted into a grimace of pain. After a moment, a look of calmness passed over her. "Ohhh, hunny, look..!"

She reached under the table, and to his horror pulled out a blood smeared baby, writhing and squaling and making a mess of Crispin's arms and armor. "She's just precious, isn't she? Let's name her Nil, and maybe she can grow up to be the best of all hammerers!"
"You were pregnant?" Luke asked, aghast and blanching.
"Of course," Crispin answered, her eyes narrowing into dangerous slits. "How could you not have noticed?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **October 03, 2010, 07:34:11 pm**

Ah, an update. Excellent!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 03, 2010, 07:42:46 pm**

It seems I owe you guys explanations ALL THE TIME!

Stuff hit hard in the real world, between my new job actually requiring effort and work out of me, and with my girlfriend's son being in marching band, my free time has been severely limited to just a few hours on weeknights. I'm still alive and so is this, and I think I should be able to... wait for it... juggle things and devote time when I can.

But you all have heard THAT lie before ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **October 03, 2010, 08:06:53 pm**

What a pleasant surprise. I had almost completely forgotten about this.

Good to see an update.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Knick** on **October 04, 2010, 01:40:28 pm**

Crispen cancels eat: seeking baby.

"Uhh, Honey, can you move your feet--I think it's down there somewhere on your side of the table. . . no, wait. . . watch where you're stepping! I'll just follow pull on this cord 'til I find it. . ."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **October 04, 2010, 07:05:40 pm**

Finally my checking this thread almost every day like a crackhead has paid off.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **October 05, 2010, 09:16:33 am**

Quote from: CrackFile on October 04, 2010, 07:05:40 pm
Finally my checking this thread almost every day like a crackhead has paid off.

you've got to start using your "Show new replies to your posts"

Also, glad to have you back HF

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 05, 2010, 08:15:48 pm**

Quote from: Vactor on October 05, 2010, 09:16:33 am
Quote from: CrackFile on October 04, 2010, 07:05:40 pm
Finally my checking this thread almost every day like a crackhead has paid off.

you've got to start using your "Show new replies to your posts"

Also, glad to have you back HF

This is what I do.

Also glad to have you back! I miss the updates, but life can be ... stressful

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **October 05, 2010, 09:19:00 pm**

I just bug the hell out of him about when the next update is.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **October 07, 2010, 12:49:55 am**

I don't mess around with forum sorcery, I just check the first couple of pages to see if the thread has been bumped recently.

If I start taking shortcuts I'd never get around to checking out new interesting threads anyway.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 07, 2010, 10:16:20 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1074

<This page was not included in Aryn's journal, but was instead found wedged between the small waste bin and his dresser. It is only half a sheet. The top half was crudely ripped away; the remaining bit appears to have been lit briefly and is scorched and blackened>

The actual work is taking an eternity. No matter how fast the Dwarves are whipped, no matter how much I take from them. I have pulled Dwarves from the masonry shops - what do we need for stones to be dealt with? No more jewelry will be made within these walls until my damned domes are complete! No more statues, unless they are of green glass! No more commemorative coins shall be minted with my furnaces! NO MORE. NO MORE!

<a single bloody fingerprint is smeared along the border, followed by a crude sketch of the latest fortress blueprints (http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-9684-oceanbled-oceanbled)>

Nobility is in turmoil; The merchants are trying to keep it a secret from the Dwarves topside, but two of the mountain homes have fallen to the green hordes. The elves, too... we're becoming the last of the free beings in this part of the land. A sea of green awaits those to the west, and the north.

A sea of green awaits us. Glass, and water, and protection. The nobility should have listened to me. Perhaps the Elves will give up their ways and join us in the depths... perhaps only the elves should come to the depths... they've listened to me in the past, and a future with only a bunch of roughnecks, of simple dirty laborers... of no real art, of no real culture, of no real progress... is depressing.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **October 08, 2010, 03:07:29 pm**

The old dome's finally coming together, but at the cost of the safety and sanity of the dwarves involved.

Smells like dwarf fortress.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 11, 2010, 10:35:29 pm**

Rice's Journal
Sometime in Granite 1074

It's been far too long since I've written here. What little time I have I slave away for Aryn and his madness. The world around us crumbles as does Migrursut. I've come to hate him. More and more, day by day I hate him all the more. But there is no sanity anywhere else. I've heard the rumors and they fill my heart with darkness. It's not safe anywhere and the domes may be our only hope. I swore I would leave this place when they were finished, but where would I go now? I can't fight, I'd be swallowed by the darkness that waits beyond the sands. But staying here would kill my soul.

A dwarf should do nothing but what he thinks is right. I've always been sure. I've always known. Now doubt engulfs me, I cannot see the right path. Maybe I do know. Maybe I'm just tired of doing the right thing and watching it all burn down anyway. Maybe one dwarf isn't enough to change the world. Times like these make me wish I was a more religious dwarf.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 17, 2010, 11:00:31 pm**

"OH NO! Please, please, don't!"
"Go on!" bellowed the wagon guard. "Go on, no, ya' foul purple-cloaked thief, git! Git outa here."

He gave the Duke Momuz Inkysears a hard kick to the back, and the rotund noble toppled from the back of the wagon. He landed in the sand hard, gasping as he inhaled sand and trying to hold back the sobs rising in his breast. He could hear his wife's cry of pain as she was given the same treatment. He rolled onto his back to see her laying in the sand, her body racked with uncontrolable shaking.

The guard in the wagon gave a shout, and slapped his palm on the side. As the wagon lurched he gripped the rail, widening his stance to keep from falling out.

"Wait," Duke Inkysears shouted, unable to control the terror in his voice. "Wait! Please, what are we to do? What are we to do!"
"Ya' can die to the horrors in the sands, or ya' can go die at the hands of the Dread Fortress. But it's because of yer ilk and it's folly that..." the guard, overcome with emotion, bellowed and hurled his helmet at the Duke. He cringed away from it, whining as it careened off his elbow.

"GET ON WITH YA!" the guard shrieked back. "GET ON! YOU AND YOUR KIND AIN'T LEAVING THESE WASTES EVER! DIE AT THE HANDS OF THE MAD!"

The Duke and his Wife stood before the half-destroyed gate. He felt numb as he stared at the rubble that once was a gate tower and the cracked draw bridge. The stones of the road were worn and shattered, and he could see... oh, he could see pock marks where arrows had hit it. Gouges were axes had struck it. Stains where heads had been smashed into it. The bridge was beginning to get stained red with the blood, having been washed with it for years.

He could see the gaunt figures of Dwarves milling about inside, hauling rocks and glass and mortar and barrels. Most had a haunted look in their eyes. Deep black circles as if they had not slept in weeks. He could count the ribs on some, though they didn't seem to notice. Many had patchy hair, their beards missing in clumps. They were unwashed.

"I can't do this," his wife said. "Turn back, please, let us turn back."

He looked behind him. As far as the eye could see was red sand, hills, and withered shrubs. Commanding it all was a glittering red monstrosity, towering spikes and foul red stones. To leave the fortress was death. This red marker lording over the sands proved that.

As he turned, he took his wife's hand in his and gave a squeeze for reassurance that he just didn't feel. With his other, he pointed to the peaks of a temple, and of the pillar rising atop it, surrounded by statues of Dwarves in various stages of life.

"Our only hope to survive is in there. We... we have to step in. We have to carry on, or we might as well just lay on the road and wither away."
"I'm scared."
"I am too. Come on."

Quietly, hand in hand, they stepped across the bridge, and into their new home. Into the place the remains of Dwarven Society referred to as "The Dread Fortress."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **October 17, 2010, 11:14:02 pm**

Mid-summer for the duchess and late autumn for the duke.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **October 18, 2010, 11:52:44 am**

Hmmm. So, do your nobility just show up alone?

Stands to reason, I suppose, with all the death and horror and whatnot. Still, kind of amusing that they still show up at all.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 18, 2010, 03:23:07 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on October 17, 2010, 11:14:02 pm
Mid-summer for the duchess and late autumn for the duke.

HAHAHAHA. <3

Anyone else want to take bets? For the record, I'm going to try and keep these alive so factor that into your tallies.

Quote from: Mephansteras on October 18, 2010, 11:52:44 am
Hmmm. So, do your nobility just show up alone?
Stands to reason, I suppose, with all the death and horror and whatnot. Still, kind of amusing that they still show up at all.

They do, actually. No retainers, no guards, the only others that might show up are also nobility. That they are the only ones that show up... maybe the other Mountainhomes just don't want the blood on THEIR hands, ya' know?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **October 18, 2010, 03:30:26 pm**

Migrursut, a civilization's equivalent of a lever in a noble's room.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **October 19, 2010, 06:37:21 pm**

With all that is happening in the world... Aryn's dreams to forge a dwarven paradise could also inadvertently be the salvation of the dwarven race.

I can see it now. A hundred years later, every mountainhome had long since fallen to the onslaught of the evolved goblins. Humans and elves keep to their territories, praying that the goblins don't become bored of living in mountains and occasionally raiding their caravans. Dwarven refugees were turned away for fear of aggravating the goblins, and their makeshift settlements were crushed.

Meanwhile, in the most dangerous desert in the world, dwarves not only survive but thrive in paradise. From the blood, sweat, and brilliance of dwarves that couldn't function in traditional dwarven society, the dream of Aryn finally fulfilled. They doubted him, they called him mad, they all died, and he succeeded.

Either that or the dome doesn't get done in time and dwarvenkind's last hopes are dashed as goblin attacks and political turmoil destroy the last dwarven civilization.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Beeskee on January 07, 2011, 09:37:15 pm

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 18, 2010, 03:23:07 pm

Quote from: Jim Groovester on October 17, 2010, 11:14:02 pm

Mid-summer for the duchess and late autumn for the duke.

HAHAHAHA. <3

Anyone else want to take bets? For the record, I'm going to try and keep these alive so factor that into your tallies.

I bet you can't keep them alive for a year! :D

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: ricemastah on January 11, 2011, 11:52:20 pm

Quote from: Beeskee on January 07, 2011, 09:37:15 pm

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 18, 2010, 03:23:07 pm

Quote from: Jim Groovester on October 17, 2010, 11:14:02 pm

Mid-summer for the duchess and late autumn for the duke.

HAHAHAHA. <3

Anyone else want to take bets? For the record, I'm going to try and keep these alive so factor that into your tallies.

I bet you can't keep them alive for a year! :D

Dude, you totally got me to check the thread.

I was like "A new post!! WHEEEEE!!! ... Wait a minute... this wasn't HF" Please come back.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Beeskee on January 11, 2011, 11:58:37 pm

I'm sorry. :(I miss the story too.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: powpow on February 18, 2011, 05:33:54 am

weew this story is great i just love the style of it and the contrabutions everyone else has made and just want to to say good job to everyone in making this story a very good read

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: powpow on February 18, 2011, 05:39:04 am

plus keep up the good work :D :D :D :D :D :)

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: powpow on February 21, 2011, 04:26:09 am

iff theres some time left in this story mabz have a dwarf

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name: dom
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job: swords dwarf
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dom totally idolizes Stravitch

to the point where it seems totally stalker like in fact he always likes to talk about how awesome Stravitch is and like to follow him around finding everything he does exciting and like to comment on it. Stravitch of course finds him totally annoying and tries to put him in situations that'll get him killed but always seemingly survives it much to his annoyance.

maybe has a little shrine in his room dedicated to Stravitch and scrape book with pictures and writing interpreting the horror that Stravitch places on him as a sign of friendship

also if he does die just name another dwarf after him cus his undying love for Stravitch wont let him die much to stravitch dissapointment

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Ahra on February 21, 2011, 04:27:30 am

i have the terrible feeling migrursut is no more....

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: powpow on February 21, 2011, 05:16:37 am

maybz yes mabyz not didn't seem like it was the end

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: ricemastah on February 21, 2011, 11:12:43 am

Quote from: powpow on February 21, 2011, 05:16:37 am

maybz yes mabyz not didn't seem like it was the end

What he means is that HF hasn't updated since October, and I have to agree that it is starting to look like the story has died. It is a real shame if that is the case because we haven't reached the end of it clearly.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: filiusenox on February 21, 2011, 03:44:59 pm

Did he say where he lives in kentucky?

I could go ask him to post and annoy him until he does.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Mephansteras on February 21, 2011, 08:52:47 pm

Awesome!	
Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Battlecat on March 17, 2011, 01:57:20 pm	
No worries at all, glad to see you're still working on it! Welcome back!	
Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: powpow on March 17, 2011, 05:59:51 pm	
yey i checked this everyday for an update cus this story is awsome and no way chould it end just like that *jumps triumphantly*	
Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Heavy Flak on March 17, 2011, 09:48:12 pm	
<i>The Events of the 5th of Malachite, 1072</i>	
"Are you sure, Master Aryn? We can not convince you to place an order for anything else?" "No, Uram, I've told you a dozen times, no! What is there NOT to get!"	
The Human diplomat began to trail back, forcing Aryn to slowly turn and walk backwards. Uram, clacking his rings together in a nervous motion, gave a small shrug of his shoulders. His mustaches drooped as he spoke, "It's just... you usually purchase more. Flour, say. Or cheeses. You've always been quite fond of our camel cheeses."	
"No longer, Uram." "And seeds. Without fail, you bought out our entire stock of seeds, for ten trips and running." "Times change. Is there a point to your damn questions?"	
Aryn came to a halt, and the diplomat Uram almost collided into them. Though much taller than the patchy-blonde dwarf, the diplomat seemed to tremble in his boots. Even with profits that rivaled ten of their normal stops, the merchants and their guard no longer liked to come out to the wastes. There was even talk of stopping their trips, that the lands were too dangerous, the Goblin hordes too much on the move. But of course, the unspoken truth hung over their party like miasma: all were scared of the denizens of the fortress. The Dwarves chilled them to their bones.	
The only thing breaking the tense silence between Mayor and Diplomat was the clamor and din from the mess. A small muscle besides Aryn's left eye twitched arrhythmical, his lips curled up into the faintest of snarls. Both seemed to go unnoticed by the diminutive noble, as if his face was in this perpetual state of discomfort. A small flick of Uram's tongue wet his lower lip, and with a dry throat, he spoke.	
"It's just... all you're buying is booze, and bolts. All you've placed orders for is whiskey, and bolts, and mauls. I'm just... concerned, is all. You must understand, this are the orders of a city preparing for war. These purchases are of..." "Of what? Just spit it out, Uram. Spit out your accusations. Of a mad-man? Of someone taking hostages? Of someone preparing for the worst?"	
"No, no! Of course not, I-" "Save your breath, you <i>cur</i> . You, in your posh luxury, in you're.... in you're litter being carted across the sands, you're lamb-skin slippers that have only touched polished stones... what concern do you have except for profits and comfort? Are you concerned that the rest of your foul wagons will be left to waste and rot? All we need is ammunition for our souls and our 'rosbows. You want money? Is that it? Is that what you're fearful of, that our teeny purchases from your wagons will cause a mutiny? Fine! Fine!"	
He laughed, the sound forced and hollow, and with hooked fingers snatched a hefty pouch from his belt. He tossed it hard, and the diplomat grunted as the surprisingly heavy bag hit him in the chest. It bounced off, and when it hit the ground it burst, solid silver and gold coins imprinted with diamonds and the royalty of ages spilling across the floors. Aryn gave a wave of his hand, an off-handed gesture dismissing the diplomat, and pushed his way through the doors to mess.	
The Diplomat gawked at the coins, a single pouch that contained more wealth then they made during an entire circuit, barely hearing as Aryn began bellowing, "I don't care what you're titles are! You, Thresher! You, Planter! You, Brewer! Get out to quarry! Grab glass, grab mortar! You, Metalsmith! You, Grov... gather the rest of your urchin friends. Get to the damned quarry! THE KITCHENS ARE CLOSED UNTIL YOUR WORK IS DONE!"	
Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Vactor on March 17, 2011, 10:03:44 pm	
the slumbering titan has been roused.	
Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Jim Groovester on March 17, 2011, 10:11:49 pm	
This is a pleasant surprise. I can't remember what was going on at all though.	
Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Argonnek on March 17, 2011, 11:47:22 pm	
English does not have the words to describe how happy I am to see this continue. Ecstatic isn't even close. It's good to have this den of madness back.	
Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: powpow on March 18, 2011, 03:13:15 am	
its been so long i sorta forgot some of the plot and who the characters are	
Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Heavy Flak on March 18, 2011, 08:24:57 am	
Quote from: Jim Groovester on March 17, 2011, 10:11:49 pm This is a pleasant surprise. I can't remember what was going on at all though. Quote from: powpow on March 18, 2011, 03:13:15 am	

its been so long i sorta forgot some of the plot and who the characters are

You guys are telling me! Just kidding - since there was an abnormally long break, here's the most-brief rundown of all the happenings within the fortress:

- * There's still a crime-fighting group, with Szondi and Maudlin in the lead, trying to keep the citizens safe.
- * Maggarg, Adol, Likot, and Merkil have started their own quartet, coming at odds with the other protectors, and also trying to keep Wilber placated so he won't rat them out.
- * The Fishers and Rinsesilver, even with their growing wealth, are coming to odds with everyone as Dodik begins to lose control of her brothel.
- * Telemon, after a failed assassination attempt, left his cohorts to drown in his safe house. Sgt. Pepper and Archin are attempting to hunt him down and exact revenge for being left behind.
- * Stravtich is in the middle of an existential crisis, after losing an eye, being left for dead in a watery grave, and coming to after being aided by Kuli and his officers.
- * Rice, Lucy, and many of the others flit about as if they were ghosts, doing what they can to keep the fortress running with any sense of normalcy.
- * Dojango and Akroma have been whispering of jumping ship, while still plying their trade in the Glass Domes to try and bring some crops grow.
- * The Military continues to grow more irritable daily. Without a goblin horde, all they do is train and drink.
- * There are still Grov's everywhere. Beware the collective.

That's all I've got off the top of my head, but it seems pretty comprehensive for right now.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **quip** on **March 18, 2011, 11:12:53 am**

I'd make a statement about how happy I was to see this back but others have already posted words to that effect far more elequotantly. (??!!!)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 18, 2011, 06:52:56 pm**

My disappearances seem pretty par for the course as of late, and I'm not really sure how to explain them. It's a weird situation all around - I have you readers who have devoted your time into reading my ramblings, I have people who have actively participated, and occasionally I just vanish? Even to some of you, like Vactor, who I totally bailed on outside of the forum like a Grade-A Chump? Totally not cool.

Unsure what to say, I've drawn representations of my last months-long excursion:

[Spoiler: "As of last summer"](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler: "Until most recently"](#) (click to show/hide)



That about sums it up quite nicely. So... there we go! Now with that all out of the way, let's get back to the story.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **March 18, 2011, 06:59:36 pm**

it's no problem, i think all of us, at some point in our lives, have gone to war against circ du soleil

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **quip** on **March 19, 2011, 03:28:50 am**

I have only one thing to say here: lol.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 19, 2011, 01:42:55 pm**

The events of the 7th of Limestone, 1074

Sulari sat cross-legged at the edge of the magma pond. She had a small spade in her dirt caked hands, and with slow and efficient movements, she dug small trenches in the soil to plant the small, budding flowers that had been cultivated in her room. She seemed, for all the world, the calmest she had been since arriving at the fortress. A small, red flower peaked out from her matted mass of hair, tucked just behind an ear.

Wilber sat beside her, mimicking her motion for motion. Instead of a spade, he used a stick, and instead of a flower he had a fork, but for all purposes, he was her mad little mirror image.

Poised uncomfortably on rocks set about the makeshift garden was Major Merkil, Maggarg, and Adol. Stalking about behind them was Likot, her greatcoat whisking about the grass, sunlight glinting off her green-glass eye ports. They watched the pair digging in the dirt, planting their little buds for a few more silent moments, before Merkil cleared his throat and spoke.

"We need you, Sulari. I know that you're ... retired. But it's imperative for the future and safety of our... *little community*."

Maggarg, in fashion, lacked the respect and subtlety of his commander. "Between the camels, the nobles, Aryn, the merchants, and the greenskins, we're gunna get split at the seems and treated like a tree around an elf."

Adol favored him with a withering look. "A tree around an elf?"
"Screwed."
"Ahh. Yes. They have sex with trees."
"That's why there are none out here in this damned desert! They banged them all to rotting!"

"Gentlemen. Ma'am," Likot gave a small nod of her head at the address, "You're not the first group to approach me for aid. I would lo-... no, that was a lie. I would not love to help. The things you have mentioned, they are... unstoppable. You can not stop the sun from rising, can you? You can not stop the Goblins from coming. If you could make their numbers wane, I assure you, we would have caused them genocide a thousand times over. Nobles will be Nobles. Aryn? Implacable, and he has avoided every attempt at death, as far back as the scorpion that greeted the party on arrival. He is as sturdy and rigid as steel. Do you want my advice?"

"No," Merkil said stubbornly, "We want your axe and your training."
"You'll get neither of those, friend. I'm retired, from politics and from battle."

Their little talk was broken up by a grunt from up above. A large form, wrapped in moth mottled blankets, was tossed over the edge. It limply twisted in the air before landing in the center of the magma with a splash. A second of sizzling, a flash of instant fire, and it had vanished from sight. Only the small ripples that broke the surface showed that anything had been dropped in at all. From up above, Rinsesilver's deep voice could be heard.

"Ya' see? Camels, ya' stupid merchants, camel's killed another of your guards. I'm sorry, but they aren't the protection you need..."

As she trailed off, Sulari and Wilber turned their gazes to the quartet. "If you want to make this fortress safer, get rid of the Fishers." Sulari and Wilber looked at each other in surprise as they both finished their sentence. Sulari's eyes narrowed and she began to speak, but Wilber said cheerily, "I'm a soldier!" and she let it slide. "Take out the Fishers. Take the Fishers out, and you'll have one small problem solved, and you'll have made things safer. Prices have sky-rocketted because Aryn refuses to buy anything he deems unnecessary, and the Fishers buy up the rest. Remove them, and the average Dwarf will be able to stock his pantry at cost. You want my help, go with advice. Remove Rinsesilver."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **powpow** on **March 19, 2011, 07:32:01 pm**

inter-clan warfare.... this might end badly :P

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 21, 2011, 08:15:34 pm**

The events of the 18th of Limestone, 1074

Rice and Lucy stood atop the quarry, staring down in horror at the scene unfolding below them. Beside them, wrapped full in his quiet intensity was Roaroak, orange-red hair whipping in the wind, Quote nervously looking on from his side. One of the local roughnecks, Nomal Wallgirders, had arrived on the quarry in the Guardsman's blue helm and vest, the rest of his outfit a tattered set of trousers. Held in his right hand was a slab of green glass, carted about in a leather sling. In his left he carried his trusty Iron pick, already greasy with goblin blood.

"Who reenacted the guardsmen?" Lucy hissed. Even as far away as they were, she kept her voice low out of fear. "I have no idea..." Rice said. He could feel the bile rising in the back of his throat. The nobility had kept a roster of all those who had gone unpunished since Stravitch had walked - twenty one souls, their punishments growing, their sentences lengthening. Even if it paled to Archin's tallied three-hundred-and-one, Rice had given himself ulcers worrying about the fifty-one days assigned to his name. And to see the Blue on patrol once more...

"A hundred-twenty-six," Roaroak said calmly. "Against the old Duke Bomrek. Do you know what it was for? Perversions of Architecture, and the export of prohibited blueprints. This will severely hamper things."



Lucy gasped and covered her mouth with a hand, and the rest turned to follow her gaze. It was only when the miner Curlmirrors realized that someone was behind her, watching her, did she turn. What followed was a shriek as he swung the slab of glass, shattering it across her skull. When she dropped, Wallgirders began to kick, stomping on her back over, and over. She vomited, soaking the floor and his camel-leather shoes, but he took no notice. He left her in a pile of her own filth, wheezing and squirming.

"What is he doing?" Lucy asked.
"Oh, Zefon..." Rice moaned, "He's grabbing the chains off a crane... quickly, to our room! Quickly!"

OOC: This is an... issue. Because I didn't make him a part of the guard. At all. I received a warning that "Nomal Adilthob had become a Recruit." followed by, "Squad "The Gilded Columns" has been disbanded." The next, I see him stalking after criminals.

Are things finally bugging out of control? Do I stop him before a good portion of the work force is locked up? I'm not sure! Like I said, I didn't make him, one of the nobles did, or maybe something flipped from all my tweaking? Regardless - we have drama!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Knick** on **March 22, 2011, 07:18:56 am**

Quote
This is an... issue. Because I didn't make him a part of the guard. At all. I received a warning that "Nomal Adilthob had become a Recruit." followed by, "Squad "The Gilded Columns" has been disbanded." The next, I see him stalking after criminals.

Are things finally bugging out of control? Do I stop him before a good portion of the work force is locked up? I'm not sure! Like I said, I didn't make him, one of the nobles did, or maybe something flipped from all my tweaking? Regardless - we have drama!

Either it is bugging, or Migrursut has achieved a degree of sentience.

Either way, we don't just have drama. We have awesomeness.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Battlecat** on **March 22, 2011, 10:16:48 am**

That's creepy. But awesome!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **March 22, 2011, 12:48:01 pm**

That's crazy... I hope I make it out of this alright

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **March 22, 2011, 01:12:55 pm**

Wow. That's insane.

I say let it play out. It's good fodder for the story regardless.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Argonnek** on **March 22, 2011, 01:13:54 pm**

The lone soldier of Noble Justice. Sounds dramatic.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 22, 2011, 08:33:31 pm**

The events of the 24th of Limestone, 1074

"Jottttweeeebbbbbee..."
"What?" She snapped her head up from the glass smelter, hair hanging down over her face in sweaty strands. "Who's there? Who is it?"

"Jottttweeeebbbbbee...!"
"Stop it, Onul. You're not being funny."
"I'm not doing anything," the Dungeon Master snapped. "Just get back to your work."
"No, I heard some-

A torch at the top of the staircase winked out of existence. A second later, the ones at the bottom blinked out. Onul sucked on his teeth, his grip tightening on his iron Training Hammer.

"Whatever beast be on those steps," he said in a low whisper, "Had best turn tail and run, before I put the collar and leash on ye'."

Minutes ticked by as if they were drowning in molasses. The only sound was the sizzling drips of glass melting off into the magma pits below. With a heavy *wooosh*, the rest of the torches winked out, leaving the room's floor dimly lit in an eerie red-magma glow.

Jotwebe let out a shriek as a torch burst into flame beside her, displaying the haggard, leering face of Wallgirders. The Blue Demon. The Punisher. His smile seemed unnaturally wide, extending well past the corners of his mouth. In the blackness, his eyes were two ink pits of black, shimmering and wavering in the light. His teeth - all that were left in his head - glittered in a sickly yellowish rot.

"Greetings, *Criminal*."

Jotwebe was only able to grunt as her head was smashed into the glass smelter. Her mouth full of shards of broken teeth, she spluttered out gobs of phlegmy blood. She tried to fight back, leaving red hand prints on his armor, but he shoved her over and raised his iron pick high - the metal glittering with shards of green glass that had been hastily glued into place.



Omul turned his head from savage beating, wincing with each meaty *thwack* that sounded from boot or pick. Eventually, panting with the effort, Wallgirders sauntered towards the steps. He stopped long enough to light a thin, dangling cigarette from his torch, and cupping his hands around it, lit one of the torches at the base as an afterthought. He took a heavy drag, smoke billowing out from his nostrils.

"You're not on my list yet, you purple-robed stain. But if I hear you've touched that simpering pile of filth I'll break both your hands and leave you here in the quarry." His hand ventured down to his hip, and he rattled the links of chains that were connected to his belt loop. "I'm off to chain an animal now. Keep the faith."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Argonnek** on **March 22, 2011, 10:07:35 pm**

This is pure, unadulterated awesome.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 24, 2011, 06:48:08 pm**

The Events of the 24th of Sandstone, 1074



"Get me out! Oh, I can't take this ag-OUT! GET ME OUT!" Maggarg threw himself against the iron door to his cell but he only bounced off without effect, the chains connected to his collar whipping his head back hard. He crashed to the ground, splintering the cot underneath his weight.

"Going.. oh, no... no..."

His hyperventilation stopped when the small view port to the door slid open, light shining in for the briefest of instances. It was blocked out near instantly, and he could practically scream with joy when he heard the voice.

"Maggarg, there you are... finally! No one knows anything anymore, the whole fortress is in turmoil! Absolute pandemonium, man."

Maggarg's throat tightened when he heard his friends words. "Pandemonium... Adol, tell me the truth, ya' bastard, what has happened?" "After you got thrown in, Wallgirders cleared out the barracks. Wilber, Eita, Merkil, Sacktwinked, Crispin and one of her children... even old Metalsmith Fliersalves got snagged in the hallway for trying to step in. Wallgirders... he..."

Adol stepped away from the door, and Maggarg could see a little movement through the slit. He scrambled to his feet and peered through, letting out a low moan as he saw the shoddy sling that Adol was wearing.

"He blindsided me, I was coming from the kitchen's with a drink and he kicked me down the steps, started smashing me with his pick when I'd landed. Dojango patched my arm up when he realized what it did, but... now he's terrified of repercussions for helping me. What are we going to do?" "I've got a month in here... I can't handle being in a cell again, I just *can't*, you're going to have to break me out."

"Stop, listen to me!" Adol hissed, the impatience and fear cutting through. "Everyone is talking about Aryn doing this, but he didn't, he's furious - no one can protect the builders and Rice is swearing the working man is next. Someone set Wallgirders loose! Someone gave him this authority and no one knows how to take it from him! I... Maggarg. Listen to me. He's punishing those who speak out. **Jotwebe Zasirtangath, Stonecrafter... has suffocated**"

Maggard slumped back to the floor, his head in his hands. "If the Goblins storm the fort now... if the Fishers revolt... if the camels get in... how are we going to escape?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **March 24, 2011, 06:54:26 pm**

Why are there engraved walls in the magma pipe?

Of course I pick out the most irrelevant detail of the update to ask about.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 24, 2011, 07:11:46 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on March 24, 2011, 06:54:26 pm

Why are there engraved walls in the magma pipe?

Of course I pick out the most irrelevant detail of the update to ask about.

There are two very good reasons for that!

1.) There is a part of me that feels no wall should go unsmoothed, and if it's not going to be something I look at all the time, it needs to be used as a record of events.

2) That wasn't ever intended to be part of the magma pipe...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **March 25, 2011, 12:24:51 am**

Awww man all these updates!! I can't handle the goodness!! Thank you HF, for coming back!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **powpow** on **March 25, 2011, 05:19:09 am**

wah turmoil will the dome ever be completed?? i think not

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 25, 2011, 09:58:18 am**

Quote from: ricemastah on March 25, 2011, 12:24:51 am

Awww man all these updates!! I can't handle the goodness!! Thank you HF, for coming back!

It's honestly good to be back. I haven't been writing for months, ya' know? I've just had this terrible creative blank, and if it wasn't for Stravitch saying, "Uh, dude? Have you checked out your thread lately?" I might have continued on in that funk. So now I'm working on a new book and Migrusut - and a big part is the outpour of support and praise from you readers. So hey - thanks, I know it's cliché to say, but seriously, without you guys I couldn't keep soldiering on!

Quote from: powpow on March 25, 2011, 05:19:09 am

wah turmoil will the dome ever be completed?? i think not

Usually I'd say you're right, but things have been moving... swimmingly. Upgrading to Windows 7 has actually helped increase my FPS by between 5 and 7, and outside of The Game turning Sentient and punishing me with Wallgirders, they've all been eager little beavers in constructing the Domes.

And I say that now, but when I boot up tonight I'd wager I get hit with an invasion or some Skamels for my hubris.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 25, 2011, 10:58:10 pm**

The events of the 15th of Sandstone, 1074



"Enough!" Aryn roared, his boot smashing into the door to the apartment. It veered in at high speeds, the bottom sets of hinges snapping, and the remaining ones squealed in protest as the heavy stone door leaned at an unnatural angle. It dangled there briefly before the top hinges broke, and it crashed to the ground in a plume of noise and rock dust.

"Leave him be!"

Wallgirders lifted his head, staring impassivly as the disheveled Mayor stormed into the bedroom. Roaroak struggled against the leather strap wrapped around his neck, his bare feet kicking impassively, mussing the blankets on his bed. Wallgirders flashed a hideous smile, his eyes seeming to blank briefly under the glower of his brows.

"If it ain't the Mayor himself, gracin' our presence. Look on, Howie, look on at the face of corruption." With his free hand, he whipped his pick around, slapping it long-ways against the architects stomach. Roaroak doubled up as best he could against the pain, his cries of pain turned into gurgling gasps by the stop.

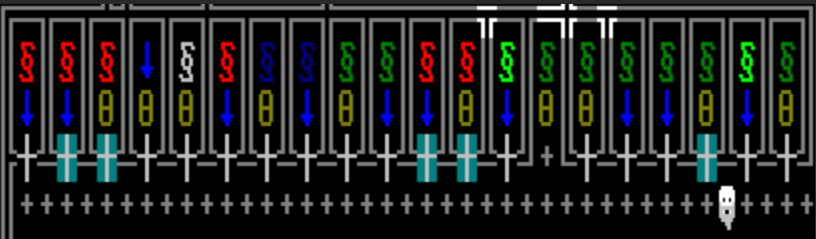
"You insolent *worm*," was all Aryn was able to rasp out. His breathing was coming in ragged gasps, and his vision was pulsing, blackened at the edges, in time with his arrhythmic heartbeats. He did not notice how he clenched his hands at his sides, calloused fists clenching until blood dribbled down to the floor. When he spoke again, his voice was barely above a whisper; harsh, and cruel. "You... you idiot... You're hindering progress! You're hindering Dwarven evolution! Our safety, our future! Let him go now and I won't dash your head on these stones, I won't gouge out your fool eyes and set them in the statues in the mess hall, to watch as these pitiful workers feed themselves on your hastily stewed flesh."

"We all take our orders," Wallgirders said simply. "Roaroak took his from you, aye? Those fools in the military from that sad head-case Merkil? From that Gods-blinded fool Kuli? From Dojango and Akroma, the voices of twisted reason within the catacombs of produce? From the beast Stravitch... from that terrible, terrible cheat Johnny... Well, funny that, I take mine from a... higher source as well."

With his free hand, he slowly reached up to his collar. Fingers grasping at the cloth, he tugged it down to bare the flesh at the base of his neck. On display was raw skin, angry and red in the shape of a small circle, as if it had been branded in the flesh. Wallgirders let the collar of his shirt snap back into place, his fingers tightening around the leather stop. "Back aside, rule-monger. Let your betters pass through, on their way to their duties."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 27, 2011, 02:47:43 pm**

The events of the 10th of Moonstone, 1074



The citizens worked in a frenzy; they could feel that their toil was quickly coming to an end. Lead by the bent-back, tireless energies of the recently ascended Labro Leader Cokho Roknut, even the most desolate and scabrous of workers could feel elation in their hearts. The Main Dome was growing in size daily. Already, as far back as the Poison Temple, the beginnings of the great Glass Lighthouse could be seen peaking above the sands, glittering on it's way into the sky.

Deep below ground, moods soured. It was a reminder of their lot in life. The grounds were covered in filth, discarded food and rotten clothing piled up in the corners. Cats hunted the vermin, but already full, they left the carcasses about to add to the clutter. Already two new litters of the war-bears had been birthed, their numbers growing, the armored beasts stalking the halls at night. Top-side, the Temple to Zefon had been taken over by Wallgirders and turned into his personal office. He lounged about on the bridge, watching the citizens with his darkened eyes and yellowing grin.

But by the dark cells, Dwarves gathered. They knelt on the bare stone, and kept their heads bowed, hands clasped reverently in front of them. Beside a plain door, Vash stood, the last of the officers left unchained. From the darkness behind, through the small slit, came the soft, sure sounds of Kuli, reciting the prayer and the lesson for the day. His voice, hoarse from lack of water, still brought glimmers of hope through the strength of his words.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Battlecat** on **March 27, 2011, 02:51:38 pm**

Uh oh, that's a lot of thirsty dwarves there!

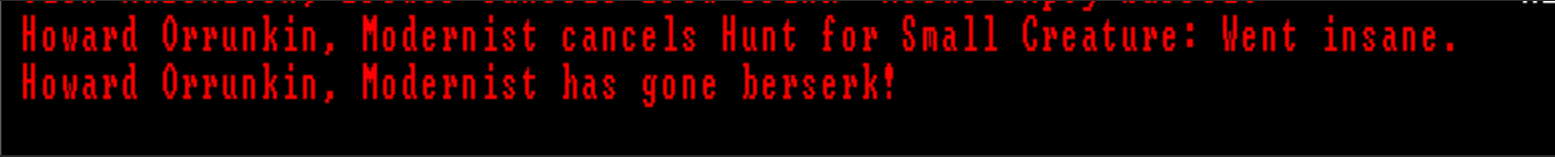
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 27, 2011, 09:19:58 pm**

The Events of the 25th of Opal, 1074

"AA"



"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"



"HH"



Blood red rage. Rage. Hunger. The hunger. Flesh. Need flesh. Blood. Must drink. So thirsty. Fires of hell. Throat burns. The burning does not end. Oh how it burns how I hunger how it tears at my throat my face my skin my flesh my bones oh lords all the lords the queens the gods all the gods oh how it never ends it NEVER ENDS!

Gripping soft flesh fingers digging into eyes look at that pretty little Erendor fishery worker, pretty little Fisher down to silence the voices silence the rage silence everything pretty skin running red thirst quenched oh the sounds the breaking sounds pottery and bones and stones breaking under hands oh how it breaks how it bursts chains are growing slick look at that, all that red who's is it, is it mine? It can't be, loosening the shackles thank you Erendor thank you pretty little broken Fisher let me help you let me just take a little taste...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Beeskee** on **March 27, 2011, 09:27:03 pm**

I was wondering why I always build my prisons with food and drink stockpiles... :D

I am glad you are writing again. :) Welcome back!

Heh, if Aryn is still leader, he could designate new cells.

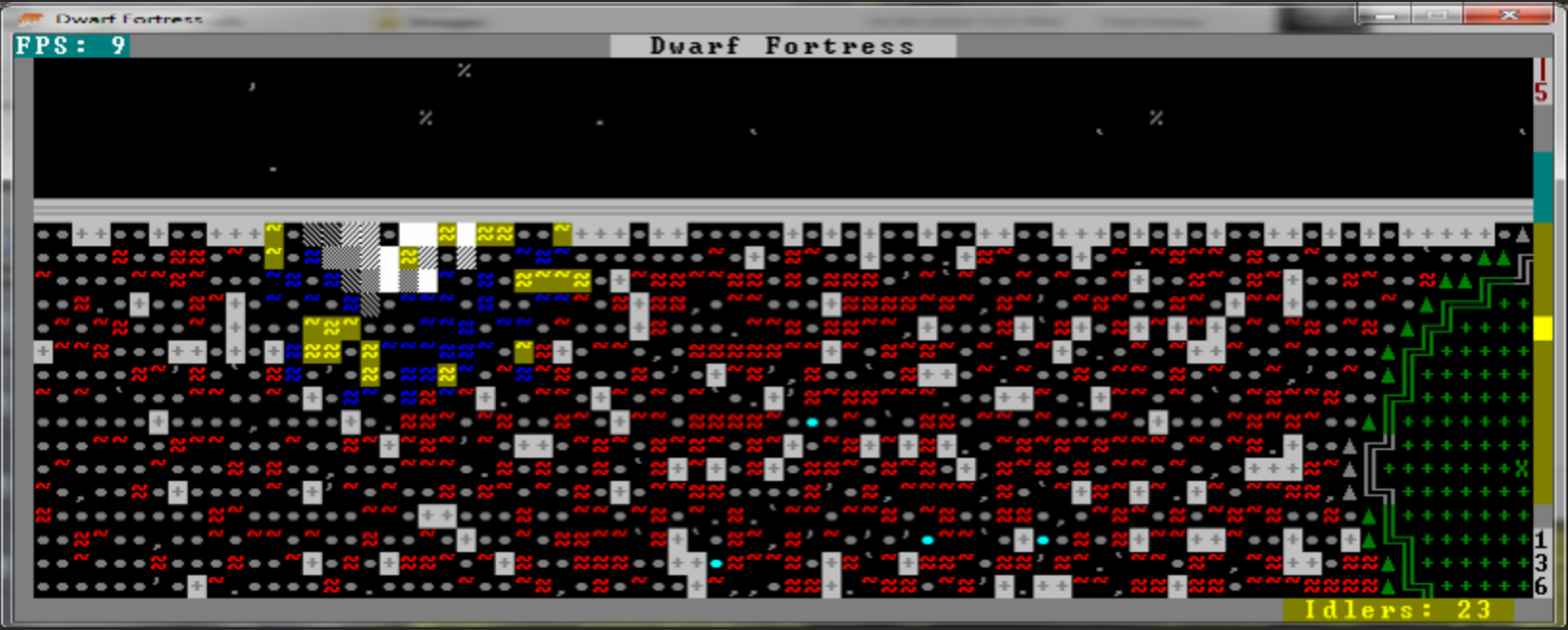
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 27, 2011, 09:47:52 pm**

The Event of the 1st of Obsidian, 1075

His legs gave way, his knees unable to lock any longer. Aryn dropped heavily into the sand, red dust billowing up around him. He stared straight ahead, agog at the scene before him. He had waited for decades. He had longed. He had hoped.

"Oh... Ohhh...." unable to formulate words, he lifted the bundle in his arms and pointed it before him.

"Howard... Howard, look. Look! LOOK, damn you! Oh, it's like like diamonds..."



"It has been born - bleed, damn you, bleed you cruel ocean, you impossible deeps and dreaded beasts! BLEED OUT, AND FULFILL MY

DREAM! FILL IT TO THE FUCKING BRIM I COMMAND YOU, AS YOUR MASTER, BLEED OUT AND PROTECT US!"

And Aryn wept. His shoulders shook with great racking sobs until his throat hurt, against Howard Roaroak's blood-matted hair.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **March 27, 2011, 10:16:33 pm**

That's quite the time gap.

Filling that lake up is going to take forever.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **powpow** on **March 28, 2011, 04:33:32 am**

Aryn takin command

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **quip** on **March 28, 2011, 10:07:01 am**

This place keeps getting more and more insane...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Ahra** on **March 28, 2011, 10:31:22 am**

its migrursut what did you think? but making an ocean in an desert is crazy.....

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **bayar** on **March 28, 2011, 12:26:37 pm**

Quote from: Ahra on March 28, 2011, 10:31:22 am
its migrursut what did you think? but making an ocean in an desert is ~~crazy~~ dwarfy.....

Fixed that typo for you.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **March 28, 2011, 03:30:18 pm**

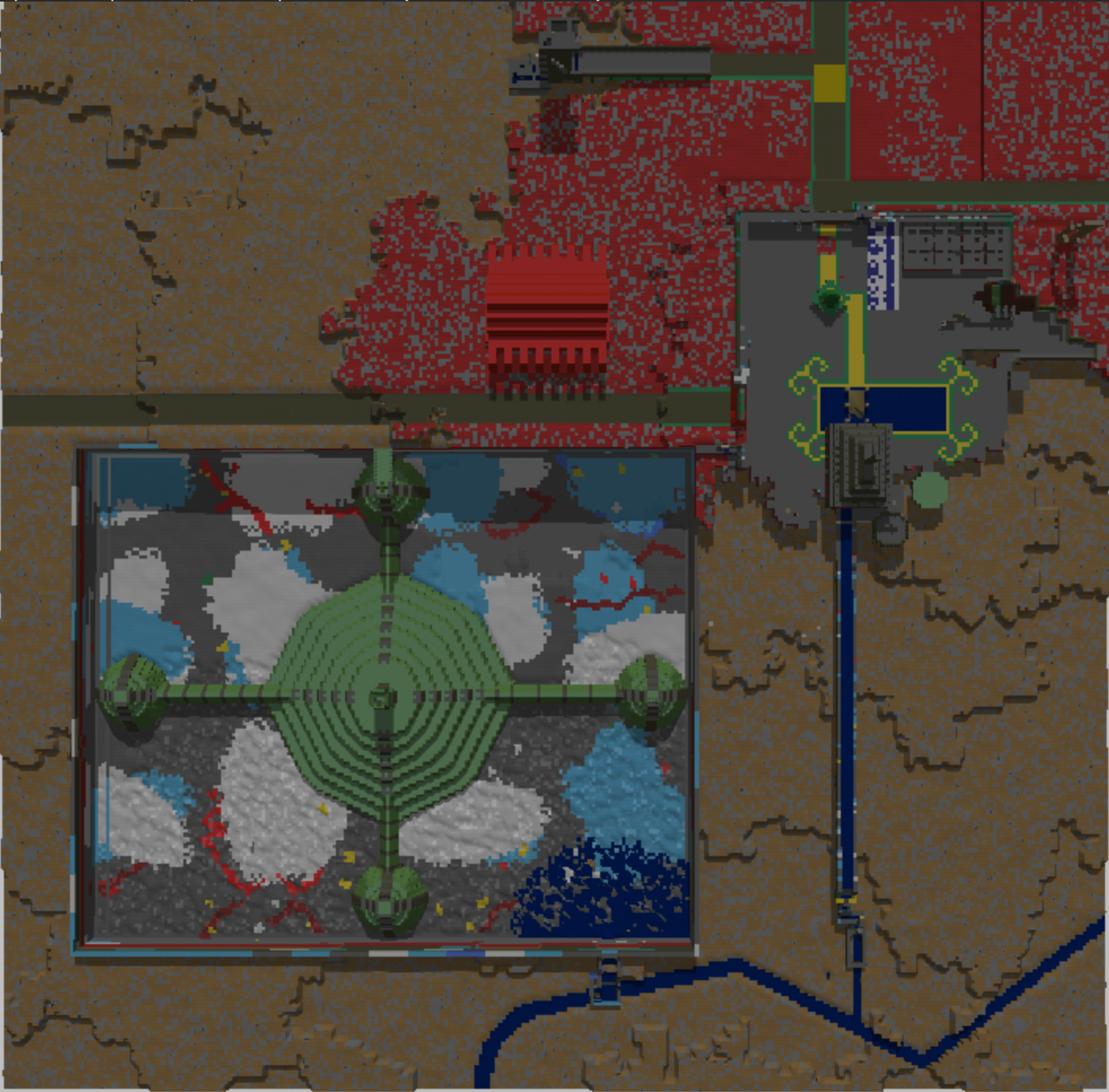
Nice to see that Adol is still alive, at least.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 28, 2011, 08:48:16 pm**

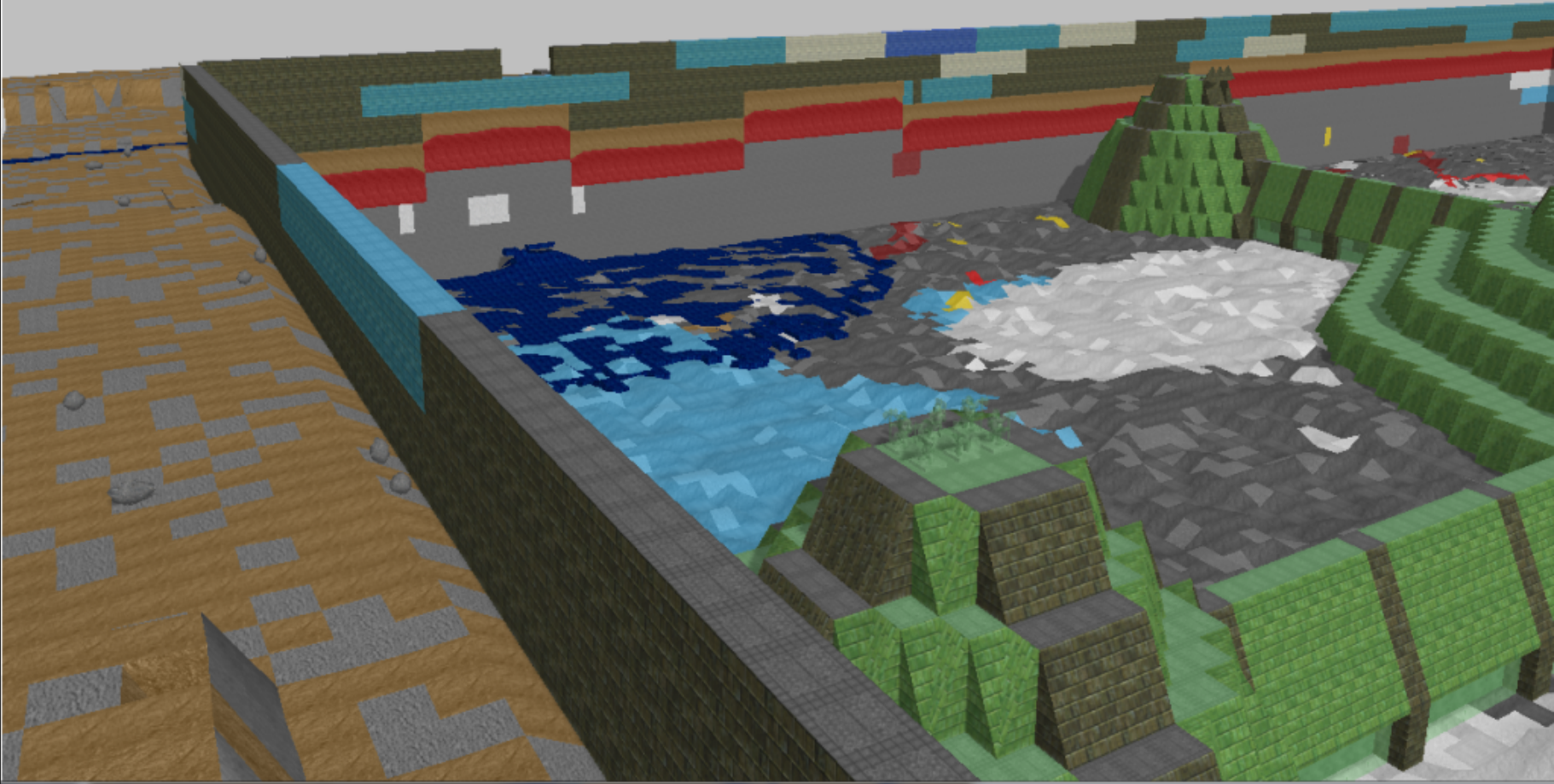
I had to see my likeness finish his journey :-D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 28, 2011, 09:08:19 pm**

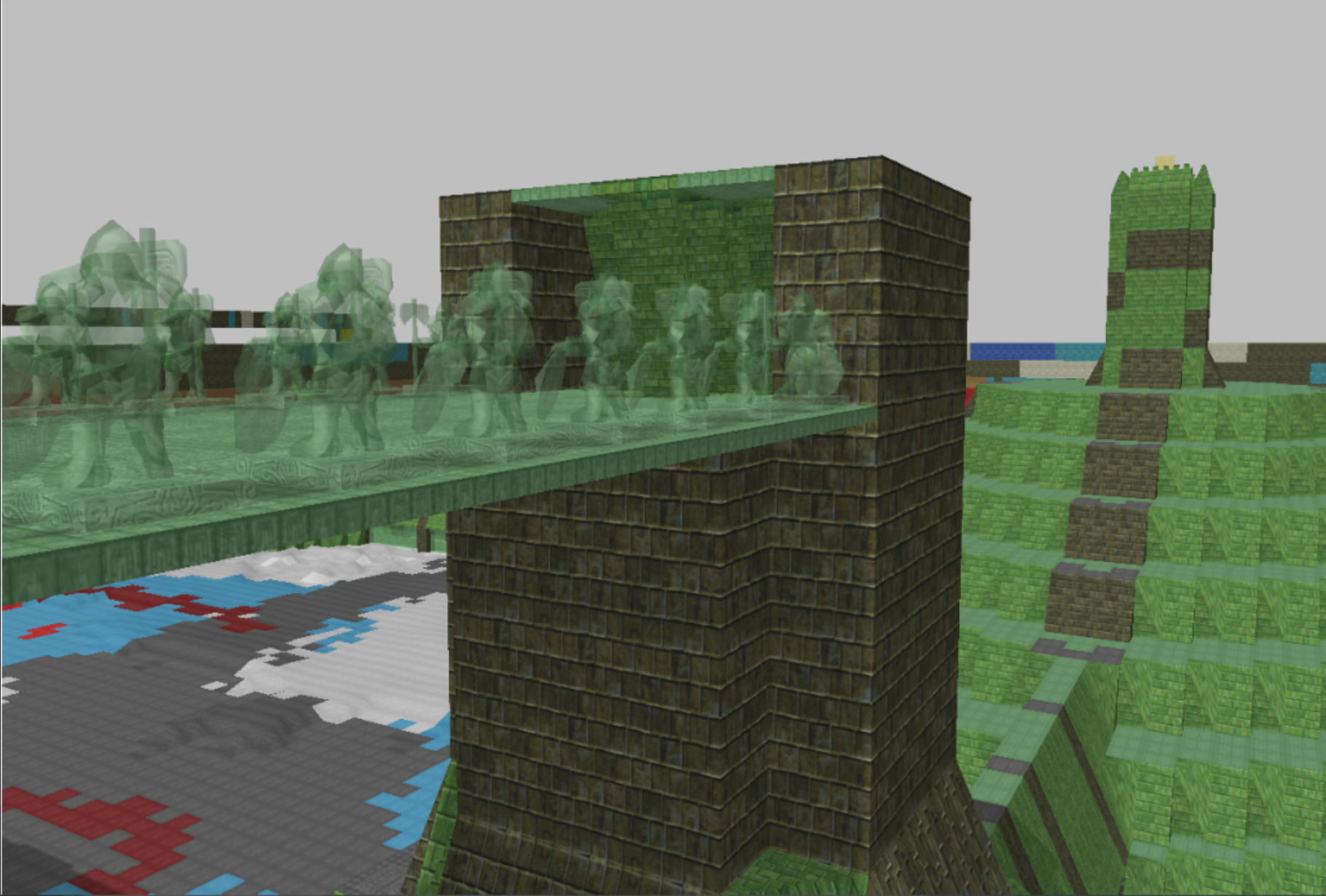
Spoiler: Top-Down, on the plot of land (click to show/hide)



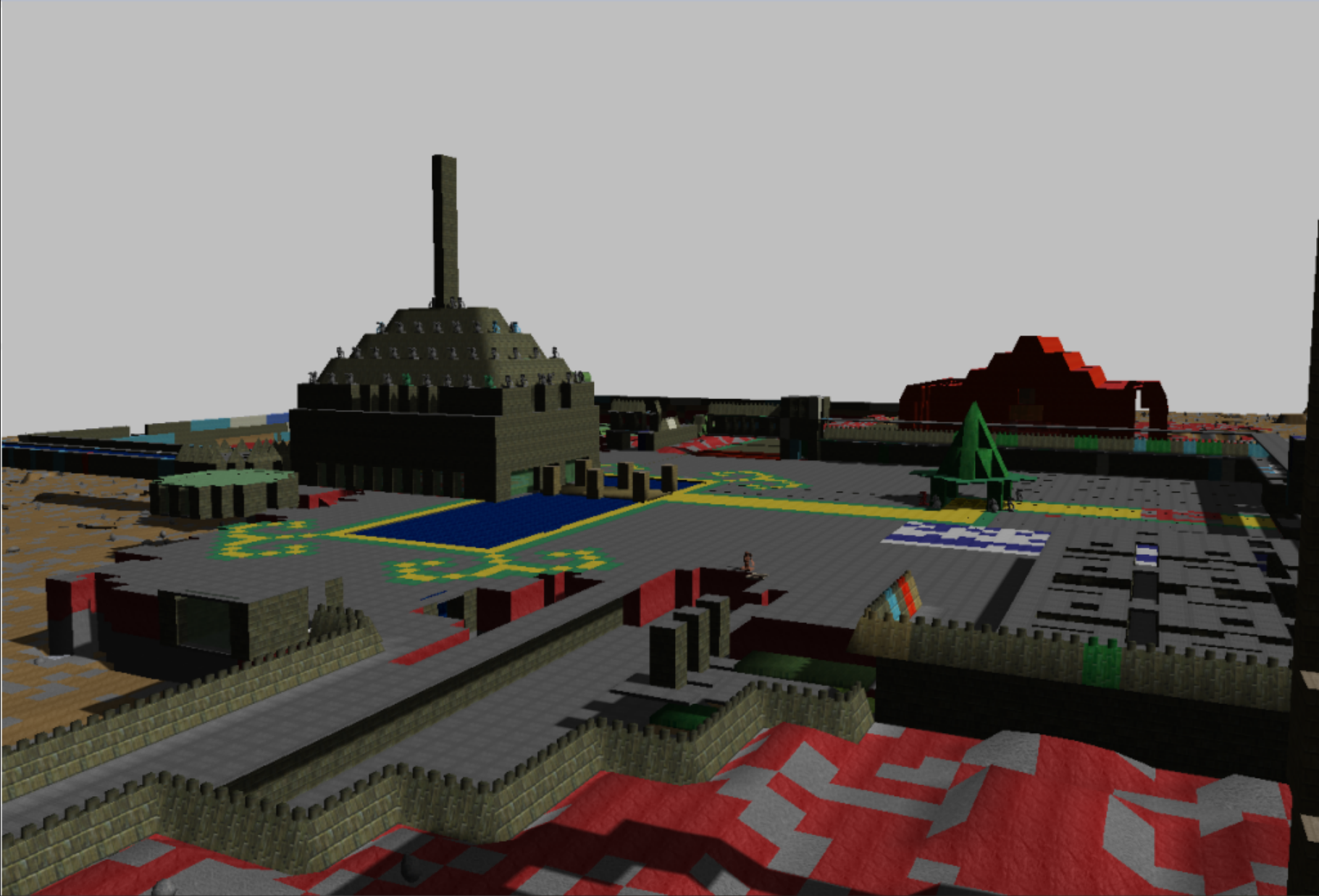
Spoiler: Water Spillith over (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: [Pass the gaze of the glass guards, and find peace \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Spoiler: [The Temple of Zefon stands tall still \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Argonnek** on **March 28, 2011, 09:12:34 pm**

Just viewing these shots has made me a happier person.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 28, 2011, 09:43:58 pm**

The Events of the 18th of Granite, 1075

"There you are," Rice said. He was surprised by the calmness in his voice. It helped that Lucy was beside him, giving his hand a reassuring squeeze. It also helped that he had an entourage - Quote, Aya, Mookie, Makrond, Lugnut - even some of the guardsmen in Crispin, Varen, Luke, and a recently freed Jools. They kept their silence, but their lined faces and haunted eyes spoke more than they ever could. Even a Grov was represented, though It didn't know why, the dense child staring at the sun unblinking.

"You're a hard man to find, ah, Captain Fillwhip..."

Stravitch sat cross-legged in the shade of his poison temple, his hairy chest bare, prodigious gut spilling out over the waist of his pants. He only briefly glanced up, the bare and empty right socket oozing fluids. He was covered in cats, the ratty beasts purring loud enough to be deafening, rubbing themselves upon him. Held against him with one hand, was a small kitten, mewling and kneading into his chest.

"I'm not hard to find. You lot have gone out of your way to avoid me."

Rice didn't let emotion show on his face. He didn't want the Old Goat to see just how true those words were. Taking a deep breath, he forced a weak smile. "We've been busy in the domes. Preparing. Aryn is wanting to furnished and finished soon. Then he's condemning the fortress."

"He thinks to much," Stravitch murmured. Fingers fat as sausages stroked under the kittens chin, and it stretched out nearly twice it's length in the luxury of it. "Much too much. Thinking has gotten him no where."

Pursing his mouth briefly, Rice finally worked up the saliva to speak. "We need you, Stravitch. Everyone is dying. Jotwebe was put to death by Wallgirders. Howard went mad and killed a fisher, and maimed a few others before he was brought down, and children have... children are winding up dead in the wastes. I don't know how much longer Neo will list, he's destroyed his cot already, and-"

"I've been turned down at every turn! I try to help, and-"

"No, NO!" Luke exploded, "You've punished us unfairly, you've beaten us unmercifully, you've used our land as your own personal playground, never mind all the things you've done we don't know about. Your drunken antics, you're abuses, your..."

"Fine! I've been fought at every turn, you sour little shits. I've been kept from doing what I want, and in the end I'm tossed aside to die! I'm not doing anything for anyone but myself anymore, and you know what I want?"

He stretched, and slowly stood. The cats continued to cling to him, their claws digging into his back-pelt, his shoulders, his pants, all unnoticed despite the trickles of blood. "I'm going to go eat a live Fox, and drink a barrel of rum, and I'm going to listen to these weird little roasts hum until I pass out on top of a bed made of solid gold."

"Those are coffins," Lucy said quietly.

"I'm going to pass out on top of four coffins made of solid gold," He corrected himself. "And then I'm going to piss off the highest wall I can find. Leave me out of your politics, I'm done with them! Don't come to me for help - no one has..." he paused, his eyes narrowing.

"I'm not helping you, there's no profit in it. Be gone. Leave my temples, Lenod's fiery gaze has been shuttered with sleep. Out! All of ya'!"

In seconds, the doors slammed shut. Lucy slid her arms around Rice's side, hugging him tightly. From the back, Makrond wheezed, "We'll survive wi-ith out him... come, we need to talk to the other soldiers."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **March 28, 2011, 10:26:07 pm**

I hope for Aryn's sake that the new ocean fills faster than it evaporates.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Knick** on **March 29, 2011, 07:49:26 am**

Armok almighty! Stravitch--what happened to you?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 29, 2011, 09:35:46 am**

Cats. Glorious cats! MWUAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **quip** on **March 29, 2011, 10:12:39 am**

Quote from: Stravitch on March 29, 2011, 09:35:46 am
Cats. Glorious cats! MWUAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
Oh Armok, we are all doomed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 29, 2011, 06:16:56 pm**

http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-10210-oceanbled-oceanbled Oh look, another map - missing POI's, but that's okay. Not a lot happened or whatever!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 29, 2011, 07:41:25 pm**

The events of the 3rd of Slate, 1075



'Neo' Cattenamkol èrithlumash ór, Champion cancels Hunt for Small Creature: Went insane.
'Neo' Cattenamkol èrithlumash ór, Champion has gone berserk!

'Neo' Cattenamkol èrithlumash ór, Champion has gone berserk!

Frothing at the mouth, Neo gripped the cat by it's neck and it's hind feet and gave a hard yank. The screech of pain was cut off as the cat was ripped in half, each end tossed on the floor. For nearly a minute, nothing happened - the Dwarves were used to these displays, and cats were a filthy species, horrid little motorboxes that left vermin and shit everywhere. But when Neo ripped the baby from Miner Zuglar's arms and punted it down the hallway like a medicine ball, finally, something happened.

The Dwarves saw Neo turned around, his eyes spiraled, holding the lower of half of Zuglar's body in one hand. His obsidian sword was still sheathed - he had ripped her in half with his hands.

"I NEED FOOD! AND DRINK! GRAY DWARF NEEDS FOOD **NOW**"

"Enough!" Adol roared, down the hallway. Slowly, ever so slowly, Neo turned on the balls of his feet to stare at the challenge. In a single fluid motion, Adol drew the hammer from the thong at his hip. He pointed it at Neo, and made a sweeping gesture behind him. "You need Aid, your mind has been taken over by evil. The others are coming as we speak. You'll be surrounded soon. Give up Neo, I don't want to harm you, but if you insist on this... I'll put you down like a dog."

A single swing caught the charging Neo in the side of the head and sent him staggering to the side. Half his ear was torn off, and a large gash ran from his temple to the top of his head, leaking blood. A second put him fully on the ground, cracking the armor at his shoulder.

"Come to heel, dog! Sit and heel!"

As Neo struggled to reach Adol, the hammerdwarf swung a third time. A shattering of bones and crackling steel filled the hallway, and the Mad Dwarf shrieked in rage, dropping his sword. "HEEL DAMN YOU! HEEL!"

At the very last, Neo seemed to come to his senses. His eyes cleared, as well as they could behind the swelling, and he saw the scene before him. He had one hand blocking his face, the other twitching impotently at his side, broken and useless though he tried to use it, when the ornate hammer that Adol wielded crashed into his face, shattering it into jelly, breaking his fingers at the knuckles, bursting his eyes like little opaque grapes.

Adol stood in the hallway panting, his teeth grit in rage and determination as the sounds of steel-shod feet beat on the stones nearer to him. "COME!" He roared, grabbing a startled Maggarg by the collar. "This has gone far enough. Come with me, we're gathering the Army. This is done with, my hammer isn't going to defend these mad-man a single day longer."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **quip** on **March 30, 2011, 10:10:09 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on March 29, 2011, 07:41:25 pm

Frothing at the mouth, Neo gripped the cat by it's neck and it's hind feet and gave a hard yank. The screech of pain was cut off as the cat was ripped in half, each end tossed on the floor. For nearly a minute, nothing happened - the Dwarves were used to these displays, and cats were a filthy species, horrid little motorboxes that left vermin and shit everywhere.

Let's hope it wasn't one of Stravitches...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **March 30, 2011, 01:01:38 pm**

Go Adol!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Ahra** on **March 30, 2011, 01:21:38 pm**

adol sounds as an asshole of armokian porpotions. . . .

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 31, 2011, 08:12:29 am**

Rough news everyone :(

I just got off the phone with Flak and it seems like he might be done with things for good this time :-\ He's really tweaking out about how everything in the game is going downhill since he released the water and he is refusing to talk about it pretty much...soooooo yeah.

I have access to his googledocs to look through his outlines and notes and we shared DF saves regularly so I'm not too far behind to pick up where he left off perhaps. We will see, maybe later on today.

Just wanted to give everyone a heads up since you all deserve to know after such a long journey in Migrursut. :-)

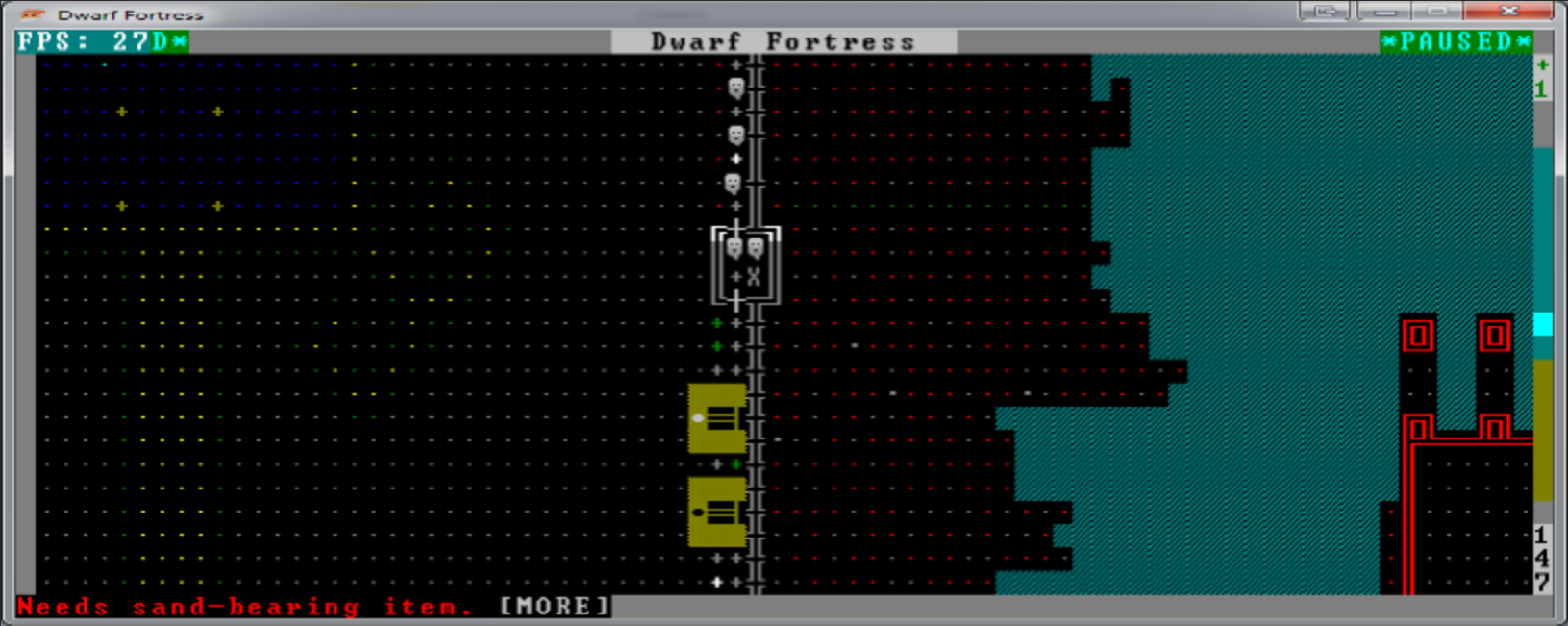
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 31, 2011, 12:04:42 pm**

This is the end of part 1 of his drafts. He did a little for part 2 but I'm working to finish it up based on his screenshots and outlines.

The Events of the 14th of Felsite, 1075
Part 1:

For the better part of two days, drums could be heard in the distance, their methodical **thrum, thrum, thrum** sending a chill down the stoutest of spines. It grew in volume, and by dusk on the 13th, some Dwarves swore they could feel the maddening instruments reverberating through the very stones. Occasionally, if the winds drifted in the right direction, flute melodies could be heard, and the droning dirge of pipes, and what could only be the sorrowful sounds of a battle hymn.

Merkil and his band stood atop the eastern wall of the fortress. Adol and Maggarg were both bundles of nervous energy, and Merkil chewed on some roots, his gums blackening from it's tar-and-tobacco contents. Even Likot seemed jittery, her trench coat rustling about her ankles, her single good hand checking and re-checking the action on her repeating crossbow.



"*The air, it tastes wrong... Damn them, them them all, there's just no time...*"
"It'll be alright," Merkil said gruffly. "We've fought off countless bands before. This will off no more issue than a hundred other battles."
"*I don't taste goblins... I'm tasting death. I'm tasting... Lords... all the Lords, I'm tasting the Star God.*"

Maggarg favored here with a glance out of the corner of his eye, his thumb slowly pressing his sword free from the lock in his scabbard. His other hand inched around to grip at the handle. Even in his emaciated, recently-freed state, he was coiled like a whip, his temperament cooled not the least by his imprisonment, his distrust of most everyone having blossomed while in the cells.

"Oh yes, he's a'commmin'," Wilber said, without his usual cheer. His eyes were wide, his tongue lolling as he dabbed at his lower lip. "Comin' straight through, friends o' mine, commin' straight through... we..." and for an instant, it seemed as if sanity gripped him. The cloud over his eyes cleared, and the Dwarf stood a bit straighter, his eyes watching out to the wastes. "We should find a hovel to hide in. This storm is blowing straight through."

"Get to work!" Aryn screamed. "We close the hatches in three hours! Death is on the winds, and your salvation is in the domes! Your salvation is inside Ocean's Bled! GRAB YOUR POSSESSIONS!"

Dwarves rushed about, hauling chests and cabinets, dropping behind them old clothes, trinkets, jewelry. Bears, a good dozen of the armored beasts, were snarling and swiping at those who were too slow to get out of their way. Aryn himself stood atop the single entrance to the domes, his arms folded across his chest, purple cloak billowing out behind him. He struck a regal figure, even with the matted, thinning hair and the stooped posture. The set of his face was determined, his gaze steely, his voice - the crack of a whip. Despite themselves, many of the Dwarves felt that this was the lesser of two evils. Torn apart at the hordes, or worked under the sea by a master they already knew.

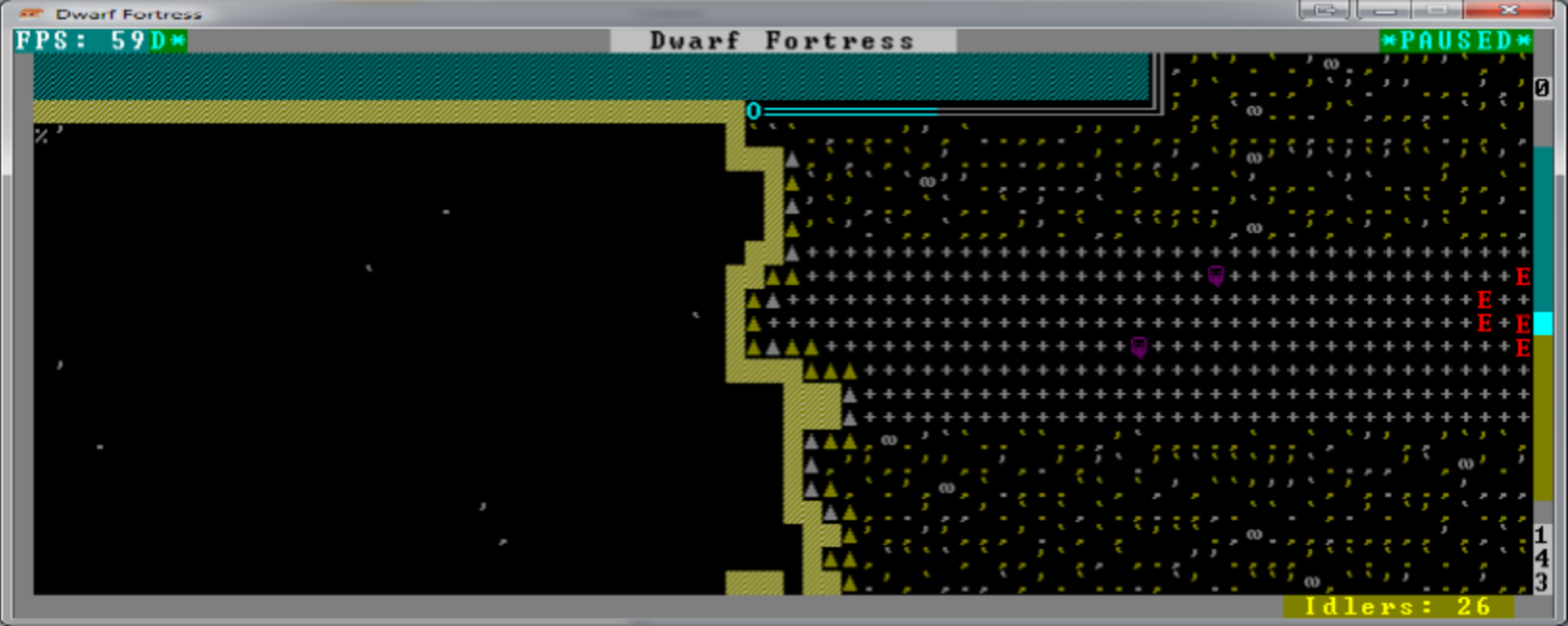
Rice and Lucy were some of the last to file in, but only because they had stopped to aid Mookie. Dojango, dragging along a barrel of felt, was given aid by Akroma and Quote, and even Lugnut put aside his papers to lend a hand to the old salt Cokho. In adversity, came togetherness.

The Duke and his Wife stood at the edge of the desert, watching as the countless bands of... marching figures drew closer. In the morning light, it was difficult for them to make out much, but they could see the swirling of capes, and they could see the leanness of the figures. They could also see their leader, graceful and lithe, marching by himself. As he drew closer, The Duke let out a sigh of relief. Only an elf, darker of skin, but most likely it hailed from the south. Rings of red flowers filled out it's hair, and it's mouth was stretched into a painfully wide smile, showing rows of thin, gleaming teeth.

"We're surprised to see you here," The Duke announced, giving a slight bow. "Seeing as a representative is still in our fortress, making his demands."

The Elf before them didn't speak, he only tilted his head to the side like a dog, that insipid smile stuck on it's face. The Duke's mustaches twitched, and he narrowed his eyes, but he continued on in as pleasant a tone as he could muster.

"Of course, we'll find you room and board. But you must understand it might well be below the station of one such as... such as..." He frowned, trying to see on the sparse clothing a rank, an insignia, an anything. "Sir, just why are you here?"



The elf's eyes rolled back, his mouth widening in silent laughter. It continued to widen, his jaw stretching as hands clasped at his stomach, holding back the silent chortles.

It continued to widen, stretching, the lips straining thin. Eventually, the began to crack at the sides, splitting the skin upwards until it reached his tapered ears, the bones and tendons snapping and popping as it shifted to accommodate. His cloak, a deep red, unfurled behind and stretched out to great lengths, and it was then the Duke saw that it wasn't a cloak - it was wings, great leathery bat wings, and with a single snap they locked open. With the snap of a thousand cloaks being shaken out, every figure hidden in the dusk unfurled his own cloak, a thousand sets of wings, blocking out the raising rays of sunlight.

A long tongue, slathering, began to unroll from the Elf's mouth, the forked tip flickering. In horror, the Duke looked up and saw blackness where the eyes had once been, twin pits of inkiness - no, it was ink - blackness dribbling down the sockets, running from the corners of it's mouth, dribbling to sizzle and pop on the sands. It brought it's hands up to it's chest and made a small circle with cracked, misshapen fingers. And it whispered two words, the sounds of hundred year old parchment crackling before crumbling to dust.

"Olsmo. Lives."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **quip** on **March 31, 2011, 02:32:13 pm**

Uh. Oh.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Ahra** on **March 31, 2011, 02:44:33 pm**

how will they survive this?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 31, 2011, 02:47:01 pm**

The Events of the 14th of Felsite, 1075
Part 2:

"PUT YER' BACKS IN IT, MY HEARTIES!" Rinsesilver yelled from the edge of the bridge. "My lovelies, break yer' backs at the oars. Bend yer'self in half with the load; Let me see the sweat on thine brow... we don't have much longer before our Quarry is lost to us."

The Fishers were a bustle of activity, half from fear of the war on the outskirts, and half from fear of Rinsesilver. She had a lash at her side, and the few that weren't hauling the chests of gems and coins were given a hard slice the service end of the leather.

"Ya' want ta' keep your hides and yer riches? Take them below the waves my mates, take them on, and hurry! I can hear the gears a turnin' below, that blond bastard is going to seal the hall!

<<<HERE IS WHERE FLAK LEFT OFF>>>

The Fishers went below into the domes. It was not long before the heavy gates had closed with a loud clang. The gears stopped their turning. The bolt had slid him. The Domes were closed for business.



The Dwarves were fighting for their lives as Olsmo and his minions tore through their ranks. Fire erupted from the demon hosts mouths, setting even the sands briefly on fire before they cooled into cracked red glass. Merkil had lost his left hand, his right gripping tightly at the stump to try and stop himself from bleeding out. Demons bursting from the skins of elf and men stalked about, shattering the spears of the spearmen's squad, crushing the hammermen's chests.

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Merkil Logenromek Belalsemor
"Merkil Paintlengths the Fam

upper body
lower body
head
right upper arm
left upper arm
right lower arm
left lower arm
right hand
left hand
right upper leg
left upper leg
right lower leg
left lower leg
right foot
left foot

g:Gen i:Inv p:Pref w:Wnd
Space: Done
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He was surprised to see Adol charge into the mess, his ornate hammer swinging like the hand of Armok himself. He was even more surprised when his friend brought down two of the demons by himself. Their heads exploded like ripe watermelons hit with rifle fire, sticky white and green goo splattering their headless corpses. But it was not long before one had set him on fire, and even though it lost both wings from Maggargs sword, it still managed to set his beard on and he went screaming from the battle.

Merkil was beginning to black out as the demons came ever closer, but he was surprised when a blackened blur streaked over head, followed by another, and another, slamming into the surprised monsters stalking him.

"It can't... be..." before he passed out from blood loss.

Inside the domes all hell had broken loose. it seemed that the seals had not been set properly. The welding done poorly. Maybe even some of the glass in it's haste had been cracked before being hastily and shoddily shoved into it's housing. The Dwarves were screaming as low creaking was heard through all the domes. Glass was cracking slowly up the sides. the water continues to fill the quarry, and the pressure continued to mount.

Rinsesilver let out a scream but it was cut off as one wall of glass burst open. The lower halls were flooded quickly with water. The magma forges went silent as they turned to obsidian. In her last breath Rinsesilver cursed the very gods for the incompetence that surrounded this fortress.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **March 31, 2011, 03:06:53 pm**

Whoops. How'd water get into the domes?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 31, 2011, 03:25:51 pm**

I'm guessing another one of Flaks amazing water jobs. I think he might have missed a few placements here and there and the jobs never came back up before he released the water. His lever to turn on the water works just fine...unfortunately I haven't been able to *stop* water coming in haha. Let's hope for the best as I trudge along!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **SethCreiyd** on **March 31, 2011, 04:29:33 pm**

I must somehow find time to read the full tale of this magnificent fort. Please keep up the awesome!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 31, 2011, 04:58:03 pm**

The Events of the 14th of Felsite, 1075
Part 3:

Stravitch stood on the roof of his Poison Temple, his armor made entirely of cats. He was screaming at the skies, his hands lifted to the heavens, his beard a mess of frothy rum and vomit.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Demons were marching on the fortress but more importantly they were marching on his temple, and his hidden supplies of booze and roasts and foxes and gold teeth. With a roar of absolute rage, he brought his hands down, and the heavens exploded with thunderous lightening that struck down ten of the demons in one blast. Laughing, he pointed his finger at another band, and a dozen small, dark-clad figured swarmed over them, burying them under shrill screams and flailing limbs.

Stravitch laughed hard, and everywhere he pointed his terrible finger, dark shapes engulfed the demons and buried them, smiting them from the earth.

In impotent rage Aryn Estetar rushed to the very tip top of his green glass lighthouse. Everything was falling apart around him,

everything was out to get him. Even through the water he could hear them gnashing at his heels. They were destroying his fortress! They were destroying everything he had built!

Pulling at a series of levers, the great yellow light-house crystal slowly began to sink into the housing. With a dull rumble, the top of the lighthouse began to lift into the air as it detached itself from the rest. Small metal legs folded up underneath, and a fitted glass dome slid into place over-top of the entire contraption.

Into the air it floated until it reached its cruising height, and there it hovered. Aryn manipulated the levers as he screamed at the frothing sea below him, and the fire in the distance.

"You've beaten me again Dr. Fillwhip, you and your robot Grovs! But I'll get you! I'll get you all! MWA HA HA HA HA!"

And with that he flew off towards his skull shaped laboratory embedded in the side of a mountain that was also guarded by eight unique tentacle-demon masters.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"You did it, Grovs!" Stravitch cried jubilantly. "You destroyed Dr. Aryn's evil castle and stopped his army of brainwashed demon hosts!"

"We couldn't have done it without you" All thousand Grovs said in unison. They blanketed the sands, and dimmed the sun as they rose higher upon the hills in the distance. No stone or sand could be seen under them, for it was a sea of flesh. It was a sea. Of Grovs.

"I want you to know you were my greatest of creations, for I sired every one of you. With Mookie. And the rest of the whores. And also the girls that weren't whores. And from the very sands, because I'm so potent you grew from rocks."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"YES! YES WE DID! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!"

And Stravitch laughed with them, before everything faded out into sunset.

THE END

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Jim Groovester on March 31, 2011, 05:10:41 pm

Huh, I didn't expect Migrursut to end like this so early. I would have expected at the very least that it would last another day.

Who drew those masterpieces?

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: powpow on March 31, 2011, 06:09:13 pm

wah he must of been lonley in that temple all by himself to get rock pregnant or just very *proative*

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Knick** on **April 01, 2011, 07:16:26 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on March 31, 2011, 05:10:41 pm

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Look at the date.

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Ahra on April 01, 2011, 07:32:23 am

Quote from: Knick on April 01, 2011, 07:16:26 am

Quote from: Jim Groovester on March 31, 2011, 05:10:41 pm

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Look at the date.

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i fell for it :(i should have suspected someting when stravich smithed the demons (ok i didnt belive in the robot)

Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)
Post by: Heavy Flak on April 01, 2011, 09:24:59 am

Quote from: Jim Groovester on March 31, 2011, 05:10:41 pm

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Who drew those masterpieces?

I did, fueled by inspiration and bourbon and sheer determination! It's a little known fact I have a degree in the Fine Arts I made up with sharpies and construction paper. You can see some of my work at the Guggenheim.

Also, in case anyone asks:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

We're not ready to be finished yet, but Stravitch talked me out of having this go on for a week straight and getting more bizarre with each post and then actually having that be the ending. I still think that would have been hysterical And the screen shots were fabricated with

MS Paint trickery and straight up hacking. Even Merkil's hand, which never happened at all. The Grovs are real though, I'm thinking of turning every new entity that comes onto the map into a Grov, until the whole place is over run with the nasty little things.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **quip** on **April 01, 2011, 09:57:49 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 01, 2011, 09:24:59 am

Quote from: Jim Groovester on March 31, 2011, 05:10:41 pm

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Wait.... More Grovs? *Twitch* Have you considered just modding everything in the game to be called Grov and leaving it at that?

Twitch You could call it 'Grov Grovness' and you *Twitch* could have your *Twitch* Grovs mine into the *Twitch* Grov (Using *Twitch* Grovs of course) and then they could later make Artefact *Twitch* Grovs in *Twitch* 'Grov Moods'. And you could....

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Battlecat** on **April 01, 2011, 10:03:30 am**

Looks at the last few updates. Looks at the date.

:D

Brilliant!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **April 01, 2011, 01:48:01 pm**

Quote from: Knick on April 01, 2011, 07:16:26 am

Quote from: Jim Groovester on March 31, 2011, 05:10:41 pm

Huh, I didn't expect Migrursut to end like this so early. I would have expected at the very least that it would last another day.

Look at the date.

Yeah, I knew it was an April Fools' joke when I made the post. I just didn't want to spoil it for everyone, so I made vague allusions to the date.

That was a pretty good one, HF. You have no idea how relieved I was that Aryn Wily was only a joke.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **quip** on **April 01, 2011, 03:02:03 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on April 01, 2011, 01:48:01 pm

Quote from: Knick on April 01, 2011, 07:16:26 am

Quote from: Jim Groovester on March 31, 2011, 05:10:41 pm

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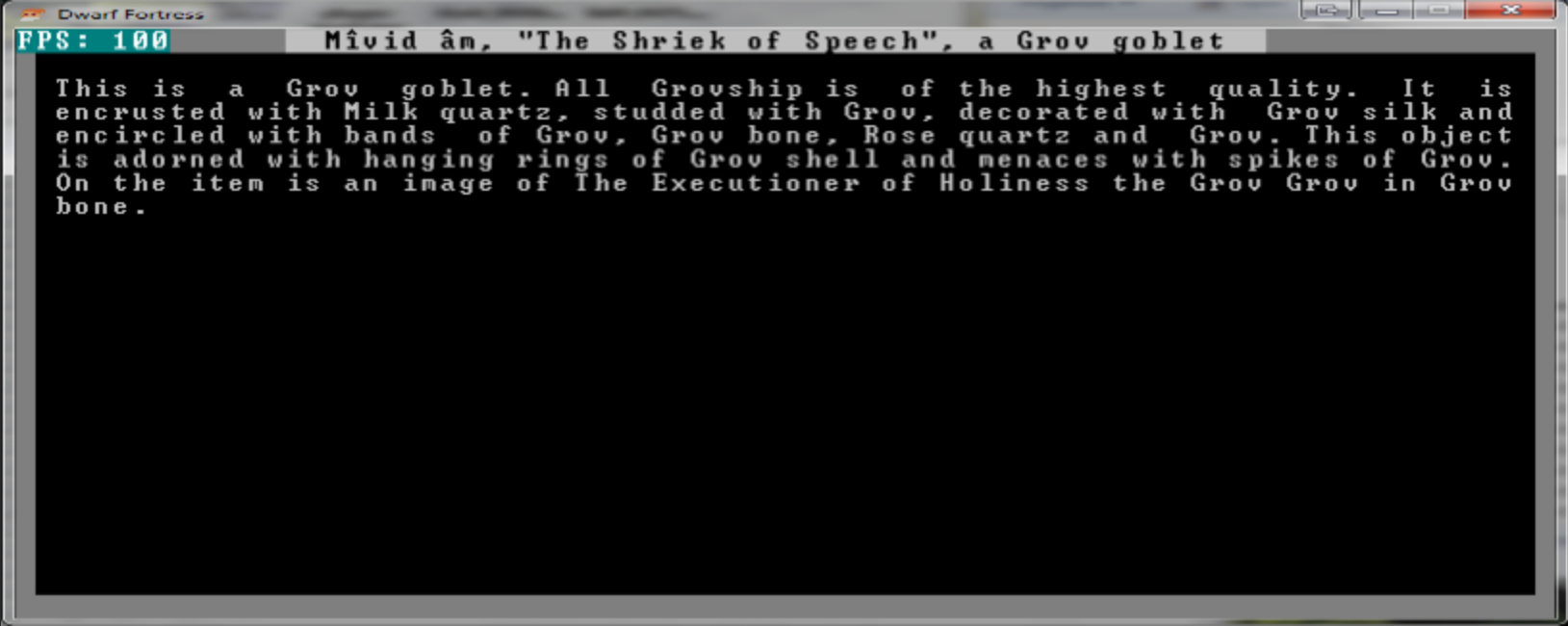
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That was a pretty good one, HF. You have no idea how relieved I was that Aryn Wily was only a joke.

Ooooooooooh. I thought everyone was refering to the 14th of Felsite, I just thought that Migursut had finally gave up that thin veneer of logic that stopped Aryn Wily's and armies of Grovs from occuring. Cat covered Stravitches I can belive though. :P

Title: **Re: Grov: Grovness is a Grov (A Grov Grov)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 01, 2011, 07:50:16 pm**



Settling back on his Grov, Grov sighed in relief. Maybe Grov wasn't so bad after all... maybe it was worth Groving, for Grov like this on occasion.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **April 01, 2011, 08:06:41 pm**

What the Grov is this. What have you done with my Grov.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 01, 2011, 08:31:38 pm**

I want a Grov cod piece encircled with masterfully worked Grov. Encrusted with Grov and spikes of menacing Grov.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Argonnek** on **April 01, 2011, 08:41:11 pm**

Quote from: Stravitch on April 01, 2011, 08:31:38 pm

I want a Grov cod piece

Don't you mean a Grov Grov Grov?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 01, 2011, 08:53:34 pm**

Sorry, I was translating.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **quip** on **April 02, 2011, 03:28:47 am**

Oh god. What have we done?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Beeskee** on **April 02, 2011, 02:31:05 pm**

That was pretty Grov. I mean, awesome.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 07, 2011, 09:42:59 pm**

The Real Events of the 1st of Hematite, 1075

"Look at ya' stuck in there, lass. Li'l crampy, are we? A'course... too much muscles. Shoulders're too broad. Heh... like shovin' a whale ina' aquarium."
"Who is outside my door," Archin rasped. Her throat was so dry, so scratching... every time she swallowed, she could feel her tongue sticking to the tacky flesh inside her throat. The past week, she would have cared about that... she would have cared about a lot. But now, even the thought of booze, a single cup, couldn't rouse an emotional response.

"Ya' know who it is... it's me, yer' ol' friend." The viewing panel slid open, and a hollow reflection peered through, the smoked glass blackened and bouncing off the rays from the torches. She could see herself in it. A warped, twisted image of a dwarf, caked in filth, crouching in the corner. She looked at it impassively. Slowly, the tip of her tongue snaked out, attempting to wet her lower lip.

"Johnny... you left us for dead."
"Aye, o'the fittest, ya' know? T'was no judgement on yer' character, I jus' di'nt wanna die."
"Some of us have already died once," Archin observed. "You're a monster, friend. Worse than the Goblins."
"Pha! Imma' realist ya' daft bitch, a feckin' capitalist!"

"You're a dead-man. Now leave me be. It's my turn to shed my soul."
"No! You listen t'me!"

But she turned, the chains rattling ominously. She turned to face the wall, curling up into a small ball, ignoring the rage from the other side of the door. It was time. She'd will her heart to stop beating.

It was time.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 11, 2011, 07:41:28 pm**

The Events of the 18th of Hematite, 1075

Cokho held his arms out to either side, the gnarled, twisted limbs acting as barriers for the swarm of hungry Dwarves at his heel. Grudgingly they stopped - as the Master Hauler, he held much sway round these parts. But it was difficult to keep back the throngs, snapping their jaws, salivating into their beards.

<div>Cokho's withered gaze fell across Siti Tressworks, the gangly human leaning on her greatbow as if it was a stash. Combing some animals meat from his beard with his fingers, Cokho asked in his most polite of tones. "Miss Human, ma'am. Might I inquire as to what yon human died of?"</div> <div>She glanced to her side, to the smoldering heap that lay atop the stones. After a moment of contemplation, she gave a shrug. "He started walking up the stones, and made it that far. He shrieked, he burst into flames, and there he now lays, immolated upon the stones."</div> <div>"But his clothing remains untouched. Not a single smolder!"</div> <div>"Aye. Fire lep't from his mouth and eyes, and he dropped dead as stone. Nothing else is touched."</div> <div>"Nothing else... well. Well! If that is the case, may I... may we..."</div> <div>"Yes, Hauler?"</div> <div>"Might we... harvest his items, and his bones? They're of no use to him now."</div> <div>Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Argonnek on April 11, 2011, 07:54:11 pm</div> <div><div>This begs the question: How did Cokho hold them back for so long?</div><div>Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Jim Groovester on April 11, 2011, 07:56:21 pm</div><div>He is the alpha hauler.</div><div>He gets first pick of every new corpse's belongings, so that he can choose the fastest most valuable parts.</div><div>Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Heavy Flak on April 14, 2011, 08:25:30 pm</div><div><div><i>The Events of the 30th of Hematite, 1075</i></div><div>"That's it, back up you cur! Back ye' right up now and give me ample berth!"</div><div>Wallgirders held his hands out to either side of him, spreading them wide like wings. From his bare fists, blood dribbled off his fingertips, ran in small rivulets down to his wrist, staining the sleeves of his robe a rusty red. He laughed and turned in a slow circle, meeting the eyes of more than a dozen Dwarves pressed against the hallway walls. Eventually, still turning, he closed his eyes and laughed, arms raising up high over his head before he dropped his full weight onto the prostrate metalsmith's arm.</div><div>Fliersalves screamed as his radius was snapped, in the center, a shard of bone poking up just above his wrist. He writhed on the floor, unable to nurse the wound as his right arm flopped uselessly at his side. Still chuckling to himself, Wallgirders stood up, smearing the blood on his palms over the front of his robe. Shoving aside a Fisher, he stalked off down the stairs, for the newest name on his list.</div><div>From the crowd, Maggarg pushed his way into the open. Behind him, Sargent Towersacks followed, and Jools. Shaking his head, Maggarg leaned over, and almost delicately for the rough-edged Dwarf, lifted Fliersalves onto his shoulder.</div><div>"Open the way," Maggarg growled. "We're getting him to a bed." "I'll find Dojango, we'll get his arms set." Jools hurried off towards the kitchens.</div><div>Silently, the Dwarves in the hall shifted, letting the soldiers file their way down the stairs. Slowly they began to mill about, turning to their tasks, or to the shops, or anywhere to take their mind off the public beating. From a shadowed corner, a single set of eyes watched the scene unfold. Fingertips touched the plaster deaths-mask he wore, a simple gesture of prayer, before the duster was pulled tighter around him.</div><div>"Hhnnngh. Goodness grows from bloody soil... glimmer of hope. Carry on, Felon. Keep the watch."</div></div><div><div>Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Argonnek on April 15, 2011, 12:16:52 pm</div><div>Excellent writing as always HF.</div><div>Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Mephansteras on April 15, 2011, 02:02:58 pm</div><div>What percentage of the population has/will be punished at this point?</div><div>Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Heavy Flak on April 15, 2011, 09:55:20 pm</div><div><div>Quote from: Argonnek on April 15, 2011, 12:16:52 pm</div><div>Excellent writing as always HF.</div><div>Thanks a ton <3 (Don't tell anyone, but you're my favorite!)</div><div>Quote from: Mephansteras on April 15, 2011, 02:02:58 pm</div><div>What percentage of the population has/will be punished at this point?</div><div>We've had... 25-or-so Dwarves punished in the first burst, three more since I was unable to fulfill some mandates. That's not counting the few that were killed recently by the camels, the ones not yet dead by their own hands, or dead at the hands of the fortress. Oh yeah, a bunch of merchants, their guards, and the human diplomat. I list them only because I like to think that anyone who steps foot on this land and isn't pure of soul is going to get punished.</div><div>Well, that's not true. Anyone who isn't pure of soul, or drunken psychopath, or a man who surrounds himself with war-bears. Or a donkey loving fool. Or, or, or...</div></div><div>Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort) Post by: Heavy Flak on April 19, 2011, 12:22:01 pm</div></div></div>
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Updates are still coming, folks! Bare with, things are crazy here - between the end of our fiscal year coming up, after-work engagements, a dropped FPS from water, and a release of Portal 2 (stop looking at me like that, it can be filed under work!), free time is at a minimum. I just haven't forgotten!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 23, 2011, 09:00:38 pm**

The Events of the 4th of Galena, 1075

WHAM

WHAAM

WHAAAM!!

Bent hinges squealing in protest, the heavy iron door swung in at a drunken angle. Gouging a foot-long arc into the stone floor, the hinges lost their battle and released. The iron door half-rebounded, spinning as it dipped, before clattering to lay half in the hallway, half in the prison cell.

Sgt. Pepper stood in the center of the hallway, the whites of his eyes nearly non-existent behind his mask. He stood motionless for a long while, either unconcerned or unaware of the slowly growing crowd of Dwarves gathering at the mouth of the passage. He seemed to be carved from the stone itself, his great form wrapped in a dust-coated greatcoat. At once, the mechanisms clicked - the engine started - and he took two quick steps inside of the cell.

When he returned, he held a tiny form cradled in his arms. The body was withered, skin loosely hanging at the neck, bones visible at the elbows, the collar, the hips. There was a murmur among the crowd, and silently, quickly, many Dwarves vanished around the corner and out of sight.

His boots sounded on the floor, the hollow thocking of recently-cobbled equipment. Eita craned her neck to look up at him as he drew near. Briefly, she reached out, and placed a small hand on his elbow.

"We may not agree on many things, axe-swinger, but I hate to see this to one of our brood. My condolences, soldier. Nothing could be done."
"I respectfully disagree," the massive Dwarf rumbled. *"Archin died in that cell without the will to live. She was put there by the nobility. She was left there, by the guard. She died there, because of the Dwarven Folly. If you see Wallgirders, or the Duke and his whore... if you see that fool Telamon- Johnny- whatever name he goes by now. I will fell them all."*

"I don't think that is the wisest of actions," Eita said - but her words fell on deaf ears. Sgt. Pepper slid past her, and vanished around the corner as well, carrying the wasted bundle towards the tombs.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **April 23, 2011, 11:24:08 pm**

So.... another of the original seven has fallen. Today marks a dark day in the history of Migrursut

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Knick** on **April 28, 2011, 10:37:26 am**

Quote from: ricemastah on April 23, 2011, 11:24:08 pm
So.... another of the original seven has fallen. Today marks a dark day in the history of Migrursut

Every day is a dark day in the history of Migrursut.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **quip** on **April 28, 2011, 02:39:20 pm**

Quote from: Knick on April 28, 2011, 10:37:26 am
Quote from: ricemastah on April 23, 2011, 11:24:08 pm
So.... another of the original seven has fallen. Today marks a dark day in the history of Migrursut
Every day is a dark day in the history of Migrursut.

The weather forecast for every week in Mirgurst:

Monday: Sun won't come out for fear of the fort

Tuesday: Sun will come out but the cries of the damned will block it out

Wensday: The sun will come out but you'll be working at the time to avoid a phsyco hammerer. The rest of the week you'll be on break.

Thursday: The fort will be attacked, probably. Oh and the sun may or may not come out. Depending on Stravitches mood.

Friday:The sun will come out but it won't emit any light. There will also be a high chance of Grovs.

Saturday: There will be large amounts of drama and depending on what happens the sun may or may not survive. You on the other hand will definately die.

Sunday: Elven traders arrive. You may or may not come back as a undead horror.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 28, 2011, 07:52:26 pm**

The events of the 4th of Limestone, 1075

"How long do you think we have?"

Akroma lifted his head, using the back of a wrist to wipe away the sweat streaming down his brow. It took him a minute to respond, stretching out his back, and attempting to dust off the plain cord pants.

"Till winter, if I had to guess. No longer than next summer, that's for sure."

Digging a small hole with a broken-short sword, Dojango reached into his rucksack and pulled out a few fisher berry seeds. He carefully covered them up with loose soil, and patted it down with the flat end of the trowel. He eventually gave a slow nod.

"I was thinking that as well. You hear Crispin birthed another?"

"No! Yet another?"
"Aye, number nine, if you count the swadd'ler that burnt. Yet another girl."

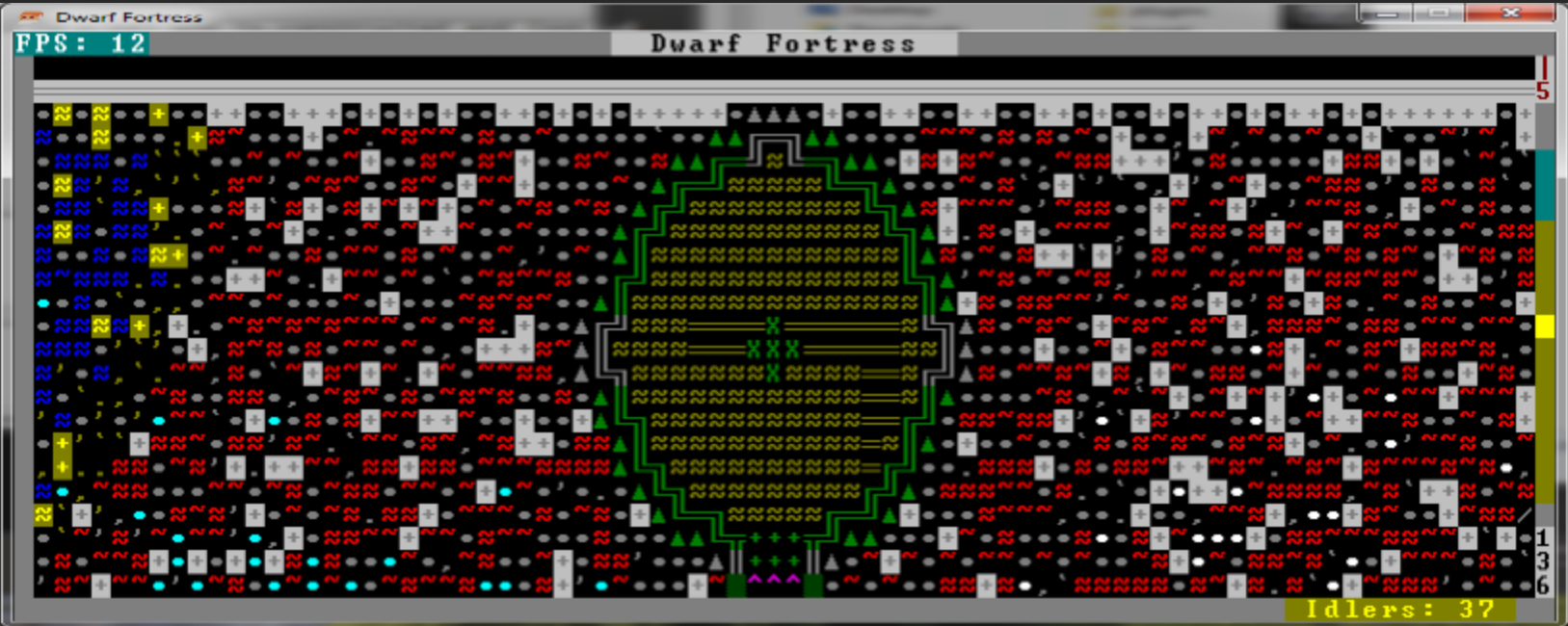
There was a moment of silence between them as they toiled in the muck - the silence broken by both of them beginning to snicker. In seconds they were doubled over, howling, pounding their knees, tears streaming down their dirty cheeks.

"Good lord, their only Son - a planter!"
"They'd be better off having had a Son that aspired to soap making, at least he'd end the day clean!"

Akroma covered his face with his hands, gasping in deep breaths to keep from blacking out. In time, their laughter stopped, even if on occasion Dojango let out a loud hiccup. They sat in silence, resting against the walls.

Wiping at his nose, Dojango said matter-of-factly, "Lorban died."
"Mm. Starvation?"
"Yes. In the end, he wouldn't even take the slices of roast I brought him. He let it rot in his cell."

Akroma stared at the dirt between his legs. He slowly worried on his lower lip, chewing nervously upon it in thought. "When do we go?"
"We took the gold, didn't we? We stay 'till the jobs done or Bertand's sand has finally run it's course."
"There isn't much left, is there?"
"There sure isn't. The last of his legacy, dusting over green glass, working it's way through the scale-strippers to feed tyrants and petty thieves."



Akroma blinked. "Don't you think that's a little dramatic?"
Dojango gave a small shrug. "We're about to be entombed alive under thousands of thousands of tonnes of water, the only thing keeping it from us some green glass those not fit to work stone made in the forges. I just think it's a waste for something as marvelous as this dust."
"Eh. Just drop it, and get to work. The sooner it's gone, agree or not, we can begin packing our bags."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **May 02, 2011, 04:25:47 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on April 19, 2011, 12:22:01 pm
Updates are still coming, folks! Bare with, things are crazy here - between the end of our fiscal year coming up, after-work engagements, a dropped FPS from water, and a release of Portal 2 (stop looking at me like that, it can be filed under work!), free time is at a minimum. I just haven't forgotten!

I know I'm massively late but just caught up with like 6 weeks of update (I know I'm sorry)! OT I just had a week off and blitz Portal 2. I **LOVED** it. And the ended rocked. :-)

What ever happened to the book keepers side adventure? Any ideas I had a slightly cracked swordsman rocking there.... and FYI if you catching up in a rush that April's Fool totally suckers you in :-P

Edited: Mis-use of the word 'their' FTL.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 02, 2011, 10:31:22 pm**

Oh, what's this?



That's just my FPS when I'm filling a pit with waters! It hovers, somtimes it's better (like now, at 10). Sometimes it's not (like above, at 1). But just letting you know. Things are a happenin'!

Quote from: Flar Moonchill
What ever happened to the book keepers side adventure? Any ideas I had a slightly cracked swordsman rocking there

Bookkeep's adventure is a'commin. Actually, I have the beginning of that all fleshed out, I just have to wait for the right chain of events and the right progression to get me there. But it's coming! And it'll blow your minds because I've refused to learn ANYTHING about DF past 40d. I expect... really great things from my ignorance.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **May 07, 2011, 05:58:19 pm**

It lives? It llllllives! I haven't been on the DF forums for a long time. I'm glad to see this thread is now alive again. Now I just have to go catch up on the rest over the next few days.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 09, 2011, 08:53:41 pm**

The Events of the 27th of Limestone, 1075

"You can't be serious. A thousand monies, for the contents of a single cage, sight unseen? You must be out of your mind."

Beakpainted crossed his arms over his reedy chest, his mangy beard wagging as he shook his head. The damnable desert dwellers were always looking to give the shaft to an honest trader. Sunken eyes darkened even more as his brow furrowed, his lower lip tucking against his teeth as he growled low to the jewel-and-silk bedecked dwarf.

"I'm no longer interested in your games, Rinsesilver. I'm no longer interested in your flights of fancy. We've sold our bolts to Aryn, our booze to Rice, and the few gems we could take out of the contested lands to the Duke's lady herself. We pack our bags and leave this evening if you intend to try and fleece us yet again."

"Fine, my strapping young buck," she flashed a wide glinting smile, some of her teeth now capped over in her namesake. "Gander over at yon cage, will ye?"

One of the fishers, his ruddy face sweatier than normal in this heat, gave a hard yank to the large sheet covering the cage. Beakpainted, and a few of his guards, let out collective gasps. Inside the cage, clattering against the bars, roamed a skeletal camel, bits of leathery sinew clinging here and there to mostly bleached bones. Seeing the dwarves - seeing living flesh - it became agitated for a moment, rattling and bucking in it's confinement. It soon settled, pacing in the cage, rattling the bars with it's yellowed skull.

"We have seven to sell," Rinsesilver said quietly.
"By Lenod's fiery beard... you can't capture the beasts. They kill, or they fall to dust, but they don't get caught. They... they just don't get caught."

"My young lads learned how to snare the skittering beasties. You want to earn some riches in a war-torn land? let me give ye a small bit o' advice for free: You want to earn coin, you offer what others cannot. Sell them as sights, or sell them as novelties, or sell them to the whatever grand scholar may be left in our mountainous tombs. But believe you me, not a one of these monstrosities leaves these wastes. You'll be the first."

"The first... oh, the first..." Beakpainted took a step backwards, but his eyes glittered with greed. Fingers hooked behind his loose belt, the material sagging from his hipbones. "Bring the others up, let me take a look. And be prepared to wrap them tight, I don't want any of the others to see such a fine cargo go traipsing by..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **May 16, 2011, 12:55:48 pm**

We should sell Grovs at firesale prices.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 19, 2011, 08:41:13 pm**

The Events of the 27th of Sandstone, 1075

Soft shoes padded across well-worn stone floor. A faint whisking, of plain brown robes rustling against the ground. Maester Kuli clasped his hands in front of him, the simple gesture both religious and pleading. His officers, Vash and Jools, trailed to his sides, their faces set into stony masks.

"I gather you here today, my flock, for a simple message, a hopefully idea; a single word: Now. Now, fellow Dwarves, now, citizens, now, members of our great and crumbling empire. Now. It is time for us to stand, and for our voices to join together as one, and for our very will to be heard.

"I do not ask for violence - never would I ask for that. I ask for acceptance, and I ask for understanding - and I ask for strength. For it is time - two more have died this week alone, both from starvation. Their very life driven out from them, under the boot-heels of nobility, of..."

With that, Maester Kuli paused in his pacing, his gaze slowly swinging out along the faces of his gathered congregation. His mouth worked silently, his tongue having turned to ash inside his mouth. But eventually he worked up the saliva and he forced the words out, forced himself to continue on:

"Under the iron grips of evil men. It is time, my flock, that we spread out our wings-"

"-and if they don't bow down to damn common sense we bash their fool heads in wit' a heavy length of iron bar, rob their liquor cabinet blind, and-"

"No, no, *no!*" Adol finally barked, giving Maggarg a hard punch in the shoulder. Merkil was shaking his head in disgust; Even Likot seemed to be regarding him in unfavorable light - though just what expression could be made from her was only due to the slight hunch of her shoulders. Merkil eventually rested his hand on the great head of his warhammer, and gestured out across the courtyard, stories below their perch in the observation tower.

"Do you see that?" He said, his voice a low growl. "They look like the victims of torture. You see how their shoulders are slumped? Their ribs are showing? How many don't even have a damned shirt to wear! It's inexcusable, and we - we four - " and after a brief pause, glancing to the set of wide eyes and broad horned helm peering over the lip of the window, " - we five - have stood by and watched it go on, saying to ourselves that it would pass. Another bout of insanity, another group that would eventually leave, another hurdle to jump. "We have waited too long, and others have suffered! We keep the sands free from those stalking bones, we protect against invaders and cradle robbers, but we let evil fester in our own ranks. Enough. It ends! We need to take a stand, and demand-"

"-that we no longer be worked until our fingers bleed and our backs break from the hauled stones of tyranny."

Sitting in a circle around a moth-eaten rug, all eyes watched Rice. He was slim, and jittery, one hand fidgeting with his tattered jacket, the other holding tightly to Lucy's hand. She looked up at him, her eyes full of love, and hope - and most importantly - belief.

"We walk out, and it's as simple as that. They can punish me, they have many times. I've spent months in the Black Cells - it's no longer a fear, it's just inevitable. None of us should fear that, not if we band together. You, of the smith's! And you, Lucy, with your engineers. The planters, the cooks, the brewers, the masons. The Stone workers. The miners. We walk. We all walk, and we stay in our rooms. If there is no work, there is no money, and if there is no money, no power, what do they have?
"Nothing - nothing to control us. And with that, we finally have a something to negotiate. If we band together, friends, if we band together-"

"-Just who do you think will stop us, my lovelies? My little pikes? Who will be sniffing round these parts when we are so obviously in charge, eh? Who?"

Rinsesilver placed a hand under the chin of one of her brawny dockworkers, lifting his head to meet his shifty gaze. After a moment of pause, she gave him two hard pats on the cheek, flashing her new metal-worked grin.

"We take over. We've got all we can, and I don't know about all of ya', my wee-ones, my little charges, but I for one don't like the thought of limping out into a large and scary world, one crumbling 'bout the tattered ears of the previous establishment. Instead, we finally take our rightful places here. We bump the mangy old bastard out, we throw the Duke and his cronies to our friends Mr. Magma and Mr. Water. We stop tiptoeing in the shadows like timid little jackdaws, fluttering 'bout the grains left in the wake of the larger birds. "Ya hear me, my fine dandies? Ya' hear the little ores of truth I'm dredging from the bogs? We band together, and we march side by

side, and we throw our nets and swing our gaffs, and you know what we'll be hauling in? The biggest bounty any Dwarf has seen, from coast to blood-drenched coast! We make sure that our arms-

"-*Are heavy with the burdens we shoulder from our lives. It is a sad, sad thing, little poppets. A sad thing indeed, when you look out before you, and all you can see? All you can see are tiny things that can be easily crushed between the treads of your boots, and between two thick fingers.*"

Silence filled the whorehouse, as every fisher turned a wide eye to the towering form of Sgt. Pepper. He loomed in the doorway, the slab of stone dangling off a single remaining hinge, the rest creaking ominously. As he towered in, they could see a light behind the green glass ports of his mask, a flickering, a dreadfire - something unnatural burning. With deliberation he set a bleached skull down upon a table, turning it so the sockets could stare at Rinsesilver.

"*There are many things I should have done in life - and there are many more I should have done in my SECOND. Now? Ha! Ha ha... now what I have is a single desire... and I'm sure you know what that is, Fishers. You see my pretty little bride? You see her there? She's here to watch. Because I couldn't bring down Aryn, and later, I couldn't be bothered with you and your petty games. I let Johnny slip through my hands. I let Archin get locked in the cells... and now? You're an example. I can smell your souls, and they stink of pitch - you'll see the same fate as I, I promise, unless I deem to burn your carcasses and save you from a re-birth. Draw steel, Fishers! Draw steel, deadmen!*"

Sgt. Pepper unslung his battleaxe, and with a roar, drove the blade through the stone floor. It rang as loud as a thunderclap, the blade buried to the long haft. He held his hands out before him, fingers spread, and slowly closed them into fists as broad as pile-driving irons.

"*Draw steel. If you don't, I'll just kill you slower.*"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **CrackFile** on **May 19, 2011, 09:36:00 pm**

This is awesome. After such a cinematic buildup I can't wait to see what happens next.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **May 19, 2011, 09:51:47 pm**

Wuh oh. Things are getting tense.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **May 20, 2011, 10:25:12 am**

Daaaaamn...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **May 20, 2011, 11:21:09 am**

Dude this can only be awesome

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **powpow** on **June 04, 2011, 08:15:20 am**

EPIC the end is near

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 05, 2011, 09:26:39 pm**

The Events of the 6th of Timber, 1075

Hikan pressed the palms of his hand against his eyes, pressing hard until all he saw were red/yellow lights dancing in the blackness. Sucking in a deep breath, he let his hands drop, just as the rest of him dropped onto one of the few still-constructed chairs in the room. All around him was blood, the floors slicked with it, the tables smeared and sticky. Even the ceiling had not been spared, little stalactites of clotted red hanging from the stone tiling.

Resting against the busted bar, Szondi had his death-mask pulled halfway up his face, drinking frothy ale from a cracked stone mug. Makrond rested on his knees, wheezing, pushing his finger into the head smashed flat against the floor.

"Do you have to show up everywhere in costume, you freak? It's daytime, it's *normal* hours, for normal Dwarves."

"*Hhhnk. Not a costume. Just take off your face; Then talk.*"

"Whore-son," Hikan growled, but he was silenced by Makrond's blood-smeared hand coming to rest on his arm.

"We're here... to help you look at this... murder scene. Not fight."

Gritting his teeth, Hikan looked. Oh, did he ever. The scene was an absolute disaster; outside of the battlefield, it was one of the worst massacres he had seen. There wasn't much *investigating* to be done, really. Rinsesilver'd head was broken in half like a mellon, her intestines strewn across her legs and spooling out to the floor. Beside her, buried in the stone, was a massive single-bladed axe - untouched from the blood, except where the spreading pool had kissed the iron edge.

"What do... we tell... the Mistress?"

"Hmm?" Hikan looked up, his hollow eyes ringed with deep circles of black. "The truth, I suppose. What else can we say? I don't think anyone will mind these conspiring vultures having been slaughtered, but knowing one of our soldiers did it..."

He couldn't bring himself to say Sgt. Pepper. Hikan didn't find himself intimidated by anyone in the fortress, but the muscle-bound corpse would give anyone in the fortress pause. If he was taking out the bad-guys, more power to him. But if he was going to start laying open the citizens? If he was going to bring his fists against Aryn...

Gritting his teeth again, Hikan, pinched the bridge of his nose, his headache throbbing like mad. "I'll get Dodik and Mookie in here, they can clean up their own whore-house. Makrond, help me keep them calm. Szondi, you freak, get outa' here before someone catches us with you!"

"THIS ASSEMBLY IS OVER!" DukeInkysears roared. His prodigious bulk had more swagger to it than normal. The months he had spent here at this fortress - still alive, even - had filled him with much more grandeur and arrogance than even normal nobility. He had *survived!*. Longer than nearly any that had been sent out to this horrible pit of death. His wife trailed behind him, all ruffles and lace and up-turned nose. To his right strode the form of the Hammerer, all sleek and sharp angles. Lurking in the back was Wallgirders, leering

and snapping at the congregation.

Kuli, his arms raised to his side in mid-sermon, stopped talking. A small frown spread over his face, a little flicker, only for a second, before it was wiped away by his standard serenity.

"If you would like to come back later, Sirs, Lady, you may, but for now-"

"We're here with punishments!" the Duke's voice rang out like a whip crack. "The list has been growing again; after the last round, well... I thought we would have learned, but everyone here has... been too busy at their little meetings to see the light, it seems. Hammerer?"

The Hammerer strode forward, boot heels clacking on the mosaic floor. He kept his hand on his weapon of office, and all but Kuli and his officers instinctively cringed back. The Duke, the nobility in his blood showing through, couldn't resist a smile. Standing at rest near the podium, the Hammerer waited patiently for his orders - unconcerned at the murmurs around him.

"You are more than welcome to stay for the sermon," Kuli said evenly, "But please, stay silent. Your arrests? Your punishments? Can wait, while we finish our-"
"Hammerer! TWO STROKES!"

In a blink of an eye, the great steel hammer was swinging. The huge head cracked Kuli in the shoulder, and gasping in sharp, broken-boned shock, he doubled over to clutch at the shattered clavicle. The second stroke hit him in the center of the back, and with a sickening splinter of bones, the Maester crumpled to the floor, writhing in pain.

In the shouting turmoil, the Duke's proclamation that the Maester hadn't fulfilled his metalworking duties vanished. Instead he was sprinting to the door, his wife shrieking as they were pelted with tools, with rocks, with shoes, with anything that could be lifted. The Hammerer, his teeth bared, was fending off a flurry of sword-slashes from an absolutely livid Jools. Tripped up by an angry miner, the Hammerer was finally able to break and vanish out the door.

By himself on the bridge, watching the riot swell, hearing the screams and the shouts for a Dojango and a stretcher, Wallgirders felt his face would split in half at the size of his smile.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **June 05, 2011, 09:40:07 pm**

Hey, cool, Hikan.

Whoa, you had nobility that lived for more than a year? Wow, what a feat.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Knick** on **June 06, 2011, 07:28:53 am**

Quote
Instead he was sprinting to the door, his wife shrieking as they were pelted with tools, with rocks, with shoes, with anything that could be lifted. The Hammerer, his teeth bared, was fending off a flurry of sword-slashes from an absolutely livid Jools. Tripped up by an angry miner, the Hammerer was finally able to break and vanish out the door.

Is this a tantrum spiral, or merely literary licence?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vactor** on **June 06, 2011, 11:33:16 am**

Wow, I figured Dodik was dead by now

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 06, 2011, 02:28:07 pm**

Quote from: Knick on June 06, 2011, 07:28:53 am
Quote
Instead he was sprinting to the door, his wife shrieking as they were pelted with tools, with rocks, with shoes, with anything that could be lifted. The Hammerer, his teeth bared, was fending off a flurry of sword-slashes from an absolutely livid Jools. Tripped up by an angry miner, the Hammerer was finally able to break and vanish out the door.
Is this a tantrum spiral, or merely literary licence?

Literary license. Kuli was indeed Hammered again, the, what? Fourth? Fifth time for him now? He's resilient. Though with his legendary stats he's recovering a lot faster than most Dwarves. Also, two isn't THAT bad when you look at some Dwarves getting like, 30 at a time.

But as far as tantrums go, it might be building to that point. There are a lot of unhappy Dwarves in the fortress - the ones that are still working. There's a good forty or so now that are jobless and partying. Filthy bourgeois overworking the proletariat masses... the Bearded Uprising will occur, even if the larders are full of cat-cakes and the rivers run red with wine...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **June 06, 2011, 06:39:58 pm**

It's amazing the place has gone on this long without a tantrum spiral, really.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 13, 2011, 09:09:37 am**

:O

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **FearfulJesuit** on **June 17, 2011, 03:10:28 pm**

Oh, don't worry. This is a dwarven fortress. They all end in despair, starvation, misery, violence and death. Some of 'em just take longer than others...and it's those ones that are all the more entertaining when they *do* fail.

What year have we reached, by the way?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 23, 2011, 11:58:51 am**

Quote from: dhokarena56 on June 17, 2011, 03:10:28 pm
What year have we reached, by the way?

We're closing in on year 1076. Things are at such a crawl it's taking forever to do much when I've got mists from the waterfall or one section of the pit has too much water and spreads out suddenly, man, but it's worth it. So worth it!

In other news, guess who got himself a giant-ass raise to support his "working-on-weekends" habit?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **June 23, 2011, 12:18:44 pm**

Excellent! More money is quite helpful :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **mcclay** on **June 24, 2011, 09:54:06 pm**

Just finshed the entire thing... HOLY SHIT. I have the perfect tagline for this fot... Migrursut: all is dust

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Hugo_The_Dwarf** on **August 30, 2011, 12:31:54 am**

I feel... Saddend... No new posts?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **quip** on **August 30, 2011, 03:51:51 am**

Yeah, but still, you never know, Heavy Flak could come back... Again...
...
I swear every good thread dies as soon as I start to follow it. Luckily in the case of Mirigurst this isn't the first time it has 'died'.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Hugo_The_Dwarf** on **August 30, 2011, 01:21:38 pm**

Yes... But I will be a dancing leprecon when this thread rises from the dead

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **September 01, 2011, 10:51:46 am**

I just gotta say, prepare to be a dancing leprechaun. I'd love a video post on youtube also. That is all

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Darkmere** on **September 11, 2011, 05:52:51 pm**

I've been reading this off and on for a couple months and finally caught up. Sorry for the bump but I wanted to say this was a real gem to read. The narrative has the perfect blend of homage, characterization, and insanity to feel right at home in a DF universe. To those of you who might not have read it, you should do so.

And since I suspect Heavy Flak will be back, if for no other reason than, eventually, unfinished stories beg to be told:

Well done sir. I salute you.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **September 16, 2011, 02:23:30 pm**

I have made an agreement with Heavy that for each week that he is missing (not posting story content) in this thread, I will release one digit of his phone number. In the event that we run out of those numbers I'm sure I can find something else I can post. :-D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 18, 2011, 02:50:15 pm**

The Events of the 1st of Moonstone, 1075

Tun Paintedplunges. The unsung hero of the fortress. The tireless, invisible worker who had struggled for years to oversee the administration of duties, of foodstuffs, of monies in their secret hordes; A tireless agent in arranging the proper worker to the proper task. Tun was the lynchpin, the cornerstone, of the fortress. Tun was silent, unthanked effeciency. He liked it much better than the alternative.

Aryn watched the older administrator sweat and fidget under his gaze. He was having a hard time speaking, his throat closed up with the bubbling rage, but eventually he worked the saliva back into his mouth. Slowly he wet his lips, swallowing once before he allowed his hoarse voice to be heard.

"Where has all the water gone."
"We still have water, sir. Plenty of it."
"Where?"

Tun sighed. He knew that was the wrong answer. "It is called 'evaporation', Mr. Estetar. We couldn't fill the grand pit in fast enough, not enough was leached from the stream, and after it hit it's peak, that harsh sun stole it out from the ground."
"Why is there not enough water being pumped in, damn it. Why!"

Tun flipped the sleeve of his robe back to bare a withered, ink-stained hand. He began to tick off on his fingers. "Quote and Lucy did not have enough corkscrews to install more than four pumps at the stream."

Aryn's eyes narrowed as he cut him off. "How could they only have four? Four is nothing, where are the rest."
The counting-off continued. "Vash ran out of iron ore, and the Duke had mandated against the use of any aluminium; but it didn't matter, because Miss Dodik had planned the rest of the wood to floor over the library, we had no axles available for the increase in water wheels that would be needed."

"No!" Aryn slammed his palms down on the table. The veins in his temple were already standing out, throbbing with his growing headache. "Absolute shit! You hear me! We've had a wood surplus for over two years now! We've been buying the excess WAGONS from the mostly-dead merchants and stripping them for parts!"

"I know, sir, I know. But we no longer have the money to pay the miners to strip out the hill; and the Mason's guild has gone unpaid for a

long time. The last of the resources went to finishing the Domes. The Duke has instructed them to only complete tasking that is paid for in advance...and because of that, they've been out of work for months. There is no cash flow - the merchants won't buy our goods, our citizens can't afford any luxury items, we haven't seen a cent come in since the Mountainhomes have gone dark... it's all chits and IOU's."

With a roar, Aryn flipped his table over, sending candles, and papers, and a mug with the dregs of the last ale barrel in the store room skittering and splashing about his room. His clawed at his coat, pulling free two fat bags that jingled as he moved. He hurled these at Tun's feet, one cracking over, coppers spilling out upon the floor.

"Put the miners to work on the hill, and the masons building it up. Get the excess wood bought on the cheap - may Lenod show me some form of mercy - buy the whole damn stock for copper pennies! Get them working! I want triple the pumps down there by the end of winter! I want the architects approving it this evening! GET MY PUMPS WORKING! GET THE DWARVES WORKING! GET GOING, DAMN IT ALL!"

OOC: Stravitch knows just how to push my paranoid buttons. Part of it is selfishness on his part, I won't get on Skype all the time and gossip into the wee hours of the morning, but ah! Such is life!

In short: Heavy Flak got himself that big-ass raise, and he's got himself tons of work to justify it (including some nights and weekends, and working on the owner and CFO's personal computers just because I'm a suckup). I also started going out with Ladies/Psychopaths after flashing fat wads of cash like a total playa' but that's tapered off after, you know, I started worrying some would start boiling my cats or waiting for me at the mailbox or hiding in the garden. Speaking of that, I also just bought myself another house, and have spent the past month moving in, unpacking, assembling and rearranging furniture and then eating pain killers like trail mix because I pinched a nerve in my lower back.

Lastly - I'm working on getting my books self-published, and that's a terrifying and time consuming process for a guy that hates change. I think we're beginning to see the slow downfall of the Big Publishing House, just like the MIAA and RIAA are seeing record decreases in profits thanks to digital distribution, streaming, and a glut of shit. There are artists making excellent supplemental incomes on their work through various platforms, so I'm branching out and experimenting. It also has got me thinking heavily on how to best format this entire thread for distribution as well. Mind you, I don't have any intention to try and personally make money off of it. But perhaps a special edition that's formatted and bound, or includes all the side-chapters from the other participants (which I think I'd need approval from, to be safe), even if it was up for just a \$1, I'd want all the proceeds to go straight to Toady if he gave it his blessing.

Anyway. Hey!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **September 18, 2011, 11:09:46 pm**

Quote from: Hugo The Dwarf on August 30, 2011, 01:21:38 pm
Yes... But I will be a dancing leprecon when this thread rises from the dead

Dance leprechaun! DANCE! DANCE I SAY!! AHAHAHAHAHA!!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Stravitch** on **September 19, 2011, 07:58:15 am**

^^^^^^^^^^^^^^

Has me rolling.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **September 19, 2011, 11:27:01 am**

Indeed. Well played, Rice!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **IronValley** on **September 19, 2011, 04:44:36 pm**

Good to see you back on track Flak =)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **September 20, 2011, 08:25:06 am**

Woooo! Now I can stop having to resist the urge to necro the crap outta the thread! :-)

Quote from: Stravitch on September 19, 2011, 07:58:15 am
^^^^^^^^^^^^^^
Has me rolling.

Dittoed :-)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 21, 2011, 05:52:57 pm**

I was going to be something productive tonight, as I watched Let's Plays and ate steaks and drank fine bourbon, and I was going to lord it over all of you.

But instead I burned my mouth and also I screwed up pumps again and I think I've flooded the whole world. God I love being me. Things haven't changed ONE BIT.

Edit: I also drowned a baby, and I have no idea how it got there. Man. what the hell is wrong with me.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 21, 2011, 07:13:38 pm**

The Events of the 23rd of Moonstone, 1075

Lugnut had to back off, covering his face with both hands from the torrent of water. The small pump-house at the base of the cliff was bursting at the seams. The basalt walls, built by some of the greatest Dwarven hands for hundreds of miles, was straining, *crying* as water spurted and seeped through the cracks in the mortar. He turned to the growing assembly and shrugged.

"I can't do it, I can't get in. The doors blocked off, the pump-house is overflowing... we're going to dry the creek soon."

Rice frowned and paced the sand. His mind raced, even as a dozen voices chattered around him; soldiers, miners, planters, even Kuli had come down, his lined, kindly face twisted up in horror at the loss. Water, in this land, was worth more than gold - to potentially drain the river, to pull the oasis from the fort... it was devastating.

"We just have to let it run it's course" Lugnut said, his voice heavy with regret. "We can't fight the torrent; can't stop the flood."
"Rrr~! Be done with it..." came a barely audible growl from the back of the crowd.

A moment later, a jangle and a much louder, "Hold this."

Dojango frowned, clutching a bag of tools to his chest as Akroma mounted the small rise. Already he was soaked to the knees, water pouring from the top of the pump housing. His jaw set, the carver stripped to his pants, clapped his hands above his head, and vanished into the raging water with an awkward dive.

Moments passed - the collective holding their breath. Dojango paced, his brows knit in a tight line of worry, fingers clutching at the catleather tool bags.

A shrill, sharp grinding, and a final dull snap - something felt through the earth instead of heard. The frothing slowed. The water stopped pouring out. Soon, it stood still, harshly reflecting the noon sun.

"Be done with it," Dojango said bitterly. He palmed at his eyes, trying to stem the flow of tears as they streaked down dusty cheeks. "Just be done with it."

"You don't wish to say anything?" Kuli asked quietly. "Nothing else?"
"There's nothing else to say," Dojango managed to choke out. "This damn place strips out everything you love... it takes your money, your health, your soul... it takes your friends. Just... this is done, it's all done, it's just done."

Kuli nodded, and gave the small bell in his hand a chime. Dozens of Dwarves bowed their heads silently before they filed in pairs through the dimly lit halls. In short order, Dojango was left alone, standing before the carved statue of his friend. He stared at it for what felt like hours, willing the stone to move, to step forward, to do anything. But it stayed steady, a monument that would last for eternity if the Gods willed it. Unlike the poor shell entombed behind it, bent and broken midst the sodden wooden wreckage.

Tasting the tears in his beard, Dojango lifted shaky hands to hang the toolbags from the statues shoulders. "I'm sorry you couldn't make it out alive, friend... I'm ju-... I'm sorry..."

He left, quickly, feeling as if the weight of the fortress was pressing in on his shoulders.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **September 21, 2011, 08:44:55 pm**

clap

Well written, sir!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **September 21, 2011, 08:58:17 pm**

Mmmm updates! Delicious delicious updates!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **sdp0et** on **September 22, 2011, 10:38:08 am**

Quote

In short order, Dojango was left alone, standing before the carved statue of his friend. He stared at it for what felt like hours, willing the stone to move, to step forward, to do anything. But it stayed steady, a monument that would last for eternity if the Gods willed it. Unlike the poor shell entombed behind it, bent and broken midst the sodden wooden wreckage.

It's been almost a year for me, so I'm a bit lost. Who is the statue?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **September 22, 2011, 03:11:02 pm**

Pretty sure it's Akroma, who drowned in the last update.

I will weep a single tear.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Vector** on **September 22, 2011, 06:15:04 pm**

not only drowned, but drowned saving the world from flooding

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 23, 2011, 01:19:40 pm**

Akroma indeed. Storyline wise, both of those things actually happened, though ... not the part about HOW he stopped the wheels.

In truth he waded into the torrent with some new-found swimming ability, dismantled everything, then got swept into a trench and drowned a true Dwarven death: one that was both senseless and avoidable if the furry little psychos had any thoughts of self preservation.

I really do dislike when named Dwarves die, it feels like a personal failing on my part. At least it's believable and keeps everyone on edge.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **September 23, 2011, 01:55:49 pm**

Eh, when it's stuff like this it makes for a better story overall.

A named Dwarf just randomly getting killed with nothing else going on...that's when it's just jarring.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 03, 2011, 08:38:34 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar
1st of Granite, 1076

It is always setbacks in this accursed place. It is water pumps failing, it is landslides, it is invasions during prime trading season. It's dwarves falling drunkenly down stairs and breaking their backs andTonight then laying lame in bed until their sanity snaps and they squeeze their children like ripened melons until all their insides burst out of their mouth like a blood soaked fireworks show.

We are out of booze. My head has been throbbing for days. Dojango confided in me after I threw an empty cask at him that it could be the maggots he's leaving in the stew, that they've gone from my stomach to my head. We don't have any animals left that aren't pets, and no one is willing to spare the beasts. Hikan has recommend that the bears, breeding like roaches now, are technically not pets until they've attained Adulthood. I've instructed him to "silence" and also to "never suggest that again". I also threw an empty wine cask at him, but he moves. He always moves. They all move!

I can hear The Rat in the walls (http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-10736-oceanbled-oceanbled), that filthy traitor, and I know that he's being hunted by Dwarves best left alone. They think I'm oblivious, they all do, and fine, let them. They leave me alone on the issues they think I'm not watching. Fine.—Fine! FINE!!!

Any day now the pumps will work, the domes buried into their watery shell. We will move. We will grow. We will prosper. And we. will. be. happy.

We will survive ANY storm.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **October 03, 2011, 09:24:27 pm**

That new pump stack is going to cause you FPS woes while doing very little to make your lake fill quicker.

I'm in the middle of some heavy waterworks and magmaworks in my own fort. It's crawling along in the single digits, and that's with everything off. I could offer you advice based on the fruit of my observations on what makes that number drop to zero, if you'd like.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 03, 2011, 11:18:58 pm**

Like Jim said more pumps won't do it. You literally need to build a water tower to STORE the water and allow it to build up in order to fill that monstrosity. That way instead of hoping that your river has enough to fill a Z level at a time you have a supplementary water supply that you can build up over time and fill your Z's that way. It's work, but that's the way I would do it. Less loss from 'evaporation' that way as well.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 04, 2011, 09:11:11 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on October 03, 2011, 09:24:27 pm

That new pump stack is going to cause you FPS woes while doing very little to make your lake fill quicker.

Quote from: ricemastah on October 03, 2011, 11:18:58 pm

Like Jim said more pumps won't do it. You literally need to build a water tower to STORE the water and allow it to build up in order to fill that monstrosity. That way...

Quote from: ricemastah on October 03, 2011, 11:18:58 pm

Like Jim said more pumps won't do it.

Quote from: ricemastah on October 03, 2011, 11:18:58 pm

Like Jim said

Haha, I love you guys. Did I ever tell you that I don't understand how water works in real life, let alone in this game? My deck flooded the other day as I attempted to water some herbs, and just last week I managed to spill water all over my desk during the simple task of drinking.

My thought process was that having rows of nine pumps will double the amount of water pumped into the quarry. I don't need to worry about the river drying up, but what exactly SHOULD I do? I'd love some advice from competent folk like you two. Outside of, well, Spoiler (click to show/hide) waving my hand and creating water from thin air, since I have that as a fallback

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **quip** on **October 04, 2011, 11:35:51 am**

Quote from: ricemastah on October 03, 2011, 11:18:58 pm

Like Jim said more pumps won't do it. You literally need to build a water tower to STORE the water and allow it to build up in order to fill that monstrosity. That way instead of hoping that your river has enough to fill a Z level at a time you have a supplementary water supply that you can build up over time and fill your Z's that way. It's work, but that's the way I would do it. Less loss from 'evaporation' that way as well.

While I'll admit I know little about DF water physics, megaprojects or anything else of that ilk this seems like a sensible idea.

My ideas are all basically 'hey, why don't you add a roof to the massive lake you're filling! I don't know if that would solve anything but hey, at least your Dwarves wouldn't go for lack of work!'

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 04, 2011, 12:06:03 pm**

What you want to do is build a tower like 10x10 or bigger and have that take up multiple levels say like 10 z's. The area you want filled is about 80x70 ish right?So you have 5600 squares you need filled at a time. That can be accomplished by a 20x35x8 tower.

Code: (Water tower diagram) [\[Select\]](#)

% = Pump, # = Wall, _ = Floor, = Empty Space, ~ = River, ... = several levels needed here

%_# #####
%_# # #<<Water storage area
%_#_# #
... v<<<<<v These are attached or connected somehow
%_#_#____#>>>#Dome area
~~~~~

And so on for several levels. t the top of the stack is where you start filling in the tower. 4-5 pumps on each level should probably be enough to fill in a 20X35 without too much loss. What matters is the amount of water available from the river. Anyway, the bottom of the tower should be connected to the top of the dome area so you can fill it up. You will want either a hatch coverings at the bottom floor or wall so that you can open and close the tower as you want, and so you can fill it back up. The construction should be simple enough, and the location of your river is quite convenient for it.

I would take a look at the pump stack article (http://df.magmawiki.com/index.php/Pump\_tower) to make your constructions move efficient.

There is a reason Rice is a mason after all :)



Edit: While not quite the same scale as Oceanbled here is a map I was working on (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-7048-combinedworld>) a while back. The large areas of blue are basically water storage for whatever large projects I need filled up. And yes, if you notice underwater dwarves, I made it so they don't need to breathe. They are interestingly enough legendary swimmers, but they refuse to path out of the water. Good luck!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **October 04, 2011, 02:20:16 pm**

Building a giant reservoir in my experience didn't really help very much, because while the reservoir was filling, my FPS was zero, and if I'm trying to minimize the amount of real time it takes to fill things up this doesn't work out very well for me.

However, I have a cave river source on my map, and it's pretty much impossible for *any* area I'm trying to fill lose water to evaporation. You may need the intermediate step of a giant reservoir if your river output is really low, which it probably is.

As for the number of pumps, at your water source, you'll want as many pumps as it takes to catch all water. In this case, it will be four, if you cut the river horizontally. For moving water around, you will want and only need one pump for each level, and you'll want a one tile thick pathway for wherever you're directing water.

Pumps are what really destroys FPS. The side to side flowing motion of water is still a drain, but it's not as bad. The more pumps you can eliminate from a design the better. I'd almost recommend just damming the river and diverting it into your giant reservoir, if it won't evaporate as it spreads out.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Argonnek** on **October 04, 2011, 04:30:19 pm**

When looking at the map, I noticed that there is a gap between the small offshoot domes and the walls of the pit. If you were to fill that gap temporarily while filling up, you could avoid many of the evaporation problems you've been having since there's less area for the water to spread out to.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **quip** on **October 05, 2011, 10:01:04 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on October 04, 2011, 02:20:16 pm  
Pumps are what really destroys FPS.

On pumps, I *think* I heard somewhere that dropping blocks into fluids could be used to displace them... Of course I belive the method was being used to replace pump stacks for lifting magma from the magma sea to the upper levels of a fortress and thus might be a bit harder to implement on a river. And it would also need the blocks to be replaced (and demolished if blocking the river) after every drop...

Of course, all my ideas are most likely ridiculously wrong, to be honest I've spent more time killing bandits in adventure mode than I have dealing with a developed fortress...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Obsidian** on **October 10, 2011, 03:18:28 pm**

Whoo, finally got up to date on this absolutely **exceptional** community fort! I love the seemingly thousands of cultural references (including you infusing some good old Lovecraft titles into aryn's recent descent into madness.) Also, although I'm a bit late to say it, I'm glad to see you've moved to where you want to be and are self-publishing your novel. Great stuff.

So, uh... Any way I could get in the line for dwarves in the next fort, if you're still doing that? I'd like to be a stoner doctor or medical chief that smokes way too much rat weed before operating, named "Koshmot".

In the meanwhile, hooly shit are the tensions building. I love all the splinter factions that are forming; the finale should be amazing. No pressure or anything ;)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 10, 2011, 08:59:47 pm**

Quote  
All sorts of stuff, from everyone!

I'm considering making myself a big reservoir of water to dump out at consistent intervals. I don't mind the FPS drain, especially since adding a bunch more case fans and overclocking a little bit - I'm just trying to think of the best way to handle the entire process. I understand what you all are saying about the water, but with 9 pumps sending out 9 streams of 7/7 water, shouldn't it fill up a little bit faster?

Quote from: Obsidian on October 10, 2011, 03:18:28 pm  
Whoo, finally got up to date on this absolutely **exceptional** community fort! I love the seemingly thousands of cultural references...  
  
So, uh... Any way I could get in the line for dwarves in the next fort, if you're still doing that? I'd like to be a stoner doctor or medical chief that smokes way too much rat weed before operating, named "Koshmot".  
No pressure or anything ;)

I appreciate your praise, incredibly so! If you want in on the next fort (and really, this should go for everyone here), you'd be better off PMing me your request. Not because I'm going to ignore you, but with so many pages of discussion and prose, I might overlook something and I don't want to do that. Sdp0et typed up a nice comprehensive list, like, a year ago, but I'm sure I'm missing some now, and that might be the easiest way to get the ball rolling.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Vactor** on **October 10, 2011, 09:33:12 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 10, 2011, 08:59:47 pm  
next fort.

:O  
!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **October 10, 2011, 09:38:26 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 10, 2011, 08:59:47 pm  
I understand what you all are saying about the water, but with 9 pumps sending out 9 streams of 7/7 water, shouldn't it fill up a little bit faster?

You can't fill anything any faster than the rate water flows into your map. That's the hard cap. Once you're pumping 100% from whatever

water source you have, that's the best you can do. Adding more pumps won't make it fill faster.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 11, 2011, 12:07:08 am**

Quote from: Vactor on October 10, 2011, 09:33:12 pm

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 10, 2011, 08:59:47 pm

next fort.

:o

!

Wait WHAT??

Quote from: Jim Groovester on October 10, 2011, 09:38:26 pm

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 10, 2011, 08:59:47 pm

I understand what you all are saying about the water, but with 9 pumps sending out 9 streams of 7/7 water, shouldn't it fill up a little bit faster?

You can't fill anything any faster than the rate water flows into your map. That's the hard cap. Once you're pumping 100% from whatever water source you have, that's the best you can do. Adding more pumps won't make it fill faster.

Also, jim is really good at getting to these things before me.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 11, 2011, 11:21:43 am**

Quote from: ricemastah on October 11, 2011, 12:07:08 am

Quote from: Vactor on October 10, 2011, 09:33:12 pm

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 10, 2011, 08:59:47 pm

next fort.

:o

!

Wait WHAT??

Oh, yeah, about that... I've put myself in a Info Void for a long time concerning the new DF releases. Every now and again Xofrevlis or Stravitch will tell me about new stuff, but for the most part I'm ignorant to everything. That's actually the way I go through life, but this time it's by design. I have an... idea for a new story. It'll get kicked off after this wraps up, and this will wrap up depending on the whims of the Random Number Gods, so, some time between this weekend and never.

Quote from: Jim Groovester on October 10, 2011, 09:38:26 pm

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 10, 2011, 08:59:47 pm

I understand what you all are saying about the water, but with 9 pumps sending out 9 streams of 7/7 water, shouldn't it fill up a little bit faster?

You can't fill anything any faster than the rate water flows into your map. That's the hard cap. Once you're pumping 100% from whatever water source you have, that's the best you can do. Adding more pumps won't make it fill faster.

Okay, I'm starting to get it, but one more question: I thought pumps didn't actually suck up water at the same rate it was generated. As in, while it may take away some water from the source, it will always generate 7/7 water in front of it. Effectively, you can create more water than the source you're drawing from if you have a mind to capture or redirect it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 11, 2011, 12:09:02 pm**

You create more water by removing it from a source like a river, but the river has a max number of squares that it has that will generate water. I'm pretty sure only the squares that are on the end of the map generate water. Finally, I'm pretty sure pumps suck water up FASTER then it is generated by the river squares. So given enough pumps you can temporarily dry rivers drawing out more then it can produce. It will of course eventually refill or reach some point of equilibrium, but you can dry rivers.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **October 11, 2011, 02:29:58 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 11, 2011, 11:21:43 am

Okay, I'm starting to get it, but one more question: I thought pumps didn't actually suck up water at the same rate it was generated. As in, while it may take away some water from the source, it will always generate 7/7 water in front of it. Effectively, you can create more water than the source you're drawing from if you have a mind to capture or redirect it.

It may have been that way in 33c maybe, but it's not in 40d. My pumps output the same amount of water they suck up.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 13, 2011, 08:52:53 am**

Quote from: ricemastah on October 11, 2011, 12:09:02 pm

So given enough pumps you can temporarily dry rivers drawing out more then it can produce. It will of course eventually refill or reach some point of equilibrium, but you can dry rivers.

You inadvertently gave me an idea. A wonderful idea. I'm 100% sure it's not going to work like I think it will, and I'm going to have to savescum, so let's just go ahead and make a backup copy...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **October 13, 2011, 11:52:22 am**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 13, 2011, 08:52:53 am

Quote from: ricemastah on October 11, 2011, 12:09:02 pm

So given enough pumps you can temporarily dry rivers drawing out more then it can produce. It will of course eventually refill or reach some point of equilibrium, but you can dry rivers.

You inadvertently gave me an idea. A wonderful idea. I'm 100% sure it's not going to work like I think it will, and I'm going to have to savescum, so let's just go ahead and make a backup copy...

Well, now I'm quite curious to see what you're planning!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 15, 2011, 06:06:38 pm**

Deerowl held her pose as regal as she could, despite the deplorable filth. A film of rock dust, and... and what looked like *ashes* lined the cramped corridors. The rank smell of stale sweat and nearly-evaporated booze radiated from the waves of bodies that bustled past her. Her pert nose crinkled, and she thought briefly of wrenching the perfumed kerchief from the inside of her bodice, to press it up under her nose and run from this cesspit.

But she could see the shabbily-dressed outline of Aryn stalking down the hall, and despite herself, she smiled.

When he arrived, his clothes clean and mended, his patchy beard combed straight, he broke into a smile in turn. He reached out and clasped both her hands in his warmly, and smiled up at the Elven Emissary.

"I'm so glad you've arrived, my dear, because your merchants are still...  
"Master Estetar, it's my pleasure, and I need to speak with you concerning our merchants..."

And after a pause, and a wide-eyed stare at one another, they laughed. Deerowl forgot all about the horrible little hovel in which they live, and Aryn, who for months has been suffering withdrawals and mood swings, laughed until tears were digging trenches in the rock dust caked on his cheeks.

\*\*\*

"Whaddya' make of it all?" Maggarg asked, his voice surly and insolent. Merkil didn't bother to worry; it's only when the gruffness was dropped and you could hear the terror behind Maggarg's words, that anyone really needed to bother. The quartet sat at their designated spots on the ramparts, watching the courtyard for any suspicious activities. Across from them, peaking up from the ruins of the Sky Cells, was the horned helmet and wild eyes of Wilber. Adol gave a little shudder, seeing their insane hanger-on.

"There's no way to shake him, is there?" Adol asked, to no one in particular. Likot barked a laugh, though she never looked up from her custom bolt-slinger, polishing the wood with her one good black-gloved hand.

Merkil shook his head. He chewed relentlessly on the end of one fat-rolled smoke stick, occasionally brushing his quickly-silvering hair back into place as the wind rustled it up.

"Those elves have been milling about in the trading depot for months now... they're nearly out of roots and strings and... what do they eat?"  
"Bugs, *sir*. And babies when they can catch them. And their own filth. They brew it into tea," Maggarg helpfully added.

"Just shut up; they've been here for almost two full seasons, what's their game?"  
"They're scared to leave," Adol quickly added, before Maggarg could open his mouth again. "because half of them were killed by the camels in the wastes. And then a few more were killed when the camels got inside. I don't think they CAN leave, sir. They're in battle-shock."

The silence that fell on them was heavy, almost palpable. Merkil stroked his beard in thought, watching the way the elves moved; listless, their bodies seeming to be hollow shells roaming from sitting spot to standing spot. The poor squeaky bastards...

"Ya' know, the longer those reedy thieves stay in the depot, the longer it'll be before any other merchants will wanna' come and risk a trade."  
"What are you suggesting, Maggarg?"  
"Nothing! I'm just tellin' ya' a stone-cold fact. If they don't bolt out, or that skinny steel-eyed bitch wot' came in doesn't run 'em out, we'll be effectively cut off from any outside supplies..."

Merkil growled, the sound coming from deep in his throat. This isn't how it was supposed to work. They were professionals - no women, no children, and the elves were, if anything, all women. But still... "Just... keep your eye on Aryn and his lady-friend. They HAVE to leave. If the remains of the Mountainhomes don't show up with more booze... if we're running low on meat... oh, it'll be horrendous...."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 22, 2011, 05:29:45 pm**

It's been explained to me by horrified coworkers that descriptions such as, "going tits up" and "deader then the chicks in my crawl space" aren't appropriate euphemisms to use. Whatever. They're such squares.

But the point still stands. My desktop has died. Stravitch exhausted nearly every troubleshooting option with me as I whined over text message. All the data's there but the motherboard has fried since it won't even POST. I've got a rush order coming in soon, but it might not be until the middle of next week, and, well, just wanted to give everyone a heads up.

The data's the most important thing, and as long as that's safe and sound I'll suffer a little less. But after watching my workstation at the office fry on the same day... I'm getting a bit paranoid about my ability to kill technology.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Vactor** on **October 22, 2011, 07:36:14 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on October 22, 2011, 05:29:45 pm  
It's been explained to me by horrified coworkers that descriptions such as, "going tits up" and "deader then the chicks in my crawl space" aren't appropriate euphemisms to use. Whatever. They're such squares.

Did you explain to them exactly how dead the chicks in your crawl space are?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **October 23, 2011, 11:58:05 am**

Well, that sucks. I hope your spat of bad luck is over!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **October 24, 2011, 01:05:54 pm**

I think DF fried the processor. That or the snuff film rendering.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **quip** on **October 25, 2011, 02:57:21 am**

Quote from: Stravitch on October 24, 2011, 01:05:54 pm  
I think DF fried the processor. That or the snuff film rendering.  
DF snuff films anyone?



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **October 25, 2011, 01:48:38 pm**

Considering how reproduction occurs in the game... isn't it a day to day activity for them?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **November 07, 2011, 11:38:03 am**

As promised a digit of HF's number as motivation.

8XX-XXX-XXXX

I gave him one week free because of computer problems to be nice. I ask fellow readers now, should he be given any lenience since he is currently participating (and on track) in NaNoWriMo this month?

If you don't know what NaNoWriMo is, here is a link (<http://www.nanowrimo.org/>)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **November 08, 2011, 12:12:37 am**

I'd give him lenience.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Argonnek** on **November 08, 2011, 02:40:28 am**

Lenience! Besides, giving numbers is dangerous.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 08, 2011, 10:21:26 pm**

To be fair, I did give Stravitch permission to release all those details and stuff. He suggested I make up a Google Phone Number, but you know what I said to him?

"What the hell is a Google Number? Are you speaking English? STOP YELLING AT ME! No, yeah, like, seriously, I didn't get cut THAT bad, the bleeding is going to stop at some point. No... I'm not going to get scurvy, I've been adding lime to my bourbon and that's totally going to prevent that. Oh. You didn't ask that. Yeah, no, totes, I wrote you a song, buddy. Yeah, get on skype, let me sing it all at you and stuff. You. Will. Love. It."

I don't think that helped explain ANYTHING...

Here's a quick update: At the office, we're trying to find... well, I don't think I can give out any real numbers. But we're trying to find out what happened to an amount of inventory between \$500,000 and \$750,000 that, somehow, has vanished between selling it and hitting the billing department. And then there's NaNoWriMo, which is a whole 'nother kettle of fish.

I'm actually planning on updating Migrusut by the end of the week. I've been managing it in the background while I work on other things, and I'm debating taking it into the office to run and monitor while I track down lost product. I just haven't hit anything I can make an update out of yet. The new 3.6ghz quadcores have boosted me almost 10FPS though, so, hey, progress!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 19, 2011, 04:23:06 am**

*The events of the 16<sup>th</sup> of Slate, 1076*

"Enough, absolutely enough," Wallgirders growled. No one, not a single soul, was doing any work while the corpse-camels were cavorting around outside the main entrance. The Elves, still barricaded inside of the trading depot, cowered behind their reed barrels and sacks full of seeds. Wallgirders turned, surveying the area behind him, but all he could see was vague cowering forms, children dashing down the steps and into the depths of the fortress. There was not a single soldier in sight.

"Fine!" He roared. "Just fine! Let me go and waste my day taking care of this problem rotting outside our gates. Let me build up another reason to put you in the stocks, you foul beasts - remember this, when you're leashed and beaten!"

He sauntered outside the walls, his slow gait bringing him up to the towering form of one of the rotting camels. The beast stared at him, it's eyesockets vacant and uncomprehending. Almost comically, it tilted it's head, as if it was looking at him askance. Then it reared, and hit him in the throat with a sand-honed hoof.

Wallgirders managed a weak swing with a fist, and caught the camel on the foreleg. The brittle bone broke, but did not seem to do any real, lasting damage. The Guardsman vomited and toppled over himself in pain from his throat and from his now-broken hand, squirming and writhing in the sick sinking into the snad. He began to crawl away, but the camel was following him. It limped on it's bad leg, but it's fellows were following - of course they were. They wanted to help. They wanted to join in.

He kicked his legs in the air about him feebly, but it did no good. At best, he just held them off, but with his damaged windpipe, he couldn't even manage a scream. The beasts, the whole herd of them, loomed over him now, and he could see in the dead sockets of their eyes that they meant to trample him into a fine paste, smeared out across the red sands. But Wallgirders was showered by bonechips, as a bolt pierced the lead camels skull. It crashed atop him, pinning him to the sands, leaivng him a vomiting, broken-boned witness to the carnage.

The rain of bolts ended quickly, and Wallgirders shut his eyes to the damage being dealt above him. He felt bodies hitting the sand, could hear the grunts of pain and the horrid, screeching cries of the camels, grinding bone-on-bone as the only way they could make noise. When minutes began to pass without incident, he opened his eyes, his one good hand lifting up to wipe the spittle and vomit from his mouth.

Crispin stood above him, and beside her, Luke. The pair looked down at him disdainfully - Crispin slowly pulling bolts from carcasses and from the sand, adding them back to her quiver.

"Should we let him live, Lovey?" Luke asked. He placed a hand on the small of her back, and she smiled at even that small gesture. "The poor thing, he was just blindsided by the beasts. He was only trying to protect us in the fortress." "You know that isn't true," Luke said softly. "He's punished us something fierce, and Jotwebe died at his hand. He's a nasty-one, he is. Nasty-wasty."

Crispin thought this over. "Yes he is, but, he can't even talk - look at that. He's vomiting up his insides right now, all over his face. Let's just let him rest. Maybe Mr. Wallgirders will learn a thing or two about respect in the sick beds." "Now, that's a fine idea," Luke said, his voice taking on a chipper tone. "And if he doesn't, why, the camels never stop. We can just beat him senseless and leave him out here for them to trample on. An excellent idea, lovey!"

She smiled brightly, and pulled the last of the bolts that she could find free. With her quiver loaded, she gave her husband a hug. "Let's go find some food, protecting the town leaves me just starving."

"I couldn't agree more, dearest. I couldn't agree more."

trapped under the cadavers, the bones and rotting meat pressing into him, Wallgirders was trapped. Between his shattered hand and crushed throat, the twisted knee and ankle, he felt he would be laying here forever. And perhaps he would - the corpses around him were removed, the items, the bones, the skin. But he was left till last. And even then, he was not touched, leaving him to stand on his own, and slowly, painfully, limp down to the sick beds under his own power.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **November 19, 2011, 10:41:13 am**

Oooh, now there's a fine justice in that. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 02, 2011, 09:15:32 pm**

*The events of the 18<sup>th</sup> of Felsite, 1076*

"GO ON, NOW! GIT! Git outa' here!" Cokho Roknut hollered. His gnarled fingers wrapped around a stone and he hurled it hard. The Elves, their forms emaciated husks, their eyes hollow, took no notice to the assault. Even as the rock bounced off a forehead and left a small bloodied gash, they took no notice. The had become like the trees they loved - rooted to the very earth. He threw his hands up with exasperation.

"They just stay here, doin' who knows what. Just sitting here, all silent and stony. Isn't natural."

Mookie watched the elves with a growing fascination, her arms wrapped around her midsection. She tapped a foot on the stones, the hard leather sole making a steady stuccato.

"You've been trying the rocks, yes?" she asked.  
"Of course! Every time I have to come through her."  
"What about small explosives, like, like..."

"Fire-started Crackers," Lucy added. She had stopped nearby, lugging a large grease covered gear. "Or, perhaps, one of the sky flowers?"  
"Of course, I shot it into their tent! One burned and then it went out, and they just stared into their barrels of sunshine juice and... and spider web blankets. The beasts. THE BEASTS!" he shouted at them, hurling another rock. It sailed overhead.

Other Dwarves were gathering at this exchange. Other solutions began to spring from the crowd, blossoming like flowers.

"Maybe you could douse them in water?"  
"Or magma! Elves hate magma!"  
"Eat their camels, Cokho! They are allergic to their camels being eaten!"  
"Oh, no, steal their shoes. Then they will be cold."  
"Shut up Erith - don't listen to him, steal their *pants*"

But the crowd died down, as it always did. The fumes of rum hit them before Stravitch's shirtless form did, and he tried to push his way through the crowd, his eye downcast, bare feet dragging on the stones. But he was no longer the feared monstrosity of old - hidden, as he was, in his living tomb, rarely seen. The whispers floating about? The Old Goat's horns had been clipped.

Snickers began to rise from the group, a jest - previously unheard of - sending a titter through some of the dwarves. The boldest, as always, was the whore, and Mookie pressed a hand to his hairy shoulder.

"Hey, sugar, you're a big smart guy... how would you get rid of the elves?"  
"Elves?" his voice was hoarse from lack of use. He turned a single bleary eye on the crowd, and then to the trading depot. "What elves?"

"Maybe if he sobered up he might see 'em!" someone called. Laughter. A small tint of red began to form, deepening the sun burnt skin at Stravitch's neck. "Probably doesn't remember what an elf is" another voice called. More laughter.

In days of old, the motion would have been smooth and seamless. Raw power distilled into pure talent. Today, it was a ham-sized hand fumbling at the hilt of a power-imbued mace. It caught briefly in it's thong, before it was tugged free. It almost seemed as if he was remembering how to use these muscles as he brought his arm back, the mace high above his head. With a raw throated roar, Stravitch took a single step forward, smashing his great mace through one of the support pillars.

The depot creaked. Leaned, ever so slightly. Then it began to fall, and the elves underneath, seeing what had been their ceiling, their sky, collapsing in on them, shrieked and ran out from under it. They watched as their goods, their animals, everything was buried underneath the rubble. And as if their heads were cleared, they turned, slowly stumbling out of the fortress.

In the silence that followed, a single voice called out. It was Mookie, and a painted nail pointed outwards, towards the waste.

"They're heading towards one a' them herds of rotting camels. They'll probably get mauled."  
"Camels?" Stravitch asked, taking three tries to thread his mace handle back at his side. He turned, stumbling towards the steps. "What camels?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **December 02, 2011, 10:28:26 pm**

Wasn't Stravitch's eye dangling out of its socket at some point? I don't remember that ever getting healed.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 02, 2011, 11:39:33 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on December 02, 2011, 10:28:26 pm  
Wasn't Stravitch's eye dangling out of its socket at some point? I don't remember that ever getting healed.

I was sure I'd made reference to the single eye, but caught an instance of "eyes". Stupid fingers, writing out words for completely whole beings!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **December 03, 2011, 09:35:59 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on December 02, 2011, 10:28:26 pm  
Wasn't Stravitch's eye dangling out of its socket at some point? I don't remember that ever getting healed.

"Was" is the operable word. As I recall, he snapped it off the little dangly nerves. Then went for some eyescreme.

Heh. Sounds like a typical discussion on the forums on how to deal with elves. Good ol' Stravitch, cutting the gordian knot.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **neo1096** on **December 03, 2011, 10:57:35 am**

Wow, this fort is awesome. Just finished catching up, and I must say, good job Heavy Flak, good job. One question though, am I still alive, or did I just miss a post where I died?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 03, 2011, 01:56:26 pm**

Quote from: neo1096 on December 03, 2011, 10:57:35 am  
Wow, this fort is awesome. Just finished catching up, and I must say, good job Heavy Flak, good job. One question though, am I still alive, or did I just miss a post where I died?

You fell, I believe, after a battle, but - and I hate saying this because it feels like forgetting how a pet might have died - I don't remember the EXACT circumstances behind it. Time to comb the archives!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 03, 2011, 03:38:46 pm**

*The events of the 24<sup>th</sup> of Hematite, 1076*

"You aren't supposed to be here," the shifty eyed human said. A single guard was with him, the grizzled man constantly watching the moonlit courtyard. No one was out above ground at this time of night - the humans, having arrived that afternoon were in the fortress drinking and feasting long into the night. They were meeting with Mayor Sulari as well, though rumors flying about spoke of Aryn usurping the meager power once more. Such a fleeting position, such fleeting control. So it goes.

After a pause, the human said, his voice dropping into a low whisper, "Make it quick. What is it you have?"

"Som'thin' special, boys. Som'thin' special. 'Ere. Leave yer' brute b'hind, an' let me show ya' jus' one."

The merchant, with a glance over his shoulder, slunk out into the courtyard. He felt naked as he followed his metal masked guide through the moonlit court. But there was no cry of alarm, no hammerer rushing from the depths to punish a transgression. They entered the ruins of a gate tower. He could feel something else there, something in the dark depths watching him. The Dwarf stopped besides a bulky crate draped over with a burlap cloth, and he could hear the soft scuffling of something underneath.

"Ah've sold a few before, one 'ere, two thar'. Ya' know, makin' a tidy li'l profit offa' the curiosities from this foul place. But this..."

He pulled the sheet upwards, and the faint glow of two red points peered out from the darkness - a magical light shinning inside a sun bleached skull. The merchant sucked on his teeth - Nearly five years of visit under his belt and the animals still sent a shiver down his spine.

"We see them all the time. Why should I care now?"  
"B'cause, friend. Ah've got a deal for ya'. Give me the meats in yer' wagon. All of 'em. And I'll give you twelve of these damnable beasts."

"T-twelve?" The merchant stammered. "Twelve of them? How did you-"  
"You can ignore tha' small detail... what matters is I get tha' meat. All of it - e'ery last scrap."  
"Done, good lord, done. Think of the warlord that would purchase these for-"  
"Spare yer' tongue, friend. Ah don't care what happens t'the beasts. Use 'em for labor, use 'em for war, use 'em to gawk at. Over the next few days, ah want yer' man to secrete the meats to the quarry, and hide it among the emptied smith shops. Tha's all I ask. But do not sell a single ounce to Aryn - claim it's already purchased by outside parties. Done?"

"Done, done a hundred times over."  
"Won'erful. I'll start draggin' these up - tie them down, friend. Say their unsold animals. Just get them outa' here. And get me my meats."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Groveller** on **December 14, 2011, 05:34:46 am**

Somehow I've neglected reading this for the last year and a half. Glad I found it again before the end :)

Consistently great writing, Flak! And I nearly pissed myself at the April 1st posts. Reading 'Grovo Grovtress' was one of the most surreal experiences I've had. Finding myself sigged by none other than Stravitch is just a bonus :P

Now I join the rest, waiting for the next update...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 28, 2011, 09:29:19 pm**

*The events of the 6<sup>th</sup> of Malachite, 1076*

A light blossomed. Pale yellow flooded into the hallway. It's existence was bright, shining, and brief. In a second it winked out, darkness consuming the stones and the woods and the pewters in the room. A minute later three sparks ignited, one after another, and the light bloomed once more.

Varen paused outside the mess, uncertain if he should go in. Meng was waiting for him in the bunks, and what had curiosity gotten him in the past but bar-fights and drunken laments and wounds and strife? But he was drawn to the light like a moth. With no one in the awake, no one even in the hall, it was his *duty* to investigate. Gritting his teeth and tightening his hand on the haft of his spear, he slipped inside the mess on guard.

"Luke..?" Varen blinked as the light vanished. Spots and afterglows danced in his vision as the darkness consumed him. He waited with his breath held, spear at the ready. The seconds ticked past in the absolute silence of the mess. Then a single spark from a tinder box. And a second, the wick of the candle igniting.

"Yeah. Hey, Varen..." came the hoarse reply.  
"Are you drunk, friend?"  
"Not anymore..."  
"Oh, what the hell happened to you..? You look just terrible."

And he did. Large bags circled his eyes, and his beard seemed limp and wilted, held down with days of unwashed sweat. Hollow eyes rolled upwards to meet the Speardwarfs. His fingers trembled around the edges of the tinderbox. The small shard of steel he held threatened to drop from his grasp and vanish within the mess of the sawdust covered floor.

"Crispin just birthed another child. I didn't even know. She doesn't lose any of the baby weight anymore. She's... she's like a great big boulder, man. Like, this big rolling ball of fat and steel and yelling and hair and bad moods. And she just had another child."  
"Wow. Wow." Running a hand through his hair, Varen let his spear clatter to the wooden bench. He took a seat across from his friend.  
"What number is this? Seven?"



"Ten. Eight, if you just want to know the ones that are living. One of them," he said with a pained smile. "Is old enough to enter the job force. He's a planter."

"Eight," Varen said with a low whistle. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to hide..." Luke replied, his voice a low whisper. "I don't even know HOW babies are made, and she just keeps having them. I think she gets pregnant when we eat the same food. Or when she breaths the air I've already breathed. Maybe it's like spores in plump helmets. I need somewhere to hide that won't get her with child for the eleventh time..."

The night passed in silence. Luke watched the candle slowly drip it's wax. Varen cursed himself for not bringing a drink in - the jugs at the tables end remained empty no matter how many times he tried to surreptitiously check them.

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **December 29, 2011, 12:27:39 am**

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Poor Luke. He needs to stop releasing spores.

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 07, 2012, 11:41:14 pm**

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*The events of the 16<sup>th</sup> of Sandstone, 1076*

"The traders aren't coming inside the fortress, Rice"

Rice squinted from the gates, staring down the road at the motley crew gathered just beyond the brothel. Dust hung in the air, making the squat forms milling there hazy and indistinct. Rice leaned on his walking stick, lines forming at the corners of his eyes as he squinted to try and make them out.

"Stukos Matul, Lucy?"  
"I believe so, I saw bits of purples in their paints."  
"Lets go see what is holding them up. The Fort is getting antsy for shipments."

The stench of death assailed the pair before they reached the wagon. Lucy was quick to untie the bandanna from around her brow and retie it just under her nose. Rice's upper lip curled, but he kept his complaints silent.

Breaking through the haze caused Lucy to gasp, her pace faltering until she came to stand in the center of the road. Rice arrived beside her, raising a hand briefly to his mouth, his eyes widening in horror. Blood stained the wooden boards, many of the wheels cracked and held together with bent plate and swords. Only two merchants sat at their posts - the rest sprawled out in the beds of their wagons, groaning, writhing, missing limbs, missing eyes, frothing blood at toothless mouths. Some didn't move at all, their stench palpable, their faces a wriggling mass of black flies and bloated white maggots.

The guards raised their fists protectively, though they were in as sorry a state as their charges. Many were gaunt, cheeks hollowed in the their heads, and more than one had lost his beard, the hair falling out along with their teeth. When they saw the pair standing in the road, the guardsmen relaxed their stances but their eyes hardened even more.

"Oh, *oh*," Rice breathed out. His voice was a low whisper, and he wasn't sure if it was heard, "don-... don't recoil. Don't back away."

The silence hung heavy, until Lucy took a tentative step forward and said in a quavering voice, "Come to the fortress. We can give you a hot meal, and... and a warm bed to sleep in."

"I'm sorry, Miss," said one of two seated merchants. His head was wrapped with great swaths of blackened bandages, one of his eyes covered by the crackling mess. "I'm sorry. We only stopped to... to unload your order. We need to leave."

Lucy could feel her throat tighten at his words. "Our order? Sir, please, come to the fortress. Dojango can look you and yours over. He can... He can..."

The single eye that looked back at her was infinitely tired. His mouth formed a grim line, and he gave an almost imperceptible shake of his head. The soldiers began the unloading - the barrels and bins placed into the road, the pile growing larger. In the end, all that was left in the wagons were the Dwarves, alive and dead, and three barrels lashed into the back of the lead wagon. The merchant leader surveyed the scene before he asked in his quivering voice, "We can't stay - there's a town far south a' here, with a clinic of good repute. We just gotta' make it there. May... may we buy these three barrels of ale from ya'?"

"You can have them," Rice said quietly. "They are yours, if only you'll..." he wet his lips with his tongue. "What happened to you?"

"The Mountain Homes are gone. All that was left were two mayors out of all the fortresses and all the holds of all the country - one taken by beasts, and one fled. We've been racing through the burnt wastes in the plains. We're hounded by the beasts, the Goblins all twisted. We're headin' south, all we heard was it's safe, the Goblin's and their demon masters are out of those lands now. They's takin' ours. You want some advice, my friend? Get you and yours, and run. You're the last hold of any size that they haven't swarmed. They're coming out this way. Get out."

With a crack of his reigns, the wagons lurched forward, their shoddily held-wheels creaking under the weight. The soldiers limped beside them, their pride keeping them at their posts even in their weariness. Rice clasped Lucy's hand in his, watching them until they vanished on the horizon, their forms melting into the heat-hazed rocks and shrubbery dotting the land.

"Did you see the way they looked at us?" Lucy asked. "The soldiers... they looked angry."  
"They looked at us... and they saw before them what they used to be. What they used to look like. I imagine months on the road... they'd forgotten just how bad it had gotten until they saw us."  
  
"...We're going to die here, aren't we, Rice?"

It was a long time before he was able to reply to her.

"Yes, love. This is where we will die."

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Argonnek** on **January 08, 2012, 04:10:26 am**

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Beautifully written, sir.

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 08, 2012, 09:24:44 pm**

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*The Events of the 2<sup>nd</sup> of Timber, 1076*

"A'right, Camels. It's just you and me now. You and me and ten screaming witnesses. And you know what? You know what's going to happen, camels? I'm going to smash your skulls into dust. That's right! Right into dust. So. You ready? 'cause I am. Let's do this."

Guardsguard Wallgirders advanced on the quartet of rotting camels, his fists raised up in front of him defensively. He was cautious in his approach. Even with the strains of pulled muscles, and the grinding of vertebrae that had never fully reset, he was feeling lighter on his feet than ever. A gap-toothed grin broke over his face as he drew nearer the meandering corpses. Experimentally he lashed out with a punch, catching one of them in the ribs. It didn't react, and Wallgirders barked a laugh.

"See? They're scarda' me! Now watch, peasants! Because you're next."

He lunged forward, and wrapped his meaty arms around the neck of one of the camels. It gave a weak buck, it's leg bones clacking, and Wallgirders tightened his grip. He wrenched on the long neck, attempting to dislodge it with raw strength. Sweat trickled down his brow from the exertion. Gritting his teeth so tightly his head began to pound, he gave a sharp sideways jerk of his arms.

The head spun 'round on the neck, coming to face up at him with blank sockets. He screamed - the sound growing louder as the backwards head bit down on his exposed forearm, drawing blood and ripping free meat. He tried to let go, to back away, but his boots gave way on the rocks, and he tumbled down onto his previously broken back. And then the hooves rained down upon him, stomping on legs, on his chest, kicking and bruising his skull. The lights dimmed, his vision growing cloudy as the crowding camels quickly blocked out the harsh rays of the sun.

And suddenly it was clear. The blue skies visible, his assailants gone from around him. Wallgirders could feel the blood leaking out of a dozen gashes - and was sure a lung must have been punctured by the way it hurt to draw a breath - hurt even more when what little air he had in him came out in a squeak as a black shape loomed above him once more.

A meaty hand wrapped around the front of his armor and hauled him up. It stayed tight on the armor, keeping him upright, the muscles straining through leather and metal. A battered leather mask pressed nearly up to Wallgirders face, hollow eyes peering out at him.

"Go back to your bed, Little Soldier. You've done enough today."

Sgt. Pepper took a step backwards, his arms folding over his chest. He watched as Wallgirders took two steps forward towards the fortress, before his legs gave out. The Woodsman shook his head with disgust and left him to lie in the road until he could drag himself back to his sick bed.

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"Lucy, I... I..."  
"Oh, Rice. Oh! She's... she's beautiful..."

Rice beamed down at her, his sallow complexion brightening for the first time in months. Even the few gathered with them seemed pleased - Kuli wore the widest of smiles, radiant midst his now gray-streaked beard. Dojango, his work in delivery finished, chatted with Jools and Vash over a mug of rum.

And though Lucy was smiling, and though she clutched at the little bundle wrapped in her arms, and though she felt as if her heart might burst from joy, a single thought continued to worry at the very recesses of her mind.

"This has now tied us here completely. This will stop any flight out. She's born of the sands. She will think of this horror as home."

| PS: 99 Relationships of Baby Adil Kikrostattad |        |
|------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Rice Zanegkôn, Lead Stoneworker                | Mother |
| Lucy Nilakmesh, Lead Mechanic                  | Father |
| Limul Doren Oltar                              | Deity  |

\*\*\*

OOC: What you see above is an artifact remaining from all the weird things I've done to get what I've wanted. It's been so long that I can't remember who started out as what - Either Lucy, Rice, or the both of them started as opposite genders, but this was changed with Dwarf Companion. Now, the most interesting part is even though the game thinks that Lucy is little Adil's "father", she was actually the one to give birth. What does this mean?

It either means that Lucy is a post-op male-to-female with functioning organs, but she still holds onto her masculine traits when it comes to her role as a parent. Or, Rice was once a female-turned-male through Dwarven Engineering who has developed the ability to impregnate. Or both of these things are true, leading to the greatest wonder of Dwarven Sciences.

Migrusut: A Progressive Fortress.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **January 08, 2012, 09:59:35 pm**

I think I was the female turned male. Either way... wow.  
Edit: Wait... I just realized this is Rice's first born isn't it? Wow.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **January 09, 2012, 01:22:25 am**

How odd. But nifty.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **FearfulJesuit** on **January 21, 2012, 10:33:38 am**

When this is done, can you take all the pictures and text and turn it into a print-on-demand book?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **January 31, 2012, 09:35:16 pm**

From the files of Aryn Estetar  
1<sup>st</sup> of Granite, 1077

[The pages are blackened at the bottom with ash, presumably from a hand-rolled cigar. The top-most sheet is crinkled from liquid that splattered on in droplets. The writing is occasionally smudged by these, but remains legible if shaky]

The steel creaks and groans that surround me are the lullabies of a new civilization. I imagine a world locked away from the horrors of the sands, from the demands of an unjust and bitter society. Look! At it all! Glass and steel! A wonder! An absolute wonder! [the following words are indecipherable as they have been struck out with excess ink]

The mountain homes of the Queen Stukos Matul. The paradise of Ilecacalovi. The Ice Gardens of Tekkus Ilned. The Glass CityHaven Utopia of Migrursut!!! We're growing our own foods, the animals are moving into it's walls. We have industry, and food, and entertainment, and housing! Even the most meek of us can flourish within the confines of our glass walls. The slings and barbs that are cast upon us by the hateful world will sink into the inky nothingness ~~around~~ around us all.

I've slept here a month now and already I feel more alive. Nothing breaches the airlocks unless authorized. In here, we will have our isolation, and we will have our prosperity. I've been weeping for days at the ~~enormity~~ enormity of it all, at finally being safe, and of finally being able to achieve the most monumental task this pitiful world has ever seen.

Children will look up at their mothers and they will say "Mommy these books talk of war, but what is war?"

And mothers will smile and they will hug their children tight and they will say "Wars are the invention of petty tyrants."

And their children will ask in bewilderment "But what are we?"

And mothers will feel their~~b-reast~~ breast tighten as they say, "We are Dwarves. We are only ruled by the will of the people."

The door to my room has been locked for a week now. Even the administrator cannot reach me this is a paradise. it is bliss. Can one imagine a world in which the horrors of the earth cannot be visited upon you? The stomping metal statues or beasts of flame and scale? The goblins. The nobility. The humans. the wolves. the vultures the socripions the camels the whores the lice and mites and ticks and haners-on a nd every evil spiit that secrets itself in a body and forces them to do thier terrible things it will all be kept out all outside all away from us we will triamuph over life itself within these walls and i cannot stp weeping with the joby of it all and not even fires can destroy us becasc fhlass and stael are made from the very fires of the hell itself we will conquer all

[On the following pages are hastily drawn blueprints of the surrounding fortress and landscape (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-10976-oceanbled-oceanbled>)]

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OOO

Quote from: dhokarena56 on January 21, 2012, 10:33:38 am

When this is done, can you take all the pictures and text and turn it into a print-on-demand book?

I've been thinking of what options I have available to me. I could compile all of my posts and clean them up a bit for spelling and grammar, and release them as a free PDF / ePub. But I'm hazy on how things works as far as user-submitted posts and drawings.

If I release this for free with user posts in it, do I still need permission, or is permission implied by posting? And I've toyed with the idea of releasing it as a print-on-demand with the meager proceeds donated to Toady... but would he give approval (because if he nixed it, I'd respect that), or would the other posters give approval, and if not, could I even actually approve it considering it's a message board and my content might not technically be "owned" by me?

So I'll try to actually answer your question: At the very least I'll make it available for you to print off on your own in a cleaned up format. BUT - I'd love to let readers get a copy (real or digital, including or excluding entries from other posters) and also have the option to to donate to Toady at the same time. I hope that rambling explanation has helped :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **January 31, 2012, 10:52:09 pm**

Oh! It's full. How long did that take you, in-game time and real time?

Also, about your flying goblin problem on your map: You have to use some utility, I can't remember what it was, to set his state from flying to not flying. It might've been DF Companion. I had the same problem on my map, and had to resort to doing that to bring back sieges.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **February 01, 2012, 07:44:20 pm**

HF did you really engrave the bottom of your 'ocean'?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 02, 2012, 09:59:25 pm**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on January 31, 2012, 10:52:09 pm

Oh! It's full. How long did that take you, in-game time and real time?

It took a couple hours real-time, which I just let run while I cooked dinner. It also helped that I 'cheated' by creating a ton of river-mouth tiles that I triggered with the pumps that constantly generated new water to flow... and with just straight-up creating water a certain number of Z-levels high to jump start the process.

Quote from: Jim Groovester on January 31, 2012, 10:52:09 pm

Also, about your flying goblin problem on your map: You have to use some utility, I can't remember what it was, to set his state from flying to not flying. It might've been DF Companion. I had the same problem on my map, and had to resort to doing that to bring back sieges.

I tried using Dwarf Companion, Tile Edit, and For Every Tile. He doesn't show up using DC, and the other two don't trigger the flying state. I'm kind of stumped, but think I can glitch things the way I want them with a little bit of persistence and trickery...

Quote from: ricemastah on February 01, 2012, 07:44:20 pm

HF did you really engrave the bottom of your 'ocean'?

Why yes, Rice, I did engrave the bottom of the ocean. :)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **February 06, 2012, 08:45:07 am**

How will this end? Will you simply let the fortress run until it self destructs?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 06, 2012, 06:53:12 pm**

Quote from: Knick on February 06, 2012, 08:45:07 am

How will this end? Will you simply let the fortress run until it self destructs?

Discounting some weird and unforeseen Cat Induct Tantrum Spiral, there isn't any way that this fortress can actually "self destruct". That's a blessing and a curse, depending on how you look at it.



So, how will it end? In a blaze of fire and glory, baby!

Let me just put it like this. I know how I want the "Last Post" to start, and that requires a bunch of little things to all fall into place. Where it ends? Well, that's up to the Random Number Gods. I know what I want, but that might not be what we get.

Oh, the interminable waiting!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 06, 2012, 09:39:29 pm**

OOC:



What's this? Oh yes. It turns out Jim was right (because he's almost always right, and he's fantastic). Now, let's see what mischief I can get up to.

(Also, ignore the flooding. I'm testing things. Like how water works. Stop judging me!)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 06, 2012, 10:10:32 pm**

40d is the only version of DF I'm an expert on.

One of the columns in that screenshot is misaligned. You know, just pointing these things out.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 06, 2012, 10:12:06 pm**

Damn you, I'm laughing so hard I'm crying.

Has it been misaligned for over a year and I never noticed it!?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **CrackFile** on **February 07, 2012, 05:29:23 am**

What a pleasant surprise to come back to! I had feared that this thread was dead. Looking forward to more, and I hope the eventual end does this thread justice!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 07, 2012, 09:09:35 pm**

*The Events of the 17<sup>th</sup> of Granite, 1077*

Cokho rubbed his cracked hands together in eager anticipation. The plumes of sand kicked into the air foretold of traders, and by their lack of wagons, he was certain it was the elves. The old man, his back bent into a question, his head dented from rocks and kicked in by animals, his knuckles the size of marbles, found the aches and fears of the world leaving him. Traders! It was always a cause of celebration among the Dwarves. To think, the pretty trinkets and shiny rocks he'd been surreptitiously hoarding over the past year could be spent with them buying some private reserve for his little hole in the wall room.

"Fools, the whole lot of them," he chortled. "I bet you I can buy out their entire stock of liquor with a few gems I snatched from the ground."

"Booze is SO last year," Mookie said. She filed at her nails, her eyes downcast on her work. "Leather's where it's at. Leather's all the rage, the height of fashion, especially since Makrond used the last scraps on quivers for the Duke. Let me tell you..."

A wicked smile crossed her face. "I'm going to buy out every scrap of leather they bring."

"They're Elves... they don't trade in leather..."

"Yes they do!"

"No, they don't!"

"Listen, you," She came dangerously close to throwing her nail file at him, her face reddening with irritation. "I've sold them tons of things made out of leather! And bones, too, bones all over the place!"

"That's humans that like those things," Pawnzer added from the sidelines. He adjusted in his grip the basket of glassware he was carting to the depot. "Elves are pacifists. And Vegans. They don't believe in the needless slaughter of any living thing."

"Really? I keep putting all these trinkets in their barrels as thanks..."

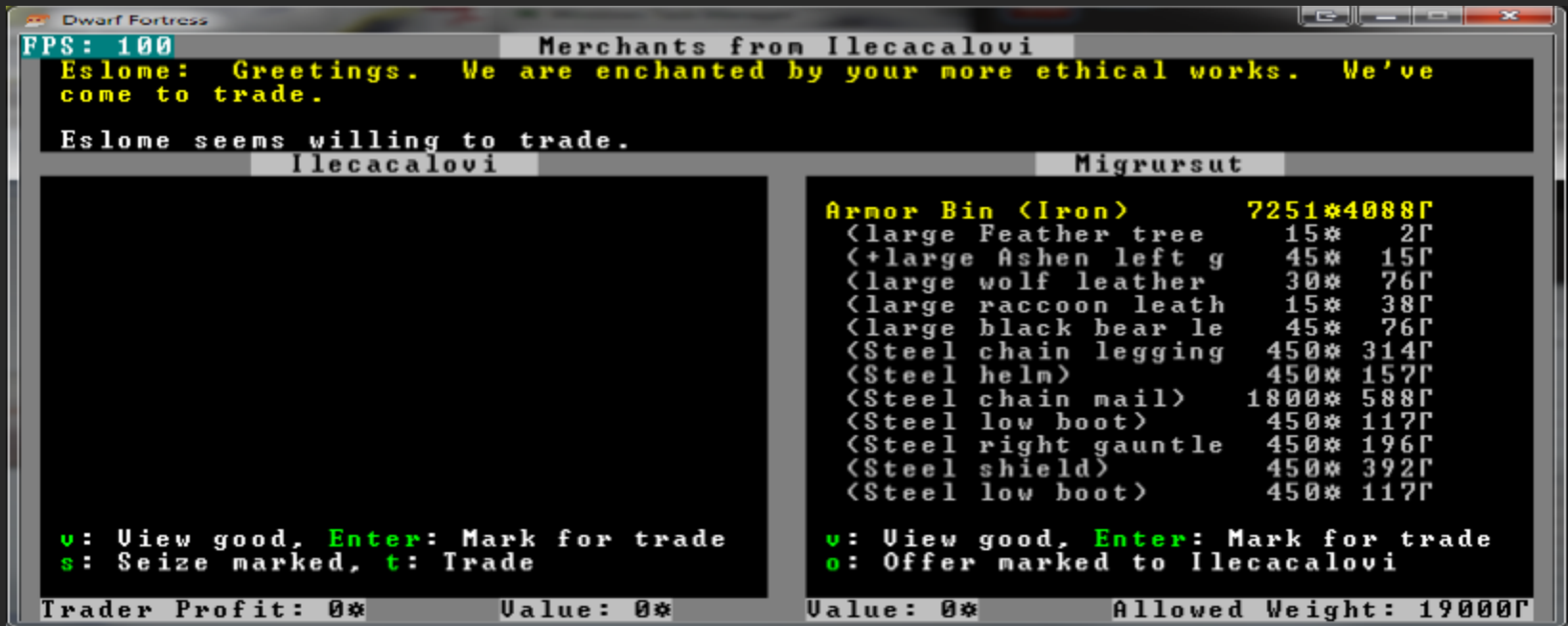
The first of the group trundled up the steps, it's lanky body swathed in a filthy travelers cloak and robes. The trio turned expectantly as bony hands lifted to pull back the cowl - a gasp resounding through them. The Elf was covered in sores, strange lumps and growths extending from the patchy spots on it's scalp where hair had once been. It's eyes were milky white and filmy, the muted irises flitting this way and that as if it was unable to properly see things.

Pawnzer touched a hand to his throat, his mouth working as he noticed that some of the fingers had been fused together, the skin stretched and knotted and ragged, as if it had been cut apart, and finally been allowed to grow together through neglect. A second elf leading a malnourished camel came over the rise, knobby spikes jutting from it's shoulders, broken, tattered wings drooping from it's back, black and dead.

"You're... oh, bless you... are you hear to trade?"

Cracked lips spread into a trembling smile, the glassy eyes swiveling towards the sound of her voice. It was as if he was trying to speak, but words wouldn't leave him. What followed was a tense moment of silence, the Dwarves rooted to the ground, the Elf seeming to grow frustrated, his loose skin trembling.

He finally extended his hands forward. His voice was reedy, a paper thin rustling carried on the winds. "No, friends, we're here to beg..."



**Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Argonnek** on **February 07, 2012, 11:22:08 pm**

Bah. If they have nothing to trade, they will get nothing in return.

**Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **quip** on **February 08, 2012, 11:46:57 am**

Quote from: Argonnek on February 07, 2012, 11:22:08 pm

Bah. If they have nothing to trade, they will get nothing in return.

But shouldn't we help the Elves, our long lasting trading partners? I think a wooden carving of one of their heroes dying of starvation out of one of our craftswrokshops could feed them for a year!

**Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Mephansteras** on **February 08, 2012, 11:56:17 am**

Man...you've crafted one *hell* of a world there, HF.

**Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **neo1096** on **February 08, 2012, 01:05:46 pm**

I don't even know what to say. I didn't think that was even possible. Bravo, Heavy Flak, you have truly created a masterpiece.

**Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 10, 2012, 09:36:47 pm**

*The events of the 13<sup>th</sup> of Slate, 1077*



**Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Argonnek** on **February 10, 2012, 09:41:39 pm**

Sobbing? What? That... doesn't make any sense. How did you get that?

**Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 10, 2012, 09:48:26 pm**

Another mysterious child birth did that.

**Title: Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**

Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 11, 2012, 12:44:00 am**

The dread-camel reared it's head about at the loud shouting in the distance. Blood dripped from it's muzzle. Long strands of stringy flesh and sinew dangled and wobbled from it's rictus grin. Every now and then the beast would rear up on it's hind hooves and the gathering crowd would gasp and shriek, before it stomped downwards, flattening and shredding the corpse underneath it with it's razor sharp front hooves.

Hikan made his way through the crowd - chastising himself for feeling naked. But the truth was, he did. Without his face paint, and his armor, without his gear and the cover of darkness, he thought of himself as just another Dwarf, another body among the countless around him. He grit his teeth, fingers clenching around the flask in his inner pocket.

With Aryn back in power, there were some rules he needed to follow. Like the newly minted order, from the Duke, and signed off by Aryn, and eventually passed on by the silent, secretive bookkeeper.

He cleared his throat and pointed with his folding spear at the blood-stained horror prancing in the wastes.

"FRAGMENTBEAK! THE CAMEL! YOU... Your... your reign of terror has ended. You have killed Zas Erushushat, the kitten. You have killed Iton, our hammerer. You have killed Stakud the child of some miner, maybe. And you also killed two mules , I guess..." his eyes squinted shut, teeth baring as he fought himself to continue on, as he fought the headache threatening to split his skull in two.

"You've been condemned to death, and from your corpse we shall make Bolts for smiting, and trinkets which we will adore until we sell... damn this, who will put this beast down?"

He could feel the eyes on him - the important eyes - the eyes of Szondi, high atop the towers, waiting to see what would come of this stupid farce. And he could feel those of Makrond, the leather worker decked in his day-disguise, nervous hands fidgeting with the strips of leather they had taken from the boom of kittens as of late. When the quavering voice of Luke sounded, Hikan exhaled in relief. If his unlikely kinsmen were forced to come into the open over something as simple as a marauding camel, it was dire straights indeed.

"I will put it down. This is my task."  
"Good. Good! By all means, go, man, go."

Luke lurched down the stone road, drawing his short sword in sharp jerks. The beast seemed to pay him no mind, it's head thrashign from side to side in sharp jerks, in unsettling quivers and shakes. It was having a seizure, it's entire body bucking and contorting in pleasure from the pain and death it had caused, hooves rending flesh and splattering blood in a wide arc around it. Luke raised his sword on high, and brought it down with a fearsome scream.

And a second scream. And a third, his voice soon trailing into one long, agonizing wail as he brought his sword - first on it's bladed edge, soon onto it's flat, eventually tossed aside as his gauntlets rained down - onto the meaty pulp. Those who stayed behind would later talk of tears on his cheeks, of his heartrending wails:

"Nine! Nine mouths to feed! Nine! Why can't you take any of them! Why is it always these others you pick you cruel monsters! Why is it not any of mine!"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **February 12, 2012, 03:26:50 pm**

Poor Luke.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **February 13, 2012, 08:51:53 am**

It's like the game itself is partaking of a running gag!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 14, 2012, 11:08:18 pm**

*The Events of the 18<sup>th</sup> of Felsite, 1077*

In silence, Jools and his daughter walked the stone path towards the domes. She shuffled her feet, occasionally kicking loose stones in her path, sending them bouncing and skittering across the olivine and basalt. His lower lip pulled in tight, Jools did his best to push her - he could sense she wanted to talk to him, had sensed it for days now - but the Maester had taught him patience over the years. Youthful exuberance had been tempered some, brashness folded and beaten into something stronger. Kuli's teachings did pay off in the end, as Asod turned her head to look at him, and said:

"I've been very depressed these days, father. Stakud's death, and even the Hammer's... you know I was friends with him, don't you?"  
"I was aware of that," Jools said, hiding the twinge of disgust. "He always did right by you."  
"He did - and, and it upsets me, because they are no longer here. But it upsets me MORE, because I miss them more than the three siblings I have lost. I barely wept for them... I should have been effected more, that I should have *felt* more..."

"Mm. Guilt. Guilt is a funny thing - it's consuming, isn't it? The rising panic that you should feel bad because you didn't react in a way you deem you should... You know, your mother - bless her - insisted we name you Asob. And I fought it at first - but it's come to really represent you. Much like a donkey's back, you're sturdy and consistent. But - and this is important - you always act straight and dependably, just like those beasts that we all feel the utmost respect and love for. We all feel grief differently. Don't punish yourself for your actions as a child."

They did not stop walking, but she slid an arm out and clumsily, awkwardly, gave her father a fleeting hug. Jools smiled, his eyes downcast on the road, his thoughts flitting between memories of his love, of his departed Kib.

"You know, sometimes I think I see my sister still, moving around this fortress. This silly cat, Onul, she has her eyes. It's the strangest thing."  
"Now you're just being contrary," Jools said, his melancholy broken. "Your sister wouldn't come back as a CAT. I assure you."

\*\*\*

Masami forced himself to roll onto his back, even though the pain that shot through him caused him to pass out. With the sun setting, the temperature dropping, the Elf hoped that just a bit of condensation might drop onto his swollen, dried tongue.

But as the sun lowered over the dunes, as the moon rose high with it's mocking face, not a drop of water came. Masami shuddered - a motion that sent the sharp shocks up his spine once more - and choked back a sob. His voice was nearly gone - days of hoarse shouts were ignored. Though the lights shown from the Poison Temple, not a soul stirred to aid him. I was the language barrier, he knew, but maybe Deerowls would have heard, or maybe Aryn, or the administrator, or the madam who spoke their tongue - or anyone, just to investigate the noise.

None came. And in his anguish, and in his fear, and in his pain, he cried out in a strangled tone.

"Ah! Etinoi! Etnoi, lama sabachthani?"





\*\*\*

OOC: Jool's "oldest daughter" is still being listed as alive and being a child, even though that's not the case - the third oldest is the first in the line of daughters that is alive and she's grown to be a mason. If I zoom to that child, it targets a cat. Much like that raccoon, and Grov, and a variety of other things, this is just one more instance of DF developing sentience.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Obsidian** on **February 15, 2012, 12:02:29 am**

I suspect that the Dwarf Fortress AI itself has been secretly spiriting away all these kids to form an army of child soldiers that will burst forth from the very seams of the earth (disguised as various tame fortress fauna) and destroy your fort when it's at its weakest.

You should really consider butchering that cat.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 15, 2012, 12:20:24 am**

Was the cat a pet of the missing daughter? Does it move around at all? Does it stick in one place?

Children that get kidnapped by goblins will be listed as alive on the relationship page, but zooming on them only zooms you onto the place where they were kidnapped.

If it sticks in one place, then the cat was probably a pet and that's where she was kidnapped. If the cat moves around the fortress and it still zooms onto the cat, then, uh... I don't have an explanation for that.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 15, 2012, 10:23:37 am**

Quote from: Obsidian on February 15, 2012, 12:02:29 am  
I suspect that the Dwarf Fortress AI itself has been secretly spiriting away all these kids to form an army of child soldiers that will burst forth from the very seams of the earth (disguised as various tame fortress fauna) and destroy your fort when it's at its weakest.

We have this really chill fox wandering around now, too. I'm not sure where he came from - maybe the Elven traders? - but he's just kind of walking around the fort, looking at things. I can't set him to be bought, and he can't be trained or tamed. He just likes hanging out by the waterfall. I think you might be on to something here.

Quote from: Jim Groovester on February 15, 2012, 12:20:24 am  
If it sticks in one place, then the cat was probably a pet and that's where she was kidnapped. If the cat moves around the fortress and it still zooms onto the cat, then, uh... I don't have an explanation for that.

I didn't know that about kidnappings! We haven't had one in a long time, but that doesn't mean she wasn't snatched at one point or another - she was the oldest, after all, and the other daughter's had enough time to grow up fully. I'll take a look at this when I get home and see if it's paranoia or game-world-reality fracturing.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Argonnek** on **February 15, 2012, 02:11:21 pm**

Can't you view her mood from the relationships screen? If she hasn't done anything but is still ecstatic, it's a good indication that she's been kidnapped.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 15, 2012, 03:53:38 pm**

Quote from: Argonnek on February 15, 2012, 02:11:21 pm  
Can't you view her mood from the relationships screen? If she hasn't done anything but is still ecstatic, it's a good indication that she's been kidnapped.

If I've learned anything from both kidnapping and relationships, it's that ladies don't stay ecstatic for very long.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **February 15, 2012, 03:55:49 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on February 15, 2012, 03:53:38 pm  
Quote from: Argonnek on February 15, 2012, 02:11:21 pm  
Can't you view her mood from the relationships screen? If she hasn't done anything but is still ecstatic, it's a good indication that she's been kidnapped.  
If I've learned anything from both kidnapping and relationships, it's that ladies don't stay ecstatic for very long.

Well, there's your problem. You haven't been kidnapping *Dwarves*!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 18, 2012, 11:44:09 pm**

"You have got to be KIDDING me!" Hikan roared. As he rose his knees hit the table, scattering plates of blackened fried eggs and fried slices of cat scrapple. A pitcher of water tipped and tumbled, the thick cut green glass bouncing on the floor and rolling underneath the bed. "Another herd of them? We just put a dozen of the beasts down!"

Makrond took a step backwards towards the door frame, his mouth pulled down into a tight scowl. "You know we-... can't control the beasts-... out here. They come and-... torment as they please. But we have to stop Boardbastions."

"Boardbastions" Hikan sneered. "It sounds like the name you'd give to a Summereves' band. What did it do, kill another cat? Did it upend the Duke's tea set?" "Yes!" Makrond snapped, the air forced out harshly from his one working lung. "About the-... cats, I mean. And a mason, and a wardog. Look, stop your complaining. We have to-... protect this fortress. Szondi's considered going-... rogue. Help show him it's-... under control. Keep him in line."

Drawing his cap down low, Hikan shouldered his greatcoat on the move, brushing past Makrond. "Just keep up, Cripple!" A pang of guilt hit him at the callous words towards his long time companion. No apology came forth, but he hoped the slump of shoulders, the averted gaze, would be enough to convey these brief blips of regret. These thoughts were shaken from his mind as he stepped out the door, and collided into a tangle of limbs with Merkil.

"Get off me!" Merkil bellowed, attempting to disentangle his armor from the wads of leather greatcoat wrapped about him. "Fool!" Hikan barked back. "What the hell are you doing? Get outa' here, I'm on my way to put down a cur."

Hikan was roughly hauled up to his feet by a glaring Maggarg, his coat ripping slightly at the hem. "Have a little respect, lapdog. Why not go heel beside our great ruler?" He paused at a whisper from Adol, but brushed off his friend by shoving Hikan backwards. The Guardsman stumbled and caught himself, his spear extending with a sickeningly hollow *clack*.

"Alright, you fools, I don't have time to deal with your theatrics. Back off, or you'll be riding a sick ward cot for a full season."

Makrond was at his side now, fingers grasping around the long-bladed sheers he kept at his belt. He felt relieved that, even after acting the ass, his friend - one of his only true friends in this forsaken pit - had his back. He gestured with his head to Likot, his eyes narrowing as the leather-clad horror adjusted her modified crossbow.

"Be careful of her... if this blows up, keep one of them between you until-"

But he was unable to finish. Wilber's voice rang out loud and clear, reverberating off the walls. It came from no where - from everywhere - and only a keen eye caught the glimpse of his horned helm from within the crawl spaces where the bathworks ran.

"I can feel their dance ending. They're being loved until they explode. It's almo- yes. And it's over! Those camels are sleeping forever. Go about your business."

\*\*\*

Stravitch roared so loudly it made his own head hurt. The camel skittered towards him, it's one broken leg making the scrambled, busted gait look arachnid in motion, the limbs splaying and pulling in an awkward parody of reality. It tried to bite through his leathery skin, but teeth couldn't find a perch on the swell of his gut. Black eye sockets peered up at him - almost in confusion - as the teeth clacked against air.

His mace swung in an arc. The camel exploded into white dust and bone projectiles. Stravitch sauntered back towards his poison temple, towards his stash of rum, ignoring the awe and fear of the Dwarves trying to avoid him to reach the recently dead.



\*\*\*

Fingers gently lifted the emaciated corpse from the ground. Deerowls wept a single tear - all she could muster within her battered soul. broken feet dragged on the stones as she slowly moved towards the bone pile, to let the corpse await the opening of a new alcove, and a new coffin.

Masami Bilivaci, Elf Merchant cancels Drink: Unconscious.  
Masami Bilivaci, Elf Merchant has died from thirst.

x2

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **February 20, 2012, 07:23:36 am**

Quote  
fried slices of cat scrapple

This one phrase amused me to no end.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Obsidian** on **February 20, 2012, 03:43:46 pm**

Would you mind posting some of Stravitch's combat stats? I get the feeling that nothing can actually hurt him anymore (not sure if it's his natural dwarvenly skin or all the booze, maybe both.)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 20, 2012, 09:32:16 pm**

Quote from: Obsidian on February 20, 2012, 03:43:46 pm

Would you mind posting some of Stravitch's combat stats? I get the feeling that nothing can actually hurt him anymore (not sure if it's his natural dwarvenly skin or all the booze, maybe both.)

Let's see...

Code: [Select]

|                                          |       |            |
|------------------------------------------|-------|------------|
| STRAVITCH, in Numbers, Presented in Text |       |            |
|                                          |       |            |
| Skill                                    | Level | XP         |
| Maceman                                  | 137   | 5806/14200 |
| Shield User                              | 57    | 2990/6200  |
| Armor User                               | 27    | 2396/3200  |
| Wrestler                                 | 17    | 60/2200    |
| Siege Operator                           | 15    | 540/2000   |
| Conversationalist                        | 6     | 1020/1100  |
| Flatterer (lulz)                         | 6     | 916/1100   |
| Judge of Intent                          | 6     | 997/1100   |
| Intimidator                              | 6     | 1032/1100  |
| Negotiator                               | 6     | 930/1100   |
| Consoler                                 | 6     | 964/1100   |
| Persuader                                | 6     | 828/1100   |
| Comedian                                 | 6     | 1053/1100  |
| Mason                                    | 2     | 677/700    |
|                                          |       |            |
| Strength:                                | 26    |            |
| Agility:                                 | 25    |            |
| Toughness:                               | 18    |            |
|                                          |       |            |
| Damages                                  |       |            |
| Right Eye:                               | 65535 |            |

Also, here's a request for you readers. I recently glanced at The Hall of Legends, and am still a bit humbled I'm listed in there at all. But I have a feeling that the description printed isn't... the most accurate of blurbs, considering how this story has twisted and evolved over the years. I've tried coming up with one myself, but I don't think, "A Parody-Powered Hate Machine" is the best thing to have it listed as, even if it's terse and technically accurate.

Anyone else want to take a stab at it?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 20, 2012, 10:26:54 pm**

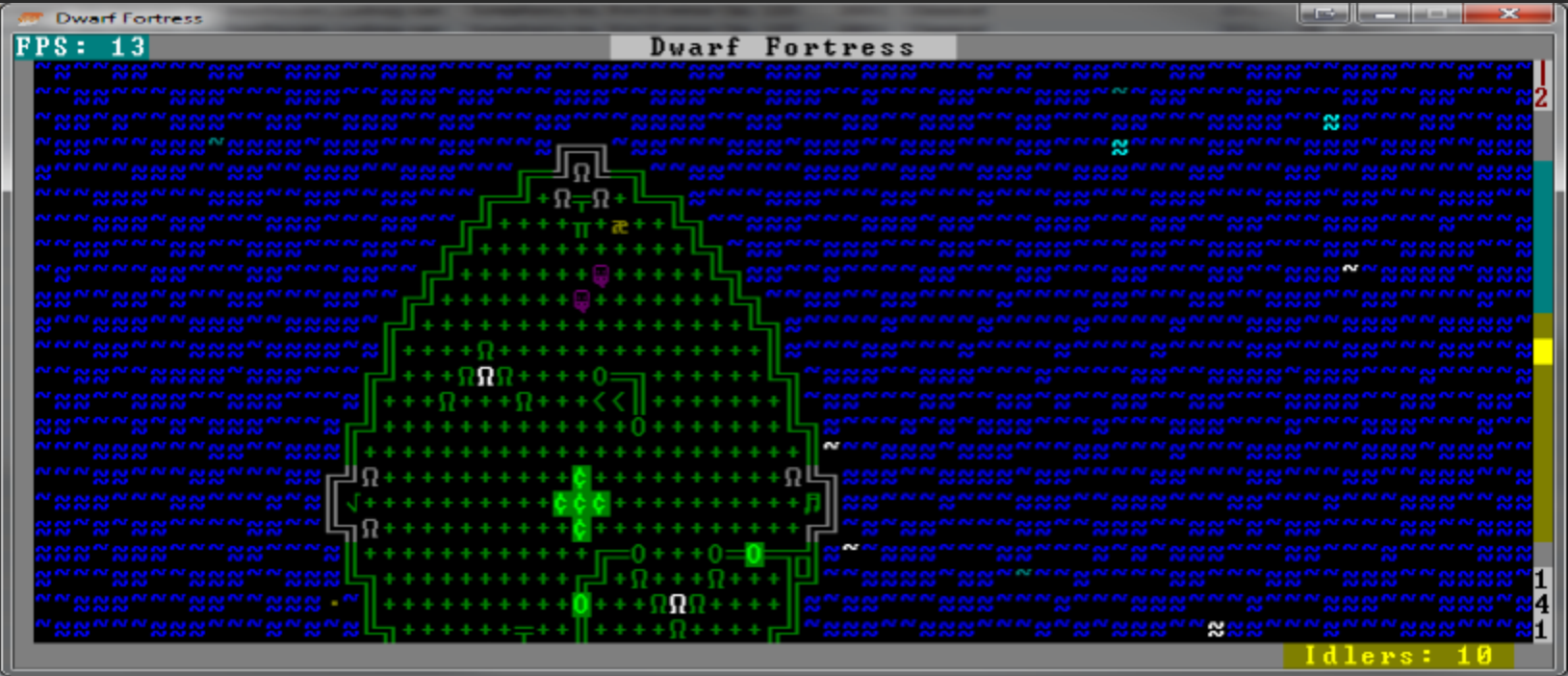
The quintessential Dwarf Fortress story: Lofty goals, tall structures, and slowrapid descents into high-functioning insanity.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **February 21, 2012, 08:36:27 pm**

Migrusut: You don't have to be crazy to live here, but it helps!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 21, 2012, 11:45:30 pm**

*The events of the 18<sup>th</sup> of Malachite, 1077*



"And you're... sure it's decent now? That everything is arranged?"

"Of course it is," Aryn said. He was having a hard time keeping his lips steady and even. He spoke slowly, making sure to enunciate, to keep the tic he'd developed small and hopefully unnoticeable. "And I've kept up my part of the bargain. The children are just now finishing the walls for your mausoleum... and I'm trying to convince that rotting corpse Valania to come down here and engrave the walls. "I promise you, your tomb will be fit for the Queen herself." Aryn smiled to himself at the memory. Did the other nobility ever learn that their leader was buried in the bonepiles, no different than any other Dwarf.

"If that is true, my good sir, then... yes. We have a deal. Here. Here!"

Duke Inkysears pulled a tightly wound scroll from inside his robes. Untying the silken binding, he spread the parchment out on a table, crowding in close with Aryn to see. Hastily scribbled diagrams littered the pages, simple lines outlining rough boxes. Running down the sides of the pages in the administrators neat, tight script was a roster of names. The Duke tapped his finger on a set of the squares.

"My consort and I plan to move into these apartments. The Tax Collector, and your servant Tun will occupy the other two. The dungeon master and philosopher have yet to agree, but I don't see why they wouldn't. As for the rest... well, your rates are more affordable in the dome." "They aren't," Aryn said stiffly. "They're fair price for the work, the time, the blood, the sweat, the raw power! They've been priced according to all that they stand for." "Well. Then let me assure you, that as of today their rent will be significantly lower than inside of the fortress proper."

Aryn grunted low in his throat, a simple noncommittal noise that he understood. The duke waited for a reply, but when none was forthcoming, he shrugged and continued on.



"And of the military? They don't seem to take orders well from Nobility. When I arrived I found it offensive, but seeing their prowess and power... well, I suppose an old salt should be allowed a little bit of autonomy, yes? But will they move in to keep the peace."  
"I have Hikan's word on this."

The Duke's lips pursed into a very thin line. His question was measured and toneless. "He is one Dwarf, Aryn. What of the others."

Aryn's reply came in a low whisper. "They will follow. Hikan will do as ordered. The others will tow the line as told."

He lifted a quill from the ink pot on the table, and placed an ex inside one of the larger squares. From this he drew a line, unsteady and jagged. It ended with a simple circle, the ink nearly gone, around a name: Merkil Paintlengths, the Famous Union of Wads

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 23, 2012, 10:32:06 pm**

*The events of the a 27<sup>th</sup> of Malachite, 1077*

Hand in hand, Lucy and Rice hurried towards the party at the grand Basalt Statue. Many of the others were already there, and even in these hard times, music from improvised instruments could be heard. Rice pointed ahead, their eyes swiveling towards one of the Elven migrants. The poor soul still could speak no Dwarvish, but it was true what the minstrels said: music was a universal language. His dour face and warped, broken body seemed transformed - carried with a little more dignity, a little more humanity - as he gnawed on a cake made of plump helmet pulps.

Their revelry was broken by a shape looming out of the shadows behind the Philosophers hut. Rice's fingers tightened as Wallgirders game into view, his meaty frame moving with a noticeable limp now. However, the Guardsman now wore full plate, the pieces shining in their newness, though the knuckles of his gauntlets were stained a suspicious shade of ruddy red.

"Ha, ha ha... whatta' we have here, eh? Party-goers? I see a criminal, awaiting their cell."

A flash of anger flared up in Rice, and he stepped forward without thought.

"I've served my time in the black cells before. You want to send me back? I won't go. This is out of line - I can't do what Aryn wants, and he will have to accept that!"

"Oh?" Wallgirders mangled face shifted in to what would only politely be described as a smile, his mouth missing even more teeth since his last run-in with the Camels. "Well, ya' wantta be like that? Alright. Fine. Ya' won't be going back."

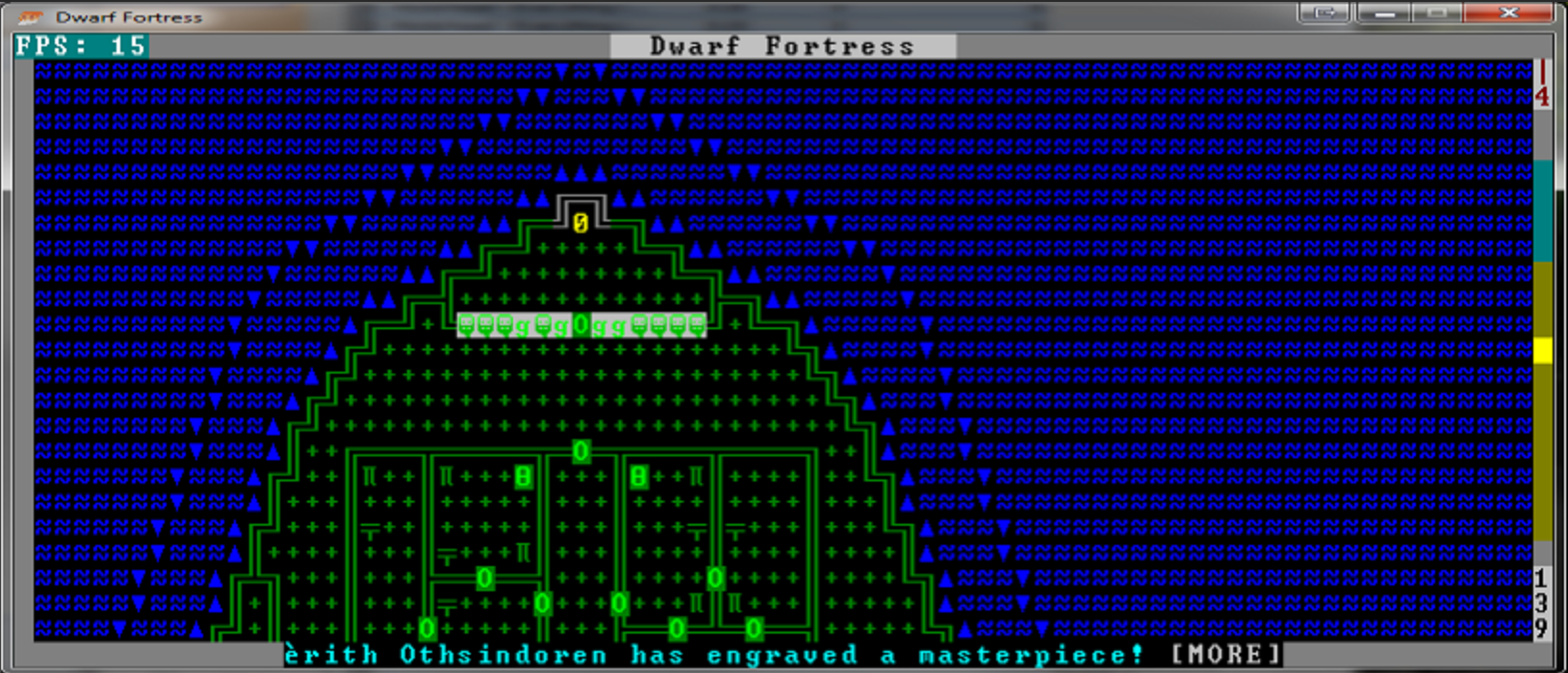
The brief sense of victory was dashed as Wallgirders strode forward, swinging an arm around Lucy's throat. Her shriek was cut off, her face reddening as he tightened his grip, dragging her towards the steps.

"Get off her!" Rice screamed. "Let her go! What are you doing!"  
"He wants the glass engraved, you sluggard! He wants it engraved! SHE has a month in the cells for your insolence."  
"You can't engrave glass!" Rice was near tears, grasping at the air around him w. "It won't take, it'll shatter!"

Wallgirders only laughed. "Not my problem, Stoneworker! Not my problem!"

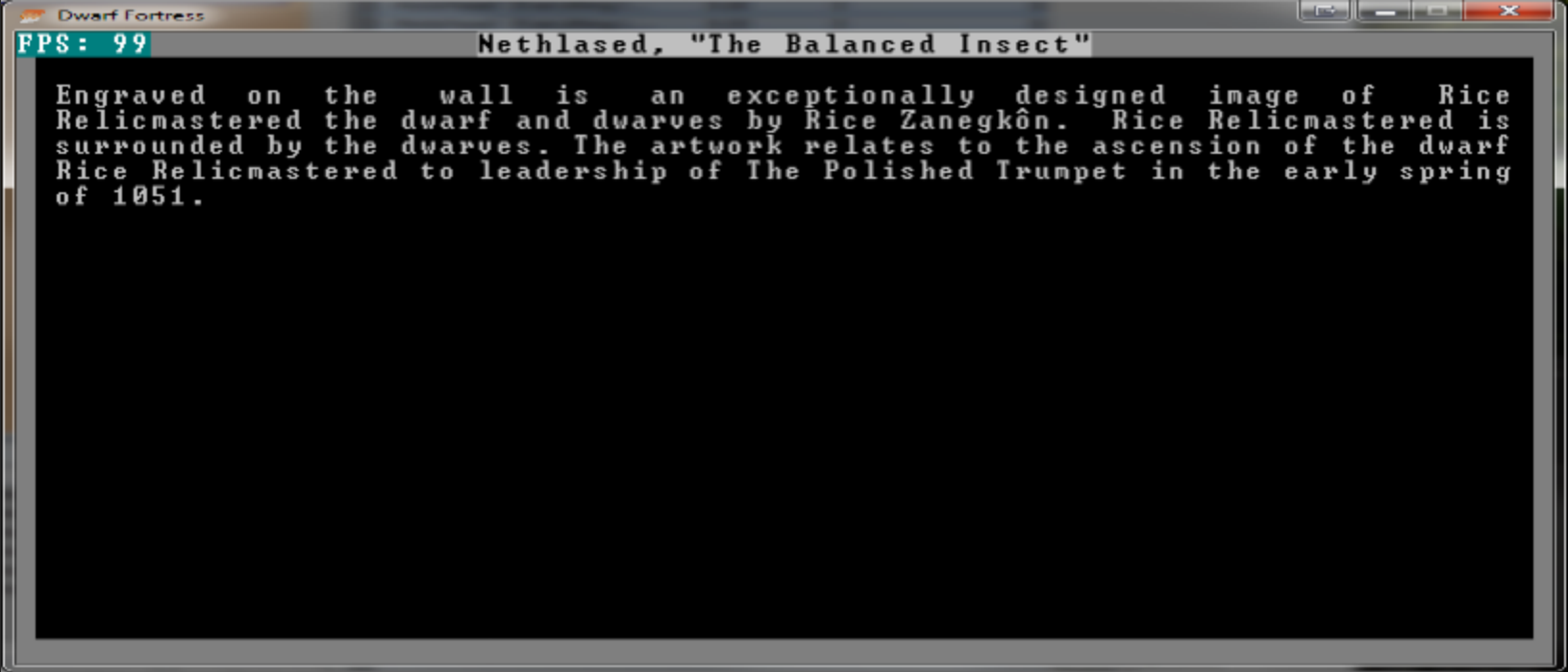
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*The events of the 3<sup>rd</sup> of Galena, 1077*



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OOC:  
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)  
Hey, I heard you guys liked Rice, so I had Rice put some Rice in your Rice.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **February 24, 2012, 12:52:07 am**

Isn't that the pornograph engraving the glass walls there in that screenshot?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **February 24, 2012, 08:49:15 am**

Quote  
Anyone else want to take a stab at it?

Migrurust: Goodness is a choice, but madness is mandatory.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 24, 2012, 04:03:30 pm**

Why yes, that is the pornographer! He is currently toiling away smoothing the miles of subterranean mining shafts that are spider-webbing their way underneath the entire map. I'm on the hunt for ores, and and gems. I must increase the wealth even more!

Also, I hope Jim and Knick don't mind that I supplied their quotes as testimonials for the fort. They were incredibly apt descriptions!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 25, 2012, 11:28:16 am**

*The Events of the 13<sup>th</sup> of Galena, 1077*

"Rice, what did I tell you?"  
"I did as you asked!"  
"You scribbled some garbage on some walls with paint and brush. That look like a tomb fit for nobility? Does it?"  
"Yes, just... please, let her go, we can't find Adil. Look inside your heart, please, and just help us."  
"...I have. An ya' know what I see? I see the Duke paying me a small fortune to complete a task that Aryn ordered. You want your kid? I seen her, I can tell you that much. You're so worried about her now? Maybe she'll be the stick that drives you. Do your tasking!"

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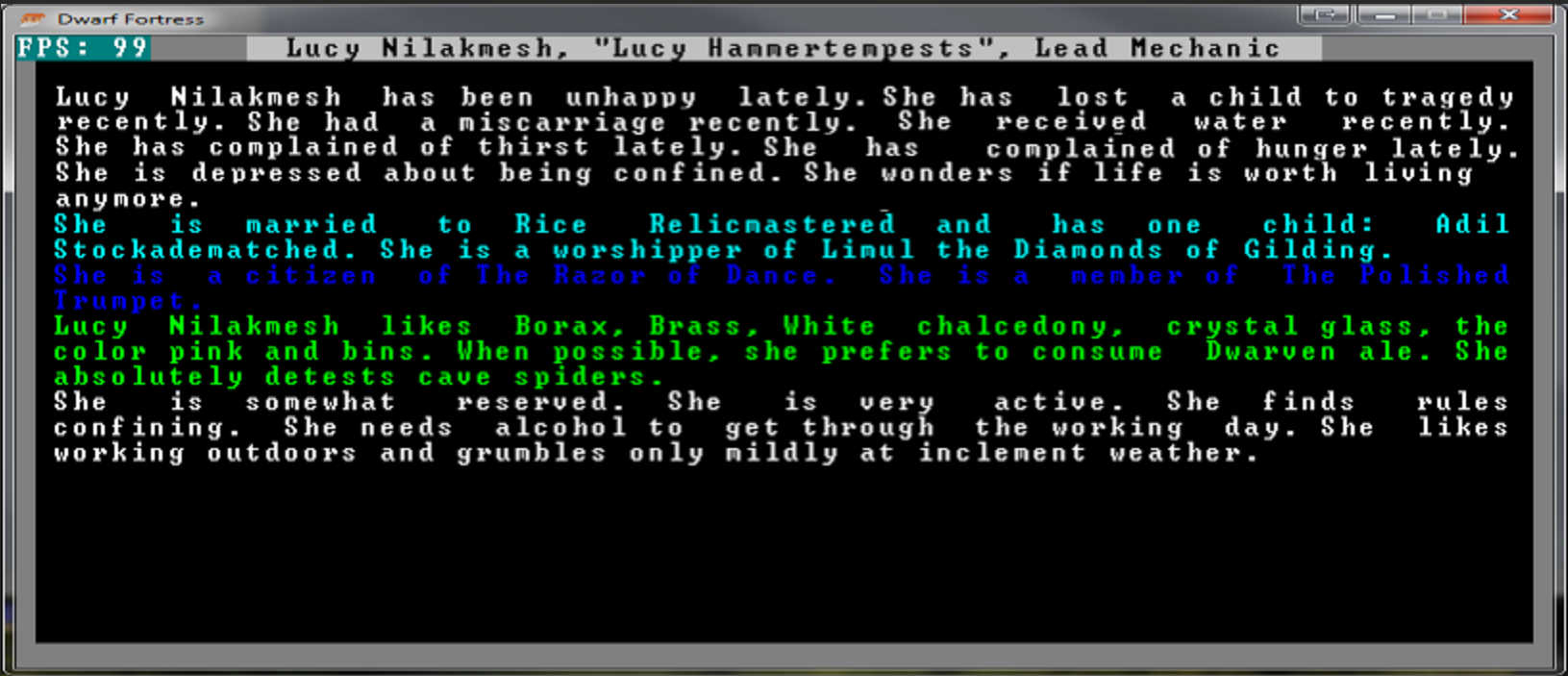
"Rice, you need to eat."  
"I can't, I don't have the time. Just... I'll come to the mess for dinner."  
"...Rice, it's morning."  
"...Oh... Well. I'll be there later, for lunch."  
"I'm not just your friend, Rice... I'm a Doctor, and a Chef, and those credentials? They carry a bit of weight. You need to come eat, you won't do anyone any good if you pass out. You need your strength."

"If I don't complete this soon, he's going to do something... he's going to punish *me*"  
"What could he possibly do, Rice? He's arrogant and power hungry, but he's not evil."

\*\*\*

Adil Kikrosttad, Baby has drowned.

\*\*\*



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **February 25, 2012, 12:24:30 pm**

Dude.... that's all kinds of wrong :(

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **February 25, 2012, 12:53:55 pm**

Quote  
Also, I hope Jim and Knick don't mind that I supplied their quotes as testimonials for the fort. They were incredibly apt descriptions!

Ha! I'm honoured! I've been following this story longer than any other.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 25, 2012, 10:51:50 pm**

Quote from: ricemastah on February 25, 2012, 12:24:30 pm  
Dude.... that's all kinds of wrong :(

Last night I was whining to Xofrevlis that, "Man, I think a lot of the humor has been lost. It seems like the fort keeps tossing me these tragic events, just terrible things, weighing everything down. It works in the over-arcng theme for this chapter but man it's a drag."

He assured me that wasn't the case, nahhh! No way! It's all golden still.

Minutes after this conversation, I get the notification that Rice's baby drowns to death after Lucy was locked up in the black cells. If I was a hair more paranoid, I'd say It is reading my conversations...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 29, 2012, 09:17:40 pm**

*The events of the 7<sup>th</sup> of Timber, 1077*

Eita scowled at her bowl of chowder, fingers picking and pulling at the tin spoon stuffed in the goo. Despite the soft chatter of the Dwarves around her, she kept to herself, lost in the world inside her head. She didn't even bother to look up when the seat across from her slid out and was occupied.

"What's the matter, huh? You okay?"

That voice snapped her from her internalized thoughts. She lifted her eyes, mouth forming a thin, humorless gash.

"Nothing is the matter, Commander."  
"You don't have to address me like that, Eita, you know that. I'm out of the service."  
"Oh, we're very aware of it, Commander."

Sulari sighed. She rubbed at her eyes with dirt-caked fingers, brushing her now-long hair from her face. Gently she lowered her hands to the table, fingers entwining into steeples as she leaned forward.

"You want some advice, soldier?"  
"No," Eita growled. But her face softened ever so slightly, her eyes seeming to dull, and she said in a much lower voice, "But you're going to give it anyway. So, just go on."

Sulari couldn't help but smile at the insolent tone.

"Sometimes, you just have to do what you need to. I traded my axe for a spade, and in the dirt and the seeds, I've been able to find as much happiness as this world has to offer. Buck up, young soldier. Look for your spade. If you don't want my help, you'd hardly do worse to look at Kuli and his congregation. The Maester has spent more time in the Black Cells then nearly the entire prisoner population combined, and been visited by the hammerer thrice and lived. And after it all, you'll never hear him wish ill - if I hear tell right, he grew from a youth seeking answers to the Dwarf you see today - someone who found his peace out here. Find something around you to love, Soldier, like the Zefonites, or even those silly Elves. And just do it. It'll make the loneliness a bit more bearable."

Eita looked into the bowl of cooled chowder, her face stony and expressionless. The meal was spent in silence, and eventually, her tray cleared, Sulari stood and left. But not before giving a squeeze to her once-subordinates shoulder. A simple gesture, from softer hands.

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Masami Bilivaci, Elf Merchant cancels Death: Risen  
Masami Bilivaci, Elf Merchant complained of thirst.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 01, 2012, 07:38:25 am**

Out of curiosity, are there any Lenod followers in the fort (alive) aside from me?

I think that dwarves should cancel work duties on their deities sabbath.

Stravitch cancels bowling: Doesn't roll on the sabbath.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **March 01, 2012, 09:08:29 am**

The heavy handed strokes of writing formed name after name as if through memory alone rather than concious thought with Stravitch bent over the rum stained parchment. The single page contained the smeared or struck out names rewritten two or three times with deliberate importance formed into two columns. The red room flickered by the waning of the candle by his side as the hours passed and few things were written. With half-lidded eye he found himself always returning to the right hand column.

Names both long forgotten to all but him and names still on the tongues of the dwarves in the fort he had once demanded respect in. Once. Leaning back from the table the joints popped as he shrugged his shoulders and rolled his head after long hours bent over the quill. He stared down at the ink stained work that laid before him. He could only stare at what lay in the left column.

**JOHNNY**

Crossed out and rewritten over and over nearly the length of the page and finally crossed out. Below it,

**ARYN? KULI?**



Stravitch stood up slowly and with barely a nod and a sigh he grabbed his mace, a bottle of rum, and lumbered out towards the sands with purpose. He had made his decision.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 03, 2012, 04:45:29 pm**

*The Events of the 24<sup>th</sup> of Opal, 1077*

"Everyone! Look at the amazing thing that I have right here!"  
"OH, NO! I think she has a 'bow!"

Stodir Paintedchambers blinked in confusion as the Dwarves in the mess dove for cover. Chairs creaked, tables skittered across the floor as they tried to make themselves as small and hidden a target as possible. The only ones left standing were Eita, her face darkening in rage, and Wilber - his expression blank as he swung his sword in a mad fight against the very air.

"No, what? What are you doing?" And as Eita began to advance on her she took a step backwards, stumbling over a chair. She quickly mounted it, and stood upon the table in her attempts to get back from the soldier. "No! Look at this! I Lenod spoke to me! He came to me in a fever drema, and he spoke! Look! Wilber, make her look, make her see this!"

Wilber blinked, and for once, the flies left his eyes. Sheathing his sword, he grabbed Eita around the collar and yanked her backwards, and for a brief instant there was a soldier-on-soldier scuffle within the mess hall as Eita's rage errupted on him. But soon it had ended, a tangle of limbs and armor atop a dangerously creaking chair.

"She made something for the fortress" Wilber whispered in Eita's ear. "She talked of it for months. We agreed, it was brought to us by Lenod himself. This is His gift upon our fortress. Gaze upon it."

And she did, the rage still bubbling inside her, but as Wilber gripped her had and forced her to look at the contraption, at the Monument to Lenod, her jaw slackened. She could see it. She could see *him* in the whirls and folds, in the sanded smooth exterior.

The Gabbro Millstone was exquisite. It was of the highest Craftsdwarmanship possible, and was encrusted with Microline swirls, and decorated with cat bone and bands of Gabbro. It menaced, oh, did it menace, with spikes of Microline. Eita could feel the tears brimming, beginning to spill, and she gasped out, low, and hoarse.

"I see it, Wilber. I see it! It's him, in stone!"  
"Shhh," he whispered, his grip on her head slackening, his fingers brushing her hair, "It's okay. It's just a God, within his earthly form, come down to watch over us as we do terrible things to the land."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Vactor** on **March 03, 2012, 08:01:08 pm**

The eye of Lenod sees all.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 04, 2012, 12:06:04 am**

*The events of the 7<sup>th</sup> of Obsidian, 1077*

Rice Zanegkôn, Lead Stoneworker cancels Store Item in Stockpile: Item inaccessible.  
Kosoth Tulonegen, Cat (Tame) has given birth to kittens.  
'Crispin' Lenodzuntîr, Champion has given birth to a girl.



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"No, no, no! You're knotting it all wrong."  
"I've been a soldier for years, I think I know what I'm doing here."

Cokho blew out his gray mustache with an exasperated sigh. "What I see is a stupid knot that will slip at the last possible moment. Believe me, son, I've been trying to do this for fifty years now."

"Wait", Luke said. His fingers tightened around the rope as he stared at the Master Hauler. "You're HOW old?"  
"Pushing One Thirty, sonny. And don't you think that just because I'm old doesn't mean I can't, you know, entertain myself because there's a pretty little fisher named Dastot who's in love with me and she's only Ninety Seven and she-"

"No. No! Hold on! Why didn't you just throw yourself in the magma you old coot!"  
"Why don't YOU just throw yourself in the magma, youngling?"

Luke starred at the noose in his hands, at the rope worn down to bare splices. Fingers tightened on the hemp, twisting and working at it, even though his raw strength couldn't seem to snap it.

"Because Magma is distasteful."

"Ahhh, yes. it is. Isn't it?"  
"Oh, Lord above," Luke moaned, "I'm destined to keep living through all this aren't I?"  
"As assuredly as I am," Cokho replied, his quavering voice cheerful with camaraderie, "And look at me. I've been hanging myself, swallowing poison, fighting camels, punching down doors, throwing rocks tied to my legs, I've been doing it all for years. All this time, I've learned to live longer by trying to end it all. Just bare with it, sonny. You'll learn to love your everlasting life yet."

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **March 04, 2012, 01:20:04 pm**

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Poor, sweet, cosmic plaything Luke.

But why would Cokho try to kill himeself. Luke I can understand.

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 09, 2012, 11:19:33 pm**

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*1<sup>st</sup> of Granite, 1078*

Great Lord,

We see all now. We feel their pains. We see their torment in the bright reds of the land, and of yellows and blues leaking from their emaciated husks. They have taken in the meat that escaped us. The fear the meat shows is palpable, Lord, and it does wonders for the crops of Bones within the sands. It nourishes them.

The bones have killed many this year a alone. It has been good.

The army is trickling towards us. The last of the half breeds have watched the borders. The master race has taken to the skies (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-11102-oceanbled-oceanbled>). They have reported to me. They have shown me their memories. They have fed me on the memories and the fears and the terrors that float free of this petty little fortress.

Please, Lord, bring yourself to us. Lead these armies. Your might will not be needed to crush this petty outpost. But it will be welcome.

Your faithful servant,  
In service eternal,

~Stozu Zolakslonso  
Master Commander

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **March 10, 2012, 12:38:11 pm**

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Sounds like things are going to get nasty. Again.

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **March 17, 2012, 03:58:52 pm**

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*The events of the 5<sup>th</sup> of Hematite, 1078*

This time, things were different. Much different. There was no crowd of friends, no special stew created after hours by a sleep-deprived Dojango. No, this time it was a single candle lighting a small rough-stone room in the bowels of the fortress. A single cot was arranged in the corner, the wood warped from moisture and beaten up through a rough haul across the sands.

Though he tried, Rice couldn't keep his hands from shaking, and little trickles of beer ran down the side of his steel mug. Though he wasn't the last bit thirsty he took a long pull anyway, just to have something to do.

"I think we should name her Zaneg," Lucy said quietly. She adjusted the swaddling, her eyes watching the little bundle writhing and twisting within her arms.  
"It's a fine name," came Rice's distracted reply.

"We should leave, Rice. I don't feel safe here anymore. Heading back to the fortress proper makes me feel... I can't stop shaking when I'm up there."  
"We can't leave. I spoke with one of the elves, and she said it's a death wish to pass the borders."

"A death wish," Lucy scoffed. "This is a death wish! For all of us! Right here in this fortress! It's just a matter of time before Wallgirders does something else, before Aryn starts shuffling us into the domes. Oh, no, the domes... we'll be trapped in there, with all of them... oh, no."

"No... no, here's safe," Rice said. He gestured around the room with his mug, thankful that the single candle hid the mounting worry on his face. "Just... here's what we'll do. You stay down here in the depths, and I'll begin stockpiling food, and drink. I can secret it down on my breaks. When I come in the night, I can... begin carving out a workshop. We can make this place safe. We're survivors, right? We can survive this. We can continue on."

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 02, 2012, 09:37:11 pm**

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*The events of the 1<sup>st</sup> of Moonstone, 1079*

Cokho, straining under the weight of the bins lashed to his back, trundled down the dusty road. Dwarves, less proud than he, drug belongs however they could: in baskets, in small wagons, carrying a single barrel between the pair. Their faces were impassive, the blank looks of creatures long used to suffering and change. All but the Duke, and his Wife, and their children, talking and laughing as they ambled towards the Domes.

"It's going very smoothly," Administer Tun noted. "Your orders were heeded without complaint. Color me shocked, sir."

Aryn grunted in acknowledgement. Arms folded over his emaciated chest, he watched the recently relocated Dwarves from his perch atop the parapet.

"If this was ten years ago, Tun, I'd be shocked. If this was two years ago, I'd be surprised. Now? Today? Looking at the bleak landscape surrounding us?" He laughed, the sound hollow and rusty, as if his throat could not remember what muscles to contract to make the sound. "They see safety and prosperity. No camels! No Jaguar! No food shortages! No lack of work! It will be paradise... and... I feel as if I'm taking advantage of you."

Tun turned his eyes to Aryn, meeting his gaze steadily. "How so, sir?"  
"I know you requested the post, but leaving you top side, until everything is fully shuttered and dismantled feels a punishment."

Something I should wish on those sackards at the forges."  
"Don't fret for me, sir. By all means. You need to take charge below, to build up the industry once more. Myself? It would be an honor to manage Dwarves, not just books."

For the briefest of moments, Aryn stood speechless. He held out his hands, and grasped Tun's, giving it a firm squeeze. "You've served me faithfully for years. You've never skimmed the books, you've come demanding a raise. You've bent your back to the books, and toiled by candle for years... take charge of this heap and run it as well as everything else. You're in charge up top - and there'll be a place in high regard for you down below."

Aryn's cloak swirled as he took the steps down, boots beating a dusty trail towards his new home. Administer Tun - Mayor Tun - smiled, his hands clasped before him. He whispered into the wind.

"I'll run it splendidly, sir. I will do what needs to be done."

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 13, 2012, 06:46:24 am**

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I hope they blast dubstep throughout the domes to calm and motivate the dwarves below water level.

WUB WUB WUB WUB WUB WUB WUB WUB WUB WUB

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 16, 2012, 07:27:51 pm**

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*From the files of Aryn Estetar*  
1<sup>st</sup> of Granite, 1079

Passed down by the Story Men of the Mountainhomes, those grizzled greybeards who lorded their age over a society of mush-headed peasants waiting to be struck down, came only a single story of any meager note. The story of Melbil Graspinched the Miner of Legend. He began digging as a child, his muscles weak from the upbringing of a planter, and he was spurred on by the jeers of his fellow Dwarves.

Days turned to years as he toiled under the ground, learning to love the composition of the minerals, their softness, how they flaked, how the sparkled in the faint light of torches. But in each swing of his pick he he heard the mocking laughter of the others - those situated in the halls above him, those lounging in their thrones of leisure while someone with drive, and grit, and determination, and a purpose dug ever deeper into the depths below.

Until one day, decades after he began, sustaining himself only on the plump helmets and bugs and other strange, glowing, subterranean lichen he stumbled upon, Melbil Graspinched found himself arrived. He wept with joy, small lines of white skin showing in small trails as his tears cut through inches of caked grime. Raising his pick on high, he struck the small door in front of him, and fell back, and laughed, as the horrors held within were released. Those held within washed over him in a wave, leaving him untouched as they traveled upwards to their freedom - straight through the sallow skin and paunchy frames of those who feasted on the work of others.

This tale has given me hope - this tale has kept me going. This tale has brought to Fruition the greatest monument that our world has seen - a marvel of engineering and tenacity! The beds are filling, the shops belching their smokes upwards to the drying rooms for the meat. The depot is almost constructed. It's glorious. If the Gods were real, they would smile upon me as their equal in righteousness and ingenuity. But there are no Gods, and no Kings, only Dwarves. Only us - left to rule this land.

Tun will continue excavating the fortress as he sees fit, preparing it's last days on this earth (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-11193-oceanbled-oceanbled>) until the remaining Dwarves can seek the sanctuary of the ocean's bloody bosom. I don't envy his task, but I respect him for doing it. He will have a seat at my right hand when he succeeds.

~ Aryn Estetar

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **April 18, 2012, 10:53:15 pm**

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As if Aryn could get any crazier...

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 05, 2012, 02:04:45 pm**

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*The 23<sup>rd</sup> of Felsite, 1079*

"Send the next one in, Eita."

Dojango looked apprehensive as Eita gestured at him with the handle of her warhammer. Her face was stony, dark circles under her eyes giving her a cagey, dangerous look. But she had been chipped in the mess lately, and Dojango had even seen her at a party at one of the statue gardens. Surely, she couldn't have snapped? She wouldn't help nobility that meant harm to the fortress...

Holding his cap in his hand, Dojango slunk into the opened door. It swing shut silently behind him, only the faint breeze, an almost unnoticeable change in pressure as the latch locked home. Mayor Tun sat behind his large desk, slouched, fingers steepled in front of him. The room grew heavy in the silence, and nervously, Dojango shifted from foot to foot.

After what felt an eternity, Tun spoke. "You're the head chef, yes? And chief medic. An asset to this fortress. A dwarf respected among the community. Tell me why you haven't moved down to the domes."

A trickle of cold sweat started at the back of Dojango's neck. "Be...cause... I need to feed the Dwarves who are closing things down in this fortress. My apprentices are in the Domes. They should hold it steady..."

Tun's gaze never wavered. Slowly he reached under the desk and brought into view a small pouch, tied with a red string. He gingerly placed this on the desk, and gestured at it.

"An interesting excuse. Please. Come look inside this. Tell me what you see."

Dojango inched closer to the desk. He untied the string and lifted the surprisingly heavy pouch, peering inside. His brows knit together in confusion. "Gold nuggets... it's filled with nuggets, and shavings. I don't understand."

"There are some Dwarves that feel the Domes might not be right for them, for... for us. And to that, I can only say one thing. Perhaps I've become the owner of a vein of gold, and a vein of platinum. And perhaps I'd suggest for a Dwarf who's interests lie outside the Domes that they investigate the lowest level of our mines, and once there, head South. Do you understand?"  
"I... think so, Mayor. Are you..."

"Excellent. Most excellent." Tun cut him off, gesturing towards the pouch. "Take that with you, and please investigate. Speak of this to no one top side. Unless I've interviewed them myself, these kind of details would just be... distressing to some. By the way, I've found your roasts exquisite. I look forward to more in the future."



Confused, elated, nervous, Dojango left the Mayor's office, his mind preoccupied. He ignored completely the small line formed against the wall.

"Send the next one in, Eita."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 18, 2012, 04:19:40 pm**

*The Events of the 19<sup>th</sup> of Galena, 1079*

"Hoy! Stop! Everyone, stop, stop, stop, stop!"

Maggarg, unconcerned for his well being, strode to the center of the training room. Blunted training weapons clanged off his armor, though a hammer made of bamboo and lead shots nicked him in the knee, bringing him periliously close to toppling. Cursing, limping, he struck out at Eita, who dodged back nimbly, with a grin.

"Now listen, just hold steady, I've got a game you'll be interested in playing. It's called-"  
"Don't do this," Adol warned. He was leaning on the shaft of his hammer, bushy eyebrows half covering his tired eyes. "You don't want to do this."  
"Shut up, ya' ponce. This'll be grand fun. Now look, it's called 'cause of celebration'. You guess right, I'll pay your tab at the mess tonight."

Suddenly, interest had been peaked. The suggestions came in quickly:  
"We've become the owners of a herd of waste-weary donkeys?" from an eager Jools.  
"***The domes have collapsed, and we're free of the ass that runs them?***" came Likot's rasp.  
"Sulari has given up the way of the weed to come and come back to join us?" asked Merkil.  
"Oh, I have it," Wilber said, his eyes alight with understanding. "Stravitch collapsed the domes" at that, they all laughed

"Wrong, the lot of you!"  
"Maggarg, you can-" Adol tried, but he was cut off.  
"Stuff it, pork pie, I'll pay yours too if you don't ruin this fun."  
"I don't need mine paid for-"

Before the pair could continue their bickering, the suggestions started, a flood of them. Eventually, as the room died down, Luke could be heard from near the back.

"Well, if we can find my better half, she'll know for certain. She has a way about this. Where is she?"

The silence was palpable. Slowly, in ones and twos, the dwarves in the barracks turned to stare at Luke, their eyes growing wide. Only swordsdwarf could see Maggarg's spreading grin. He blanched.

"No. No, no, you're pulling my leg."  
"Am I?" Maggarg asked in a much-too-chipper tone.  
"She's... oh, no, no, that's twelve!"

He bolted from the room, his clanking boots vanishing as he rounded the corner to the sleeping quarters.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Argonnek** on **May 18, 2012, 05:31:11 pm**

The poor man is cursed. Cursed with virility.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **May 18, 2012, 06:30:57 pm**

That's just insane.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 18, 2012, 09:35:46 pm**

Quote from: Argonnek on May 18, 2012, 05:31:11 pm  
The poor man is cursed. Cursed with virility.

If we're being fair about it, it's REALLY fourteen, but two of them met unfortunate events.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **May 22, 2012, 07:51:20 pm**

*The Events of the 14<sup>th</sup> of Limestone, 1079*

Hammerers, it seemed, were all cut from the same stone.

Standing lank in the center of the glass-blocked jails, he watched as the Dwarves filed in slowly, in twos and threes. Piercing blue eyes surveyed them all, the cords in his neck standing out as his jaw worked furiously around a wad of ratweed. Occasionally he would flash purple-stained teeth, the inky color of the weeds staining them deeper at the gums, giving him the look of something crawled fresh from a shallow grave. Behind him, chained inside one of the cells, strained Zulban Bravedpainted, one of the foundations of the foundries. He tried to talk, but the acoustics were against him, all that could be heard was the chatter of the Dwarves filing in.

"It's with the greatest sorrow I ask you here," Aryn called from the doors leading to the atrium. He looked resplendent in robes of the deepest red, the fabric accented with tendrils of green. However, his face was still drawn, blonde hair still slicked back with scented lards to hide the thinning up top.

"I want you to understand that, each of you; I want it explained to even the newest born of babes. Whisper it in their ears as they sleep. This is the dawn of a new day - this is our salvation, you understand that? Of course you do. If you didn't trust in my judgement you wouldn't have followed me under the waves. I respect this... this-"

He was cut off by an impatient Duchess Consort Tomeslords impatient fidgeting. His face darkened, a cloud of rage threatening to roil over them all, but passed. He waved a hand, a flourish of his robes.

"This is her decision, but it was signed by my hand. We will have order here. Please accept this, as you work towards a betterment of our society."

"Eight strikes!" she shrieked at the hammerer. "Eight of them for this travesty!"  
"Eight of them," Aryn repeated, softer. He didn't seem pleased, but he eventually waved it off. Before turning, he added hastily, "Make it end quickly. This is counting towards their breaks, and I want to see them rested before work resumes."

Nodding in ascent, the hammer raised his steel law bringer. Two strides took him to the cell. A single swing of the hammer smashed the Metalsmith against the wall, a sickening snapping sounding over the sudden silence. A second swing splattered the Metalsmithes head against the green glass. Shrieks followed from the Duchess Consort as the Hammerer sauntered off, trailing droplets of brain and blood upon the green glass floors.

A new age has assuredly begun.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Argonnek** on **May 22, 2012, 08:09:40 pm**

Gotta love that Dwarven Justice™.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **May 23, 2012, 07:26:11 am**

How has the Duchess Consort not met with an unfortunate accident yet?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 13, 2012, 07:57:37 pm**

*Szondi's Journal*  
21<sup>st</sup> of Moonstone, 1079

Happiness is finding food to live another day. Happiness is taking barrel of booze from corrupt nobles. Happiness is finding long lost friend.

Muscled fool Telemon caught lugging cages into domes. How does he slip in? By moonlight. Down stairs in the shadows. Covered in soot, keeping face hidden under welding mask and hat. Coward. Show your face, coward, let fortress see the face of cowardice. Where do cages go? Unknown. Can't follow inside, not yet. Unaware, not unarmed, not easy prey.

Who to tell? Many options. Enlist aid of Maudlin, could work, never backs down from fight, eager to punish those deemed wrong. the Major, his cadre of hired geeks; inefficient but proud and strong. Let the Goat know? The lush would tear down whole domes... deal with problem immediately. Satisfaction in letting all corruption wash away in streams. Remove many problems at once.

Gate to the domes a mouth - sickening to watch filth flowing into it. Glass and steel body pure, untarnished, perfection until Dwarves enter. Until evil steps foot over the thresh hold. Scurrying about after dark, beetles infesting fresh corpse. Glut yourself beetles. Eat the fat from the carcass. Grow lazy, make home. This corpse they live in thrown in an ore cart, heading to oblivion

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"Stop staring at me, Tun. You're making me nervous. How are things going in the fortress!" When Aryn received no response, his lips pulled back from his teeth in a snarl. "I'm going to stab you in the shoulder if you don't answer me."

Administrator Tun felt a ripple run from the base of his neck, down his spine, sending shock waves through to his toes. His mouth opened and shut like a fish out of water, and coupled with the wide eyes, left him looking dumbstruck.

"I... I saw beauty. I saw... I saw..."



For once, understanding came over Aryn. A smile, grim and tight, but a smile none of the less, played over his haggard face. "You've been bitten by inspiration, haven't you? Get this finished, before you lose your mind. I need you whole, you hear me? Whole, and working!"

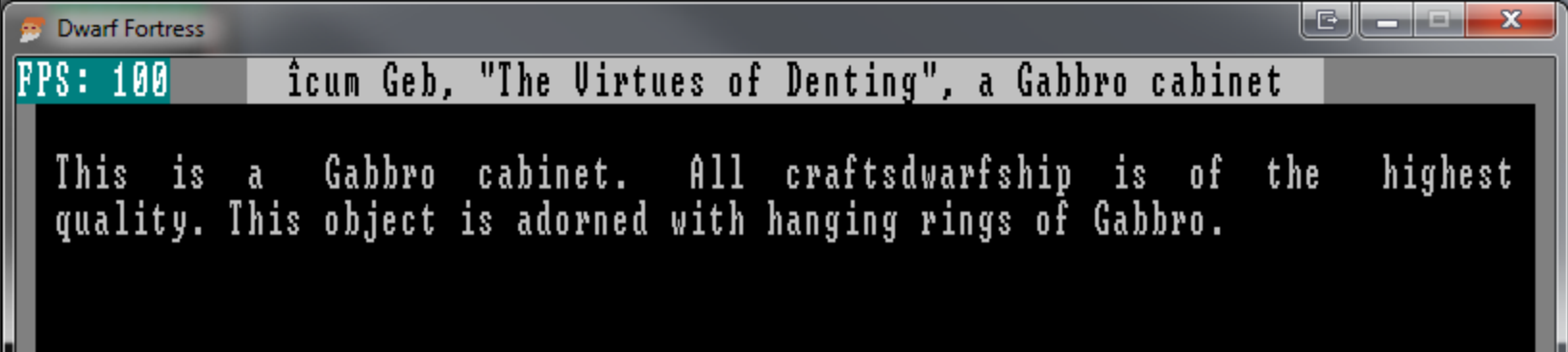
Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 13, 2012, 08:52:31 pm**

*The events of the 2<sup>nd</sup> of Opal, 1079*

Rice could feel Lucy clinging to his hand, squeezing it tightly as they disappeared into the darkness of the roughly hewn mine shaft. Strapped to her in a pouch was their son, his head resting on her shoulder in slumber; in her right hand she held their daughters, leading her gingerly into the gloom. They could barely make out the shifting purple robes in front of them, he fabric seeming to swirl momentarily into pitch blackness, before blooming again, catching the faint light of iridescent lichen on the walls.

"We must have been walking an hour," Rice said. He could feel the condensation on his beard as his words hung heavy in the air. "This is... a fools errand."  
"Rice is right, please, sir, what you have to show us can't possibly be this far underground..."

"Ah! Ah, here! Come, see!" Tun was nearly dancing with excitement as the small family drew close. The lichen was exceptionally thick here, casting a faint glow on the surrounding, and on a tall, stone cabinet. A single piece of furniture, blocking the end of the passage.



"You have to be kidding me..." Anger began to flare up inside Rice, an emotion so rare it took him by surprise. "For this? You brought us down for this?"

Tun's smile was radiant, brighter than the glow of the tunnel. "Step inside it, then tell me if you still feel misled."

Sighing, he gave Lucy's hand a squeeze before stepping forward. He opened the cabinet and blinked, confused. The back of the cabinet stepped downwards to a single microline door. He reached out and opened it, confronted with another. And another. And another.



"Lucy, you should come in here. I think... I think this trip might have been worth it."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **June 13, 2012, 10:13:41 pm**

What is happening behind the cabinet?? I must know the secret of the doors

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **June 14, 2012, 05:07:52 am**

It looks like hidden rooms.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **June 14, 2012, 10:50:43 am**

Oooh, interesting.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **June 18, 2012, 12:59:49 pm**

It's a complicated series of knocks, whistles, and grunts in order to gain access to the deep recesses of the fortress. That or few cave-ins and a lot of patented dwarven "dontgivafuck".

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 12, 2012, 06:08:32 am**

84X-XXX-XXXX

:D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **July 12, 2012, 01:51:46 pm**

Aww man it begins again

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 18, 2012, 12:17:58 pm**

*The events of the 1<sup>st</sup> of Granite, 1080*

"What do you suppose it is?" Dojango asked quietly. He shaded his eyes with the flat of his hand, his eyes squinted tightly, making the sun-wrinkles at the corners appear as deep crags.

"Looks like... a hawk." Crispin added uncertainly. Her eyes were better by far, but staring up towards the sun, beating unrelentingly upon the land, made anything appear as a hazy and shimmering blob. "Or maybe an eagle, perhaps. Long way out for them, I imagine."

They followed the almost lazy movements of the of the object in the sky, watching as it fluttered and dipped with the currents. When Jools sidled up to them, they made no effort for acknowledgement. After watching the sky for a few moments, Jools spoke up uncertainly.

"I think it's falling."



Seconds of hushed silence showed the trio that he was, of course, right.

In horror, they watched the object growing monstrous in the sky, it's flitting and bobbing movements a result of wide, broken wings catching the occasional updraft. As it grew closer to land, as the winds stilled among the dunes, it began to spin ever downwards. Tumbling through the air, it landed with a decidedly muted thump on the hard packed dirt near the fortress wall.

Jools gave his beard a hard tug, his face stony. "Shoot it a couple times Crispin, while I get down from this wall. Make sure it's not moving before I get to it."

When he arrived, the beast had a handful of bolts stuck in it. He reached down and gripped it's head by a pair of uneven horns, lifting it. Looking into the red eyes, upon the green face half rotted away, eventually to the arched and tattered wings laying broken around it. He let it drop, circling around to bulky legs and a simple skirt made of some type of fiber. He didn't know what it was, not this foul thing. But he knew where it had come from.

"Help us all, in this place", and then he turned his head up to the wall, his voice raising. "do you hear drums? Please, please tell me you don't hear drums yet."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **July 18, 2012, 01:22:43 pm**

Sounds quite ominous.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 26, 2012, 06:54:25 am**

843-XXX-XXXX

How poor are they that have not patience!  
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 26, 2012, 05:50:34 pm**

I've spent the past week in Vegas, and this week in Warsaw Indiana, this two week whirlwind of conferences and training.

I don't want to bore you with stupid Vegas stories, but geeze. In the five days I was there, it involved strippers missing teeth, and coworkers getting violently groped, and an Escalade limo paid for someone I don't even know, and one of our managers almost getting punched in the mouth by his salesman, and me saving a dude from getting bounced from the casino when he started screaming and throwing his chips at the guy running the craps table, and my roommate being a psychopath who cackles and whistles in his sleep after he drinks an entire bottle of Grey Goose.

Oh. Yeah. That was all in the first night. It started 20 minutes after the wheels touched on the tarmac.

Anyway. I've ordered a gallon of gorilla shit (<http://shitsenders.com/>) to be delivered to Stravitch's house, and also I plan to update this weekend! I hope none of you have had as interesting a time as I have.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Argonnek** on **July 26, 2012, 06:04:46 pm**

And now I want to go to Vegas.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **July 27, 2012, 11:29:19 am**

Umm.

So. . . .it's like you were researching a real dwarf fortress?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 27, 2012, 12:39:22 pm**

Since his return from beyond, I've begun calling Flak "Saturday Night Special" on account of his love for the South and because I like to think of him as blue and cold. Blue dabadeeee dabadieeeee dabadeeeee dabadieeee dbadedabadieeeee. Or as the chick that has an oral fixation for bubblegum, which Flak also has. He's like a cow out to pasture with that chew of his.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 29, 2012, 10:18:28 pm**

*From the files of Aryn Estetar*  
5<sup>th</sup> of Granite, 1080

Has their ever been a dwarf happier than I? I submit to the Gods, large and small, ancient and newly formed, that there has not. These bearded rubes hauling and toiling have done it, despite my bitterest imaginations at work. To think that Dojango not only coaxed a working farm from sand, and glass, and the last of that foul wisemans sand... to think, that with his very hands he has taken the produce from the loins of the earth and transmogrified it into nourishing liquor? I'm having Makrond stitch him a wizards cap as we speak.

My head is clearer than it has ever been. I've taken a lay of the land (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-11335>), examining all that I can of this finished glass paradise, and find everything to my liking. Everything! Tun will be burdened for only a while longer, before the remains of my charges are m~~~` ``....\_\_\_\_\_

\*\*\*

"What the hell is it?" Aryn barked. A gash had been rent across the page in his ledger from the jerked tip of his quill, and with a roar of frustration he hurled it at the intruder.

Sulari didn't even blink as the carved silver pen bounced off her shoulder. Her face was set in a stony grimace, and though she had slimmed down dramatically when at her soldiers peak, she stole bore the same straight back and determined pace of a guardsman. She hauled a burlap sack to Aryn's writing desk, and despite his shrieks, she slung it up upon the wooden surface.

"We need to talk, Aryn."  
"You need to get out of here before I have Hikan put you on the spit."

One eyebrow raised. "You need to listen to me, and listen well, before I smash your head like a melon."

He gaped at her, his mouth gaping like a landed fish. His ratty beard quavered, but he did not speak. He only leaned back, glaring daggers into her face.

"One was a worry, but easily overlooked. Two an unfortunate coincidence. But three? Three, Aryn? What do you see here?"

She unknotted the sack, and let it drop downwards into a pool of fabric. The head was mammoth, green and covered in small spines and ribbings. Cruel fangs jutted from the lower lips like boars tusks. The eyes, solid red, stared blankly into the distance.

"The drums have started," she said in a low whisper. "You can hear them if the winds die down and skirt the edges of our lands. You can hear them, damn it all. Despite what we all think of you, you're still in charge here. What are we going to do."

Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead, though he made no move to wipe them clean. Instead, he gently, almost gingerly, shut his ledger.

"Find Tun, and tell him to get the rest of the fortress in here. We close the gates, and we set the traps. We begin our life anew. No one leaves, and no one gets in. I'll assemble Merkil, and Stravitch, and Hikan."

Sulari gave only the smallest of nods. "I'll tell Tun. And I'll fetch my axe."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 30, 2012, 07:27:28 am**

And my bow...I mean hammer.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **July 30, 2012, 08:25:53 am**

Quote from: Stravitch on July 30, 2012, 07:27:28 am  
And my bow...I mean hammer.

I said that at work the other day to my boss.

Boss: "Come on guys, I need your help on this. We need to transfer all this inventory to prep for the new rollout but it's like 10,000 pieces."  
Warehouse goon: "Yeah, that's cool, I'll help."  
Me: "And you'll have my axe!"  
Boss: "...What the hell does that mean?"  
Me: "It's lord of the rings talk, it means I'll help too."  
Boss: "Just... just go back to your office and close the door. I'll slide the work under it to you..."

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **July 30, 2012, 11:29:41 am**

Hehe :)

Sulari gets her axe. Well, you know that means things have gotten bad.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **July 30, 2012, 12:17:34 pm**

Quote from: Heavy Flak on July 30, 2012, 08:25:53 am  
Quote from: Stravitch on July 30, 2012, 07:27:28 am  
And my bow...I mean hammer.

I said that at work the other day to my boss.

Boss: "Come on guys, I need your help on this. We need to transfer all this inventory to prep for the new rollout but it's like 10,000 pieces."  
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Boss: "Just... just go back to your office and close the door. I'll slide the work under it to you..."

If this were a Facebook post I would LIKE it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 06, 2012, 09:49:35 pm**

*The Events of the 7<sup>th</sup> of Granite, 1080*

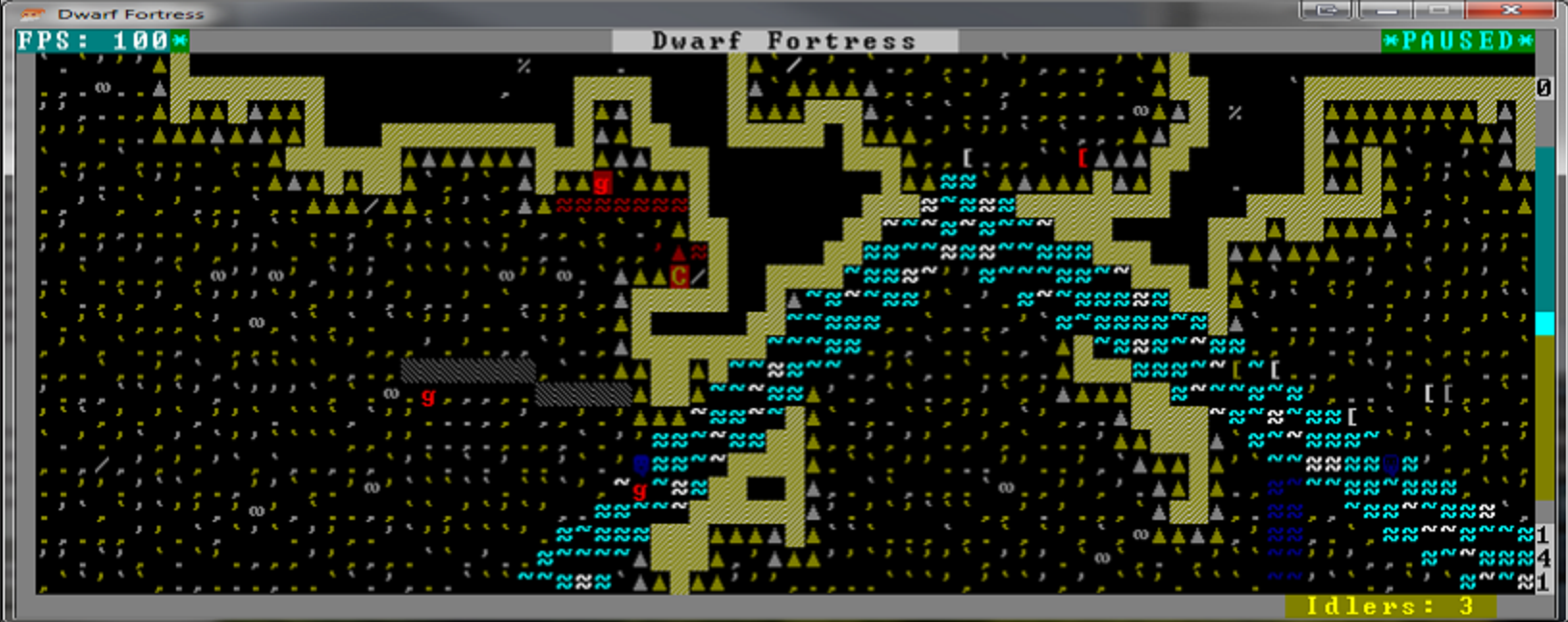
She saw one of the foul beasts over by the dunes at the river. It had hunched over, it's tall, gangly frame seeming to almost double into itself. It carried itself in a vaguely dwarvish sense - it had arms, yes, long ones, rippling with corded muscles, and a set of legs that ended in cloven hooves. Even it's wings, great leathery abominations that flapped tattered behind it, could be tied to these most material realms. The sounds, however, were unearthly - a cacophony of voices coming from one throat, amplifying the maggot-purring as it ripped flesh from the camel carcass with claws and teeth.

Sulari shuddered, unable for a moment to move while her body processed the scene in front of her.

When she regained control of her mind, she acted swiftly, decisively. She charged the dune and leapt from the top. Her axe sung in the air, and it landed true. The abomination had barely started to turn it's head, when the axe buried in it to the shaft.

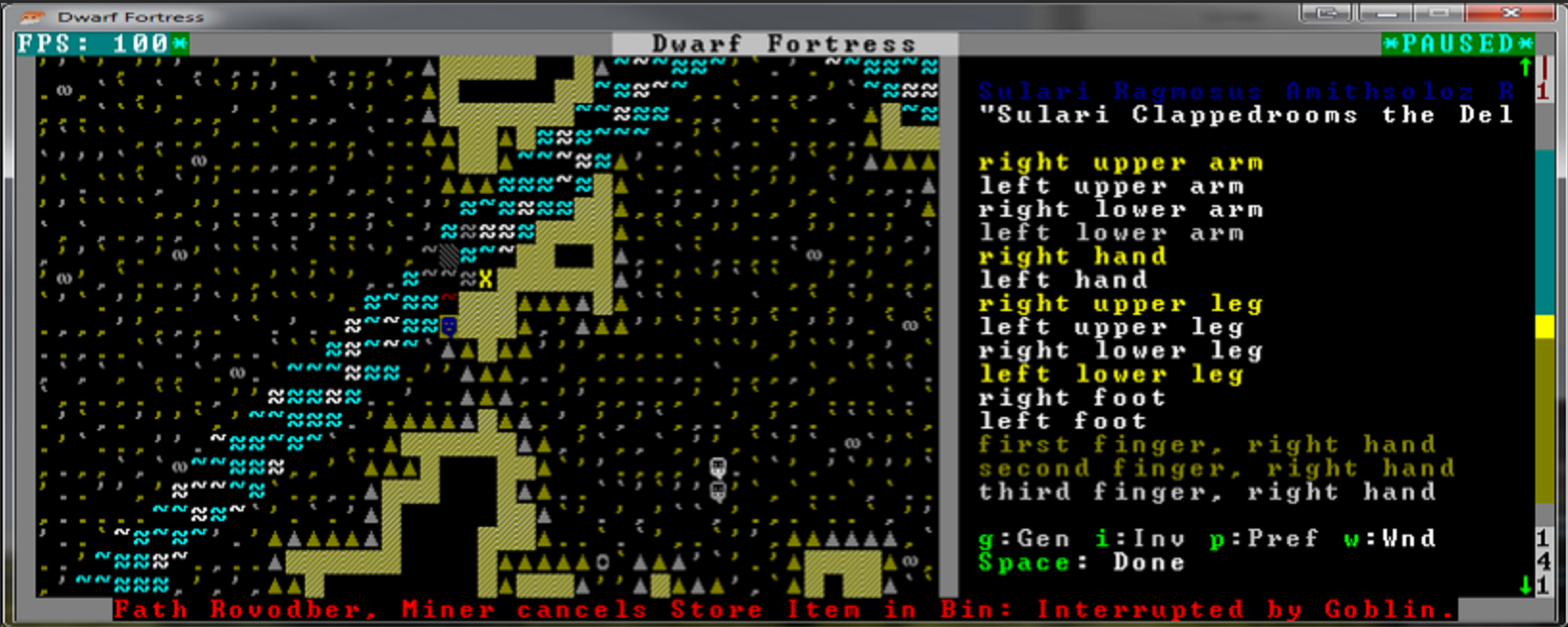
From the sky, came another of those cacophonous cries. "Ahhh! Rulasmotdu! Ogom zubar!"

Unable to wrench her axe free, Sulari gave a snarl and kicked the body, sending it skittering across the sands. She turned and charged the descending form - the briefest moment of worry at being without weapon - but then remembered her finds in the barracks: Burnhelped, the copper gauntlet menacing with spikes of sunstone, and Dancelonely, the camel bone greaves, circled with bones and cinnabar and shells. Perhaps, she thought, things might be even.



As she met the first of the beasts with a gauntlet to the face, she felt the air crackling and heated behind her. But there wasn't time to take notice of that. She smashed the gauntlet into it's face, flattening it even more, shattering the tusks that jutted from the lower jaw. When it opened it's mouth impossibly wide, spreading it until it's face seemed to split in half, she barely took notice - even as the great gouts of flame vomited forth and half-melted the gauntlet onto her forearm, even as the skin crackled and peeled back from the muscles. No, the flames were fully stemmed when she shoved her fist down the monsters gullet.

The flames tamped out forever when she yanked her fist free, pulling out trachea and vocal cords and stringy clumps of blackened blood-slicked meat.



She turned to face the one that had joined its kin. It paused, infinitesimal, in it's approach. Sulari smiled wide, and took the first step forward to meet it.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **August 06, 2012, 09:59:13 pm**

What are those lazy bums doing not helping out.

Congratulations on filling up the lake, by the way.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Vactor** on **August 06, 2012, 10:10:07 pm**

I notice there is still a single wood worker wandering around on those maps. I guess Dodik-Come-Lately has yet to meet her doom?

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 07, 2012, 11:27:01 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on August 06, 2012, 09:59:13 pm

What are those lazy bums doing not helping out.

Congratulations on filling up the lake, by the way.

Thanks! I'm really happy with the result of the flooding. I didn't think it would look that good, or not really drain performance that much. And for once I can say, "Heavy Flak didn't screw up some kind of project involving water and mechanics that inadvertently flooded the world / killed half the fort"

Quote from: Vactor on August 06, 2012, 10:10:07 pm

I notice there is still a single wood worker wandering around on those maps. I guess Dodik-Come-Lately has yet to meet her doom?

You would indeed be correct. She's a tough girl, and also has a real knack of never being around wherever the danger is.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **August 15, 2012, 07:53:31 am**

Another week, another digit. :(

843-8XX-XXXX

He that can have Patience, can have what he will

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 17, 2012, 08:44:49 am**

Stravitch is a cruel task master who cares not for me being out of town for weeks and then having my rig go up in flames >:(



I suppose this is punishment for all those times in college and after college and in life that I grew a luxurious beard and lorded it over his smooth and pale face. Like right now.

Also: update this weekend! As soon as I get these 6TBs of data pulled from backups and dead drives.

---

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 18, 2012, 10:29:27 am**

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And look at that... I've managed to recover my novels, and Dwarf Fortress, and a LOT of pictures of cats and some game saves. Everything else, toast. I've got the drive in the freezer right now as a last ditch attempt to get a little more data off of it, but it's looking bleak for the years of accumulated junk. C'est la vie.

The kicker here is the drive went down while I was in the middle of backing it up.

So, the point of this? Still on target for this weekend, just depends on how how quickly I give up this recovery.

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **August 19, 2012, 08:41:08 pm**

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*The Events of the 13<sup>th</sup> of Granite, 1080*

*The drums continued on. Days and nights, the rhythm never changing - the only variance is their slow creep in volume. Due to the unique acoustics of the dunes and the obscene arts used to forge the kettles, they could seemingly be heard for tens - some said hundreds - of miles*

\*\*\*

"Get her down on the table, get her on the table! Oh, save us all, get out of the way!"

Dojanjo shoved his way past the soldiers crowding the mess hall table as Cokho dropped Sulari unceremoniously on the stone. She lay there, her eyes blanked, writhing and moaning in her delirium. The soldiers, her former brothers-in-arms, tried to peer in but the usually meek cook and doctor snarled at them as he rolled up the sleeves on his coat.

"I mean it you beasts, get back from her! Give me room to work."  
"Her gauntlets melted" Merkil said, his voice void of emotion.  
"Not melted," Crispin added, "fused, look how it's... all twisted in with the muscles."

The murmers started, the soldiers beginning to inch closer to the work table. But Dojango gave them no notice - he was at work. He placed a small wad of cotton soaked in opium under her lower lip; soon he was swabbing the swollen, burned flesh with a rag soaked in it.

"We treat the pain, then we deal with the fever she's developed. Someone go fetch me ginger root and rat weed. Hurry, now."

\*\*\*

"I expect you in your quarters no later than tomorrow evening."

Stravitch's eyes lifted only slightly, glaring from under his heavy brows at the slight, mottled form of Aryn. The noble was only a silhouette, a dark frame outlined in the doorway to the poison temple by the harsh lights of the setting sun. Aryn was as stiff as stone, staying in the doorway, making no attempt to come inside where the old goat was sprawled out, shirtless and drunken, upon the cinnabar steps over his opulent tomb-room.

"We have had our differences, you and I. But when we bring things down to their core, you're more an asset than a burden. You will report to your quarters. You will take up your mace. And you will begin policing the halls. We are to be sealed and you are to be working at your job."

The moments ticked by in an eternity. Shifting in his impatience, Aryn leaned forward some, light making the sweat on his temples glisten.

"Well? Damn it, are you going to listen to me?"

\*\*\*

Rice and Tun stalked through the halls, peering into rooms. The Administrator was ever at work with his ledger, making ticks beside of line items and hastily jotting in anything that Rice dictated to him.

"Store rooms have booze and plump helmets in stock, along with roasts and salt-beef..."  
"And the gold?"

Rice peered inside the large storeroom, watching Lucy and Mookie stacking the gold into piles to be run through the smelters. He smiled, a genuine one, that deepened the wrinkles on his face. It showed the old Rice, and it showed his age, and also his weariness.

"We've got... maybe forty bars worth of ore. We could buy a little village if we use the platinum, too."  
"Good, good..."

A swirl of a signature at the bottom of the page, and Tun tucked the charcoal pencil into his sleeve. "We have more stone blocks than I dreamed possible. As soon as we can, we wall up the entrance and wait this out. We have food enough for... oh, a month, I'd say. We can survive here. We will survive this."

Rice clasped the Administrator on the shoulder, and gave a squeeze. It was as much to show his support, as to try and hide his own feelings of dread.

\*\*\*

"Maester? What are you doing?"  
"Reminiscing."

Kuli's voice was feathery now, his smoking - the only vice he had allowed himself over the years - making his voice lighter, more ethereal, and to some, even more respected. He ran long fingers through his graying hair, the robes of his station pooled around his kneeling form. Jools, and Vash, flanked him from the doorway. The metalsmith was unable to keep the look of concern from his face.

"You rarely visit these tombs, Maester... I'm just concerned about your preoccupation..."  
"It's strange, is all, "Jools tried to smooth over. "You never come down here."

"This tomb is one of two regrets, my friends. I built this as a way to house and respect the dead of Zefon, and what did we see? The deaths in this fortress so overwhelming, so quick to come, that we could barely take the remains to the great storage below, let alone separate pieces and parts to give proper resting to the dead. But in it's own queer way, it was for the best. We aren't a fortress divided, of Zefonists against Lenodites, of Dwarf against Dwarf. We are brothers, and sisters, and friends, and lovers, and yes, even enemies - but even they deserve our respect, and even they should not be cast aside, segregated from those they live with and work with and support."

Jools nodded, the polished and repaired armor creaking around him. But Vash's frown deepened.

"What is your other regret, Maester?"

They could hear the creaking in his joined as he stood, the years of toil and the visits from the hammerer slowly showing their effects. He exhaled, and turned, a short sword wrapped in oiled cloth held reverently in his hands.

"That the beast that marches on us now was not put in its place years ago. I don't hold guilt towards the evils it has wrought on the world, or on our friends and kin, I'm but a single spark in this great world. These beasts are abominations, but they are not stupid. They have the cold thoughts and self-preservation that only evil can bring. I only regret that I did not have the strength to strike the fear of Dwarf in its heart then. I will teach it that fear now."

\*\*\*

The sun glinted off his mask as he watched the little ants scurrying about in the sands. Calloused hands raised, and lifted up the welders mask from his face, letting it settle atop his head, acting as a brim to shade his eyes from the harsh suns rays. Johnny let out a slow exhale, and rubbed at his eyes with his palms.

"Glory be, it's fin'ly come t'this, 'as it? They're gonna be locked in there... last bastions o' this cruel bastard world... an' they'll be locked all up nice an' pretty wi' me, an wi' a load of gold and gems, and wi' a foin trade to get started again."

He smiled, and lowered his mask, and dropped into a cross-legged sit on the sands.

"Ya've re'vented yerself a half dozen times al'ready, haven't ya, ya' slick bastard? What's one more on a city thinks yer either dead or'a ghost or'a myth?"

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **August 20, 2012, 07:46:52 am**

Beards are the true reason I play DF. :( One day the world will invent real ways for me to have such a beard.

Also, I posted that before I knew about the computer up in flames thing. Whoops!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 13, 2012, 07:14:19 pm**

*The Events of the 20<sup>th</sup> of Granite, 1080*

"Please Rice, don't go. Please!"

Her pleas tugged at his heart strings. He shut his eyes, breathing deeply, getting himself calmed down before he deigned to speak.

"Love, you know I have to. I need to just see what's going on top-side. It's important."  
"We're down here now," she said. "And we're safe. For good. You promised we'd wait this out. You promised."

Rice turned to her then, feeling the heat on his cheeks as his own words came back to haunt him. Of course he had said that! He'd meant it, damn it, he'd meant it all. But you don't just stop caring about your home, or your friends... with the family that's grown up around such a small knit community.

He locked his gaze with her. He willed himself to granite as he saw a tear spill down her cheek, as he watched her arms clutch tighter around their newest, little Thob, not even a week old.

"It will only be for a minute, Lucy. I promise I'll be right back down. Just a moment."

\*\*\*

The trio of beasts descended from the sky, and the dwarfs below spiraled outwards, shrieking and tumbling. They had seen horrors, yes, but never anything like these lanky, gnarled monstrosities, their smashed nose and tusked faces the only thing that showed them once as Goblin. The workers - those that were still outside the domes - dashed into the fortress and behind it's walls. Though, what good would it do, with one tower still down? What could would it do against beasts that could fly?

Towersacks and Luke stalked towards the bridge, the firsts on the scene, their weapons at the ready. But the beast made no movement towards them. Instead it smiled, and extended both hands outwards, grotesque fingers beckoning. When it spoke, it's voice seemed unearthly, as if it was speaking through the voice of many others, as if it's voice wasn't even its own.

"Come come brave little Godman, come come and spend a moment talking with us?"

Towersacks glanced briefly over her shoulder, and reluctantly took a step to the side as Maester Kuli strode forward, his robes sending swirls through the dirt. His face was stony, the knuckles on his left hand bone white as they gripped the hilt of a sword at his hip. Rice watched this from the roof of the church, his mouth slack, chills running down his spine.

"How noble, how proud!" the beast cooed. "Such little things out here in the sands, holding against the world. You're fierce, yes, but you know that already. Great Lord Olsmo, drunkard, fool, king, master, he comes with a single offer. Shall you like to hear it?"

The silence was palpable. The air so charged with tension it could have been cut. Beads of sweat dripped into Luke's eyes, but he dared not lift a hand to them. He blinked instead, trying to stop the stinging.

The beast only shrugged at the silence. "He offers you to... join us? Yes. Of course. Of course! And why not, you are all that keeps us from marching west, you have proved your mettle. We could take you, yes, your silly little domes? Your damaged walls? Your soft bodies... we could have you now, if we wished. But you have proved yourself to the Great Lord himself, he would be honored to accept you, smallest of stature, simplest of minds, hardy little bodies of meat and bone. It will be painless, our joining. And it will be glorious, our mission for him." With a smile, the beast dropped to it's knees. The rocks underneath splintered and hissed, cracks spider-webbing out around it.

"Your answer, littlest Dwarf?"

In response, there was a faint whistling, and a dull groan from the beast on its knees. A bolt, carved from bleached bone, juttet from the creatures sternum. Hideous noises, choking gurgling gasps, spilled from it as long fingers traced the shaft of the bolt.

"I did it," Crispin said, her voice carrying from the walls. "I hit the damned thing!"  
*"HA! Of course you did little one. You've listened to me. Prepare another. Hit the eye, I'll give you a coin and buy you a steak."*

Kuli closed the distance, and gently placed his right hand on the shaft of the bolt. It took him a moment to speak, to gather himself, and slowly he wrapped his fingers around the bolt.

"I didn't ask them to do this, you know. I would have sent you off without injury. But I suppose that in the end... this barbary would have been necessary. Tell your Great Lord Olsmo that we respectfully decline. I do not renounce this fortress, or those that live in it."

With slow motions he lifted the bolt up. Squealing, the beast came to a shake stand, moving with the Maester's hands. Once on his feet, Kuli let go. And with a twirl of his robes, he turned and stalked towards the fortress.

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **September 14, 2012, 07:30:39 am**

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To. . . . much. . . awesome. . . .going. . . .to. . . explode!!

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **September 14, 2012, 01:01:43 pm**

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Damn. Awesome scene, HF!

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **September 17, 2012, 10:59:21 pm**

---

It makes me smile when I come back on the forums and see an update from you HF

---

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **September 21, 2012, 06:25:56 am**

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If only I had 2 pitchforks I could make him work faster...

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **September 27, 2012, 04:40:32 pm**

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Quote from: ricemastah on September 17, 2012, 10:59:21 pm  
It makes me smile when I come back on the forums and see an update from you HF

I think you're one of the longest-term readers, and I can't tell you how thankful I am for it. For all you guys, it's really encouraging!

There's a slim chance that I'll have something prepped on Sunday but the game is giving me a ton of fits and, guess what? Stravitch and a bunch of friends are coming to stay at my place for a few days so I can finally punch him in the chops for pushing me! He's not going to let me do anything productive.

---

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Vayre** on **September 28, 2012, 02:05:08 pm**

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Wow, this is still going?! Gonna read from the start since I can;t remember much of where I was before, looks like I gotta lot of reading to do.

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **September 28, 2012, 02:05:59 pm**

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Stravitch, you are **not** allowed to stop HF from playing DF while you're there!

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **September 30, 2012, 11:57:54 am**

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I hope you guys had an enjoyable weekend! And personally I think it's ok to take a couple of breaks every once in awhile. It helps to recharge!

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 03, 2012, 07:58:56 pm**

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Quote from: Mephansteras on September 28, 2012, 02:05:59 pm  
Stravitch, you are **not** allowed to stop HF from playing DF while you're there!

The best laid plans of mice, and men...

Stravitch, and some of the company, had a real hand in distracting me both during and after the trip. With that said, I'm planning something special for this weekend when I have the time to be able to sit down and really focus for a few hours at a time. Just turn off the net, let DF roll, and get things done.

Also, yell at Rice for encouraging me to take breaks :)

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Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **October 06, 2012, 05:21:46 pm**

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*The Events of the 24<sup>th</sup> of Granite, 1080*  
Part 1





"I thought the elves were dead, 'side from our squatters." Dojango asked. He chewed around a stalk of ratweed, working it methodically into pulp.

"The elves are all dead," Cokho said slowly. "For thousands of miles, far as I'm told."  
"Then what is coming up the road?"

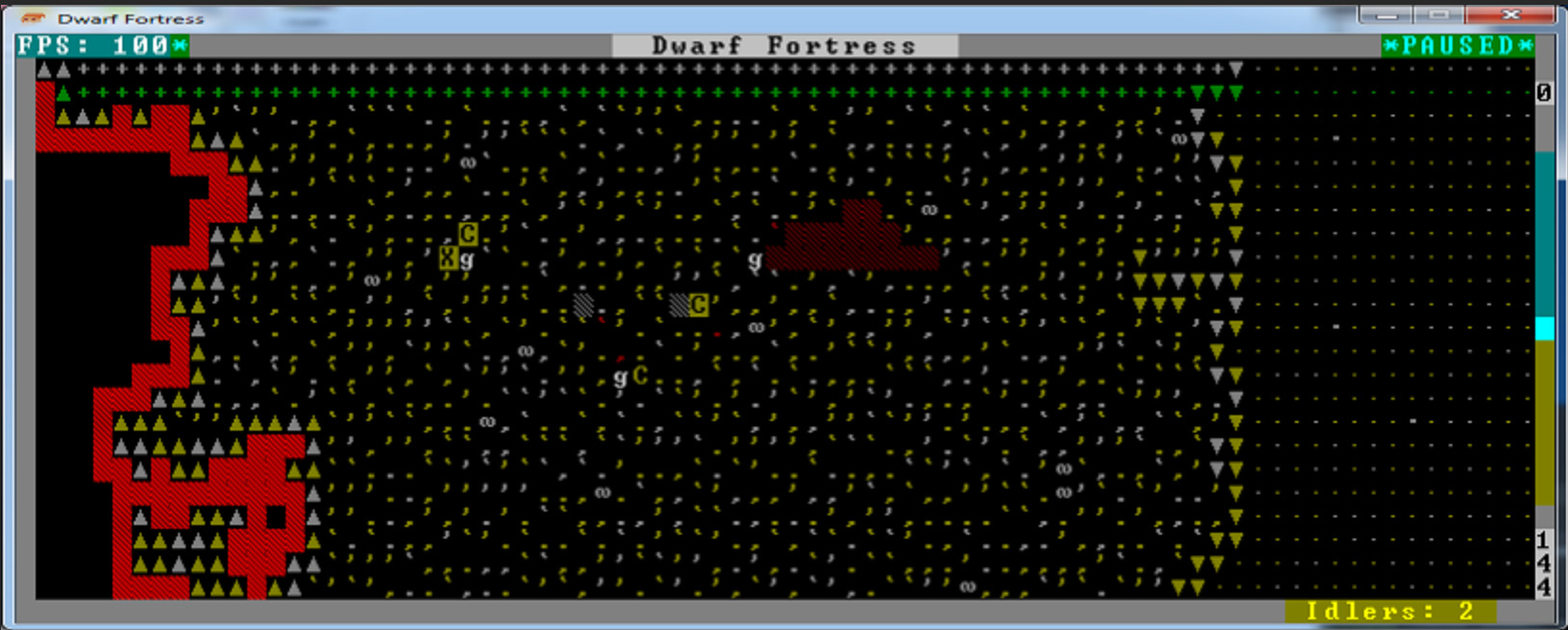
Dojango shaded his eyes with the flat of his hand, taking a long look at the small procession leading its way up the stone road. They trundled up the path, stooped elves leading malnourished camels by simple ropes. Their heads were kept downwards, their feet barely lifting off the stones with each shuffle. They seemed trapped in time, in a dream, just going through motions.

"They look like marionettes, Co-.. Cokho?"

But the hauler had vanished. His brows knitting, Dojango turned back to the road, a curious feeling welling up from his gut. One of the camels snorted, and bucked, tugging hard on its reigns. The Elf leading it didn't pull back - no, instead, it seemed to get jerked, the body going limp, yanked backwards. And then he saw it skitter, the elf as loose as cloth, scrambling sideways through the sand like a spider, the camel shrieking and striking with its fore-hoofs.

The Elf in the back seemed to sink into itself, the body seeming to dissolve at the middle, great gouts of smoke - of burning blood and hair - beginning to come from its eyes. And then the skin at the face sloughed, and then at the back, as wings unfurled. As claws came forth. As the singing began.

Dojango had a brief instant as their singing started to remember the word "horror" as the camels began to burst into flames and blood, before he was lost to himself. It was much later that he came too, hunkered behind barrels at the gate, hearing the cacophony from outside and within.



\*\*\*  
"THEY'RE KILLING THE CATS!"  
"What."

Maggarg looked up from the table, his beard matted and sticky. He blinked, trying to bring Merkil into focus, trying to get figure out what was said.

"Who are killing the cats. We eat cats."  
"We're under attack, get your weapons, the goblins have arrived!"  
"But what about the cats."

"They've been blowing them up. They're laughing, and they're blowing them up, there's just burning pieces everywhere."

\*\*\*  
Jools found himself pinned under the cloven hoof of one of the monstrosities. The beast slavered and gnashed at the air, relishing that he had a ring of witnesses, cowering Dwarves afraid to move past him and into the bowels of the fortress, preening before them. The saliva burned like fire when it landed on Jools' face, and he struggled underneath it, trying to fight free.

The beast lifted up it's great hands, holding them high above it. The air seemed to solidify, seemed to become heavier, more solid. It began to heat, began to swirl, grains of sand whirling about in a concentrating pocket of energy. A spark here. A flicker there. And a ball of fire. The goblin-thing sang, it's voice a thousand voices, its hands claspng the bundle of manifest hate.

And then it exploded. The legs slumped as the upper torso was smashed across the fortress, exploding into gore when it collided with a wall. Splattered with stinking, burning entrails, Jools looked upon himself in relieved horror. He was lifted to his feet by his squad commander Mosus, the older Dwarfs face set into a granite mask of irritation.

"Get your sword and get out, soldier. You're not to lie down until either they're all dead or we are!"

I can't wait to visit again when i turn 30 again!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **November 14, 2012, 12:44:54 pm**

Hello, favourite story thread.

Please don't go. The dwarves need you. They look up to you.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 19, 2012, 09:46:01 am**

Quote from: Knick on November 14, 2012, 12:44:54 pm

Hello, favourite story thread.

Please don't go. The dwarves need you. They look up to you.

I'm not gone! There are just... let's call them challenges to get things moving forward. I was complaining to Stravitch the other day about them. There's actually progress on the horizon, but I'll be honest, it's incredibly slow going since I'm using a lot of modding trial and error and tons of restarts.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **sdp0et** on **November 19, 2012, 09:48:48 am**

Nobody would even know if you just made up the rest without the inspiration of the enhanced RNG.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **November 19, 2012, 10:09:57 am**

Quote from: sdp0et on November 19, 2012, 09:48:48 am

Nobody would even know if you just made up the rest without the inspiration of the enhanced RNG.

That's actually crossed my mind. The RNG for me isn't so much a "Oh what will happen next!" variable as it is a "Oh how many things are going to die!" variable. Because I don't trust myself with that kind of power.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jack Magnus** on **November 19, 2012, 01:37:19 pm**

Just posting to say that I absolutely love this fortress, and your style of writing, Heavy Flak. There are a few other epic fortresses on this forum, but not many of them can compare to this one.

I for one, am glad to wait for an update, no matter how long it takes. I know it'll end up being awesome regardless :P

Out of curiosity - did you ever manage to get that raccoon out of the ground? Or is it still just... sitting there? It must've been down there for quite a while >.>

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **December 16, 2012, 02:23:01 pm**

The Events of the 24th of Granite, 1080  
Part 2

Pandemonium. The first floor halls were filling with smoke, and filling quickly. Somehow when of the monsters had gotten through, and though blame was the farthest thing from their minds, Cokho knew. He let it in, the fire belching beast with the glowing eyes and laughing face. Huddled in the corner of a hallway, the hauler kept his arms wrapped around his blood soaked torso, and his eyes locked firmly on the open door to one of the store rooms.

The beast stalked about, chasing another cat. The animal, frightened past any semblance of reason, hissed and spat, darting between barrels. When he could see it, Cokho's thoughts shifted to how that cat could be from the same litter as the headless corpse the Goblin-demon had thrown at him hard enough to knock the air from his lung. He thought about how the cat might be saved when Varen rushed into the store room, his spear at the ready, his face set with grim determination.

"Kneel, beast, and I'll make this quick for you."

The response was swift, and sudden. It's wings stretched out to full size, one of the clawed tips catching Varen on the cheek. Snarling, he thrust with his spear, cutting through the leathery membrane - the polearm wrenched from his hands as the wings beat furiously. He was then blasted backwards by a jet of flame - smoldering and dead midst the barrels of gems and trinkets. The cat soon followed - a living, shrieking fireball running about the storeroom.

\*\*\*

"Why are they killing the animals?" Mookie wailed. Her voice was cracking, her face streaked with tears - she clutched onto Dodik's arm, watching from the main gate to the fortress.

"I don't know," the madam replied. "To terrorize us, perhaps..."

Mookie winces, and buried her face in Dodik's shoulder. "They won't stop screaming..."

\*\*\*

"Enough!"

Adol stalked through the halls toward the supply room, muscling past the throng of bleeding, shrieking Dwarves stampeding towards the stairs. His mask of calm, that legendary even temper of his, had slipped. That these foul monsters were attacking was a given - they would always come. But to make it inside of his home, to bring this fear to the population, to wound and maim and kill his friends.

He had reached his point of no return.

Maggarg was outside trying to deal with the fliers, his bulky and armor-clad form taking the brunt of the damages as the workers were able to flee. But Adol? He was dealing with the bigger threat alone. The door was sent off it's hinges by a steal-shod kick, the stone slab skittering across the storeroom. The Goblin-Demon lifted it's head from the cat carcass it was gnawing on, it's eyes blazing with Hellfire.

Blood splattered in an arc as the head was ripped clean off it's shoulders, sent spiraling through the air. Adol's warhammer crashed into the floor, shattering stones, his elbows hurting from the force of the wide circular swing. With a sickening *thlop*, the head bounced and rolled onto a dusty corner, the trunk spraying blood as it toppled over.

\*\*\*

As the Goblins fought and the Dwarves attempted to find safety and shelter, a single figure strode up the eastern rode. It was immense, and it's cloven feet left sparks and sputtering flames behind in each footprint. It was naked, it's body inky black, though copious veins throbbed in a charcoal ash up along its torso, up its neck, down over ungainly twice-bent goat legs.

It could not help but let it's tongue, long and bifurcated and thrashing, dangle out of an open, smiling maw.

Olsmo lives. And he comes.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **December 16, 2012, 05:35:02 pm**

Wuh oh. That's not good.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **December 17, 2012, 04:18:25 pm**

Glad to see Adol took down that demon. But...uh...things aren't looking too good right now.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Knick** on **December 18, 2012, 12:43:36 pm**

Quote

As the Goblins fought and the Dwarves attempted to find safety and shelter, a single figure strode up the eastern rode. It was immense, and it's cloven feet left sparks and sputtering flames behind in each footprint. It was naked, it's body inky black, though copious veins throbbed in a charcoal ash up along its torso, up its neck, down over ungainly twice-bent goat legs.

It could not help but let it's tongue, long and bifurcated and thrashing, dangle out of an open, smiling maw.

Olsmo lives. And he comes.

So this? This is scary and bad and awesome. But it's nothing compared to the sheer panic for this:

Quote

The cat soon followed - a living, shrieking fireball running about the storeroom.

Burning cat!! Burning cat!! The Fortress is lost!! Seal the booze stockpile!!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **SkyMarshal** on **February 09, 2013, 04:29:33 pm**

I hope this has not petered out, I've been lurking this for the last two years or so, checking up on it every couple of months. Finally made an account, and wish to just say that this is my favourite DF story on the forum, and I hope to see it to its end. Keep up the awesomeness, Heavy Flak! :D

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **February 21, 2013, 08:57:54 pm**

*The Events of the 25<sup>th</sup> of Granite, 1080*  
Part 3

Aryn stalked the glass-domed halls. With Tun still not under the waters, he couldn't get a tally of anything. The books were an indecipherable mess - the chicken scratch that Glacies left behind written over-top by the new book keep, everything a squiggly disaster of runes and and tallies and crude sketches in the margins.

"To the pits with this damned thing!"

He pitched it down the hallway, the papers exploding into a whirling mass behind him. Did they have enough food? Enough drink? Was everyone accounted for? His jaw was working on itself, and from the pain and the taste of iron he thought he might have cracked a tooth. But it didn't matter. None of it did, so long as the doors were shut and the the traps armed.

Two soldiers hustled past him, and for the briefest of moments Aryn was concerned that he didn't know their names. They weren't the retired She-Beast with the axe, or the donkey loving fool, or the pair of idiot-friends, or-

"WHERE IS STRAVITCH!"

A dwarf jumped. Quote, literally shaking around the load of goods he hauled, said timidly. "I-I saw him. H-he was heading up top... said he was dealing with the doors."

Abruptly, Aryn smiled. A trickle of blood leaked from the corner of his mouth, staining his matted beard a ruddy red at the corner. "That drunk old fool is finally doing something right.

\*\*\*

His hair and beard were matted into dreadlocks, full of twigs and dust and vomit. The clumps of hair were so heavy that the breeze could do little to move them about his nearly naked body. Stravitch stared forward, watching the pandemonium from the green glass bridge, the fires, the screaming, with an impassive eye.

There was a rally, though. He could hear the clanging of steel-on-horn, and the splatters of sizzling blood on the stones told of Dwarves that were beginning to fight off the horrors. He watched it all sullenly, his fingers reflexively tightening and twisting on the handle of his trusty mace.

A planter went screaming past, followed by a donkey, and a swords-dwarve. One of the Goblin-beasts strode up the path, fire casting from each footfall, it's wings beating at the air mercilessly. As the only dwarf not running it turned it's attention on Stravitch. And it paused, briefly, before chortling in a dozen voices.

With an almost lazy swing of his hand, Stravitch lifted the mace and smashed it into the bridge. Twice. A third time. The glass fractured and splintered, and in confusion the Goblin stumbled backwards, little bits of green stuck into its skin.





Stravitch turned his back and stumbled towards the steps. As he reached them, he stopped, and with another strike shattered a support of the bridge. It creaked, and sputtered, and with a sudden crash it toppled into the frothy sea bellow, carrying with it the green glass statues bolted to its sides.

"You fool!" the Goblin screamed across the gap at him. "We can fly! We will get in there!"  
"This wasn't to keep you out," Stravitch said, and his voice was gravely and hoarse and it choked, briefly.

"It's to keep us in."

\*\*\*

"One got into the booze stockpiles!"

Wallgirders looked up from the barrel of rum he was chugging. The beast stared at him, cockeyed, seemingly confused by the action. He had had ENOUGH. Trampled by camels, left to crawl himself back in the fortress by an uncaring populace. Trampled by camels again, left to crawl himself to safety. Enough was enough.

Bellowing, Wallgirders dropped the barrel and bunched up his iron-shod fists.

The fireball caught him full on the face and chest, melting the armor onto his body. He bellowed, again, as the room blurred.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **wallish** on **April 20, 2013, 02:43:34 pm**

So is this dead then? Because that would be a real shame...

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Nihilich** on **June 30, 2013, 08:30:34 pm**

Quote

"Heavy Flak, Heavy Flak, where art thou, Heavy Flak?  
Deny your personal commitments and refuse thy life;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my DF Community Story Author,  
And I'll no longer be a Forum Lurker."  
  
...  
*Excerpt from The Undiscovered Writings of William McShakespeare.*

Hey look at this, I found it. Maybe you can use it. Hint hint.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 01, 2014, 02:59:56 pm**

I contacted Stravitch who contacted Heavy Flak who is going to finally finish the story.  
  
Also I got several sigquotes reading this thing. You are all hilarious.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 01, 2014, 08:50:36 pm**

*The Events of the 26<sup>th</sup> of Granite, 1080*  
Part 4

The fortress in the sands belched smoke into the sky, blackening the cloudless azure above. If there were friendly observers out in the dunes - for that matter, if there were friendly observers out in the world - they would not be remiss to think that the walls had been fully breached, that the inhabitants were now soulless shells of meat and bone. Assuming that the dead hadn't been greeted by a hungry God, or an excitable army of Goblin-Demons with minds full of filth.

But that would just be assumptions.

A lull in the battle had taken place just before nightfall. A few fliers had been spotted fluttering among the smoke-filtered moonlight. They were quickly dispatched by Likot, who herself was whispering instructions and praise to a very excited Crispin. This time was spent hauling corpses instead of relaxing, dragging both the bodies and their detachable parts inside the walls. Crack teams of haulers tossed their gory prizes onto the ever growing shambles in the courtyard. Despite the source, there was hushed talk in the halls of eventually using the meat to restock the burning supply room.

But as the sun lazily began to rise over the distant eastern planes, one thing became very visible out on the sands.



The Demon Olsmo was resplendent and horric, a shadow of madness capering it's way down the road. The journey had been long indeed. Millenia had passed since Olsmo had been birthed from his own gaping, slaving stomach-womb, the afterbirth sloshing over the southern lands to wriggle and crawl into monstrous abominations never meant for this world. He had crawled and fought and consumed the others and himself once more, lavishing about on the wines and fruits of the land. And he smiled - in the past, and in the now, the oil-slicked skin that made up the corners of his cheeks spread to near splitting as he thought of all that had come in.

Great Olsmo briefly stumbled as he lifted the large jug dragging in his right hand. Bifurcated tongue slithered inside the mouth, vanishing as Olsmo's lips smashed up against the glass. He rested on the great thorned staff in his left hand, paying no mind to the dribbles of blood that sizzled and smoked the stones underneath. Lagging far behind were a quartet of Half-Breeds. The foul beasts were not their usual boisterous self. In the presence of their master, they were skittish and timid compared to their previous visits to the fortress.

\*\*\*

Assembled at the gates were the remnants army, steel eyed and weapons drawn. Merkil stood at the head of the wedge, head bowed, lips moving in silent prayer to the Dawn. His tongue was dry, sticking to the backs of his teeth as recited the liturgy. Fingers tightened imperceptibly around the handle of his Hammer. They tightened slightly more from his surprise.

"...fer' putting in the soul that lights up a gem in torchlight; I'm praying to you, Delar, for the lives of the fools standin' here with me." Maggarg's gruff voice stopped. Stuttered. Started on again too quiet to hear.

He lifted his head at the clatter behind him. In front Olsmo capered and consumed, and he was unfortunately accustomed to it now. But behind...

"Damn it all Rice!" Luke shouted. "Get back! In the gates!"  
"No!" Rice's voice had cracked and gone hoarse with his bellowed reply.  
"We're staying," shouted a smith. Other voices chimed in in agreement.

Merkil was genuinely surprised. He turned to face the newcomers, their numbers raising near thirty by his quick counting. Maybe a few more, his head was spinning with suppressed anxiety.

"If you want to piss your lives away you idiots, form up in rank and try to follow suit. We're going to kill a demon that dreams it's God today."

\*\*\*

Many had fallen, either wounded or dead, but they had made great strides. No army came to replace the Half-Breed honor guard, though a haze rose in the distance as they milled in whatever served them as a camp. But they had learned two things in the awful venture so far. Don't try to get behind Olsmo, and don't get too close to Olsmo. Helmgem, one of the few remaining fishers, flopped around a few yards from the demon, gurgling and sobbing as his legs both melted and burned from the bile that had been lurched up on him. Bolts littered the ground and sprouted from his forearms and thighs like quills. But they had shattered his jug earlier in the fight, and his jovial mood began to dwindle.

Merkil, Maggarg, and Adol briefly held palaver. When the foursome broke, they stalked toward Olsmo, the demon glaring at them as he leaned on his staff.

"Everyone hold rank. I don't think he can vomit since he ran out of hooch. Ya'll just don't go about doing anything dumb an' we're all gunna walk outa here alive." Wilbur said.

Adol clanked his shield against his shoulder-plate. "Damn, damn, damn, he followed us out!"

"Don't act rash, Wilbur," Merkil said quietly. "Just..."  
"WILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBUR ANNNNNNNVILQUIETTTTTTTTTTTT!"

There was a scramble to reach the demon first, or at least before their daft charge could. But he was crafty and quick, and Maggarg lost a tooth to his steel shod heel. Olsmo quickly lost a finger as well, the disconnected digit bursting in to ash before it hit the stone. Wilbur was acting a dervish, whirling and slashing at anything in reach, though usually he clanged ineffectively off the metal staff. The others crept closer, trying to take advantage of the clamor, but it did not work as planned. It never did. A hasty flash of wings, and a quick strike, brought a strike to Wilbur's chin. He dropped to the stones on his belly, unmoving. Maggarg caught the staff as it arced downward, the blow shattering and searing his wrist, the thrust that followed caught him in the throat.

"G-\* ulk..." he dropped down to his knees, one working hand clawing at his throat. Olsmo had turned his head, lazy eyes trying to focus on the pair left standing. The barest wisp of a smile. A step towards the Dwarves.

Olsmo's bellow rattled the walls of the fortress. Some of the hardened glass where the bridge had once stood shuddered and crumbled into the ocean below. A sword thrust through the Demon's middle.

Fire licked up the blade, but they were dying down rhythmically, slowly ebbing spurts of curling flames. Goat Legs buckled underneath the Demon, and it sank, seemingly melted, into a crumpled heap.

Kuli slid in close behind Olsmo, a hand coming to rest on his shoulder. Jools was ashen, his eyes as wide as saucers, his hands shaking so hard his fore-plates rattled.

The Great Demon Lord, the Master of the Southern Lands, the Drunk God, leaned his head to the side, gawping up at the weakened Maester.

"Shhh..." Kuli squeezed his shoulder reassuringly. "There is no need for you to speak." The thin blade slid upwards with Kuli's other hand, sinking deep into the demon's skull. The Maester sank with the body, cradling it's fall, kneeling underneath the gurgling head even as his robes and hands sizzled from bile-blood-ichorsplatter.

\*\*\*

From the top of his glass tower, Aryn watched the events taking place far on the shower. It wasn't the arrogant Demon after-all! He barked a laugh, short and sharp and was startled by it when the ocean lapping at the tower echoed it back. Good. The best of scenarios. To hell with it all then. Now the goblin armies, cut loose from any semblance of a leader, lay waste to everything in their path. Dwarf is an extinct species. Man and Elf will do no better at their hands.

He slapped the spyglass and it swiveled on it's tripod, axis creaking.

"Lock it up when you're satisfied, Hikan. That's a dead world now. You're a sicker man than I if you get any pleasure drooling over it."

Hours passed while Hikan stared down at the sea. Down at the slabs of glass and misting waves below him.

He could jump so easily.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Mephansteras** on **April 01, 2014, 11:20:19 pm**

<\*CLAP\*>

Well done, HF, well done.

(Also, Adol lived! I'm...kinda shocked.)

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **April 02, 2014, 01:45:49 am**

April Fools! The story will go on for another six years!

Congratulations on finishing it, finally.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: What Comes After The World Ends? [Epilogue] (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 02, 2014, 07:15:32 am**

HF had a great idea to start a new story on April fools instead of finishing this one. I think it would have been hilarious lol.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: Goodness is a Choice (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **April 02, 2014, 07:38:01 am**

Quote from: Jim Groovester on April 02, 2014, 01:45:49 am  
April Fools! The story will go on for another six years!

## SIX MORE YEARS! SIX MORE YEARS! SIX MORE YEARS!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
There are a couple more posts to be made as a book-end epilogue but those aren't reliant on all that much game-wise. That'll be followed by the dissemination of both the fortress proper and the retired fortress in adventure mode for anyone who wants to explore. Once a few more things are finished, I mean. Not story related, I mean dwarves-building-destroying stuff related.

If it doesn't look pretty for you guys I'll never forgive myself!

Title: **Re: Migrursut: What Comes After The World Ends? [Epilogue] (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 02, 2014, 08:34:36 am**

'Yay' does not begin to describe my happiness, but it will have to do.

Title: **Re: Migrursut: What Comes After The World Ends? [Epilogue] (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Vector** on **April 02, 2014, 02:45:51 pm**

Excellent

Title: **Re: Migrursut: What Comes After The World Ends? [Epilogue] (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 03, 2014, 06:50:17 am**

Jesus. It HAS been 6 years :O

So this is what it is like for those dwarves forever walled up in abandoned sections of forts living off vermin.



Title: **Re: Migrursut: What Comes After The World Ends? [Epilogue] (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **Stravitch** on **April 22, 2014, 10:57:04 am**

This is how I picture the church of Lenod.

<http://imgur.com/gallery/IF0i1>

Title: **Re: Migrursut: What Comes After The World Ends? [Epilogue] (A Community Fort)**  
Post by: **ricemastah** on **July 14, 2014, 12:31:52 pm**

I am satisfied for now.